

Author: **Augusta Amelia Stuart**

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CAVA OF TOLEDO.

A ROMANCE.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

CAVA OF TOLEDO;

OR,

The Gothic Princess.

A ROMANCE.

*IN FIVE VOLUMES*

BY

AUGUSTA AMELIA STUART,

*AUTHOR OF*

LUDOVICO'S TALE; THE ENGLISH BROTHERS; EXILE  
OF PORTUGAL, &c. &c.

Fierce wars, and faithful loves,  
And truths severe, in fairy fiction drest.

VOL. I.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED AT THE

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1812.

## PREFACE.

THE author of the following sheets, struck by the account historians have given of the fall of the Gothic empire in Spain, took the story of Cava for the foundation of a romance: whether she has succeeded or not in rendering it interesting, must be left to her readers to judge. She thinks it, however, necessary to say she has not falsified history; all relating to the war is exact: the real characters she has endeavoured to delineate such as they were; —Rodrigo—count Julian—don Palayo—Abdalesis, the Moor—queen Egilone—Musa—and Tariff, are drawn as the Spanish history represents them. Cava was never heard of from her quitting Spain with her father; of course, her adventures, from that period, are the coinage of the author's brain. The enchanted palace, which Rodrigo broke into, is mentioned in history. Her fictitious characters she has moulded to her own will; and has found it a much more difficult task than she expected, to write an historical romance, and adhere to the truth, while she endeavoured to embellish it.

## CAVA OF TOLEDO.

### CHAP. I.

IN the beginning of the eighth century, Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths, reigned over Spain. He was grandson to Chandaswinthe; the nobles of the kingdom had placed him on the throne, to the exclusion of the family of Witiza. In an evil hour he was called to govern that rich and flourishing kingdom; for it may be said of him, that he lit the funeral-pile of the Goths, and nearly consumed with their ashes the beautiful country and magnificent cities of Spain, from the northern provinces to the pillars of Hercules. The young prince Palayo, bred up with Rodrigo, and also grandson to Chandaswinthe, was of a very different disposition from his cousin. It was by the genius, the prudence, the valour of don Palayo, that the Christians at last began to retrieve the affairs of Spain, so ruined by the imprudence, or rather by the bad conduct and the vices of Rodrigo, that it appeared as if the country was devoted to destruction.

It is from the prince Palayo that the kings of Spain have for ages descended without interruption; sons having succeeded to their fathers, or brothers to their brothers. At the time that Rodrigo mounted the throne, in the year seven hundred and eleven, there was little unity among the nobles; the country was weakened by the base conduct of Witiza, the late king; it was without arms, without troops, or strong places, and in no condition to make resistance to an enemy. Spain had neither friends at home to be depended on, nor allies abroad, and she was but a vain shadow of her former greatness: the people, sunk in luxury, in debauchery, and corruption, had lost that greatness of soul, that gallantry, and that love of glory which had rendered them terrible to their enemies, and carried their renown to the extremities of the earth. They had now no occupation but pleasure, and the gratification of their sensual appetites: how different such characters from the ancient Goths, who made the study of arms their delight! Plunged by their last sovereigns in the most shameful disorders, they only shewed their bravery by exciting sedition, and being ready on every occasion to mutiny, and massacre each other.

Opulence, which in a state is ever accompanied by vice, deprived the Goths of an empire they had enjoyed three hundred years, and for which they were indebted to the prudence and the valour of their ancestors—debauchery extinguished their warlike ardour, and that heroic intrepidity which had rendered them capable of executing the most glorious projects, both in peace and war—they now scarcely preserved the remembrance of the military discipline that had rendered them invincible; their corrupt manners led to as great an avidity for pleasure, as they had once had for combat; and they as anxiously attended to the magnificence of their dress and equipage, as they had formerly done to the splendor of their armour, and the beauty and perfection of their warlike weapons.

The empire of the Goths having fallen into so deplorable a state, this nation, so famous for its battles and its victories, and which had spread the terror of its name almost over the whole universe, forgot now what it had once been and what it ought to have continued to be, so great was the dreadful contagion that had corrupted the hearts and understanding of almost all the Spaniards. The expectations of the best people in the

kingdom were raised to the highest pitch, from the excellent qualities that all beheld and acknowledged in their new king; every thing combined in him to form, as they thought an accomplished monarch: his face was handsome, his figure majestic, his air noble; his body, hardened by exercise, was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues; he was accustomed to hunger and thirst; to the vicissitudes of heat and cold; to long watching, and capable of the most hazardous and laborious enterprises in war. The qualities of his mind appeared to excel those of his body: he was bold, enterprising; the greatest difficulties could not intimidate him; he was capable of forming the grandest, the most noble projects, and still more capable of executing them: he was liberal to excess; and had the happy art of conciliating all who approached him; and even of governing and making their wills subservient to his own, without their perceiving it. It was scarcely possible for any person to defend themselves against the seduction of his manners, so perfectly did he know how to insinuate himself into the hearts of those he wished to gain. His wonderful talents enabled him to surmount every difficulty he encountered, whatever might be its magnitude—Such history represents Rodrigo, before his elevation to the Gothic throne; but, melancholy to relate! no sooner was he seated on that exalted throne, to which his virtues had led him, than all those virtues vanished. The brilliancy of his early days was lost in the dark cloud which his vices spread over his latter years; his great qualities were not only stained, but obliterated, by the most enormous crimes; vindictive, even to fury, he revenged himself with unbounded rage on those who had not been of his party. He gave himself up to the most infamous life, the impurity of which soon became notorious: by his violence, rashness, and imprudence, he rendered even his best-planned schemes abortive: and too late his people found that he much less resembled his father, and the amiable princes of his illustrious house, than the vile and barbarous Witiza, to whom he had succeeded.

We must contemplate such a character with sorrow, as well as with horror; for what a picture does it present us of frail human nature, whose bad passions turn the best gifts of Heaven, and the blessings of a prosperous life, to a deadly poison, which not only destroys this earthly machine, but the inestimable jewel which that machine encloses, and gives it, a willing victim, an unresisting prey, to the enemy of mankind.

At the time of Rodrigo's coming to the throne, count Julian was governor of the provinces of Spain that touched on the straits of Gibraltar, and on the opposite coast of Africa, under the dominion of the Goths. He was the most powerful nobleman in the empire; his high birth, and his immense riches, with the large estates that had descended to him, the number of his vassals and dependants, his numerous friends and connexions, and the two great governments he held, put him in possession of a power that could not fail to give umbrage to the crown; and this power laid the foundation for those dreadful calamities, and unspeakable misfortunes, that, in a short time, fell like a thunderbolt on Spain, and raised the crescent, for many years, on those towers from whence the Christians had displayed the cross.

The Christians had indeed displayed the emblem of their holy religion, but they had forgotten what it taught; and in the eighth century, the purity of the Christian faith was contaminated by almost Pagan rights: schisms, difference of opinions, hatred, revenge, avarice, and pride, left, even to the priests, only the name of Christians; they professed religion, but they knew not what they professed; and all virtue was lost in sensual enjoyments. Those who went not with the stream, but took the holy scriptures for

their guide, could only lament the almost general depravity, and by their conduct aim at reformation: some among the nobility, even in this profligate age, were not only great, but good; and a portion of the clergy remained uncontaminated by vice; the precepts of saint Issidore, and of other holy men, were not entirely forgotten, and still influenced many in the different ranks of life.

Rodrigo's queen, the beautiful and virtuous Egilone, was of the most amiable and engaging character, and was as accomplished as any princess in that dark age could be: her sweetness, her unassuming manners, her sanctity, which was not only professed but real, rendered her an object of universal love and admiration; and she was looked upon as a pattern of excellence to her extensive dominions. Once she had been the delight of Rodrigo; his heart had chosen her from among the beauties of Witiza's court; and those virtues which had shone with such brightness in so corrupted a hemisphere, had had as great a share, as her extraordinary beauty, in filling the breast of this distinguished prince with the most violent and ardent passion. Egilone returned his love; and proud of the conquest she had made of a gallant prince, the boast and idol of his country, flattered herself that her happiness was permanent, and that the heart she set so high a value on, would always own her influence. Egilone's purity of mind gave rise to this belief; she knew little of the world; how could she be acquainted with it, in a court where truth is so seldom found, and where all who approached her were on the watch to flatter and deceive?

Egilone was yet to learn, that pure and perfect love cannot exist in a corrupted heart; it flies terrified from such a mansion, and leaves nought but brutal passion in its room. Soon was the deceived and unhappy queen taught to mourn her fatal elevation to a throne; soon was she to lament the beloved and loving husband, lost in the dissolute and frantic monarch. She saw with terror, that every day, nay every hour, was marked by the sensuality, cruelty, and violence of Rodrigo: secretly and in silence, she mourned over the crimes of a being she once thought so perfect, and still so dearly loved. Some consolation awaited her in the return of the young prince, don Palayo, to the court; he had been exiled by Witiza; and the only good action Rodrigo performed after his accession to the crown, was recalling this amiable nobleman from banishment.

Under the cruel reign of Witiza, the cousins had been involved in the same misfortunes; and Rodrigo had ever loved and respected don Palayo, though unfortunately neither the example or advice of his excellent and virtuous friend had any influence on his conduct. Rodrigo persecuted with the utmost rancour all the family connexions and dependants of the late king, whose children fled from Spain to conceal themselves in Africa, or to seek an asylum with the Greek emperor. One only of the children of Witiza was suffered to remain at the court of Toledo—his grandson, the young prince Alonzo: he was so loved and protected by count Julian, that even the king dared not to lay violent hands on him. Rodrigo had cunning enough to conceal his hatred, and even load with caresses and benefits an object so detested; and whom he vowed, in secret, one day to destroy. The queen, all truth and compassion, felt in reality a tender affection for the young prince, whose perfect character she greatly admired.

Alonzo was about twenty; his soul was noble and good; none of those vices that had debased his grandfather attached to him; his person was uncommonly handsome; no one excelled him in all manly exercises; his large and fine blue eyes had a mixture of spirit and softness, that attracted affection, respect, and admiration; he appeared to read

the hearts of others, and to yield his own where he met a congenial mind: intrepid in war, mild and gentle in peace, instructed in all the learning of the times, moderate in all his desires, studious of knowledge, and, though deprived of empire, deporting himself as a prince, it was impossible he should not gain the affections of the nobles, and of all ranks in the kingdom who could judge of merit. Often did the young prince reflect with grief on the misfortunes of his family—on the degradation he felt, living in the court of a tyrant, almost unfriended and alone, where, if his merits had been justly appreciated, he would have commanded in the place of Rodrigo. His royal blood then mantled in his cheek, and serious thoughts of disputing with Rodrigo his kingdom took place in his ardent bosom; but they soon subsided, when he considered, was he to fly to arms, he must wade through slaughter to a throne; and the precepts of the religion he professed banished those ambitious wishes; and he tacitly confessed, that the Goths had a right of electing their king, when they thought it for the good of the empire to do so: sometimes he determined on quitting Spain, and seeking his fortune in a foreign land, or of attaching himself entirely to the person of count Julian, the protector of his youth, and the husband of his aunt: but a secret passion, which for some time had subjected him to its sweet influence, arrested his steps, and rooted him to the spot where all the treasure of his soul was lodged.

It had long been a custom in the court of Spain, to educate most of the children of the nobility of the kingdom in the palace of its monarch. The boys were destined to guard the person of the king, to serve in his chamber, and at his table; those who were old enough, and had sufficient strength, attended him in the chace, or followed him to the field of battle; and nothing was omitted that could render them of use to the state; and it was from this school that the first statesmen in the kingdom, the governors of the provinces, the valiant captains, and able generals, were selected.

The young female nobility were particularly the care of the queen, and scarcely ever quitted her: it was within the precincts of her palace they were instructed in all accomplishments suited to their rank and sex; there they were taught the elegant and various labours of the loom; nor was dancing, singing, or the lyre neglected; and when they were of an age to marry, husbands were chosen for them among the nobility, in rank and fortune suitable to their respective conditions.

Among all the young nobility of Rodrigo's court, none could stand in competition with the blooming Cava, daughter to count Julian, and the enchanting Favilla, sister to don Palayo. These two young princesses were not more remarkable for their exquisite beauty than for the tender friendship that united them.

The queen, still young and lovely herself, beheld with delight their perfections, gave particular attention to their education, had them constantly near her, was accustomed to say they were the wonders of her court, and treated them as if they had been her children: if she felt a preference for either, it was for the lovely Cava, whose elevation of soul rendered her an object of admiration to the queen. The two young princesses, though so linked in the bonds of friendship, were totally different in person, in manners, and disposition.

We are not, my fair readers, to suppose, that in those ages we call barbarous, the females of high rank were unpolished, or unattractive; if they did not possess the various accomplishments of a modern beauty, they were perhaps free from her follies; the frivolity of the present times was unknown to them, as also the eternal change of fashion,



and the fastidiousness of the present day: less anxious to attract universal admiration than the modern fair, they seem to have had more supreme power over the hearts they conquered, and from their own constancy, to have longer retained their empire. How many instances in former times, in dark, and, as we are pleased to call them, barbarous ages, are there of perfect love and unalterable friendship, reaching even to the tomb! Alas! how few, how very few, are to be found in our polished, enlightened, and selfish time! —

“What now is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep,  
A sound that follows wealth and fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep.

And love is still an emptier sound,  
The haughty fair one’s jest,  
Unseen on earth, or only found  
To warm the turtle’s nest.”

## CHAP. II.

BEFORE we proceed in our story, we must make our readers acquainted with the persons and characters of the two young beauties, who shone with such splendor at the court of Rodrigo, and who were allowed to eclipse the charms of all the Gothic fair, excepting only those of the incomparable Egilone.

The beauty of the princess Cava dazzled and astonished; her person was grand, noble, and commanding, with the most exact proportion, and the finest turned limbs; the charms of her countenance could only be conceived by beholding her; her large black eyes shone with a luster almost divine; long dark eyelashes softened their radiance, and gave a peculiar modesty to her countenance; her nose inclined to Grecian; her mouth, when she spoke, displayed teeth that in colour rivalled the finest pearls; and the bewitching expression that layed about that lovely mouth captivated all whom she addressed: her soft and clear complexion was brunette; and the opening morn glowed not with a brighter colour than adorned her cheek. Endowed with so many natural graces, she had all the advantages of education: her rank and fortune entitled her to wear the most splendid apparel, which was the taste of the age, and her own good taste pointed out, that a noble simplicity in all she wore was best suited to that graceful figure which required not the aid of dress to render it conspicuous.

If we cannot do justice to the beauty of Cava, how shall we be able to draw the picture of her mind! her excellent understanding, and her great soul, appeared in all she said and did; sincere, candid, open, her affection, where she once placed it, was unshaken; every virtue reigned in her heart; and as she excelled all in beauty, so was she allowed to surpass, in accomplishments and understanding, all the young nobility at Toledo.

It may be supposed the lovely Cava was a match for the first princes, both in Spain and the neighbouring countries; many of the heroes of the age sighed for her; but count Julian, her father, at the period we have taken up her story, was in Africa, at his government, and declared himself unwilling to listen to any overture of marriage for his daughter, till he should see her, which he had not done for near three years, and consulted her inclinations.

Count Julian idolized his daughter, and gave an evasive answer to those who wished his alliance, merely to avoid offending spirits he was most anxious to conciliate; for, in his own mind, he had long determined on a husband for his beloved child: and we shall see, in the sequel, by the choice he made, how dear her happiness was to his heart.

Favilla, don Palayo's sister, was from infancy the intimate and constant companion of Cava; the difference of their dispositions only served to render them more attached to each other. Cava was more serious than her friend; there was a degree of melancholy in her character, that was relieved by the gaiety and lively imagination of Favilla. This young princess was truly enchanting; she was so beautiful, that when the Saracens beheld her, they cried "she was an houri from the Paradise of their prophet." Her figure, just the middle size, was exquisite; the lightness of her form, the delicacy of her limbs, the perfect beauty of her face, the soft languor of her azure eyes, and the extreme fairness of her complexion, formed such an assemblage of charms, as seldom falls to the lot of mortals; her cheek was tinged with the pale tints of a blush-rose; and the

profusion of auburn hair that parted on her ivory forehead, and fell in graceful curls over her polished shoulders, gave a softness and modesty to her appearance perfectly enchanting;

“And her pure skin shone with such spotless white,  
As dazzled the weak rays of human sight.”

Gay, lively, and innocent, Favilla enjoyed the passing hour; she communicated cheerfulness to all around her, for she never thought of future ills; she was beloved by all her youthful companions, but Cava was her chosen friend.

Her brother returned from banishment; he wondered at her improvement; he smiled at her lively wit; he was charmed with her conversation; he approved all she did; and she thought him the most perfect man she had ever seen. Favilla's heart was untouched; she knew not yet what it was to love.

The Gothic princess had for some time been but too sensible to the merits of the prince Alonzo; what heart, not pre-engaged, could have resisted such a lover? and what woman was so suited to inspire love in the breast of Alonzo as the charming Cava? Continually in company with each other, the lovers wanted not opportunities for conversation and a communication of sentiment; the more intimately acquainted they became, the more they saw in each other to justify their mutual affection; yet still they feared some unforeseen chance might blast their hopes.

“My beloved Cava,” cried Alonzo, one day that they met in the gardens of the palace, “why are you so melancholy? have I offended you by my presumptuous love? I am sensible that the poor Alonzo, deprived of his birthright, and living a dependant in the court of Rodrigo, is not worthy of the exalted Cava, the heiress of count Julian; yet fate impelled me to declare my fondness, my admiration, my fixed, my eternal love. Forgive me, Cava; pity the distraction of my soul; despise me not, because my kingdom has passed into other hands, and I cannot lay an empire at your feet; had I the universe, it should be yours; for never can Alonzo know a joy independent of his Cava:” here the prince paused, and looking anxiously and timidly at Cava, almost breathless waited her answer.

“Alonzo,” cried she, regarding him with a look of peculiar tenderness, chastened by her modest and dignified manner, “Alonzo, from whence, I entreat you tell me, can such fears have place in your bosom? can you, for one moment, doubt the truth, and I do not blush to say, the affection of Cava? Ask your own heart, is there no happiness but on a throne? and let that heart answer the question for me also. I know, Alonzo, I am in the power of my father, count Julian; he can dispose of my hand as he pleases; but my heart is my own; I will away with female disguise; I am above those petty arts; I will confess that heart is yours; was it a thousand times more worth than it is, it would glory in bestowing itself on you. Oh, Alonzo! if I am destined to render light to you the loss of your kingdom, I shall think myself happier than was I seated on the first throne in the universe.”

Hearing this, the young prince could no longer suppress his rapture; he seized the hand of Cava, he pressed it to his lips, and vowed eternal love.

Cava suppressed his raptures, entreating him to be upon his guard, and give no suspicion of their mutual attachment.—“Wait with patience till the arrival of my father at

the court: does he not dearly love you? does he not protect you with all his power? and may we not hope that he will lend an indulgent ear to our joint entreaties for his sanction to our love? He must know the whole," cried she; "he must know it all from us; leave it not in the power of others to undermine us in his favour; I will hope every thing from my father; and oh, how sweet will it be to me, Alonzo, to bestow upon you those riches cruel fate deprived you of! may this great happiness be reserved for me," added she: "and yet I fear; a sadness oppresses my spirits, that I can neither overcome nor account for; but do not suspect yourself the occasion of it," cried she, smiling and giving him her hand.

This conversation, and the certainty Alonzo had of the affection of the charming Cava, spoke comfort to his heart, and he would not have balanced a moment the relinquishing the first empire in the world or the princess Cava. He saw her every day, and every day increased his love and admiration; her prudence, her good sense, and her delicacy of manners, repressed his fire: she pointed out the necessity they were under of throwing a veil over their mutual tenderness, till count Julian should sanction it. Alonzo was his nephew by marriage, and had always been dear to the countess Julian: this degree of consanguinity allowed the lovers an intimacy that, as strangers, might have been looked on with suspicion; often had Alonzo the delight of accompanying his adored Cava on those parties of pleasure which the queen, eager to make the happiness of all around her, was continually forming for the amusement of the court.

Egilone was particularly fond of the chase, and habited as a huntress, and attended by the young nobility of both sexes, she would sometimes spend whole days in the plains and mountains near Toledo, pursuing the wild inhabitants of the forest, even to their dens: graceful in all she did, she might have been taken for Diana, surrounded by her nymphs.

The courtiers vied with each other, on these occasions, in the splendor of their hunting dresses, and in the beauty, the swiftness, and the caparison of the horses on which they rode. The brave and noble prince Palayo, Alonzo, and most of the gallant youth at the court, attended the queen, not only to partake in her amusements, but to secure her person, and those of the lovely group that surrounded her, from any dangerous beasts of prey that might inhabit the thick forests, into which they often ventured.

Rodrigo, not partial to the sports of the field, seldom joined these parties; his mind was become too gloomy to find pleasure in a sylvan scene; the fragrant breath of the early morn, the sun rising in splendor over the distant hill, the cry of the deep-mouthed hounds, that echoed from the recesses of the surrounding mountains, had no power to cheer his dark soul: he sat in his palace brooding over plans of future crimes, or contemplating, without remorse or sorrow, those he had already committed.

The day on which the queen hunted was almost a jubilee at Toledo; all were eager to behold, and many to follow the splendid cavalcade. The gracious queen saluted the croud as she passed; and she heard a thousand blessings bestowed on the good, the beneficent, the beauteous Egilone. She wore on her head a simple coronet of gold, to distinguish her from the lovely females that surrounded her:

"With such a grace Hippolita bestrode  
Her Thracian courser, and outstripp'd the rapid flood."

Don Palayo, Alonzo, and the princesses Cava and Favilla, were constantly near the queen. The lovely Cava appeared to the utmost advantage in those hunting parties:

“Men, boys, and women stupid with surprise,  
Where'er she passes, fix their wondering eyes;  
Longing they look, and gaping at her sight,  
Devour her o'er and o'er, with vast delight,  
Her purple habit sits with such a grace  
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face:  
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd,  
And in a golden cawl the curls are bound;  
She shakes her pointed jav'lin, and behind,  
Her painted quiver dances in the wind.”

At the time we are now speaking of, Alphonso, the duke of Biscay's son, and a dear friend of don Palayo's, came on a visit to the court of Toledo, chiefly to see his friend. In the late reign, their common misfortunes had united them as strongly as their dispositions; and they had made a pilgrimage together, during the banishment of the prince Palayo: fortune now seemed to smile on Palayo, and Alphonso repaired to the gay court of Rodrigo, to congratulate his friend on his present bright prospects.

The young Alphonso appeared at Toledo with a splendor equal to his birth. He was received with distinction by Rodrigo and the queen; and, as was natural to his time of life, partook with delight of the amusements of this brilliant and luxurious court. The young prince had arrived at Toledo with a heart perfectly free; he had seen numberless beauties, whose merits he had allowed, but whose charms had failed to make any lasting impression; but here the gallant Alphonso was fated to be overcome; the soft, bewitching beauty of the princess Favilla, her gay, animated, yet tender disposition, won the soul of Alphonso; she appeared to him perfection, and without a struggle he yielded his heart to the sister of his friend: but willing to be assured of the unrivalled possession of hers, he determined to conceal his own feelings, even from don Palayo, till he could ascertain the place he should hold in the estimation of Favilla.

Nothing could be more favourable to love than the amusements of the court, and those sylvan parties formed by the queen. During the chase, the young noblemen followed and protected the beauties they distinguished; assisted them in all their little distresses; and when weary of the chase, they chose some sequestered and shady spot, in a delicious grove, or by the side of a winding stream, in which they could repose after their labours, or partake of a repast, always ready on these occasions.

Alonzo and Alphonso, without imparting it to each other, always availed themselves of these opportunities of conversing with Cava and Favilla. Winged with pleasure flew those innocent and delightful days; the world produced not four more perfect, or more constant hearts; their enlightened minds were closely knit together; every moment, in its course, proved to the lovers that their lot was cast for life; and with secret and silent satisfaction they hugged their chains. The heart of the young duke was too easily read by don Palayo, for him not to perceive that Favilla was dear to his friend; he rejoiced at the discovery, and wished no happier fate for his sister; but prudence and a just pride dictated silence on the subject, till Alphonso should think it proper to divulge his own secret.

Every thing, at this period, bore the appearance of tranquillity at Toledo; if the crimes the king committed became publicly known, his creatures took care to silence the multitude. The great were awed, and dreaded tumult, and the loss of those comforts they enjoyed: whatever hatred they bore Rodrigo, they remained silent from prudence. Many were glad to relinquish part of their riches, to secure the rest from the grasp of the tyrant; and many in secret mourned the insulted virtue of their wives and daughters, without daring to resent or to complain, knowing that a sword was suspended over their heads.

Sometimes unfortunate rumours came to the ears of the queen: she listened to nothing against Rodrigo, though she secretly lamented the change in his nature, and the loss of that affection she had so highly prized, and which, unfortunately for her, she felt conscious was in its wane. With innocent amusements and useful occupation, she endeavoured to stifle fruitless sorrow, and to prevent secret jealousy corroding her heart: blind to the future, she rather hoped relief from it, than contemplated it with dread. Happy, thrice happy for the human race, all of whom are, from their cradle, doomed to endure the ills attached to life, that eternal wisdom has shut the book of fate: had we our wills, what dreadful pages should we turn over! who could sustain the sight? alas! the lot of man would be a hundred-fold more mournful than even the most unhappy find it: every moment of comfort, of pleasure, of joy, would be poisoned by the dreadful certainty of coming ill, and the miserable human race would sink into the grave without having lived one happy hour.

### CHAP. III.

Upon a time, (unhappy clock  
That struck the hour); it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where); 'twas at a feast; (oh! would  
Our viands had been poison'd); or, at least,  
Those which I heav'd to head.

CYMBELINE.

BELONGING to the king Rodrigo, was a magnificent palace, not far from Cordova, built on the Tagus, and commanding the most beautiful and romantic views near that celebrated city. It had been repaired and beautified at a great expence by its royal master: the gardens which surrounded it were laid out in the best taste of the age; they were of a great extent, and filled with all that could gratify the senses; they were much frequented by the young nobility residing at the court: fine walks, shaded by chesnut-trees, and bordered with flowering shrubs; charming bowers, forming a shelter from the noonday heat; cool grottos, and clear fountains, that cast their pure waters into the air, and cooling it with their refreshing showers, rendered the grounds enchanting. Here the young females, educated at the court, often met to pass the sultry hours of noon; or, in the evening, to accustom themselves to that exercise that gave vigour and beauty to their forms; and in innocent sport they passed many a cheerful hour. The windows of the royal apartments looked to the most delicious and sequestered spots of these gardens. The apartments allotted to the young princesses Cava and Favilla opened on a terrace that overlooked this enchanting scenery; and they almost constantly repaired to the terrace, in the cool of the evening, to sport with their companions, or to enjoy each others society and conversation, free from intrusion.

One evening, on which there was to be a feast at this palace, they had both returned from the chase with the queen, who had withdrawn to her apartments to prepare for the banquet. The lovely friends, arm in arm, entered the garden to enjoy its fragrance for some moments before they attended to the labours of the toilet: they had walked and conversed, unconscious of any attention being paid to their motions, when Cava, seeing some fine flowers in bloom, and thinking they would adorn her beautiful hair, stooped to gather them; in rising, a branch of a tree caught her robe, and loosening a clasp, which confined it on her bosom, it suddenly fell from her shoulders and breast, and left them for a moment exposed to view; terrified she looked round; she hastily adjusted her disordered dress, and blushing scarlet, congratulated herself that Favilla only was witness to its derangement; and soon after the friends returned to their apartment, to prepare for the evening's amusement.

Cava had, it is true, looked round with a fearful eye, and perceived no human being near her, except her friend; but unknown and unseen by her, the king had had a full view of all that passed from the windows of his apartment, at which, unfortunately for the young princess, he at that moment stood. He every day beheld Cava; he saw her in all her beauty; but till that moment her beauty, though the boast of Spain, had made no impression on the tyrant; he had a thousand times said, "she was lovely," and had thought of her no more; but when the robe fell displayed to his astonished sight the perfect form

and the polished ivory of her neck and shoulders, when he beheld the most beautiful bust in the world, alive and animated; when he saw the crimson veil that modesty threw over that lovely face and bosom, lest any eye but Favilla's should have witnessed the disorder of her dress, the tyrant was enflamed with love, or rather with those bad passions he wished to disguise under that name. Rodrigo wondered at himself—he was astonished at his former blindness—how could he so long, he thought, have been insensible to such exquisite beauty? Egilone and the whole circle of his court sunk to nothing before Cava. From that hour a furious passion took possession of his heart; and with determined cruelty he secretly vowed that Cava should be his. In gloomy meditation the tyrant paced the chamber, till the hour that called him to the banquet.

The entertainment for the court was this evening of the most splendid kind; on the king's entering the saloon, he found the flower of the young nobility surrounding the queen; his ardent gaze was soon fixed on Cava, as she stood in the circle, a miracle of beauty, where all were fair: she, the princess Favilla, with Alonzo, and the young duke of Biscay, were conversing gaily; Cava's beautiful countenance was lit up with smiles and blushes, as Alonzo recited to her part of a letter he had, that morning, received from count Julian, and which she thought delicately glanced at Alonzo's tenderness for her. The same idea had struck the young prince, and looks full of love and hope were exchanged between him and Cava; they suffered not a word to escape their lips that could intimate their feelings; yet this was, perhaps, the happiest moment of their lives, for hope placed many a glowing picture of future felicity before them, and they resigned their hearts to joy.

Rodrigo, for that evening, laid aside the gloom which had lately been so habitual to him; he was adorned with care, and looked a hero and a king. He was not now brooding over distant mischiefs; he forgot his thirst of blood, his avarice, and persecution: those beyond the precincts of his palace might, for a time, breathe freely; the subjects of his empire might, for a little, sleep in peace. His victim was near at hand; he had laid the snare, but he was determined to strew it over with flowers, to conceal his cruel intentions under the appearance of affability and condescension; he smiled on the surrounding courtiers; he approached the amiable and lovely Egilone, with looks of feigned tenderness and pleasure, and expressed his admiration of her person and habiliments.

The queen received him with smiles, her heart delighted with the unusual softness of his manner towards her; she flattered herself with the returning love of the husband she adored; she pardoned all his follies; she even forgot his crimes, when she saw the change in his countenance and demeanour, and she secretly said, "My Rodrigo will return to virtue and to me; a crown has dazzled him for awhile; power has drawn him from the straight path; but his mind is too noble not to abjure its errors; Rodrigo will still fulfil the expectations of the nation; I shall have the supreme felicity of seeing him what he once was." Thus reasoned with herself the virtuous and deceived queen.

The night was spent in the utmost festivity; the magnificent Gothic halls were illuminated with a thousand lamps, they resounded with the songs of the minstrels, and at intervals warlike music raised a martial spirit in the breasts of the brave youth that attended on the court: once Rodrigo called for a mournful song, for he knew "that pity melts the soul to love." The minstrels chose the fall of Troy: the tyrant shuddered with involuntary horror at the vengeance of the Greeks. He stopped the song—he rushed to the



banquet—a cloud passed over his manly countenance; but it was soon dispersed, and he gave life and animation to all around him. His wild eye was often turned towards Cava, who was placed with her young companions nearly opposite to where he sat; her hair was adorned with the flowers she had gathered in the gardens of the palace, and they bloomed upon her snowy bosom, so simply was she dressed; yet never had she appeared so exquisitely lovely; “her beauty hung upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

Alonzo contemplated her with rapture, and his fond imagination dwelt on future days of happiness with his Cava, till he felt secure of their being realized, and remembered not there was a dark hour in life.

The princess was not less sanguine in her hopes, and her whole soul was full of Alonzo. Scarcely could the king turn his eye from this fascinating object; the flowers with which she was adorned brought to his remembrance the first moment of his new born passion; they acted like magic on his depraved heart; and he vowed, within himself, the combined world should not prevent his possessing Cava: to inspire her with love was, however, his most ardent wish, and, when the banquet was at an end, he took an opportunity of approaching the princess, and taking her hand, he softly whispered in her ear, “Cava, to-night you have performed a miracle—you have conquered the Goths—their kingdom is laid at your feet.”

The innocent Cava believing that Rodrigo was only paying her a gallant compliment, and looking on him as her guardian and protector, smiled, blushed, and gaily answered, “She had no ambition to conquer all hearts; one faithful one,” and she cast down her eye, for Alonzo was at no great distance, “would in her mind be quite sufficient.”

Rodrigo now believed it the moment to discover his passion, and gently drawing her a few paces from where she stood, he whispered, “You have your wish, Cava; the king adores you; he cannot, will not live without you; he devotes his heart, his empire, all the remainder of his life to the incomparable Cava; return his passion, which will endure no coldness, no demur, and you shall see the crown laid at your feet.”

“If you are in jest,” cried the princess, snatching her hand from the enraptured king, and turning pale as death, “it is unfit for me to listen to such language, or you to make use of it, even in mirth: should you, forbid it, Heaven! be in earnest, you are a monster I would sooner fly from than from the most savage beast of the forest: in pity to me, in pity to yourself, repress such ideas, if indeed you have dared to give them place in your mind; and remember the princess Cava, the daughter of count Julian, cannot be insulted with impunity;” with these words she turned disdainfully from the king: he pursued her, hoping to soften her anger; but she wisely taking refuge near the queen, he had that night no further opportunity of molesting her, or of endeavouring to palliate his offence.

Rodrigo, humbled and enraged at the answer he had received from Cava, was still determined not to relinquish his pursuit; her virtue, her loftiness of mind, her sense, her spirit, were, in his eyes, additional charms; and deeply enamoured, he was fixed on corrupting her, was he to lose by it life and empire.

All the pleasure of the night was now lost to Cava; her cheek, which had first been pale, was now flushed with anger, from the resentment she felt for her insulted delicacy. If Alonzo spoke to her, she could scarcely answer him, or attend to what he

said; and had he not believed she was fatigued, he would have supposed her in some distress.

Retired at a late hour to her apartment, she courted sleep in vain; restless and agitated, angry and full of fear, she knew not of what, she long traversed her chamber with agitated steps: she was willing to persuade herself the king had meant nothing; but his ardent looks had told another tale; and when she remembered them, her terror was extreme. She was at first tempted to make Egilone acquainted with the improper language the king had made use of, and entreat her protection from further insult; but she loved the queen, she was beloved by her, and she could not bring herself to plunge a dagger in her heart, or run the chance of for ever losing her affection, should she once know that she was unfortunately become the object of Rodrigo's passion. After much deliberation, she determined to avoid the king, and never give him the opportunity of speaking to her in private: her father was soon expected from Africa, and she resolved with him to leave the court, when he should return to his government.

Some days elapsed, and the king found not a single moment to breathe his passion, so strict a guard had she on herself; but soon she had little reason to doubt his sentiments; letters on letters were delivered to her, by his creatures, as if from others; she returned them unread; she did not deign to take notice of Rodrigo; when obliged to be in his presence, she never turned her eye towards him, and was continually stationed near the queen: she conversed as usual with Favilla, Alphonso, and Alonzo; and if she was under the necessity of answering the king when he addressed her in public, the expression of her countenance was cold and disdainful, and she appeared to despise, not to fear him.

Still, burning with love and rage, Rodrigo sought every opportunity to find her alone. One evening, passing through an apartment of the palace, chance threw her in his way; she endeavoured to pass him, but he crossed her path, and insisted on being heard; constrained to listen to him, she stood proud in virtue, and with a look that almost chilled him; but he was too much accustomed to have submission paid to his will, to be long awed, either by the virtue or the frowns of a woman. He resorted to his usual arts of conquest; he knelt before her, he again declared his passion; indignantly she endeavoured to break from him; he caught her robe, to prevent her retreating, and then, in the most subtle language, painted the violence of his unconquerable love, the impossibility of his ever subduing it, and his determination of placing her on his throne, would she but grant him her heart.—“I will,” cried he, “repudiate Egilone, and raise my Cava to the summit of earthly grandeur; count Julian shall be the second in the kingdom, and equal to myself in power.” Seeing the princess recoil from him with horror, he started from the ground, and grasping her arm with violence, he cried, “If you are insensible to my love, you shall feel my power; Rodrigo will never sigh in vain; he shall find the means of humbling your proud spirit.”

“You have already humbled me,” cried the terrified princess, wrenching her arm from his grasp, and retiring as far as she could go, “you have already humbled me, by your scandalous and insulting offers: know that my virtue is above your power; that I detest you, and your infamous love, if love you call your hateful passion; the lowest subject in your dominions holds a higher place in the estimation of Cava than its boasted, but vile king. Withdraw,” added she; “suffer me to depart and molest me no more; conduct yourself towards me as a princess, as one under the protection of your amiable queen; pity for her feelings only, will prevent me from making her acquainted with the

base conduct of him she so dearly loves: repent, and, I repeat it, cease to molest me;" saying this she again attempted to pass, and Rodrigo was, for a moment, so awed by the dignity of her look and manner, that he did not oppose her passage; and quitting him with a haughty air, she was quickly out of sight.

Though for the present baffled, the king was not daunted, nor was his evil intentions changed; again he persecuted the princess, again he solicited, prayed, entreated, flattered, threatened; it was all of no avail, he was shunned, scorned, detested; and the princess, in the utmost anxiety, expected her father's arrival in Spain, determined on leaving the court. The king, finding himself despised by her to whom he had offered his crown, gave a loose to rage and jealousy; he dreaded a rival, but he saw no one he could deem such. His mind was now more gloomy than ever, and there was nothing too monstrous for him to undertake: he hated the charming Egilone, believing she was the bar to his happiness; every spark of virtue not quite dead in his savage bosom he soon extinguished—the appearance of indifference concealed the passions that inwardly devoured him, and "hushed in grim repose, he watched his evening prey."

At this period Alphonso was obliged to leave Toledo; his father had recalled him, to send him on an embassy to France, and it was with sorrow he was forced to bid adieu, for some time, to his friend don Palayo, and the still dearer Favilla; he could no longer conceal his sentiments from the object of his affections, and making a tender declaration of the unfeigned love he felt, he found Favilla sensible of his merit, and willing, with her brother's approbation, to yield her hand with her heart: don Palayo could wish no happier fate for his sister than a union with such a man as Alphonso; and the young duke, rejoicing in his successful love, promised to return, the moment his father would sanction his marriage and allow his absence.

The bitterness of parting was softened by the delightful hope of future felicity; the lovers parted, little dreaming of the sad hours they were doomed to pass ere they should meet again. Flushed with hope, happy from the impression he had made on Favilla's heart, and leaving his own in her possession, the noble Alphonso, mounted on his favourite steed, passed the gates of Toledo, and soon lost sight of its towers: behind him he left a human fiend, who was soon to shake these stately towers to their foundation.

The base Rodrigo, by his artful conduct, had nearly lulled Cava's mind to peace; he seemed to repent, and she flattered herself his repentance was sincere, and that he would molest her no more; but how unequal a match is innocence and truth for the arts and cunning of a villain! Rodrigo had his agents; he was on the watch to surprise Cava, for he had determined on her destruction: in an unfortunate hour he succeeded in finding her unguarded and alone; he destroyed her peace, he sullied her honour; but he had no power to corrupt her heart, or conquer her virtue.

When the distracted princess could free herself from Rodrigo—and now he had no wish to detain her, even his callous heart felt some remorse—she flew to her chamber, and there gave a loose to all the feelings of despair. She had snatched a dagger from the walls of the armory, through which she flew to reach her apartment; when she entered it, she secured the door, determined to end her life and misery at once: but Cava was a Christian; to rush unprepared and unbidden into eternity, appalled her; however wretched she was, her heart was innocent, was free of guilt; it was the crimes of others, not her own, that weighed her down. Sinking on her knees, and lifting her hands to Heaven, while a flood of tears fell from her eyes, she prayed for patience to bear her sufferings,

and strength of mind to endure those ills it was not possible for her to avert.—“Let me not,” cried she, “commit murder, and sink my soul to perdition, to avoid the misery of a tortured mind; if I am wretched, I will be greatly so, and Rodrigo shall tremble on his throne.” She rose, she threw the dagger from her; for some hours her grief and agitation baffled her strongest efforts to suppress them: when she had acquired some command over her feelings, she opened her cabinet, and taking from it materials for writing, she sat down to compose a letter to her father, count Julian.

To write one was a task of the utmost difficulty; but in some time she did so, to her satisfaction. Her letter was long, and though wrote in a state almost of madness, was clear, and expressed the greatness of her soul, as well as her delicate feelings: it concluded with the following words:—

“Would that the earth could open under my feet, and swallow up alive the wretched Cava, rather than she should be under the sad necessity of writing you such a letter, my lord and father; but who can revenge your child? who can repair the honour of your house, but you? come and sweep from the earth the man that has dared to insult a princess of the royal blood, and so deeply to injure count Julian in his child: let the world see, my father, that the punishment soon follows the crime – that the princess Cava was unfortunate, not guilty, and that her noble father revenged her.”

When the letter was finished, Cava felt herself more composed; how to send it she knew not, for she determined on concealing her wrongs till her father should take ample vengeance. Should Rodrigo become acquainted with her writing to the count, he would suspect the cause, and the consequences to her father might be fatal: fortunately her thoughts turned towards a worthy monk, father Anselmo, one of the most exemplary life and character, who was much about the queen, highly favoured by her, and had taken infinite pains in her education and Favilla’s. She immediately sent a trusty messenger to request his presence for a few minutes in her apartment. The good monk was not long in complying with her request, and Cava had endeavoured to compose herself before his arrival; still he found her in apparent distress, and he expressed his concern at seeing her unhappy.

“Can I be of any service to you, my child?” cried he; “why do I see you so dejected?”

“My good father,” returned the princess, without taking notice of his question, “you can be of the utmost service to me; but you must promise to be secret and expeditious in what you are to perform; on no other terms can I employ you.”

“As I well know your heart, my child, as I am sensible of its rectitude, and that you would not lead me to do wrong, I promise to perform your will provided, when I hear what it is, I shall not find any thing to condemn.”

Cava then informed the monk that she was desirous of conveying a letter to her father, count Julian, then at his government in Africa, and to convey it unknown to any human being.—“It entirely concerns myself,” continued the princess; “it is a daughter’s letter to a tender and beloved father, laying open her whole heart to his view; you cannot, worthy Anselmo, believe there can be any thing wrong in that; and yet I confess to you, I would not, for the riches of the world, have that letter read but by count Julian himself: can you convey it for me in secret, and with safety?”

The monk mused some time, and then answered —“I can, my child, and I will do as you wish. I have a young friend, a lay-brother; him will I send with this epistle, about

which you are so anxious; I could trust Jerome with my life; your father shall have the packet sooner than you imagine: but you are ill, my daughter; by the changes of your countenance, I see your mind is disturbed, and your heart heavy. Good-night; I wish not to indulge an idle curiosity, but I am not at ease on your account; my prayers shall be offered for you; good-night, my child." Then taking the sealed packet from off the table, Anselmo slowly retired, looking anxiously at Cava, and blessing her as he departed. She could not speak; she had not the power to answer him; her heart was full, was breaking. The good monk feared to intrude by further questions: he closed the door, and the unhappy Cava was left to waste the remainder of the night in unavailing grief.

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#### CHAP. IV.

FATHER Anselmo was true to his promise; a very few hours saw the lay-brother he had mentioned to the princess on the road to the Straits, from whence he was to take his passage for Africa. Anselmo had the precaution to enclose Cava's letter in one from himself to count Julian, the words of which ran thus: —

“NOBLE count Julian, I know not the contents of the letter I now convey to you; I received it from your amiable daughter, and her agitation on intrusting it to me, with her wish of perfect secrecy respecting it, assures me it is of the utmost import. I therefore send a chosen messenger, whom you, count Julian, may securely trust with a written or a verbal answer: with my prayers for your happiness, and that of your most excellent countess,

I am ever, noble count Julian,

Your friend,

ANSELMO.”

The good monk had taken little repose; he had passed the night in dispatching his messenger; at an early hour in the morning, he repaired to the apartment of the Gothic princess, to inform her he had obeyed her commands. He was at first refused admittance by her attendant, on the plea of indisposition — he was alarmed — he earnestly desired to see the princess; and she, hearing it was Anselmo, gave orders to have him introduced.

On entering the chamber, the kind father was shocked to see the change a few hours had made in his beloved pupil: Cava was in a high fever, her flushed cheek, her sunk eye, her convulsed lip, her tremulous voice, declared her dangerous state, and the monk, who was skilled in medicine, terrified at her appearance, insisted on her swallowing a draught he hoped would compose her; for he knew to read the human heart too well not to be assured her indisposition proceeded from the mind; but where, thought he, is the medicine sufficiently powerful to be of use there? then, raising his hands and eyes to Heaven, he said aloud — “Religion only reaches the sad heart; make use of it, my child, to calm those sorrows you are so careful to conceal.”

“I shall listen to your pious counsel, my good father,” replied the princess: “now tell me, I beseech you, have you performed your promise?”

“I have, my daughter; it is some hours since Jerome left Toledo; I accompanied your letter with a few lines from my own hand; and you may expect an answer as soon as it is possible to have one.”

Pleased with this assurance, Cava thanked the monk, and faintly entreated to be left alone: Anselmo withdrew, fearful of some impending misfortune, from seeing there was a mystery he could not develop.

We shall leave the good monk, and the chamber of the unhappy princess, and follow the steps of Jerome to the shores of Africa. Every thing conspired to render his journey and voyage safe and expeditious; and, in the shortest time possible, he reached the nearest port to the seat of count Julian's government.

On arriving at the count's palace, the young monk was instantly admitted to a private audience, and having only the letters to deliver into the count's hands, immediately retired.

It is as little possible for the writer to describe, as for the reader to form an idea of the grief, the distress, the tenderness, the rage that by turns reigned in the breast of count Julian; he adored his daughter; he was proud of her beauty, and her virtues; he was a tender father, and had formed glorious prospects for Cava; he had determined to bestow her hand on the prince Alonzo, and looked to a future day to exalt him to that throne to which he might claim a right by birth, and which was so ill filled by Rodrigo.

The count was an able and cunning man; brave, capable of undertaking great things, difficulties turned him not from his pursuits; fearless of danger, yet ever on his guard, he excelled all in the art of feigning, and of concealing his feelings. Although now the outrage he had met with roused every passion of his soul, and that he vowed the destruction of Rodrigo, even at the expence of all Spain, yet for the moment he stifled his grief and rage, under the most placid appearance, in order the better to ensure a lasting and exemplary vengeance.

As soon as Jerome was sufficiently rested to set out on a second journey, the count gave to his care a paper addressed to father Anselmo, containing only these words: —

“Worthy Anselmo, tell the beloved daughter of count Julian she may soon expect to see her father — that father whose tenderness will remain unabated for her to the last hour of his life; tell her also, she shall behold him in the temper most suited to her wishes.

Your friend,  
COUNT JULIAN.”

The count did not long delay fulfilling this promise; animated by the most violent hatred to the man who had dared to tarnish the lustre of his house, and secretly breathing vengeance against the inhuman Rodrigo, he quickly regulated all matters relative to his government in Africa; and his mind, though torn with rage and grief, was entirely occupied in seeking the means of destroying the enemy of his house, and of his peace; and preparing to pay a visit to the court of Toledo, under the mask of friendship, without intimating to his countess the cause he had for grief, or the preparations he was privately making for vengeance by a descent on Spain, he bade her adieu; and she with delight saw him undertake his journey, as he promised to return with his daughter.

On count Julian's arrival at Rodrigo's court, he was received with all the honours due to his rank, and, in appearance, with the utmost friendship by the king. He found the princess Cava recovering from a dangerous illness; and he also found that she owed her life to the incessant care of Egilone and Favilla. Count Julian instantly perceived that the base conduct of the king was unknown and unsuspected; he would not trust himself to have much conversation with his daughter — he consoled her by his tenderness, and the hope of returning with him to Africa; he commanded her silence, and would not allow of her absenting herself from the court, for the short time he intended she should remain at Toledo.

With the appearance of the greatest openness and candour, the artful count gave the king the detail of his conduct in his African government. He well knew how to

estimate his own services, and to flatter the vanity and ambition of Rodrigo; and he so entirely gained his confidence, that the deceived monarch communicated to him all the secrets of the state, and relied on him for his advice respecting the most important affairs.

This was exactly what count Julian wished, and what gave him ample means for vengeance; he assured Rodrigo that Spain had nothing to fear from internal commotions; but that it was of the utmost importance to furnish him with cavalry and arms, that he might prevent the Moors from making descents upon the coasts of Spain, and pillaging, as they were accustomed to do. The king consented to every regulation count Julian suggested; and the country was almost entirely stripped of arms and horses. When this was accomplished, the count thought only of quitting the kingdom, before his conduct should render him suspected: he had already contrived to remove Alonzo from the court. On his arrival at Toledo, he found this young prince in unfeigned grief at the dangerous illness of his beloved Cava; he met count Julian with all the warmth of affection he could have shown to a father; and the count, during his absence from Spain, had not lost any of the tenderness and esteem he had ever professed for the prince; but he most carefully avoided opening his heart to him, or, for the present, suffering him to come to the knowledge of any of his schemes.

To place Alonzo beyond the power of the king was necessary to the safety of the young prince; and before he intimated his intention of quickly returning to his government in Africa, he contrived to send him to Rome, on some affairs, he said, relative to that government; and he hurried the departure of Alonzo, that he and Cava might not meet. He dreaded any explanation between them: she had not yet recovered her illness, so as to allow of her appearing in public, and she was glad of any excuse to avoid seeing the king.

Alonzo could not proceed on his journey without intimating to count Julian his attachment to his daughter, and his anxious wish that he might not think him unworthy of her. He professed the most ardent love, and even avowed their reciprocal affection; and candidly repeated all the princess had said in the garden of the palace.

The count, always master of his countenance, and possessing a perfect empire over his passions, listened with placid attention to all Alonzo said, though at the moment, his inmost soul was shaken with rage and grief; he had always loved and admired the prince — now compassion was joined to affection; and he inwardly vowed he would set him on the throne of Spain, or die in the attempt. Turning towards him, he gave him fresh assurances of his unbounded regard; telling him, his love for his daughter was a stronger hold on his heart than any thing else could be; that he had views for him beyond his belief; that at a future period he would enter on what had ever been his most ardent wish, and what he had no doubt of accomplishing. He allowed him to hope every thing respecting Cava; but desired he would wait with patience for his full consent, till he, the count, had brought all his schemes to bear, which at present must lie hid in his own bosom — “I have much to do,” cried he, “before I can listen to the settlement of my child: you, Alonzo, must in a few hours quit Toledo for Rome; I would willingly keep you still with me, but at present it cannot be; I have business for you to transact in Italy. I shall soon leave Spain for Africa; you shall shortly hear from me, when I can appoint our future meeting; where it will be, I am not yet certain; but trust and rely, Alonzo, on your constant friend.”



The young prince, raised to the highest pitch of happiness by the kind behaviour of the count, threw himself at his feet, kissed his hand, and swore eternal fidelity and obedience to his generous protector. Count Julian, deeply affected by this scene, put as sudden a period to it as was in his power; and Alonzo retired to prepare for his journey.

Count Julian had still an arduous task to perform; it was to get leave from Rodrigo to return to his African government. The king either was, or pretended to be so attached to him, and to think him of so much consequence to the state, that he could scarcely bear his being a day from the palace: but as consummate a master of deceit as Rodrigo was, he found his equal in count Julian, who appearing very melancholy, and the king's inquiring the cause, with seeming kindness, but with inward fear, lest that melancholy might proceed from the count's resentment, should he have discovered how greatly he had injured him.

The wily count replied, "He was indeed melancholy from private distress; a messenger had that morning brought him a letter from the countess, who was dangerously ill; that he loved her too tenderly not to be wretched at the bare idea of losing her; that he feared the worst, from the account her physician had sent him; that the countess requested he would hasten to Africa, and, if he wished her to die in peace, to bring her daughter with him, that she might have the only satisfaction she could now enjoy in this world, that of seeing her beloved child, before she bid it an eternal adieu."

The count acted his part so well, that the king believed all he said, and was surprised into a consent for his return, for a stated time; and he also gave him permission to carry his daughter with him. Rodrigo was afraid to refuse what provoked him to grant; and the count succeeded in all his schemes.

Cava soon heard from her father that she must instantly prepare for quitting Toledo; hearing that she was to do so, gave her all the pleasure she was capable of feeling, and she blessed the hour that should carry her from Spain. Alonzo was gone; but not without writing to Cava, for the count had prohibited an interview, to inform her of his conversation with her father, and the happiness and hope he felt from it. He entreated her, notwithstanding the count's prohibition, to allow of his seeing her, for a few moments only, before his departure for Rome; and ended with every assurance of perfect and constant love.

When the princess received the letter, she knew the hand, and was agitated almost to fainting; she was even tempted to return it unopened; but she could not bring herself to make him so wretched, nor could she resist such a proof of Alonzo's affection; she broke the seal, and, as she read, a shower of tears fell from her beauteous eyes, and she exclaimed, "Oh! my Alonzo, you must ever be dear to your miserable Cava. I cannot, I will not tear your heart in pieces, that heart I would not relinquish to be mistress of the universe; but I cannot, I will not see you; with my consent we meet no more. Oh! how cruel, how dreadful is the sentence! and must that inhuman sentence proceed from her to whom you are so infinitely dear? Alas! it must; we are both undone; and till your Cava finds a refuge in the grave, she will know no peace."

The princess, determined on not admitting Alonzo to her presence, wrote the following lines in answer to his letter: —

"Cava is too ill to see Alonzo; she has received his letter, every word of which has spoken to her heart; she will preserve it as a treasure most dear to her; she

entreats him to believe, that while she exists, he will always fill the place he has ever done in her affections; that to own he does so, will be her pride; and that though they may never meet again, her consolation, when her heart is most oppressed, will be the certainty of Alonzo's love; and she will weary Heaven with prayers for his happiness and safety.  
CAVA."

Several letters were written and committed to the flames before she could frame one she thought fit to send him. The prince would have received even a word with delight; he grieved for her indisposition, but, comforted by the certainty of her affection, and the assurances of the count that she would soon be restored to health, he left the court with no regret, but that of being removed to a distance from his tenderly-beloved Cava.

Favilla, finding that her friend was to accompany her father to Africa, was sincerely afflicted; they had not been separated for years; they were knit in the strictest bonds of friendship; and she almost mourned her departure as she would have done her death. The melancholy Cava endeavoured to turn Favilla's thoughts to her own bright prospects, and the happy lot she hoped soon awaited her in her union with Alphonso; but Favilla's was not a selfish mind, and all her own wishes being gratified, had not the power of hardening her heart. She saw her friend was wretched, and concealed even from her that grief that seemed to prey upon her health, and even threatened her life. Favilla, however, flattered herself that they should soon meet again, and that count Julian would return with his daughter to Spain, before her nuptials with Alphonso would take place.

This also the queen imagined she had settled with the count; for her attachment to Cava was so sincere, that on no other terms could she be persuaded to consent to her departure, than the count's promise that his daughter should again be placed near her, and that his own return to Spain should no longer be delayed than was necessary on the countess Julian's account. Alas! amiable Egilone, how severely were you doomed to mourn the fatal return of the count, and to shed tears of agony for those miseries it heaped upon you! But it is not our part to anticipate the story we relate; and we shall conclude this chapter with the departure of count Julian and the lovely Cava. She would have left the palace without seeing the king, had it been possible. That misery, however, she was necessitated to endure; but, placed between the queen and Favilla, he had no opportunity to address a word in private to her; and the princess supported herself with firmness and becoming dignity. She never looked at or spoke to the king, and only returned his compliments with an inclination of the head; tenderly affected by the sorrow the queen and Favilla expressed, her silence and tears were supposed to proceed from the pain she felt at bidding them and the other loved companions of her youth adieu; and the artful count Julian, dreading the end of such a scene, hurried her from the court, and a short hour saw her at some distance from Toledo. They had pursued their journey in silence, when count Julian, turning round, as they ascended an eminence, beheld the city, which lay beneath him in majestic beauty. Though his wrongs had made too deep an impression ever to be erased but by the blood of his enemy, yet his soul was softened when he reflected what might be the consequences of the war he was determined to wage with Rodrigo; and, with a sigh, fixing his eyes on the towers of Toledo, he repeated those lines from Homer, which had occurred to the brave Scipio when he beheld Carthage in flames.

"The day must come, the day decreed by Fates,

How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!  
When thou, Imperial Troy, shall lowly bend,  
And see thy honours fall, thy glories end.”

Conscience will be heard even by the worst of men; it often stings them almost to madness; yet it is a melancholy consideration how little it avails when the rein is given to the human passions, and when hatred, ambition, and revenge, warp the understanding, and stifle for a time the monitor within.

Count Julian mourned for a moment over the miseries he was about to bring upon his country; but that feeling was soon effaced by his ambition, and thirst of vengeance; and, flattering himself that his wrongs would excuse him to the whole universe for the part he was about to act, he revolved in his dark mind his dreadful plans, his deep-laid schemes; and made the utmost expedition to the sea-coast, from whence he embarked with Cava for Africa. Unfortunately for Spain, he met nothing to impede his progress, either by sea or land; and the sun that saw him quit his devoted country was not sunk below the horizon, when his foot pressed the shores of Africa.

## CHAP. V.

Up rose the king of men with speed,  
And saddl'd straight his coal-black steed;  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to Helle's drear abode.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall enquirer come  
To break my iron sleep again,  
Till Sol has burst his tenfold chain;  
Never till substantial Night  
Has resum'd her ancient right,  
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of world.

GRAY.

TO the north of Toledo, between two dark and almost inaccessible mountains, was a narrow and dismal valley, desert and uninhabited. No vegetation was to be seen there at any season of the year; and, except a few wild cork-trees, not a shrub could give shelter to the unfortunate traveller that might chance to pass that way. It was called the Enchanted Valley, and took that name from a palace that had been built, and remained there time immemorial. This palace was situate in the middle of the valley, and was rather an object of terror than gratification to the passenger. The tradition in Spain was, that it had been built by demons, who had secured and barred the entrance; and that whenever it should be opened, the empire of the Goths should end, and the ruin of Spain follow. This was so firmly believed by the people, that no prince who sat on the Gothic throne had as yet ever ventured to unbar the gates of this dismal palace; and its only inhabitants were birds of prey, and of ill omen, who formed their nests in its dark battlements, and moss-grown towers. The people trembled at the mention only of the black palace; and the shepherd would drive his flock a league round the mountains, rather than approach it; and so strong a hold had this superstition on the Spaniards, that even the most enlightened man in the country would have deemed it a crime to enter its walls.

About this time there had been some conversation held on the subject in the hearing of the king; and he who had never before felt a wish to approach the palace, though he had often seen it from the tops of the surrounding hills, was now seized with the most violent curiosity to explore its inmost recesses, and be himself a witness of what it contained. Rodrigo flattered himself that he should find within its walls treasures hidden, perhaps, by some former king; and so prepossessed was he with this opinion, that he was fixed in his determination of opening the palace, let the consequences be what they would; and he gave orders to a number of his courtiers and attendants to follow him.

Don Palayo, who respected the prejudices of the people, and was sensible that Rodrigo, by his bad conduct, and the indolent and luxurious life he led, was irritating them, and, perhaps, laying the foundation for his own ruin, made use of all his influence with his kinsman to prevent his committing so great a folly; but the ill-fated Rodrigo,

urged on by his evil genius, listened not to the advice of his friend. He was a king, he had power, and while he had it, he would be obeyed.

To the black palace in the enchanted valley, then, Don Palayo, and a number of his courtiers were forced, unwillingly, to attend him; and, deriding the folly of his people, and pursued by their curses, Rodrigo rode foremost of the party he had commanded to assemble, highly elated with the hope of finding an immense treasure in the melancholy spot.

The entrance to the valley was narrow and steep; scarcely a tract of what was once a road remained, to lead them by various turnings to the dreary mansion. When at a short distance from the palace, a torrent roared across their path, and Rodrigo, plunging into it, called aloud to those who were not cowards to follow him. Don Palayo, and a few more, obeyed his stern order; but the chief part of his retinue remained on the bank of the river, astonished at the temerity of the king, and those that accompanied him, for they were now in the middle of the stream, struggling with the mountain torrent, and indebted to the strength and activity of their steeds for reaching the opposite bank in safety. Here Don Palayo again intreated the king to forbear, and to seek another path out of the valley, to lead them back to Toledo, and by which he might avoid repassing the river. Rodrigo ridiculed his fears, laughed at the belief of supernatural beings, and pursued his way.

The day was dark and lowering, and thick clouds were gathering on the tops of the mountains, and foretold a coming storm, just as they arrived at the gates of the black palace, for its appearance might well entitle it to that name, as it was constructed of a dark marble, hewn from the surrounding hills. At the back was a steep mountain, which almost hung over the castle, and seemed to threaten its battlements with destruction; to the left was a deep morass, the abode of toads and adders; to the right was a piece of ground, which had the appearance of a ruined garden; and a spacious court, waste and dreary, lay in front; iron gates, through which there was a full view of the palace, were locked and strongly barred. The king alighted from his horse — he carefully inspected them — he was amazed at their strength, and the belief of a hidden treasure impressed itself more forcibly on his mind; and, in idea, he saw himself the richest sovereign in the world. He ordered those that had followed him to force the locks, and unbar the gates. It was attempted, and found impossible. Again Rodrigo examined them, and was still more convinced of their strength; but the obstinate king declared he would wrench them from their hinges; this, after infinite labour, was effected, and the gates falling into the inner court, the noise resounded like distant thunder from the surrounding mountains. The rash Rodrigo was now before the entrance of the castle; the immense folding doors were to appearance as strongly locked and barred as the outer gates had been; and the narrow Gothic windows were placed so high in the walls, it was impossible to have a view through them of any thing within. Again the king commanded the forcing of the doors, though it should be a work of some hours. The hinges did not yield as those of the gates had done; they had to file the iron bars that crossed those doors, and still they were secure; the locks defied the strength of men; they could neither be forced or broken. In despair and anger, Rodrigo turned to mount his steed, and delay to a more favourable moment the gaining admittance to the forbidden palace, when he was struck by the sight of an immense horn, hung by an iron chain, near the entrance; it instantly occurred to him that the castle had an inhabitant; and, darting towards the spot where the horn hung, the fearless king seized it, and, applying it to his mouth, he blew with all his might. The blast

was tremendous; it seemed to shake the ground on which he stood; a loud and mournful noise passed through the courts, and even Rodrigo felt alarm, for, at the moment, the palace doors of themselves flew open, and discovered a large and gloomy hall surrounded by dark pillars. The king, with don Palayo at his side, now entered the hall; the rest followed, astonished, and almost confounded, for the fabric trembled beneath their feet; and they heard the bursting open of every door in the same instant. A hurricane ensued, loud winds whistled through the apartments, thunder rolled tremendously over the castle, and the blue lightnings flashing, at intervals, through the high Gothic windows, showed more visibly the darkness, dreariness, and desolation of the place. Rodrigo, unsheathing his sword, cried — “Come on; let this be the enchantments of men or devils, I will search every apartment in this cursed mansion, till I find what they contain.” — Then striding across the hall, and calling to his followers to advance, he mounted a broad and gloomy staircase, that led into a spacious chamber, the walls of which were entirely covered with armour and warlike weapons; they seemed bright, and were placed in regular compartments; and, as the lightning was attracted by them, and danced upon their surface, this immense saloon was brightened by the sudden flashes of light. No article of furniture was visible, but in the middle of the apartment was placed a large pedestal of marble, which supported a coffin, made of iron, ribbed with polished steel. The lid was fastened by strong clasps, and seemed to defy the strongest arm to open. The king, weary of endeavouring to force them, ordered his attendants to break the coffin to pieces; but scarcely was the attempt made, when the lid of itself flew open, and from the coffin rose the figure of a handsome Moor, in the habit of his country. He spoke not, but leaping on the floor, he held up a black scroll to the king, on which, in the Latin language, were written, in letters of fire, the following words: —

“Spain shall soon be conquered, and destroyed, by a nation, whose inhabitants resemble in figure, colour, and dress, the man you see before you.”

“This is priestcraft,” cried the undaunted king; “I cannot be deceived; I will not be thus trifled with; man or devil, you shall not escape my sword.” — And he rushed forward to plunge his weapon in the breast of the figure that stood before him; but his foot slipped on the marble pavement, and before he could recover himself, the Moor had leaped upon the coffin; it was instantly surrounded with a blue flame, and the lid closing with a tremendous noise, loud shrieks issued from different parts of the saloon, and appalled all but the king, who would again have attempted to force open the coffin, to discover, he said, the cheat intended to be put upon him; but terror had so entirely overcome his followers, that, on looking round, he saw no one near him but the brave don Palayo, who again entreated him to quit this abode of horror.

“If it be priestcraft, as you call it,” said don Palayo, “it is quite impossible we should now discover it; you know not to what dangers you may be exposed in such a place as this; cunning, and a well-laid scheme, may render our valour of little avail: be persuaded, Rodrigo, by your friend, and let us return to Toledo.”

The king hesitated for a few moments, and then turning to the prince, with a scornful and disdainful smile, he answered — “I little expected to have found a coward in don Palayo.”

“A coward!” cried the brave Palayo, while a burning blush spread over his cheek, and anger flashed from his eye — “a coward!” placing his hand on his sword — “Had any one but the rash and obstinate Rodrigo joined such a word to the name of Palayo, that

word should have been his last. Think not Rodrigo, that fear prompts me to advise your quitting this mansion; the brave are wary, and on their guard, when danger is near; rashness is no proof of courage. I have as little apprehension of supernatural beings as you can have; the guilty only can tremble before them; the good are under the protection of Heaven.”

“Let the guilty Rodrigo tremble then,” said a hoarse and discordant voice, that seemed close to them, though nothing was visible.

Don Palayo unsheathed his sword, and preceded the king to the door of the saloon; Rodrigo followed in gloomy silence, and they descended the stairs together. The thunder had ceased to growl, the lightnings to glare, and in the lower hall it was only darkness visible. Rodrigo passed slowly through it; he lingered as he passed, and cast his wild and haggard eyes around; then pointing beyond the pillars that encircled the hall, he asked don Palayo if he beheld nothing in the distance? “for I see,” cried the king, “dark and gigantic shadows fleeting behind the pillars; let us pursue these phantoms, and discover the trick.”

“Let us rather quit this accursed place,” answered the prince, advancing to the entrance; “I perceive another storm approaching; we shall do wisely to return to Toledo.”

He had scarcely uttered the last words, when the same voice that had addressed Rodrigo in the upper apartment again said — “Rodrigo, thy kingdom is departed from thee; thy reign has been one continued crime, and thy punishment is near,”

The king started — he turned round — again he was prepared to strike, had any form met his eye; but those fleeting shadows were either the coinage of his own brain, or were dissolved in air the moment they were seen. A profound silence now reigned through the palace; and left almost in total darkness, the king reluctantly pursued the steps of his friend, and quitted the gloomy building. He was scarcely beyond the threshold, when the doors all closed of themselves, with as fearful and tremendous a noise as they had opened. The affrighted attendants were in the outer court, waiting the return of the king, and dreading his anger at their want of courage; but Rodrigo’s thoughts were otherwise employed. He and don Palayo, in silent astonishment, mounted their steeds, that trembled under them, and left a spot, where their curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch, and was still ungratified; for what to make of all they had seen and heard, they knew not. A sad impression, however, remained on the king’s mind, impossible for him, with all his daring courage, to shake off.

He departed from the castle, shocked, but not reformed. On coming to the river, they found it perfectly safe to pass; the swell that had made it so dangerous was fallen, and their attendants were still waiting on the opposite bank. Once passed the river, the king and prince, without speaking or commenting on what they had seen or heard, rode with speed towards Toledo, where they found the queen in anxious expectation of their return.

This last act of Rodrigo gave the greatest disgust to his subjects; they looked upon him as forsaken of Heaven, and as one devoted to destruction; and his numerous enemies suffered not so fair an opportunity to escape them, of turning the hearts of the multitude against him.

In a very short time the king was sensible what a folly he had committed; he felt how much he had to fear from the hatred of the people; he repented his crimes, but it was

too late; the time was past; he was soon to sustain the utmost malice of his fate, with the dreadful aggravation that it was the just punishment for his abandoned life.

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## CHAP. VI.

Then led the way  
To light him to his prey,  
And like another Hellen,  
She fir'd another Troy.

DRYDEN.

WE shall now turn our eyes to Africk, and enlighten ourselves on what is passing there.

The countess Julian, notwithstanding what her husband had propagated in Spain of her illness, was in perfect health, and ignorant of all the count's schemes, his cause of vengeance, and the insult her family had received from Rodrigo. She heard with delight that her lord and daughter were landed, and flew to receive them with every demonstration of joy. She was met by her husband with pleasure, and feigned composure; by Cava, with tears, embraces, and delight, mixed with the deepest sorrow. The countess, who dearly loved her daughter, was thunderstruck; her appearance was exactly the reverse of what she expected; and, though nothing could destroy the wonderful beauty of the princess, or take from the loveliness of her face and form, yet that face and form, overwhelmed with grief, was like the sun when dark clouds obscure it, and only, at intervals, can its refulgence delight the eye, or glad the heart of man.

Cava's recent illness was declared by her cautious father as the cause of her present dejection, and the fond mother sought every method to restore cheerfulness to her beloved child. She succeeded; sadness was in some measure banished from the countenance of Cava, who strictly obeyed her father's injunction of silence.

The court of count Julian was gay and splendid; and many entertainments had been prepared to celebrate his return, and the arrival of the princess. The count, pleased with every thing calculated to conceal his preparations for war, was himself anxious to promote the pastimes of the court, and invited some Moors of the highest rank to join in these amusements.

The fame of the princess Cava's beauty, and the gracious reception the count and countess Julian gave to strangers, drew many brave and gallant Moors to their public shows and entertainments; and now the count found it of the utmost consequence, towards the furthering of his schemes, to conciliate the Infidels. He therefore made a magnificent feast, to which he invited Musa, the Moorish governor under the caliph of Damascus. With Musa came his own son Abdalexis, and also Aleanzar, son to the caliph. This young prince had been entrusted to the care of Musa by his father, who was desirous he should be made acquainted with Africa, as he intended, at a more mature age, to give him the government of that province.

The Saracens were at this period rapidly overrunning almost all the countries of the known world, and their troops were looked upon as invincible.

This was the moment count Julian chose to inform his countess of his most secret thoughts. He had hitherto feared her love for Spain, and her amiable and Christian disposition, would lead her to endeavour at frustrating his plan for the conquest of the country; he feared she would recoil at the calling in the Infidels to his assistance, and the shedding of so much Christian blood as must follow the execution of his plan; for

although sister to the late king Vitiza, and to the worthless Oppas, she was not allied to them in vice, but was looked upon as one of the most amiable and excellent ladies of the age. The artful count, who was well versed in the human heart, and, by the depth of his own understanding, knew how to govern individuals as he did the multitude, soon impressed the weeping countess with a sense of the propriety of his conduct. He declared, his only wish was to efface the stain Rodrigo had dared to throw upon the honour of their house, and also to avenge her own ill-used family. "Shall we," said the count, "sit down tamely till the wretch tramples us in the dust? it shall never be; I have withdrawn your nephew Alonzo from the grasp of the tyrant; and I am determined to place him and our beloved Cava on the Gothic throne, or fall in the attempt: but my child shall first be avenged," cried count Julian, rising in fury from his seat; "this arm, I trust, shall lay the base Rodrigo low. Cava shall again smile; Cava and Alonzo shall yet be happy."

Thus reasoned, and thus hoped count Julian, and soon persuaded the countess that his conduct was what it ought to be, considering the injuries that had provoked it; and she flattered herself that at a future day she should see those she so dearly loved reign over a country they should render happy by their virtues; and with this flimsy covering did the deluded countess conceal from herself the ambition that lurked in her heart; and a few days saw her a zealous advocate for all the count's measures.

Soon count Julian dispatched a messenger to Rome, desiring the prince Alonzo would, with the utmost expedition, join him at his government in Africa; but he forbore assigning any reason for this order. The young Alonzo having received the mandate, instantly prepared to leave Rome; he knew that his adored Cava was in Africa, and that knowledge accelerated all his preparations; to be near her, was a happiness he could not forego for a moment, if once within his reach.

As his journey and voyage will take a considerable time, we must relinquish the pleasure of travelling with this amiable prince, and make acquaintance with the Moors at the court of count Julian.

Think not, my fair readers, that I am going to place before you the figure of Othello, as you have seen him represented on the stage. The Moors were not black; their dark complexions were not disgusting; they were a fine people, well formed, active, and animated.

Abdalesis and his friend the prince Aleanzar were in the bloom of youth, both remarkably handsome, skilled in all martial exercises; and educated at a court, their manners were of a superior cast.

Abdalesis was brave, generous, humane, and felt a partiality for the Spaniards. His thoughts were turned to war, when war called him to the field; in peace, young as he was, he assisted his father in the regulation of his government. The fair had little power over his heart; he admired beauty, but refused to wear its chains.

Aleanzar had many amiable points in his character; he was brave, magnificent, and generous; he was candid and sincere; but his passions were wild and ungovernable — if he commanded, he must be obeyed — attempt to controul him, he was a lion — yield to his power, he was soft and gentle as a lamb — if his eye could flash with fury, it could also melt with love. He delighted in the company of women; and his worst fault was too great an inclination for luxury and pleasure.

Many other gallant Moors came in Musa's train; but as they are not necessary to our story, we pass them over in silence.

Amidst a scene of dissipation and pleasure, count Julian found a thousand opportunities to work upon the mind of Musa, to assist him in his attempt to overturn the Spanish government. He represented Rodrigo to him as a wretch not fit to wield the sceptre; as a man hated by the people, and easily to be overcome, as he was now unprovided with the requisites for war, men, arms, and treasure, his luxuries and vices having exhausted his kingdom. The count assured Musa, that most of the nobles of the land would join his standard, the moment he should erect it. He endeavoured to persuade Musa that he should find his advantage in lending him his assistance; and that it would also pave the way for the Moors, in any conquest they might wish to make in the other countries of Europe. Nothing could be more gratifying to the Saracen than the overture made by the count; but Musa was a wary and subtle man, and being a Mohometan, he feared to trust a Christian, or to enter into his plans, till he knew the caliph's pleasure; assuring count Julian of his friendship, and declaring his own wishes were to assist him, he proposed sending to his master for his orders. This would take some time. Count Julian thought it most prudent to agree to it; but did not in the least relax in his preparations for a descent on Spain, nor in his efforts to attach to his party all the disaffected in the kingdom. On his way to Africa, he had met many of the heads of the conspiracy, who had all firmly bound themselves to follow his fortune.

Hunting parties, sham fights, in which Moors and Christians joined, and exercising their troops, covered the designs of count Julian and Musa, while they waited the decision of the caliph.

The countess, who presided at the banquets, and all those entertainments she so well knew how to render agreeable, delighted her noble guests by her manners, and the grace with which she received and entertained them. Cava was seen with wonder; Musa and Abdalesis admired her beauty, and respected her for that air of reserve and modesty which she always wore, and which was particularly pleasing to the Moors. But Aleanzar, from the first moment he beheld her, was her slave. Her astonishing loveliness surprised even him, who was accustomed to see the most beautiful women of the east. Aleanzar, in those he had approached, found willing slaves, who played off all their little arts to allure him, who flattered, caressed, and often disgusted him. Contrasted with them, Cava appeared a divinity; possessed with the most violent passion for her, he dared not approach her but with respect, so fearful was he of offending; for Cava, instead of endeavouring to attract the admiration of the young prince, shunned it. She modestly shrunk from adulation and flattery, and avoided meeting those eyes that were continually turned, with ardour, on her perfect form. But Cava could not always free herself from the attentions of Aleanzar, who found many favourable opportunities to divulge his passion. She endeavoured to suppress it, by assuring him he never could meet a return: this wrought no change in Aleanzar; the coldness with which he was received quenched not the fire that inwardly consumed him; he saw himself rejected by the only female he had ever truly loved; his own vanity, and the education he had received, persuaded him he could never meet such a mortification. His vexation was extreme, but his love was greater than his anger; and, in justice to the Moor, we must acknowledge he aimed at gaining Cava's affections; and, although she was a Christian, intended placing her on his throne. Aleanzar, finding he could gain nothing on the heart of the Gothic princess, while he remained at count Julian's court, cautiously concealed from all but the lovely object herself, his fond wishes; and secretly planning a scheme, which, he hoped, would secure

him the hand of her to whom he was devoted, he became less ardent in his manner; and though particular in his attentions to Cava, was not exclusively so. Abdalesis rallied him on his passion for the fair Christian; he was silent; he even refused him his confidence.

At the expected time, the caliph's answer to Musa arrived; and the Mahometan governor told the count, with unfeigned pleasure, that he was, for the present, allowed to assist him with some troops; adding, that he would send him more, should he be able to make good his footing in Spain.

This was exactly what count Julian wished; blinded by ambition, and the passion of revenge, he not only accepted, but anxiously sought the fatal assistance of the Moors; and reflected not a moment on the misery in which it might involve his country.

Oh! man, inconsiderate, short-sighted man, what crimes, what afflictions, might be spared to the world, did you not suffer your passions to tyrannize over your cooler reason, and, at the moment you feel your own misfortunes so acutely, allow your hearts to harden to the miseries of all around you! Alas! how painful is it to take an unprejudiced view of the human heart! and how true what one of our best poets has said—

“How high, how low, how wonderful is man!”

But to return to our story —

Every thing respecting the descent on Spain being adjusted between count Julian and the Moorish governor, Musa, with Aleanzar, Abdalesis, and the other noble Moors, who had attended them, returned to his government, from whence he sent a hundred horse, and five hundred foot, to count Julian, to accompany him into Spain.

The count had no sooner obtained this reinforcement than, taking an affectionate leave of his wife and daughter, he took his way to the coast, accompanied by all the forces he could command. He embarked them on the African side of the Straits, and instantly set sail for Spain, and safely landed at that spot we now call Gibraltar.

Before count Julian left Africa, he had assured the countess he would send for her and Cava, as soon as he had secured his footing in the country, and should have in his possession a place proper for their reception. The lovely Cava hung on his neck, and, weeping, sent up a prayer for her dear father's safety. He tenderly embraced her, vowing he would amply avenge her wrongs, and hurl Rodrigo from his throne. The princess started; she repented she had ever wished for vengeance on the king, when it must involve so many in sorrow. The misfortunes that must overwhelm the amiable Egilone, struck like ice upon her heart; and she cried, “Oh! my father, protect the unhappy queen; defend her, suffer her not to be in every way a victim to the crimes of Rodrigo. — Oh! Egilone, kind and beloved friend, is it my hard lot to be the unwilling cause of misery to you? I would avert it from you with the last drop of my blood, had I the power.”

Count Julian, affected by his daughter's grief, which rendered her a thousand times more amiable in his eyes, comforted her in the best manner he could, and consigned her to the care of the countess, entreating them both to support their spirits, hope happy news from Spain, and, in every event, depend on his valour and his honour.

He waited not for a reply, he had no time to lose; and he dreaded more to combat the tenderness he now witnessed, than to meet the fiercest foe in the field.

He had for some days expected Alonzo; the young prince was not arrived, and he now left strict orders that he should follow him to Spain without delay.

Count Julian had not deceived himself with vain hopes of success. He was soon master of the small islands close to the Straits; and all appeared so favourable for his expected conquest, that Musa shortly sent to his assistance Tariff, his bravest and most experienced general, with twelve thousand of the best Saracen troops.

While the count lingered on the coast for their arrival, hoping, as soon they should land, to overrun all Audalusia, a vessel was put into the port by stress of weather; and the count going himself to inspect it, he was not a little surprised to find the prince Alonzo, with his attendants, on board. The captain had not been able to make the African shore, the wind having driven the vessel, with fury, in a contrary direction. This the count looked on as a happy event, and believed it augured well for his cause. The prince Alonzo rejoiced at this unexpected meeting, but was greatly astonished at finding count Julian in arms against Spain, assisted by so great a multitude of Moors. The count desired he would land, and go with him to his camp, where he should receive every information on the subject; saying, where they were, was no place for discussion. Alonzo obeyed in silence and surprise. A sad presentiment oppressed his heart; he could not account for those fears that presaged something fatal; and, when alone with the count, he entreated he would disclose the cause of his hostility to his own country.

Count Julian, with much solemnity and sorrow, laid open to the young Alonzo the inmost secrets of his heart, his cause of grief, and thirst of vengeance.

To describe the feelings of the prince, is quite impossible; his grief, his rage, his agony, knew no bounds; to his admiration of Cava, was added pity, and every soft and compassionate feeling that finds place in the heart of man.

Count Julian, the artful count Julian, let the first burst of grief subside, and then asked the prince — Was he not willing to assist in overturning the tyrant?

The young and amiable prince, embracing the count, cried — “Oh! my father, for such have I always found you, such you must ever be to me, teach me to fight with glory by your side — lead me where I can encounter that monster, so fatal to my house; and then shall I willingly resign life, in the bed of honour.”

“Talk not of dying, my son,” cried count Julian; “you shall mount the throne of Vitiza, your grandfather, when our oppressor is laid low — rouse yourself from this lethargy of grief, and think of nothing but your great revenge.”

Alonzo's peace was gone; he wished not for the throne promised him by count Julian; all earthly grandeur, all worldly gratification, sunk to nothing in his imagination; but his soul was alive to glory; that, and the desire of revenge, for the present swallowed up every other passion. The count found him a willing assistant, full of energy, and paying such implicit obedience to his orders, that he soon looked on him as more useful than any of his veteran generals with the Spanish troops that joined him, and the large reinforcement that the one-eyed Tariff brought him, (for this general is called so in history, from his having lost an eye). The count finding himself in force, overrun a great part of the province of Andalusia.

Soon the disastrous news reached Toledo, that count Julian had rebelled, and not trusting to the number of the Spaniards that had joined him, had landed Moorish troops at the Straits, who were commanded by one of the most able generals belonging to the Infidels.

Rodrigo was roused from the lap of luxury; though sunk in vicious pleasure, his mind still retained something of its former greatness; and, shaking off his effeminacy, he

consulted those nobles that adhered to him, and made the most active exertions to send an army into the field, under his kinsman Sancho. He hoped, at least, to stop the conquests of the rebel, and his infidel troops, till he could rouse all Spain in its own defence.

Sancho, with his army, arrived in Andalusia. He supported himself against the enemy for some time, and was prudent enough to avoid a general engagement. But count Julian, at the head of the disaffected, and Tariff, commanding the fierce and well-disciplined Saracens, were too much for the brave Sancho; who, often rallying, displayed great valour, but was at last vanquished in a general engagement his skill could not avoid, and sunk under the happier fortune of the Moors.

Alonzo, who fought near count Julian, and had twice that day saved his life in battle, regardless of his own, did wonders; to his arm was given the honour of Sancho's death, which decided the fate of the Spanish army, that, at the termination of the contest, fled in every direction. The Moors cried out, that Mahomet had sent Alonzo to their aid.

The victorious troops were not idle; they did not sit down satisfied with their conquest; they covered the whole country; they penetrated into the next province, and destroyed all before them: at last they made themselves masters of Seville, which became an easy prey; her walls were in ruins, and she was without troops.

Here we shall leave the conquerors, to repose after their bloody toils, and to plan future schemes of war and havoc, and the scattered and broken forces of Spain to rally round the throne, while we again pass the Pillars of Hercules, and inquire what is transacting in Africa, at the palace of count Julian.

## CHAP. VII.

Care selve beate,  
E voi solinghi e taciturni orron,  
Di riposo e di pace alberghi veri,  
O quanto volontieri  
A rivedervi itorno.

GUARINI.

COUNT Julian having made, as we have seen, so strong a league of amity with the Moorish governor, had no suspicion of any treachery on the part of the Infidels; and so infatuated was he, and his thoughts so entirely given up to his scheme of making himself master of Spain, that had Musa desired it, he would willingly have trusted his African government to his care during his absence. As it was, the count left but few Christian troops to defend his province, should it be attacked; and his own castle had only a small number to guard it, which was relieved every morning.

The castle itself was situate at a short distance from the town, at the foot of that magnificent mountain that lies in view of Gibraltar. It was a delightful residence, sheltered from the burning south by the high mountains with which it was surrounded. Delicious gardens, well planted, and watered by clear mountain streams, enclosed the palace; and the inequality of the grounds gave a beautiful variety to this enchanting abode.

The countess Julian, pleased with its romantic scenery, had added to its natural beauties by her exquisite taste; and here the melancholy Cava spent much of her time, seeking the most sequestered spots, and often penetrating the dark recesses of the groves, whose gloom "accorded with her soul's sadness." She found her only pleasure in retracing the happy days she had passed with her Alonzo; and she gave showers of tears to her departed felicity. She was conscious of her father's intentions of placing her, with this amiable prince, on the Gothic throne; but her resolution was taken; she would not grieve her parents, by, at present, counteracting their wishes; and she left it to time to develop her intentions.

During these solitary rambles, her pious mind raised itself to that heaven she looked up to for future happiness; the world, and all its vanities, faded to her view; she contemplated the insufficiency of all earthly enjoyments, and the little power they possessed of conferring permanent felicity. In her was united every thing that mortals call blessings; she had rank, riches, exquisite beauty, and understanding superior to most of her sex, yet was rendered miserable by the crimes of others. She thought of Alonzo — her tears redoubled. — "I see," said she to herself, "this world is not a place where even virtue can find peace. Alas! might we not lose our eternal peace, were all the wishes of our hearts gratified! — how soon should we be lost in worldly pleasure! — how soon should we forget that there was any thing beyond the grave! misfortune only points out to us the beauty of that country to which all are travelling, which the happy here fear to reach, the unfortunate pant to attain. And is it," cried Cava, "so difficult to travel that road, which leads to such superior bliss? — is it so difficult to pass a few years in the practice of virtue, to be so highly rewarded, as our holy religion tells us we shall be? Oh!

may I," she cried, raising her eyes and her pure heart to Heaven, "may I obtain a place in those celestial regions, should it even be purchased with tenfold sufferings more than I have yet endured! Alonzo, oh Alonzo, am I fated ardently to desire never to see you more!"

Cava, in these effusions, relieved her full heart of much of its woe, during her solitary walks; and she endeavoured to conceal her real feelings from the countess, fearful of making her unhappy. She knew that Alonzo's arrival was every hour expected, and she dreaded it more than death. At length, a letter from count Julian relieved her fears of any sudden interview. He informed the countess of her nephew's accidental arrival in Spain — of their first meeting — of Alonzo's bravery — his attachment to their cause — and of their having penetrated even to Seville. For a time, Cava's sorrows were lulled to sleep; she heard of the fame of her hero — she saw him crowned with laurels — her father was safe, he was triumphant — and self was lost in the gratification she felt at the brilliant prospects of those she most loved on earth. Cava viewed all this as from another world. She wished not to be a partaker in any thing here, and she felt like a departed spirit, hovering round those who had once been the dearest objects of her love.

The countess Julian, completely occupied by all that was passing in Spain, saw little company at her castle; and was chiefly employed with her domestic concerns, and writing and receiving letters from her lord. She and Cava spent most of their evenings together; and always parted at night, in full security of the safety of the castle.

One evening that they remained together rather later than was their custom, the countess had just dispatched a messenger to Spain, and, weary from the labour of writing, and making up her letters, had thrown herself on a sofa, and entered into a conversation with her daughter, on count Julian's intention of placing her, with Alonzo, on Rodrigo's throne — "When the tyrant is destroyed, my child," cried she, "I shall have the felicity of seeing you in the possession of all the world can give."

"Never, my mother," returned Cava, "never will you behold your daughter on that fatal throne; I renounce it, and all worldly grandeur; I will retire into a religious house, the fittest place for me to spend the remainder of my life in; it is what I have long determined on; but I wished not to mention it to you, till the moment should arrive to put my plan in execution. I have now to entreat, my beloved mother, that you will obtain count Julian's consent to what only will bring peace to my mind. I trust," added she, her lovely face brightening with a heavenly smile, "I trust you will see Alonzo on that throne to which he has so good a right, and which he will so well know how to fill. He, I know, will replace your Cava, will be to you all a fond son can be; and, in the silent retreat to which I doom myself, my heart will be comforted with the recital of his virtues — with the certainty of his glory — and the security that, in him, you have again found your child."

The countess was dreadfully affected by Cava's discourse; she had no idea of her secret intentions; they grieved, they confounded her; she combated them in vain; and it was late before they thought of retiring, so long had their discourse continued.

The day had been sultry, but the night was cool; the windows of the apartment in which they sat were open, and on a level with the gardens of the castle. The countess had not called for lights; the night was brilliant, and more beautiful than the finest day; unnumbered stars glittered in the vast expanse; and the soft beams of an increasing moon played on a waterfall, within view of the windows of the saloon; no sound but the



murmur of the waters was heard in the apartment, except that, at times, a drowsy bat flitted across the windows, or a wakeful bird rustled in the aromatic shrubs that were planted near.

Lost in their interesting conversation, neither the countess or Cava were sensible even of these sounds, when the young princess, lifting her eyes to the window, thought she perceived the shadow of a man pass at a little distance from it; she looked earnestly, but it was gone. She had risen from her seat, and advanced towards the window; she believed she heard some one talking in the Moorish language, but all was silent; she thought herself deceived, and returned to her seat. The countess smiled at her idea of any one being in this retired part of the garden, sacred to their use, and forbidden to every domestic in the castle. A second time they were entering on the topic that had occupied them so long, when the figure Cava before perceived was again visible; and, going to the window, she fancied it retreated among some thick dark trees, near the waterfall. Presently they heard the guard relieved, and the steps of the centinels, who, at stated times during the night, took their rounds outside the castle. Perfectly secure from this circumstance, Cava believed herself deceived, by the shadows from the trees; and, for a time, continued in deep discourse with her mother. The countess, first perceiving the lateness of the hour, proposed retiring for the night; and, at the door of her apartment, dismissed her loved child, with a thousand blessings. Cava's intention of secluding herself from the world deeply affected her; unusual sorrow swelled her bosom; and throwing her arms round her daughter, she strained her to her breast, almost in agony. Cava, in silence, and nearly as much affected, returned the embrace; and some moments elapsed before they could bring themselves to separate. Their attendants approaching, Cava retired, melancholy and oppressed, to her own chamber; and the countess, straining her eyes, to behold her till she turned the end of the corridor, felt as she had taken her last farewell, as if for the last time she beheld her child. At length, retiring to her couch, sleep, that comforter of the wretched, soon "steeped her senses in forgetfulness." Not so with the princess, she felt not its drowsy influence; and, when she reached her apartment, taking a lamp from her attendant, she placed it on a table, and saying she wished to be alone, dismissed her for the night.

The apartment occupied by the Gothic princess looked into the gardens of the castle, and a large balcony ran along the front, on which the windows opened; these windows, by her orders, had not been closed; the serenity and brightness of the night, and the perfume exhaled from the aromatic shrubs, with which the garden abounded, drew the princess to the balcony; she leaned on the railing, her eye wandered over the softened, but not obscured, landscape; and as sad ideas rose in her mind, she felt that the beautiful scenery with which she was surrounded, and the "solemn, sober, suited night," abated their anguish. A prayer for the safety of her father and don Alonzo ascended from her pure lips, to that heaven on which her eyes were fixed. Some minutes had been given to this pious occupation, when she was alarmed by footsteps in the garden; and looking down, she perceived two armed men in the Moorish habit, between the waterfall and the grove; they appeared as if rooted to the spot. Cava, who seldom lost her presence of mind, was not dismayed, though alarmed; and, starting from the balcony, she passed quickly into her chamber, in order to alarm the castle; but she had scarcely got within the room, when she was suddenly seized by two Moors; and, before she could cry out, her mouth was covered with a silk handkerchief, and binding her hands with another, one of

the men lifted her in his arms, while his companion, raising the silk hangings of the apartment, hurried out of a concealed door, and down a narrow staircase that led into the garden. Cava struggled in vain; she could neither speak nor free herself: having carried her through the door, the men covered her with a magnificent Moorish mantle and veil; and again one of them lifting her gently in his arms, carried her swiftly across the garden, and struck into a path between the grove and the waterfall, where they met their companions, whom the princess had seen from the balcony. Not a word was spoken by the Moors, as they passed by the grove with their prey. When they came to the outer wall that surrounded the garden, he that seemed to be their chief applied a key to a small door, which instantly opening, they carried the princess through, and then carefully shut and locked it. The terrified Cava was then carried into a small enclosure, surrounded with trees, where, to her astonishment, she beheld about twenty horsemen, finely mounted, and their horses most richly caparisoned; the men were all drawn up in order, with naked sabres in their hands. On the approach of the Moor who carried Cava in his arms, they saluted him in silence. A page brought towards him a beautiful Arabian horse, still more richly adorned than the rest. The Moor was so carefully concealed, that Cava could not distinguish a single feature. He beckoned to the page still to hold the horse; and, with respect and gentleness, he took the handkerchief from the mouth of the princess, and unbound her hands, again rolling the veil and mantle round her; he gave her to the care of the Moor next him, till he mounted his steed. The page bent his knee as he gave him the rein; and the Moor who held Cava, gently lifting her from the ground, placed her before his friend. Horses were in readiness for those Moors who had been in the gardens of the palace; and all putting their sabres in their scabbards, they set off at full speed; and taking an unfrequented road, that wound round the foot of the mountain, they soon lost sight of the castle and its environs.

Cava's astonishment and terror were extreme; she had scarcely power to breathe — she began to fear that Rodrigo had employed those that surrounded her to carry her off, and she dreaded more than death being in the tyrant's power. Her belief, however, of this misfortune was staggered by the Moorish habits of her guards; and she then feared some treachery to her father on the part of Musa; he might, perhaps, have seized upon her as a hostage. As soon as she was allowed the freedom of speech, she entreated to know for what reason she was carried from her home, and insulted in the manner she was? It was in vain she asked a question, or solicited a reply. Her conductors were either determined not to gratify her curiosity, or the rapidity with which they moved prevented their hearing the supplications she addressed to them. The cavalcade took many an inland winding path; but before morning dawned, again pointed their course towards the sea, in an eastern direction, and were many, many leagues from count Julian's castle. To its afflicted inhabitants, the loss of the hapless Cava was not known till late in the day. The countess missed her daughter, at the usual hour of her visiting her apartment; and, at first, only supposed she had not risen as early as was her custom, and her breast was filled with fears for her child's health. They had parted the night before in wretched spirits, and their conversation had made a deep impression on the countess, and she felt she had not sufficient strength of mind to shake off the sadness that oppressed her: but her distress was soon augmented by the alarm that took place in the castle. The attendants of the princess, on entering her apartments, as was their custom, at a particular hour in the morning, were astonished at not seeing their lady; and, on inspecting the inner chamber,

found no traces of her having occupied her bed during the night. The windows of the balcony were open; and the lamp, not long extinguished, still remained on the table where the princess, taking it from her woman, had herself placed it the night before. Nothing was disturbed or taken away; and as one of her attendants constantly slept in a gallery close to her chamber, and must have been alarmed by any noise, it was scarcely possible to conceive how the princess had disappeared. Strict search had been made for her throughout the castle, before the sad news that she was missing reached the countess. When the officer of the guard, a trusty servant of count Julian's, came reluctantly to inform her of it, it is impossible to describe her distraction for the loss of her child; she herself left no apartment in the castle unsearched; and the greatest diligence was used in seeking her through the gardens and grounds that surrounded the palace.

The night guard were strictly examined; they were astonished at the possibility of the princess having left the castle, or having been taken from it, without their knowledge; they had, as usual, gone their regular rounds, and seen no soul during the night.

The miserable countess now began to suspect that Cava had willingly withdrawn herself, fearful of being either persuaded, or forced into an union with don Alonzo; and she conceived the idea that she might have sought the protection of a religious house, as there were some established in the African government belonging to count Julian, and many in Spain; to one of which the countess supposed she might have fled. To take proper measures for discovering the retreat of Cava, was now the only care of her unhappy mother; and messengers were instantly dispatched to every monastery she supposed might have received her daughter. Entreaties, threats, promises, and large donations, were all made use of; but answers were soon returned, that the superiors were perfectly ignorant of every thing respecting the Gothic princess.

The countess now thought it most prudent to inform her husband of the disappearance of their charming child, her ineffectual efforts to trace her, and her suspicion that she had concealed herself in a convent.

Count Julian was so far advanced into Spain, that it was long before this letter could reach him, and much longer before the countess could expect an answer. This excellent woman's health was not proof against the accumulated distresses of her mind; she lost her appetite, her sleep, and strength; and universal languor pervaded her whole frame; and she fell into a state that greatly alarmed all about her for her life.

Here we must leave the countess Julian to the care of her friends, and the princess Cava to pursue her journey to whatever spot her conductors, the Moors, please to convey her, and, retracing our steps to the camp of count Julian, see if victory still attends him and Alonzo, to the plains of Xeres.

## CHAP. VIII.

In glitt'ring arms, and glory dress'd,  
High he rears his ruby crest;  
There the thund'ring strokes begin,  
There the press, and there the din.  
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,  
Thousand banners round him burn;  
Where he points his purple spear,  
Hasty, hasty rout is there,  
Marking with indignant eye,  
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.  
There Confusion, Terror's child,  
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,  
Agony, that pants for breath,  
Despair, and honourable Death.

GRAY.

THE deplorable news of the total defeat of the Goths, and the death of Sancho, their general, soon reached Toledo. The success and rapid progress of the Infidels in Spain, spread terror and alarm every where; and Rodrigo, who, as we have seen, was roused by the common danger, was indefatigable in his endeavours to collect his troops, and in encouraging his people to face so formidable an enemy. It was now he felt with tenfold poignancy his past bad conduct. Abandoned by most of his nobles — hated by his people — stripped of money — his best troops gained over by count Julian, the king had every thing to struggle with. He did so nobly — he laid aside his vices — he forgot his luxuries — he called together those still attached to him, and also those whom he flattered himself he could by benefits draw to his cause. He granted favours — he promised rewards. He collected by these means a large army from all quarters of Spain; and, with the assistance of his best generals, he himself attended to their appointments and their discipline. The early day saw the king rise to labour; the setting sun did not behold him idle; and he gave the example to his troops that a great captain should do; he desired from them no toil, no privation, in which he did not willingly share; and in all he was seconded by his brave kinsman, don Palayo.

While Rodrigo was thus employed, count Julian, and Tariff, the Saracen general, leaving their army to a little repose, made as quick a passage as possible into Africa, to demand more forces from Musa, and to point out to him the easy conquest they might now make of Spain. The Moor readily granted their request, and took hostages from the Christians.

Count Julian, anxious to see his wife, and to discover what was become of his child, left Tariff to conduct the new-furnished troops into Spain, promising to join him, the moment he should have settled some domestic concerns. He gave no hint of Cava's elopement, nor had an idea of her being in the hands of the Moors ever entered his imagination. All matters adjusted with his allies, he took the road to his castle, where he

found the countess in still greater affliction than when she had informed him of the flight of their child. Every day her loss, and the uncertainty of her fate, became more intolerable. The count was himself astonished at what he heard; he could by no means account for her departure; and a thousand times did he make the countess repeat all that had passed from the hour he left the castle. He examined with care his daughter's apartments, and every domestic that belonged to the castle. He gained no information from the guard of the night; and he concluded that the countess must be right in her conjectures, that the princess had secretly retired to a convent. He endeavoured to console her unhappy mother; and promised, that as soon as he had completed the conquest of Spain, he would himself search every convent for his child, and offer such high rewards for finding her, that in no part of the known world could she be long concealed.

He told the countess he had given no hint to Alonzo of her flight; he was too well acquainted with his ardent temper to suppose, had he known of it, that he would have remained one moment with the army. "No," cried the count, "love would have carried him from one extremity of the globe to the other; he would have been lost to glory, to his country, and to us. I entreat you, my Julia, let him not know from you this distressing event; leave it to me to seek and restore our child."

The miserable countess promised to act as her husband desired; she relied on him for doing all that could be done in so delicate an affair; but had she wished to combat her lord's resolutions, it would have been in vain. Her declining health rendered her incapable of doing so. She had lost all her energy; with Cava her happiness had fled, and she was fast approaching the confines of another world. In deep dejection she parted with the count; and he, in the bitter moment of bidding her farewell, felt that the gratified ambition of man cannot compensate the loss of domestic felicity; and, notwithstanding his splendid prospects, he was oppressed with a deep melancholy during his short voyage back to Spain, and even till he again mixed in the bustle of a camp.

The brave king was as determined as his foes; unwilling to be attacked in his capital, he had in haste collected a hundred thousand men; ill disciplined, badly armed, and raw as were his troops, he gave orders to prepare every thing for marching to meet the enemy. Toledo he put into the best state he was able to do in so short a time, and chose some veterans he could trust, to take care of the city, and guard the queen, and the young female nobility that remained with her.

Egilone had, by degrees, become completely wretched. She had fondly loved the king, but his bad conduct, which, for some time, he had taken no pains to conceal, had, if not entirely extinguished, deadened her affection; and resentment had often found admission into her gentle bosom. Rodrigo, conscious how basely he had used her, felt uncomfortable in her presence; her company became irksome; and, except in public, they now scarcely met. The coldness of the king terminated in what might have appeared hatred to this amiable woman; but, bad as he became, he was not capable of that feeling towards her. Rodrigo shunned her, because her virtue awed him; because, in her presence, he felt his own unworthiness; and was keenly sensible how much she deserved his love and his approbation.

When Egilone saw him ready to depart at the head of his army, when she beheld him dressed for a field of battle, love again resumed his empire over her heart. The manly, the noble figure of her once loved, once adored Rodrigo, stood before her; for as yet "he had not lost all his original brightness." She saw him perhaps for the last time,

and the melancholy idea melted her soul. With agitated steps, and eyes swimming in tears, she approached him, and, attempting to take his hand, she falteringly expressed her affection, her anxiety, and breathed her most fervent prayers and wishes for his safety in the day of battle, and for his happy return to his country, and to her.

The king's brow darkened — he recoiled from the touch of the gentle and innocent being he had once adored. Her merits threw a darker shade on his character, and his proud soul could not endure the degradation.

"Madam," cried he, with a stern and forbidding air, retreating while he spoke, "I am sensible I am unworthy of this waste of affection. At the present, it is injudiciously bestowed; if you really feel it, you surpass in merit your whole sex. The only return I can make you, is to wish you happy; if we meet again, you will see Rodrigo a conqueror, and Spain at your feet."

He then coldly turned from Egilone, and, waving his hand to the attendants to follow, he instantly left the palace: but violent and various were the passions that struggled in the breast of the miserable and guilty Rodrigo. Pride and conscious shame flushed his cheek; and, in departing, notwithstanding his apparent coldness, his eyes often turned towards the palace, with an involuntary wish of once more beholding the queen; but it was in vain; the unfortunate Egilone remained motionless in the spot where he had left her; the colour forsook her lip, her cheek; the tears which had filled her eyes when she approached the cruel Rodrigo, appeared to be congealed there; those beauteous orbs, now dimmed with grief, gazed after the departing king. She attempted to speak; her faltering tongue refused its office; she could only articulate, "All is over," and, nearly lifeless, she sunk into the arms of Favilla.

Egilone's constant heart had sustained many rude shocks from the infatuated Rodrigo, but, till the present moment, she had not relinquished the hope of bringing him back to virtue and to love. Unfortunate, mistaken Egilone! not all your beauty, your constancy, your tender affection, possessed such power. The melancholy history of man too fully proves, that conjugal affection, once extinguished, is rarely, if ever, blown into a second flame, for "where is that Promethean heat that can its light relumine?"

But war, not love, must now employ our thoughts; and I trust my readers will not unwillingly follow me to the plains of Xeres. In those plains the undaunted Rodrigo led the immense multitude he had collected. The Infidel army, with his rebel subjects, there met the king. Both armies encamped within sight of each other — both strongly entrenched — both promising themselves the victory — yet history tells us it was seven days before they came to a general action. They had continual skirmishes, which only served to harass, without being useful to either side. If sometimes the Infidels were victorious, they had no reason to rejoice; their victory cost them dear; they were opposed by multitudes; but delay was ruin to that multitude; their leaders found the utmost difficulty to provide for their wants, and to keep them together. The king was sensible of the precarious state of his affairs; but the die was cast; there was now no retreating; nor did Rodrigo wish it — he looked to conquest or to death. He saw with dismay the panic that seized his army at the view of the fierce Saracens — the horror they expressed at the necessity of fighting against their own countrymen, whom count Julian had led into the field. Melancholy was spread over the Christian camp; even Rodrigo was a prey to it; his soul was weighed down with guilt. The night, which should have consigned him to repose, consigned him to misery. Conscience, that dreadful monitor, told him his bright

day was past; the depth of night could not conceal him from himself. Cava's wrongs sat heavy at his heart. In idea he again entered by violence the forbidden castle. He saw the dreadful scroll with the doom of Spain, he again heard the shrieks that had sounded in his ears, and those terrible words — "Thy kingdom is departed from thee."

"Better," exclaimed Rodrigo, "to lie unburied on the field of battle, and there leave my bones to bleach with summer suns and winter snows, than sustain a conflict with those hideous specters of the night, over which the sword, or the strength of man, can have no power."

The eighth morning, before the break of day, the king issued from his tent — he roused his generals — he ordered all things for an attack; tired of life, he hoped at least a glorious death.

His immense army was soon in motion. The Infidels, aware of every thing, and never off their guard, as if by mutual consent, prepared for battle.

The sun rose in splendor on the two armies, that in the course of this eventful day were to decide the fate of Spain. Tariff and Count Julian appeared at their respective posts, one at the head of the rebel Christians — the other commanding the haughty Saracens; they encouraged their troops, by promising Spain and all its treasures as their reward.

Rodrigo had now marshaled his multitude, as was the custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle; and, like Mars, he appeared in the front of his army; he was seated in an ivory car, richly adorned, and over his armour flowed a magnificent mantle, embroidered in gold; his breast-plate shone with precious stones; and his helmet was encircled with a golden crown, that seemed to flame in the sunbeams. The deadly paleness, which for some time had been habitual to him, was changed into the flush of hope, that now spread itself over his fine countenance, and gave animation to those eyes so lately sunk and gloomy: with majesty and eloquence he addressed his army, and, pointing to the Infidels, he implored them, by all that was dear to man, by their wives, their children, their happy homes, to exert themselves this day, and drive those demons from their shores. Rodrigo forgot not to make use of promises, threats, and entreaties; he wanted neither eloquence nor persuasion — he looked what he was, a hero — they knew him to be brave — the troops — answered his speech with shouts and acclamations — every one panted for the battle — The army was soon in motion, and presently the ground was lost between the contending hosts. If Tariff and his Saracens appeared invincible, the king, and those that followed him, were not less brave, less animated, less firm; wherever the battle rages with violence, there was Rodrigo to be found; he encouraged the weak—he led on the valiant—with coolness he directed all. His quick and penetrating eye took in the whole plain, and he dispatched his orders from one end to the other of his extensive army, as a general able to command, and determined to be obeyed. The contest was long and bloody; victory seemed at times ready to declare for the Infidels; it then hovered over the banners of the Christians: at length the Moors recoiled; they appeared paralyzed, and to meditate a retreat. Count Julian, Tariff, though exerting themselves to the utmost, felt doubtful of success. The Christians rent the air with their shouts; they rushed forward with an impetuosity that nothing could withstand; Rodrigo and don Palayo were at their head; and the conquest of Spain would never have belonged to the Moors, had not the infamous Oppas, brother-in-law to count Julian, and gained over by him, deserted at this moment, with that part of the army which had been intrusted

to his care; and, turning his arms against his religion (for he was archbishop of Seville), his country, and his king, changed the fortune of the day. Dismay spread itself through the royal army at this sight; it was now the turn of the Infidels to exult. Alonzo, at the side of count Julian, fought both with valour and desperation; he endeavoured to hew his way to Rodrigo; to lay him low, he would willingly the next moment have resigned his life; but with all his efforts he could not approach the king; he, however, kept him in sight, determined not to relinquish his great revenge.

Terror and dismay now took possession of the royal troops; they began to separate and fly; in vain the king and don Palayo attempted to stop them; they threw away their arms to escape from their fierce pursuers: often did Rodrigo, supported by those personally attached to him, turn and face, and for a time disperse the Infidels. He that day performed wonders; all that a great general and a valiant soldier could do, he did: but finding that his voice, his words, his entreaties, his menaces, were now in vain to stop his flying troops; that all was in confusion; that victory, having long balanced her favours, now declared for count Julian and the Moors; unwilling to fall alive into their hands, quitting his car, he fought on foot, and numbers of the bravest of the enemy fell by his arm. Even surrounded by the Infidels, he cut his way through them, and with a handful only of troops, he long opposed their progress. Halting, in the midst of slaughter, to recover breath, he looked around and saw himself deserted; his eye searched for don Palayo; he turned it to where he had lately so bravely fought; no trace of him remained; the Christians were flying in every direction. Rodrigo found himself alone among a heap of dead; one solitary and faithful soldier stood near him, holding his favourite horse, (which the father of Spanish history tells us was named Orglia). The soldier entreated the king to mount it, and fly. He heard the din of battle; it was distant, and far as his eye could reach, he saw the Infidels pursuing his broken legions, and directing their course towards his camp.

Exhausted with the toils of the day, his heart bursting with grief and rage, the still undaunted and brave Rodrigo leaned upon his spear, and for some moments flattered himself with the vain hope he might yet be able to collect his flying army, and again make a glorious stand. Like lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and gave new vigour to his arm, new energy to his soul. But soon was the wretched monarch awakened from this last short dream of happiness, by a sudden shout from two men at a little distance from where he stood; they were armed, and in the Christian habit; they were on foot, and with hasty strides were making towards the king, and he distinctly heard these words: — “Turn, Rodrigo, and answer for the wrongs of Cava.” No words but these could have palsied the arm, or sunk the heart of Rodrigo; they came on the wind like a pestilence, and unmanned his soul; his spear fell from his hand, and he remained motionless. The faithful soldier, presenting him his steed, cried, “Fly, fly, Rodrigo; count Julian and the prince Alonzo are near; fly, my noble master; my wounds bleed afresh; alas! I cannot assist you.” The gallant soldier fell as he pronounced these words. The king seized the bridle of his steed, and, vaulting into the saddle, he flew over the plain with the swiftness of an arrow, and heard not the curses with which his disappointed enemies pursued him. Count Julian, enraged, and vowing future vengeance, sought his victorious troops; but Alonzo, whose keen eye had followed the track of the royal fugitive, instantly determined on pursuit. He marked the bend the king made towards the river, to avoid the Infidels; and he believed that, although on foot, he might be able to overtake him before



he could cross the torrent; for Alonzo knew the river was then full, and the banks were steep.

The wretched Rodrigo fled he knew not whither. "Grief, anguish, desperation, rushed upon him." His horse carried him in safety to the banks of the Guadaleta, and then suddenly stopped, as if conscious that it was dangerous to attempt the river. This roused the king from his stupor, when throwing himself from the saddle, he cried, "Go, my faithful Orglia; may you find a kind master, when your old one is sunk beneath these waves." Then tearing off his golden crown, his royal mantle, and his splendid armour, he dashed them on the ground, and plunged into the torrent, almost in the moment Alonzo arrived on the banks of the river, nearly breathless from the swiftness of the pursuit. The young prince beheld the last action of the king, and cursed his unlucky stars that he was come so late. He called aloud to Rodrigo to return, to resume his arms, and accept the combat.

The unfortunate monarch, rising on the waves, heard Alonzo's curses. The name of Cava sounding on his ear, he voluntarily plunged amid the waters; and the stream soon carried him with violence far from the sight of his enemy. Alonzo threw his javelin at the guilty Rodrigo; it was in vain; it fell harmless in the water, and a wave returned it to the shore.

Full of love, of rage, and anger, at his disappointed vengeance, the prince trampled on the ensigns of royalty, which the unfortunate king had scattered on the ground, and spurning the crown with his feet, traced back his steps to join the victorious troops, now pursuing the Goths to their camp, which was soon set on fire and pillaged.

History gives us no idea of the number of Christians that fell; we only know that this melancholy day deprived Spain of all the glory she had formerly acquired. Miserable, unfortunate day! in which so much Christian blood was spilt—in which the nobility and flower of Spain fell before the sword of Mahomet, and for ever sunk in oblivion that empire, once the terror of the Romans, and subjugated it to the yoke of the Infidels, after it had flourished three hundred years.

"And sunk in minutes  
What in ages rose."

Such has been the fate of all the empires of the earth. What a lesson for man! was man willing to learn this great truth, that in life there is no certainty but of its end.

## CHAP. IX.

ALONZO, certain that Rodrigo had perished in the Guadaleta, rejoiced that the tyrant was no more, but grieved he had not received death from his hand. "He was brave, he was a king," cried Alonzo, "and notwithstanding his crimes, he merited a less ignoble death. Fate," said he, with a sigh, "has not allowed his punishment to proceed from me; nor has it given me the glory of avenging my beloved Cava."

The prince then turning from the river, took his way, over heaps of dead and dying, to the Christian camp. Here he met count Julian, his arms folded, and viewing, with anguish painted on his face, the hundred fires that blazed from the tents of the routed Christians. The Moors, on forcing the camp, found only a solitary waste; the tents were overturned, and the baggage that remained was only what could not be removed by those that fled. The routed army, with don Palayo at their head, had made good their retreat towards Toledo.

The Infidels now gave unbounded latitude to their cruelty and their joy; they were but too sensible of their power, and almost insulted those Christians who had led them to the ruin of their country. Too late count Julian saw his perfidy would not answer the purpose he intended; he had only asked assistance from the Moors; he was deceived in the grants they had made him. Tariff, their general, spoke in the tone of a master; and the mistaken and wretched count could not disguise from Alonzo, that they must soon become the slaves, instead of the allies, of the Muselmén. The brave and good Alonzo started at the idea that the count suggested; and, without hesitation, proposed, now that Rodrigo was no more, to withdraw the Christian troops from the Moors, and immediately join don Palayo, and the bulk of Spain. "We shall then be able," cried Alonzo, "to drive these Saracens into the sea, should they not retire peaceably to Africa, amply rewarded for the assistance they have lent us to suppress the tyrant."

"Never will they return," answered count Julian; "here will they fix their abode — here will they reign. Oh! my unhappy country, I deserve your malediction; in perspective I behold your sufferings—your future woes; and I execrate myself as the author of them. Would I had been plunged with my Cava in the ocean, before I had suffered that dire and fatal passion, revenge, wholly to possess me. Oh! Alonzo, fate has frustrated all my schemes, all my fond hopes. Where now shall I find my Cava? she is perhaps lost to me for ever; and her wretched mother, oppressed with grief may, ere this, be consigned to a too early grave. And yet," cried he, with a wild and frantic gesture, and pointing to the flaming camp, "it was for the sake of those dear objects, for you, Alonzo, that I lit that funeral pile, which at this sad hour my heart presages, burns not only for our enemies, but will, ere long, spread its fires to consume us also."

Alonzo, alarmed beyond description at count Julian's words, and fearing that fatigue and the labours of the day had deprived him of his senses, questioned him minutely on what he had said relative to the countess Julian, and his adored Cava. "You left them in safety and health," said the young prince; "what, count Julian, can you fear for them? your mind is gloomy; let us retire for the night; those horrors we have witnessed we must endeavour to shake off in repose; and tomorrow you can send a trusty messenger to your castle, to carry the pleasing intelligence of our success to the countess and your charming daughter."

“Send an account that will never reach them, Alonzo.”

“Never reach them,” in alarm, returned the prince; “tell me, I beseech you, why you make use of such dreadful and such ambiguous words?”

“Oh!” cried count Julian, “rack me not thus, Alonzo; I would willingly have concealed it from you; but you have forced my confidence. I left my dear and unfortunate Julia dying, sinking into her grave for the loss of Cava, who has disappeared from the castle, without a possibility of her flight being traced; force could not have been used, for the guard remained in perfect quiet the night of her departure. If she went willingly, who assisted her to quit the castle, or where she could have concealed herself, is also impossible to discover. I have made use of every means within my power, without success. My wife is dead or dying; my child is lost; and I am doomed to suffer the most severe punishment, for my cruel and treacherous conduct towards my country, which I vainly attempted to varnish over with the appellations of public spirit and brave revenge.”

Here the repentant count Julian was agonized with grief, and the astonished prince for some time eyed him in silence; heavy sighs shook his bosom, for the uncertain fate of her on whom his heart was fixed; and his instant determination was to seek her, at the risk of life and empire; he now bestowed not a thought on the Gothic throne; and, turning to the count, he said—“count Julian, I see, perhaps your cause just and honourable—I followed your fortunes—I imagined you too wise, too prudent, to deliver your country into the hands of the Infidels, when you appeared only to wish some assistance from them. Had I been interrogated, I should have sworn you had taken measures to guard against this evil. If you have done so, this despair ill becomes you; if you are guilty, Heaven forgive you!—Spain will not. But know this, never again will Alonzo lift his sword against his country, or to assist the Moors. Farewell; I will seek Cava at the extremity of the earth; if you ever behold me more, you will see her in safety.”

Saying this, as he stood near the count, he seized his hand, pressed it fervently to his lips, and then darted like lightning from the spot; and night approaching, soon hid him from count Julian, who, with vehemence, called to him to stop. “Stay, Alonzo, I conjure you stay, and listen to my vindication.”

He spoke to the winds; his words reached not the prince, whose every thought rested on Cava. He pursued his way, unconscious of fatigue, to where he was certain of procuring a vessel to carry him to Africa; for in the palace of count Julian he believed himself most likely to find a clue to lead him to Cava. Ten thousand fears assailed him. What he most dreaded was her being in the power of the Moors. He sometimes imagined her charms had captivated Abdalesis, the son of Musa; at others, he feared they had secured her as a hostage for the faith of her father: but to unravel the mystery of her disappearance, without farther fact, was beyond his power.

Alonzo soon procured every thing necessary to his voyage; fond and impatient, he thought each moment an age till he could reach the coast of Africa. He was agonized with the apprehension of losing her, who was more estimable in his eyes than the whole world—her misfortunes bound her still closer to his heart—pity was added to love and admiration; all he desired in life was to render hers happy, by obliterating from her angelic mind the past, by hushing her to peace on his faithful bosom, and for ever making her the partner of his future fate.

At length on board the galley that was to transport him from one shore to the other, he fixed his eyes on the mountains of Africa; his soul was already there; the utmost

exertion of his rowers appeared feeble to his ardent imagination. The winds favoured his course, the galley flew swiftly over the waves, but the tumult in his mind subsided not; the nearer he approached the coast, the quicker throbbed his heart, and the greater became his impatience to reach it.

Here we must commit him to the care of winds and waves, and follow, if we can, the course the Moors steered the night they carried off the interesting and ill-fated Cava, the object of so much love, and the innocent sufferer of so many misfortunes.

We have already informed our readers, that the princess could obtain from the Moors, her conductors, no answer to any of her questions. She soon was convinced all her efforts were vain, either to move their compassion, or escape their power. The Moor who carried her was tenderly attentive to her ease. Cava resigned herself to sorrow, but it was a dignified one—her heart was torn with anguish—the tears fell silently from her eyes; but when she found her entreaties not attended to, she endeavoured to suppress her sighs and lamentations.

They had travelled many leagues, the heat of the day was coming on, and Cava became languid and ill. The Moor who carried her then for the first time spoke, and giving her a handkerchief, perfumed with the rich odours of Arabia, and of power to restore the fainting senses, he entreated her to make use of it, assuring her at the same time, that shortly she should rest for some hours. He also besought her to support her spirits, as no harm was intended her; that her lot, if she pleased, should be the envy of the universe—that every thing that could give delight in this world was at her command—she had only to bless others to be blessed herself.

Cava listened with astonishment; the voice of the person who addressed her was, she suspected, purposely disguised; yet, for a moment, it was familiar to her ear; but who this person was she had not the smallest idea. She trembled lest she was in the power of some wandering Arab, who might have heard of her beauty, and of the riches of her father's castle. "Perhaps," said she, mentally, "others of this troop have plundered the dear abode of my infant years; perhaps my angelic mother is no more, and that the silent tomb will receive her, unacquainted with the fate of her unhappy child." Cava, softened by the ideas that presented themselves, and by her fears for the safety of her mother, was about to make some inquiries concerning her, when the Moor, before whom she was placed, suddenly stopt his horse, and raising her eyes, which had been unconsciously fixed on the path they were pursuing, she perceived they were arrived at a cottage on the skirt of a wood, that entirely covering a mountain, under which the cottage stood, perfectly sheltered it from the noonday heat. Cava now found that some of the troop had already arrived, and were waiting to receive the commands of their master. The princess was soon lifted from her horse; and two Moorish women, one in middle life, the other young, approached to assist her into the house. Her conductor did not speak to them, but waved his hand, and made some signs, which they watched, and bowing with the most profound respect, led the almost fainting Cava into the cottage.

In the situation to which our heroine is reduced, the most romantic mind could not be sensible to the beauties of the scenery that surrounded this rural abode. The women to whose care Cava was committed assisted her into the cottage, and helped her on a sofa, in a simple but elegant apartment; they set refreshments before her, and in the gentlest accents the young Moor entreated her to partake of them; not satisfied with entreating only, she poured into a gold cup some sherbet, and persuaded Cava to taste it. "It will

refresh you," said the gentle Moor; "when you have taken some nourishment you shall repose, and I will watch your rest; no one shall intrude or molest you."

Having in her infancy lived in Africa, the Gothic princess perfectly understood and spoke the Moorish tongue; hearing herself addressed in soft and elegant language, by a female, she was awakened from the state of apathy she had fallen into, and raising her eyes to see who the person was who spoke, she perceived a young and beautiful Moor standing before her, her bright eye beaming pity; she stood in an attitude of supplication, with the sherbet and some refreshments in her hand. "You are exhausted," cried she, "you are dying with languor and fatigue; I beseech you, refuse me not the gratification of restoring your sinking health and spirits." Cava faintly shook her hand; she could not resist, however, the kind entreaties of the young Moor; she drank of the sherbet, and swallowed some of the delicate viands presented to her. Her face was flushed—her aching temples throbbed—her whole frame appeared disordered—yet still she was the all-excelling Cava; there was in her countenance the expression of sadness, of anguish, and distrust; but a faint smile, the smile of an angel, illumined that melancholy face, when she beheld near her the lovely and gentle being who appeared to take so much interest in her welfare. Cava's heart was oppressed; she could not speak, but she gave her kind young hostess a look so grateful, that it fully expressed the feelings of her sensitive and delicate mind. Her eyes wandered round the apartment; they fell on the benevolent face of the elderly woman, who had withdrawn to a corner of the room, and seemed to wait the orders of the young Moor. Cava could not unravel her thoughts; they were indistinct; but her eyes turned languidly from one object to another, and she was struck with the difference in the dress of the two females before her. The elder was in a handsome Moorish habit, but simple and grave; the other dressed with the utmost elegance of the east; bright jewels, in the form of a crescent, confined her hair on her polished forehead; and the transparent veil, thrown up in front, and falling over her shoulders, covered, but did not conceal her fine form. Her vest was azure silk, from the looms of Persia, fastened to her full bosom, and fine-turned arms, with golden clasps; her air and manner had all that softness, sweetness, and sensibility, that, on a first view, so strongly captivates the heart. A tear started to her eye as she addressed Cava, whose now bewildered and wandering senses persuaded her that the beautiful object she saw before her was a celestial being, sent on an errand of mercy to release her from the Moors; and, stretching her arms towards her, she cried, "Oh! angel of light, save me from these men into whose power I have unwillingly fallen, and restore me to my father's castle—to my sorrowing mother." The pitying Moor, seeing the perturbation of her mind, and marking the wildness of her eye, beckoned to her companion; and gently advancing towards the princess, entreated she would calm her fears, and, with her life, she would answer for her safety; and assisting the elderly woman to lay her on the sofa, she threw over her a light covering, and placing some cushions close to it on the floor, she sat down at her feet, and, with a pensive air, fixed her eyes on the enchanting form that lay before her, and perceived, with pleasure, that the object of her care was by degrees sinking into calm repose.

Sleep at length shed his softest poppies over her couch, and, for a time, banished all her woes. The flush in her cheek had subsided, and was replaced by her own roseate hue; anxiety and care vanished from her brow, and her breathing was calm and equal. Zamora (so was the young Moor called) gazed at her with wonder; she beheld a smile of

tenderness and content diffuse itself over her countenance, and play about the ruby lips, that, half opened, appeared ready to give utterance to some thought that bestowed pleasure, even in sleep.

Cava, the wretched Cava, at that moment, found in the slumber that weighed down her eyelids, that happiness to which she had long been a stranger. Delightful visions floated on her imagination—she was carried back to days of bliss and joy—she fancied herself at one of Egilone's hunting parties, in the mountains near Toledo. She and Favilla were next the queen, and Alonzo rode at her side; he lavished all his care, all his fondness on her—they passed the day in joy—their banquet was spread beneath silk tents, on the banks of the river; and Alonzo, solely occupied with her, had prepared for her a garland of the most fragrant flowers—he scattered roses beneath her feet, and whispered, in language the most passionate, his pure, his ardent, his eternal love—"which even in slumber gave her cheek to glow."—In thought she wandered with Alonzo and Favilla on the banks of the river; she contemplated with them the beauteous and sublime works of nature, with which they were surrounded, and those of art that the distant city of Toledo exhibited, as the golden beams of a setting sun glittered on its towers.

This delightful dream was not of short duration, it occupied the mind of Cava while she slept, which was for some hours more; and fortunate would she have been, could such charming visions have filled the space of her future life; but Cava was doomed, like all other mortals, to awake and find the bliss enjoyed in life more fleeting, and less substantial than even a passing dream.

It was towards evening when the Gothic princess threw off her slumbers; she raised herself on her couch, and, at first, with difficulty, recollected what had passed, or where she was; but on seeing Zamora near her, she felt some assurance of safety; resting her head on her hand, she was for some moments silent; but finding they were alone, she looked earnestly at the young Moor, saying, "The feeling you have shewn for me, and the charming expression of your countenance, gives me the hope I shall in you find a friend: we are alone; give me the means of escaping, I beseech you, and you shall for ever command my life, my fortune; count Julian, my father, will make you great and happy."

"Alas!" answered the Moor, "what you require of me is impossible; if I myself wished to quit those in whose power you are, I have not the means of doing so. Look," said she, opening a lattice of the chamber, and removing a silk curtain that shaded it, "look at the guard that has the care of us; do you believe they would suffer you to escape?—besides, where would you go? you would perish unknown and unbefriended." Then tenderly taking Cava's hand in hers, she added, "Fear me not, I beseech you; I will not deceive; I would this moment set you free, could I indulge my own inclinations." This was spoken with an air of sadness, and a sigh followed Zamora's words.

"Then tell me," said the princess, "if you cannot relieve me, in whose power am I?"

Zamora was silent—she turned pale—she raised her eyes to heaven—she looked at Cava—and then fixed them on the ground. She was about to speak—she hesitated—and at length said, "Do not, I beseech you, require me to tell you what I am ordered to keep secret. You must proceed on your journey this night; but be not so alarmed," seeing Cava start from her seat in agony, "Zulima and I accompany you."

"And the Moor also?" interrupted Cava.

“No,” answered Zamora, “he did not long remain here; he has left a guard to attend us, in case of accident, and you will be better accommodated than you have been during the night; but the refreshment of the bath, change of raiment, and some nourishment, is absolutely necessary before we undertake our journey.” Without giving time to the princess to make any reply, Zamora clapped her hands, as is the custom in the east, to call the attendants in waiting. Zulima instantly appeared, and was desired to lead the way to the bath.

Cava, unwilling to give her kind friend offence, or to refuse so needful a refreshment, complied with her desire; and on coming out of the bath, she found an elegant robe prepared for her, and one suited to a journey by night. She hesitated to accept it, and wished to resume her own dress; but the young Moor, guessing her thoughts, and believing that her delicacy revolted at accepting presents, however necessary they might be to her comfort, from the Moor who had dared to insult her by carrying her off, assured her that the habit was a new one, belonging to herself; and added, with a smile, “We are so nearly the same size, I hope you will find it fit you.” Cava no longer hesitated to accept her young friend’s offer, and returned, refreshed and comforted, to the apartment they had so lately quitted, and where their evening repast was now prepared.

The day was declining, a cool breeze came from the mountains, and brought with it odours sufficiently powerful to revive and charm the senses. The lattices of the apartment had been thrown open during their absence, and from them the eye took in the grandest and most beautiful objects in creation. Mountains covered with all the variety of trees that Africa produces; charming valleys spread at the feet of these mountains, highly cultivated, and thickly interspersed with small villages, whose white houses, and gilt crescents, seemed to attract the last beams of a departing sun. At a distance rolled the blue waves of the Mediterranean; and, in long perspective, were seen vessels of different nations, of various size, and various shapes, spreading their broad sails to the winds, or plowing with their strong oars its watery surface. Such scenes were calculated to chase from the bosom of the beholder “all sadness but despair.” They had their natural effect on the princess; she expressed her admiration, and declared to her fair companion, she would willingly pass her life in such a spot, could she there be safe from the cruelty of man.

Zamora was astonished at Cava’s beauty, the first moment she beheld her; but now that some hours peaceful slumbers, and the refreshing bath, had restored her complexion to its wonted loveliness, and their usual lustre to her soft and captivating eyes, the young Moor’s wonder encreased. She sighed heavily as she gazed; but it was not the sigh of envy; that vilest of passions never found entrance in the heart of Zamora; she turned her head aside, to conceal a starting tear; but Cava, alive to all the fine affections of the human heart, felt the transient sadness that appeared in the countenance of the charming Moor; and taking her hand, said, “Are you too unhappy? If so, our sorrows, as well as our sympathy, may unite us; consider me, I beseech you, from this moment an unalterable friend.”

Zamora pressed the hand that had taken hers, and was going to reply, when Zulima entered the apartment; and the fair Moor said, in a low voice, and in the Spanish language, “Be on your guard in the presence of Zulima; in herself she is most amiable, but you must not trust her; put on the appearance of content before her; another time I

will explain." She could say no more; Zulima told them in an hour they must be ready to depart, and then took a seat at some distance.

Zamora occupied herself with those preparations she was desirous of making for her journey; and Cava, covering her face with her veil, took her station near an open lattice, to inhale the fragrance of the flowers beneath it, to banish, by the cool evening breeze, the feverish heat that still oppressed her, and to enjoy, as far as her lacerated heart would allow, the pleasure such a prospect afforded. Resting her beauteous head on her hand, she leaned from the window, where, though in part concealed by the aromatic shrubs that grew close to it, her own view of all she wished to contemplate was not impeded. Her eyes wandered round the extended horizon, and dwelt with anxiety on every distant object. She hoped to discover where lay her father's castle; but she knew not in what direction to look for it, unconscious from what quarter she had approached her present habitation; and she feared, from the velocity with which she had been carried during the night, that now she was distant, far distant, from her dear native home. Lost in thought, she traced her former happy, and also miserable life. She trembled for what her mother must endure for her loss; where now was her father? was he still victorious, or cold and lifeless on the plains of Xeres? The thought was distraction; she turned from it in terror. Where too was Alonzo—that dear, that idolized Alonzo, whom she wished never to behold again, though his idea mixed with every thought—though he was the dream of her nights—though to forget him for a moment was impossible, while thought was hers?—where was he now?—if in existence, did he still remember their early innocent loves, or did he wish to tear her from his heart as the bane of his life? "No," said she, mentally, "Alonzo is just, is tender, is faithful; Cava will not be obliterated from his heart, while that pure heart beats; but it is my sad duty to avoid his sight—fly from him—reject his love—and banish him my presence for ever." Here, overcome by her feelings, she burst into a flood of tears; when conscious how unavailing her lamentations were, and how necessary she would find strength of mind and body to support her present captivity, let it proceed from whom it would, she dried her tears, suppressed her sobs, and remembering father Anselmo's pious lessons, for to her excellent nature they had not been given in vain, she raised her hands and heart in supplication to that Being who alone can be depended on in the hour of woe. Her prayer was fervent—was ardent as her heart—she did not dare to murmur at the will of her Creator, or to accuse Providence for her sufferings; but she besought patience and strength of mind to endure them, in the full hope of a future reward, where all sorrow shall be done away. Cava was a Goth, but she was a Christian, and rested her eternal happiness on that faith. Errors had crept into the Christian church, and had sullied the purity of the early faith; but it was still free from the attacks of that foul enemy, that in the present times has used its utmost endeavours, with so much subtilty, to undermine the true religion. Modern philosophy, with all its specious moral precepts, and all its insidious sophistry, is certainly the most dangerous weapon that has ever been made us of to destroy the Christian faith; the libertine finds it a convenient cloak for vice; and the weak female, who thinks it gives her the air of wisdom and superior understanding, devotes herself to its creed, and fearlessly declares she does so.

My young and lovely readers, let not your innocent minds be warped by such reasoning; shake not off your religion, and the forms it prescribes, to range wild as nature in search of other laws to bind a human being; turn to the holy scriptures; there you will



find all you ought to know—all you ought to believe. If you love wisdom—if you seek truth—if truth, dressed in the finest and most persuasive language, can captivate you, turn to that sacred volume; and dread all those who preach morality, free from the restraints of an established religion. In pity, and an anxious wish to serve the young females of the rising generation, this digression has been made. Scoffers will perhaps say it is an uncouth introduction in a romance; they may scoff; the author has got into Gothic times, and imbibed old fashioned opinions; and if what she has said can influence one single female to adopt them, and, by pointing out to an uncorrupted mind the danger of the new philosophy, when, in some interesting tale, arrayed in elegant and insinuating language, it infuses its poison into the heart—if she can save them from its pernicious consequences, she will have attained the end she wishes, and the shafts of ridicule will fall harmless at her feet.

## CHAP. X.

BEFORE the sun had sunk in the west, Zulima roused the princess Cava from the reverie she had fallen into at the window of the cottage, by informing her all was ready for their departure. Sensible that no entreaties of hers would be listened to, no resistance avail, she rose to follow the Moor, and was soon joined by the charming Zamora. They were seated in a sort of open chariot, drawn by fine Arabian horses; a silk awning was suspended over their heads, and soft cushions rendered the inside of the chariot not only commodious, but perfectly luxurious.

Cava and Zamora, wrapt closely in their thick veils, occupied the front, and opposite to them their silent companion took her seat. Some of the horsemen that Cava knew had attended her the night before were now in the rear; and they pursued their road through a delightful country, to which the declining day, and coming twilight, gave more interest than the brightest sunshine could have done.

The princess examined every object with a scrutinizing eye, and soon perceived that their road led towards the sea, still at a great distance. The fair Moor saw her anxiety, her fears, and doubts, and she made use of her utmost endeavours to console and amuse her. They travelled with ease and safety; no chilly damp foretold the approach of night—it came on in sober majesty—the moon rode high and clear, stillness prevailed, and all nature seemed to repose.

Zulima closed her eyes, and, indifferent to the softened beauties of the landscape, or to the tale told by the planets in their course of unnumbered worlds beyond the ken of man, laid her head on a cushion, and slept profoundly.

The chariot rolled along; Cava and the fair Moor at intervals conversed; but fearful of Zulima's sleep not being so sound as they wished it to be, were cautious of touching on any subject that could alarm the watchfulness of one appointed to inspect their conduct. The beauty of the night, the admiration our young travellers both felt for those sublime works of nature that now arrested their attention, furnished materials for interesting conversation; and every moment the fair Moor grew in the esteem of the princess. If Zamora regarded Cava with wonder, if she mentally said, "Who could resist the attractions of this fascinating being? who could, for a moment, stand in competition with her?" Cava was not less delighted with Zamora, whose feeling and intelligent soul, visible in every change of her lovely countenance, gave a double charm to the exquisite beauty with which she was endowed. No human being could be more gentle, more persuasive, more insinuating, more interesting, than Zamora; her natural good understanding was improved by education, to a degree that was extraordinary in a female of her nation; and Cava saw, with as much pleasure as any thing in her situation was able to give her, that she had met not only with a kindred mind, but with an agreeable and interesting companion.

During the night, the Moors that attended the chariot changed the horses for greater speed; and, at daybreak, informing our travelers that they were to rest for some time, they assisted them to alight at the entrance of a delicious valley; and, awaking the still drowsy Zulima, told them, in the most respectful terms, it was here they were ordered to prepare refreshments for them, as there were still many leagues to travel, before they could reach the place of their destination.

Under some tall trees, the Moors prepared to spread the contents of a basket they had brought from the chariot; and while they were thus occupied, Cava, who objected not to what they desired, and who found it a relief to quit the seat she had so long been confined to, taking Zamora by the arm, proposed to walk through this delightful valley, while their guard was busied preparing their repast. She hoped to have got a moment to put some questions to Zamora apart from Zulima, but she quickly found it was a thing impossible; Zulima was at their side, hoping they had enjoyed as comfortable repose during the night as she had done—“It was a heavenly night,” added she; “I think I am more refreshed from sleeping in the open air on those cushions, than I should have done in my own apartments, in my young master’s palace.”

Cava’s heart beat quick—she was alarmed at the words—“My young master’s palace”—she turned pale—she feared she was an object of too much interest to Abdasis or Aleanzar—till now, she had entertained a faint hope that Musa had seized upon her, as an hostage for count Julian’s faith. Addressing Zulima, she said, “And who is your young master, and where is his palace?” Zulima, aware of her imprudence, only answered, by desiring they would sit down on the grass, and eat something, for they had fasted a long while. The princess was thoughtful and distressed; and Zulima had now the conversation almost entirely to herself; she that was before so silent, was of a sudden loquacious, and seemed delighted that their journey would soon end, though she chose not to inform Cava to what place they were conducting her.

At a respectful distance the attendants reposed on the dewy grass, and made a plentiful meal; while their horses ranged through the small valley, and fed upon the patches of fine herbage scattered over it.

In an hour Zamora and the Gothic princess again mounted the chariot, without having been able to converse in private one moment. Zulima was now awake, and alive to all that passed; and Cava, finding it in vain to expect any information from her, gave herself up to thought, and a degree of languor pervaded her whole frame.

Some hours brought the travellers to the end of their journey; they had continually approached the sea, and were now within some hundred yards of the coast of the Mediterranean. On turning the bottom of a hill, a beautiful and small bay presented itself, half encompassed by rising grounds, and, to the left, sheltered by big and picturesque rocks, some bare, some cloathed richly with trees, the natives of the country. At the bottom of the rocks, and almost on a level with the sea, was a castle of ancient date, and bore the marks of having once belonged to the Carthaginians; it was not large, but in good preservation; and shewed, by the raised crescents, and the banners that floated on its turrets, that the present possessor was a worshipper of Mahomet.

Between the hills and the sea the ground was not extensive, but it was diversified, beautiful, and well cultivated; immediately round the castle the pleasure-grounds were enchanting; a sunk and invisible fence protected them from the intrusion of man or beast.

What had once been a triumphal arch was the entrance to these grounds, and to the castle. The arch itself was a beautiful object—it remained in nearly a perfect state in many places—ivy had crept into its crevices, and intertwining with odoriferous plants, that grow wild in Africa, hung round it in festoons, formed by the hand of nature; a guard was kept near this entrance, day and night; and a drawbridge, thrown over a clear stream that ran through the grounds into the bay, was always lowered when necessary, and immediately drawn up on the side towards the castle.

The sun had risen above the horizon as our travellers entered the arch, and passed the bridge; and, sad as Cava was, and woeful as were her thoughts, she was so sensibly struck by the beauty of the scene, that she exclaimed— “Was ever any thing so romantic, so lovely! alas! why should force constrain one to live even in such a paradise as this!” Zamora pressed her hand and sighed; Zulima’s countenance could not express a malignant passion, for her heart was good; but it was now tinged with a degree of melancholy, and a slight cloud passed over it, that seemed to intimate that Zulima would rather the Gothic princess should disapprove of her prison, than admire its beauties.

Having passed the arch and the bridge, their conductors wound round the bay to approach the castle. The chariot rolled lightly over the verdant turf, that spread down to the water-edge, whose uniformity was broken by tall trees, some of which, stretching their luxuriant branches over the bay, were reflected on its glassy surface. Clumps of rose and orange trees met the eye, and loaded every gale with their perfume.

“Here Nature shed her vernal sweets around,  
And fancy wander’d o’er Elysian ground.”

Content alone was wanting to the mind of Cava to render this spot delightful to her; yet even to the sad bosom the contemplation of nature’s beautiful works will often afford a temporary pleasure; if it cannot entirely obliterate past or present ills, it leads the sufferer to place dependence only on that Eternal Being who has had power to create all those wonders, and who has given his almighty word, that perfect bliss in happier worlds shall reward patient unmerited sufferings here.

The fleet Arabian horses, well knowing the track they were pursuing, scarcely touched the ground, and throwing their proud heads into the air, champing their silver bits, and snuffing the fragrant gale, soon stopped before the palace gates. Ready slaves in Moorish habits waited to receive the princess and Zamora; and Zulima, preceding them, led the way, through a suite of apartments, to an inner room in the castle, where we shall leave our fair travellers to the bath, and to repose after so long a journey, and turn our eyes to the palace of count Julian, where it is full time Alonzo should have arrived.

That brave prince, after a short voyage, tedious however to his distracted mind, landed safely on the coast of Africa, and made the utmost speed to reach the castle. He was soon in the presence of the countess, whose pale cheek was suffused with the flush of hope, on beholding the gallant youth.

Since the loss of Cava, the countess had remained unmolested in her castle, and every part of count Julian’s government continued in profound peace. The countess had written to Musa, entreating him to be sincere with her; and, if her child was his hostage, to give her the satisfaction of knowing she was in honourable hands.

Musa, innocent and ignorant of the offence committed, gave the countess every assurance that he was incapable of ever sanctioning such an outrage, and that he would do his utmost to discover the offender, and he should be treated as he deserved. Musa little imagined, was the offender at that moment made known to him, he dare not punish, or even counter act him, without endangering his own future safety. At present, his assurances satisfied the countess that her daughter was not in his hands; and, sorrowing, she resorted to every possible means of discovering the place of her seclusion.

Occupied in these researches, and with a broken constitution, Alonzo found her on the verge of the tomb; her spirits and her hopes were a little revived by the presence of her beloved nephew; and she anxiously inquired every circumstance that related to her husband, and their recent victories.

The prince, willing to give her comfort, and to render her now certainly short life as peaceful as was in his power, turned to her the bright side of the picture—related not the remorse of count Julian—the insolence of the Saracens—nor the deep woes of the Christians—and the sad massacre that had been made of them. Amiable as the countess was, she rejoiced at the death of Rodrigo; it was not in human nature to do otherwise; and, sanguine in her presentiments, she firmly believed it was the forerunner of peace and happiness to Spain; and she flattered herself, was Cava once restored to her arms, she should have nothing more to wish for in this world. Alonzo felt a faint satisfaction in being able to console her by harmless evasions; and every moment that he spent from her, was given to inquiries respecting Cava.

Weeks had now passed, and no light was thrown upon the business; every soul in the castle that could have been accessory to the elopement of the princess was strictly interrogated, not only once, but often; and to the searching eyes of Alonzo, their countenances betrayed no guilt. He now began to despond; he paced the palace gardens for hours in the evening, while the countess reposed, to meditate on what his future conduct should be. No consideration on earth could tempt him to relinquish his search for the beloved of his soul. Should fate be propitious to his wishes, and again give her to his sight, his intention was to unite his destiny to hers, to place her in safety; and then joining himself to the brave and patriotic don Palayo, assist him in reducing the Moors to obedience, or obliging them to quit Spain.

In these hopes, in these wishes he indulged, while he waited the return of many faithful messengers he had dispatched to all parts of the country, to trace, if possible, the steps of the dear fugitive. Pensively and slowly, during the twilight, Alonzo wandered through the delicious gardens that surrounded the palace; and as, in all ages, poetry has had peculiar charms for lovers, and soothed their sorrows with its dulcet sounds, so it now held its soft influence over Alonzo's mind, and to the lone woods and listening echoes he repeated the following lines: —

Ye flowers that bright in living colours glow,  
Ye gales which sweet o'er op'ning roses blow,  
Ye lawns, enliven'd by the solar beam,  
Ye groves, that wave o'er contemplation's dream,  
How aptly were your peaceful joys design'd,  
To match the temper of my Cava's mind,  
Which here from courts, and busy crowds remov'd,  
Enjoy'd the calm retirement that it lov'd!  
But now no more these blooming sweets excite  
The finer sense of elegant delight;  
The vernal pride of drooping Nature fades,  
No more my Cava's smiles illumine the shades;  
No more with music's soft prevailing art,  
The beauteous harmonist enchants the heart;

Nor zephyr wafts along the vocal grove,  
Such sounds as list'ning angels might approve;  
Why once were these transporting pleasures known?  
Or why, alas! irreparably flown?

A long time had now elapsed, and the many persons that both Alonzo and the countess had employed to search for information relative to the princess, returned unsuccessful in their pursuit. The fond lover began to despair—the countess became more wretched, and visibly declined. She was also much alarmed at not hearing from count Julian. Since the arrival of the prince, not a line had she received in answer to her many letters; and she now doubted whether her messengers had ever reached him.

Alonzo, fearful of some disaster having befallen the count, could scarcely disguise his apprehensions from his aunt; and, to avoid the distressing questions she put to him, he retired one night sooner than usual from her apartment, and descending into the garden of the castle, he continued for a length of time to pace one of the walks, which lay beneath the windows of that part of the castle formerly occupied by Cava. This was the spot he generally chose when he wished to indulge his most melancholy humours. He was now lost in the contemplation of his wayward fate, and in the sad lot that from his cradle had fallen to his share. Disappointed in all his hopes, his heart deeply wounded, the future presented nothing to make life desirable; and all his thoughts were turned to losing it with honour, when he perceived that he was followed by some person muffled in a dark cloak, which prevented his ascertaining whether the person who followed him was male or female. The steps approached—he turned suddenly round—the figure retreated, and the prince pursued, anxious to find who could dare at that hour to enter the garden. The figure advanced to a turret close to Cava's apartments, and pointed to a small door in the wall, which the prince had never before noticed; it was now half open; and by signs he was invited to enter it. Alonzo had the soul of a lion, but he hesitated to advance, lest he might fall into some snare, or perhaps be attacked by ruffians in the dark, and unable to make resistance. He unsheathed his sabre, and stood still. The muffled figure seemed distressed at his hesitation, and visible apprehension of treachery; and coming towards him in a supplicating manner, threw off the covering which concealed the face, and he saw, with astonishment, that it was a woman who had alarmed him.

She now, in a soft accent, entreated him to follow her, as she wished to lead him to one who had a communication to make, of the utmost consequence for him to hear. "There is no time to be lost," cried she; "if you wish to recover the princess Cava, follow me, I beseech you; you have no treachery to apprehend from me."

Alonzo perceived that tears were trickling down her cheeks in abundance, and her face was pale as death. She waited not for an answer to her words, but passing quickly through the door, she held it open for him; he followed her in haste. To have heard any thing with certainty of Cava, he would have braved death. The woman carefully shut the door the moment he had entered, and, taking hold of his hand, she led him gently through some dark and winding passages, and up a flight of narrow stairs, into a small room, which he knew must belong to a turret of the castle. It was well furnished, lights stood upon a table, and he saw there were two doors in it, besides the one at which he had just entered. His companion as carefully closed that door as she had done the one which led from the garden; and Alonzo was not a little surprised, when it was shut, to find that the

most curious eye could not perceive that there was an entrance to the room in that spot; it closed by a spring, and the smallest crevice was not discernible.

The woman, throwing her cloak on a table, begged he would remain there for a few minutes, till she should prepare her sick husband to receive him. She said this in such deep affliction, and appeared so interesting, that Alonzo was moved to pity, and answered he would wait her return. She opened a door leading into another apartment, in which he saw a light, and he heard a faint voice ask—"Have you prevailed on him to come? shall I see him before I die?" The prince heard not the answer, it was in so low a voice; but in a few minutes the afflicted female returned, drowned in tears; she spoke not, but took the hand of Alonzo, and led him to the bedside of a man, who appeared not to have long to live. How was he astonished, on examining the countenance of the invalid, to find him one he well knew, and count Julian's most confidential servant, and captain of the castle guard!

The prince having no suspicion of his fidelity, but believing he had heard something of his beloved Cava, that he wished to impart to him, expressed the utmost concern at seeing him so ill; and taking his seat by the couch, entreated he would compose himself, and give him the satisfaction of knowing if he had been more successful than himself in his search for the Gothic princess.

Fabian (for so was he called) stared wildly at Alonzo, saying—"You think well of me, you treat me with kindness, and I deserve your malediction; you know not that the wretch before you assisted in carrying her off whom you adore; and, bribed by cursed gold, sold her to the Moor."

Here Fabian's voice became extinct, his head fell upon his pillow, and he fainted. His wife flew to him, raised him up, and chaffing his temples, endeavoured to restore him to life; Alonzo, in the utmost trepidation, assisted her to support him, while she administered a cordial. He dreaded Fabian's death more than he would have done his own; to know what he did, and know no more, was a worse misfortune than any he had yet laboured under; and he trembled so, that with difficulty he could support the dying man.

In some time Fabian opened his eyes, and seemed more composed, and more himself than he had been before his fit. Alonzo, subduing all his own feelings, entreated him to calm his spirits, and narrate faithfully all he knew respecting Cava, and he should have his full pardon for the past.

"And will you," cried Fabian, "commiserate a dying wretch? will you have the angelic goodness to keep secret his crimes, and by so doing, save his innocent wife and infant son from disgrace and ruin?"

"I will do anything you wish," hastily answered Alonzo, fearful he would expire before he could relate the truth; "I will save you from infamy, provided you faithfully declare the truth, and give me a clue to recover the lost princess."

Fabian, seeing his wife violently affected, motioned to her to leave the room; then raising himself on his couch, he turned to his astonished auditor, saying—"Fear not my sudden dissolution; I feel that I have some strength left, and I thank Heaven that has enabled me to make use of these last moments of my life, to atone, in some measure, for the only action of that life that I can look back to with grief."

"I beseech you," interrupted Alonzo, "give me every possible information, and I will then listen to what you have further to say."

The sick man, again raising himself from his pillow, with a look of the deepest anguish, gazing on the prince, addressed him in the following words:—

“You are sensible, don Alonzo, that I have been for some years in the greatest favour with count Julian; you know also that I served him most faithfully; he depended on and consulted me in every emergency; and never did I deceive him but in this last vile act. I was acquainted with all his schemes for the conquest of Spain, and assisted him with my best advice. When he brought his daughter back to Africa, he invited the Moors to partake of the festivities of this castle. The caliph’s son, Aleanzar, came with Musa; it was I presented him to the countess and the princess Cava, and from that moment I was satisfied he was deeply enamoured.” Here Fabian remarked that Alonzo’s expression of countenance was changed from pity to anger; and stopping in his narrative, he cried, “Think not too hardly of me, Alonzo; I knew not of your mutual love; this count Julian had carefully concealed from me. I saw a great, a handsome, and accomplished prince, heir to the first throne in the world, enamoured of Cava; I believed she might be brought to love him, though an Infidel, and be completely happy. You know my situation in this court is a distinguished one; I lived at great expence, and had nearly ruined my fortune. Shame made me keep my poverty a secret, even from count Julian; it was a false shame, a shame that led to ill. The poor may be proud, when they can bear the sting of poverty with true greatness of mind, when they can say, ‘I am poor, but I am just, honourable, and virtuous. Alas, alas! I feel this truth too late; my fallible nature was not able to bear worldly want. But to return to my sad story. Aleanzar distinguished me, unfortunately, from all at count Julian’s court, and made me the confidant of his love. At first I listened to him from politeness; I soon grew interested for his success. He declared to me his intention of marrying the Gothic princess, and placing her on his throne. He gave me many proofs of his friendship; and promised, at no distant period, to make me rich and powerful. In the course of our many conversations, he shewed so good a heart, that I thought not of his being a Mahometan; and fully believed I was not committing a crime when I consented to enter into his scheme for carrying away the princess. He swore to me by his Prophet, he would treat her in a way to conciliate her esteem; and, if he could not gain her affections, and prevail on her willingly to accept him as her husband, he would return her in safety to her mother. You must have been informed by the countess of all that occurred till the night of Cava’s disappearance, and it is needless to repeat it. You see the situation of this part of the castle; it is a turret built close to the apartments always occupied by Cava. This tower belongs exclusively to the captain of count Julian’s guard, and he inhabits it, that he may always be near the governor; the entrance to it is from the other side the castle, and the small door in the garden, through which you entered, was never supposed to have the least communication with the rooms in which we now are, nor do I ever remember to have seen it opened. One morning, being alone in the small apartment through which you passed to this, as I was pacing the floor, and reading a letter, I had received on material business from the count, my foot slipped, and I fell with some violence against the wall, and was astonished to find I had burst open a small door, of which I had not before had the least knowledge; I examined it, and found I had touched a secret spring, without doing it any injury, for I could now open and close the door with the greatest ease. Curiosity prompted me to see where it led to; I descended the stairs by the dark passages through which you passed, and found, close to them, another flight of stairs; they led to the apartments of the princess; and at the top I descried a door,



constructed with a spring, in the same manner as that in my tower. Knowing that it was the time of day in which Cava was always with the countess, I ventured to push back the spring, and found myself in a moment in the chamber which has the balcony to the garden. I staid not a moment; I was satisfied I could gain admittance whenever I pleased; and, descending the stairs, I examined the small door at the bottom; it opened on the pleasure grounds, and was strongly barred inside. I was now master of a secret, unknown even to count Julian himself; for had he been acquainted with the staircases, doors, and dark passages, he never would have suffered his daughter's apartments to remain in the state they were, exposed to any one who should make the discovery of the secret communication. When I became the guilty wretch I am, and entered into Aleanzar's schemes for carrying off the princess, I made him acquainted with the passages. At the foot of the stairs, Aleanzar, with one of his friends, concealed themselves the night he was to steal Cava from her home. It was done without the least noise or alarm. I had given him a key, to open a door in the wall at the extremity of the grounds, beyond the waterfall. He had a troop of horse concealed in the wood, which lies beyond our nightly round; and to facilitate his getting off unseen, I took the guard to the contrary side of the castle; and, at the appointed hour, gave him a signal agreed on between us. Aleanzar was active; he lost no time; and when I came round to the spot with my guard, all appeared perfectly safe; but now my misery began, and the tranquillity that reigned around had forsaken my heart; my conscience smote me, and I dreaded to see my innocent wife, who was perfectly ignorant of my sad conduct. I soon returned home, more dead than alive. A large purse of gold, that Aleanzar had left for me, instead of comforting, added torture to my mind. I would have fallen at the countess's feet, and owned my crime, but I knew my life must be the price of my treason, and I could not bring myself to load my innocent family with my guilt and shame. Very soon my health declined; and, by the entreaties of my unhappy wife, who saw the tortures of my mind, I was prevailed on to make her acquainted with my fatal secret; and she, on her knees, besought me to inform you of the whole guilty transaction, that you may endeavour to recover the princess."

Here the unfortunate and penitent Fabian seemed so violently agitated, that Alonzo was fearful of another fit, and pressed him to say where he should seek Cava.

Fabian, scarcely able to articulate, drew from under his pillow a sketch of the place she was to be carried to, with the name of the bay, and the adjacent villages on the coast of the Mediterranean. "I know not how far it is by land," said Fabian, "but I advise you to go by sea, to land at some distance from Aleanzar's palace, and endeavour to recover her by stratagem; force will not avail; Aleanzar has his castle well guarded; and it is near enough to the seat of Musa's government, for him to command, in a short time, what troops he might want, should you attempt force."

The dying wretch then offered the prince the gold he had been bribed with, as he might want it for his expedition. This Alonzo absolutely refused; though he detested the miserable being who was capable of acting so vile a part, and who was the cause of such distress to his Cava, he, in consideration of his repentance, and the information he had given him, faithfully promised not to blast his memory, by divulging his treachery. Fabian, in agony, entreated his forgiveness, which he granted, and then left the apartment; the piece of parchment, and what he had learned from the dying Fabian, being his only clue to find his lost Cava.

The disconsolate woman led the prince down stairs, and again through the garden door. She seemed so amiable and so wretched, that Alonzo, touched with her situation, endeavoured to comfort her, by giving her every assurance of his secrecy, and his future protection for her and her child. She prayed Heaven to restore Cava to him, and her looks and tears spoke the sincerity of her heart.

When Alonzo returned to the garden, he continued in it a considerable time, musing on all he had heard, and all he ought to do; he did not wish to trust himself that night in the presence of the countess; he feared dropping a hint of what lay so heavy on his mind. He sent his aunt word he had some particular business, that must, for that night, prevent his going to her apartments; but he would see her in the morning, when, he hoped to have something to communicate that would give her pleasure. When he retired to rest, a thousand schemes presented themselves; and it was morning before the perturbation of his mind would suffer him to take any repose.

The countess scarcely spent a less anxious night; she could not doubt that Alonzo's message related to her lost child; and when morning came, her impatience to see him was extreme. Alonzo with caution entered on the subject nearest his heart, and informed the unhappy countess of the chance there was of recovering Cava. She heard with astonishment that she was in the hands of the Moors; and hastily said, "Aleanzar is honourable, at least I believe him so; love has induced him to steal Cava, but surely he will restore her to my prayers." Alonzo would not wound her by a doubt, but he had no such hope; he knew too well the power of the Gothic princess's charms, to believe she would be easily resigned. He disclosed to the countess all he could disclose, without betraying the unhappy author of her sorrow. He carefully kept Fabian's sad secret, while he consulted the countess on the preparations he was already making for his voyage to that part of the coast where Aleanzar's castle lay; and he assured her, if he ever again entered the castle of count Julian, it should be to restore Cava to her arms.

The countess, though still dreadfully alarmed for the fate of her child, found consolation in every word that fell from Alonzo; and, embracing him with a mother's fondness, assured him that all her hopes rested on his exertions. "I know what they will be," said she, with a more satisfied expression of countenance than she had worn for a length of time; "I know your heart, and how true it is; I know your undaunted valour; but be careful of yourself, Alonzo, for mine and for Cava's sake; let not love lead you to rashness; let wisdom, cool wisdom, preside over your actions, and then we may hope success. I will now attend to my health, and wait with patience and with hope the end of your dangerous expedition."

During this conversation, an officer entered to inform the countess of the death of Fabian, the captain of her guard; and Alonzo found it difficult to retain his secret, when he saw the countess much affected at this news, and heard her declare, while she lamented his loss, that she knew not how count Julian could ever replace so faithful and attached a friend and servant.

Alonzo sighed, as he reflected on the weakness and blindness of mortals; and his sigh passed as sorrow for him who had borne so fair a character, and was now so tenderly lamented. The prince soon withdrew, and sought a friend whom he could trust, and make a partner in an expedition, certainly subject to many disagreeable hazards, and in which he could not flatter himself he had a certainty of succeeding; but love hopes every thing, and dangers and hardships were nothing to Alonzo, where Cava was at stake.

He had never seen her since her illness at Toledo — he was conscious she wished to avoid him; nay, even never to see him more — he had never yet doubted her constant affection — he had never yet feared a rival in her heart — he only feared he had not sufficient influence over her mind, to make her change the resolution she declared to her mother she had so positively taken, of leading a single life in the seclusion of a cloister. Now, in spite of himself, jealousy had some little sway over his mind; he knew her in the power of Aleanzar, who, not a tyrant, but an obsequious lover, would make use of every art to render himself pleasing to the object of his affection.

The character that Fabian had given Aleanzar, he knew to be no fictitious one — the countess had drawn the same picture of the Moorish prince — he was the handsomest, the most accomplished man in his father's dominions — his amiable manners endeared him to all the Saracens; and the caliph boasted of his son. Possessed of little vanity, Alonzo doubted his own merits, when contrasted with his rival's, and feared that Cava might doubt them too. But love, all-powerful love, came to his aid, and bid him reflect how sincere, how true, he had always found his Cava; and asked him, did not perfect love for one object exclude all others, however great their merits, from a heart so truly, so entirely devoted, as hers had long been? he also knew her mind was above the influence of worldly grandeur. These reflections produced a calm in Alonzo's breast, and he occupied himself incessantly with preparations for his departure; and, following the advice of Fabian, he secretly procured an excellent boat, manned it with a small and brave crew, completely under his command, and well paid for their service; and having taken leave of the countess, he, with his friend Valasquez, a young soldier of distinction, who constantly attended him, left count Julian's palace in the middle of the night; and having privately entered the boat in waiting, they were off the coast before the dawn of day.

## CHAP. XI

WE must now return to Cava, who has been a long time a resident in the castle of Aleanzar. We have seen in the last chapter how the Moor made himself master of her person, and what were his intentions towards her. Fabian had not given a false character of this young prince; though rash, and sometimes violent in his conduct, he was humane and generous; his admiration of the Gothic princess was unbounded, and led him to commit an outrage he could not justify, even to himself; but finding, through his past life, that every obstacle sunk before his will, he persuaded himself, if he had Cava once at his castle, he should, by tenderness, assiduity, and indulgence, gain her heart; for he knew not that it was irrevocably given to another. He was also secure that the fair Zamora would exert herself to further his wishes, and place his character and his love in that point of view in which he could wish the princess to behold it.

We left Cava arrived at the castle; and however she might be displeased at the manner in which she had been conducted there, her senses were fascinated by all she saw. When she and Zamora had had some repose, Zulima informed them they must dress, and prepare to receive her master who intended that evening to pay them a visit. She then opened the apartments appointed for the use of the princess, who had the satisfaction of finding they were in the suit of those occupied by Zamora. In her dressing-room were wardrobes, containing various habits, rich, beautiful, and elegant, with every other article of dress, either for use or luxury, all made exactly to her shape, and in the Gothic fashion. The furniture of the apartments were appropriate and magnificent; the luxury of the east was here displayed; the looms of Persia had been ransacked, to furnish hangings for the walls, and coverings for the swelling sofas that surrounded the apartments. China displayed its brightest hues, in vases filled with every odoriferous plant that Africa produced.

A beautiful and long gallery was common to the two suits of rooms set apart for the fair friends; this gallery looked to the sea, and opened on the side to a balcony, covered with a silk awning, and from which the eye was charmed with the interesting, though not extensive, view that it took in. The beautiful bay, the rocks, the woods, the pleasure-grounds, were all visible from the gallery, and presented scenery that might be well compared to a Mahometan paradise. The gallery itself appeared decorated by the hand of taste — the walls shone with gold and azure — the concave ceiling represented a brilliant and cloudless night (such as the Arabians are accustomed to behold), with the moon in full splendor, surrounded by unnumbered stars, and the heavenly bodies moved as in their natural course. In the middle of the gallery, a fountain of rose-water continually played into a bason of the purest white marble, richly carved, and supported by a pedestal of the same. This fountain, adding to the magnificence of the apartment, also cooled and embalmed the air; carpets and silks of Persia spread their gay tints, to embellish this luxurious abode; and rich cushions were spread throughout the whole of the gallery.

As was the custom of the Moors, sentences from the Alcoran, and verses in the Arabian language, of their own composition, were inscribed on the windows, and over the doors of the apartments.

Over the door of the gallery, Cava read as she entered it —

“This delicious spot, oh! charming princess, is ornamented by the hand of love, directed by Aleanzar, son of the mighty caliph.

“Let all here please and gratify thee; thou sweeter than the rose of Samarcand, more timid than the plant that recoils at mortal touch, withdraw thee not from the tenderness of Aleanzar. Thy presence in this delicious abode, renders it to him the paradise of his Prophet.”

As the princess read these words, instead of gratifying, they distressed her. No love but one could find entrance in her heart.

She turned to look at Zamora; she saw her in a melancholy attitude contemplating the writing. The fair Moor perceiving Cava's eyes were fixed attentively upon her, placing her arm within hers, led her in silence to the other end of the gallery, where they were both surprised to find, placed in the most conspicuous situation, a large picture, in which the likeness of the Gothic princess was most exactly portrayed at full length. The background of the picture was the garden of her father's palace, with a distant view of the turret. She was drawn standing near the waterfall, and Aleanzar kneeling at her feet, and, in a supplicating posture, offering her a globe and sceptre.

Cava looked at the picture, sorrowful and displeased. Zamora perceived it, and said, “Is it possible, charming princess, that you can be insensible to the love of such a man as Aleanzar?”

“Insensible,” returned Cava, “my heart insensible! Oh! Zamora, you little know my heart.” Then looking again at the picture, she added, “Dear native home, you are lost to me, perhaps for ever.” Zamora turned pale — she hesitated — another question was on her lips, when Zulima interrupted the conversation, by putting them in mind of the bath and their toilet.

In those hot climates, the bath is as necessary as sleep; and both Cava and the Moor willingly followed Zulima.

Cava had determined within herself what her future conduct should be, and she felt a great degree of security in the company of Zamora. She was distressed at the necessity of making use of the habiliments procured for her by Aleanzar; there was however no alternative; except the habit she had on when she was carried from her father's castle, she had nothing of her own; and she chose rather to make use of a Spanish dress than Zamora's Moorish one; her wish was to make choice of the most simple; she had no desire to heighten her charms; but every thing prepared for her was so rich and elegant, it was almost indifferent of which she made her choice.

So much time had been employed in repose after their journey, in examining the apartments, in the bath, and at the toilet, it was evening before they again entered the gallery, where low sofas were placed for them near the balcony, that they might enjoy the fresh evening breeze from the bay, and behold its undulating waters, as they glittered beneath the glowing crimson of a setting sun.

The princess and Zamora had not long been seated, when Aleanzar was announced; he entered with a majestic and disturbed air: the fair inhabitants of his castle rose to receive him. When approaching Cava, he threw himself at her feet, and endeavoured to deprecate her anger by the most submissive language, in which he

pleaded love as an excuse for his conduct. Zamora had withdrawn to the balcony, and Zulima remained at the extremity of the gallery.

With dignity, and a sweetness in her manner, of which Cava was never able to divest herself, she entreated Aleanzar to rise, as it was impossible for her to answer him, while he remained in so humiliating a posture.

The prince, abashed, obeyed her; he was prepared for her anger, but not for the mildness of her conduct.

Cava begged him to compose himself, and listen with patience to what she had to say. She sat down, and Aleanzar placed himself at her side. Alternately his countenance expressed shame, fear, haughtiness, and love; he several times passed his hand over his eyes, and pressed it to his forehead. Cava perceived the struggle of his soul, but concealing that she did so, she thus addressed him: —

“I want language, illustrious Aleanzar, to express the astonishment I feel at your conduct towards me; you profess to love and respect me, and you condescend to offer me your throne; yet you insult and outrage me in the most cruel manner — you tear me from my home, from my weeping mother, from all that I hold dear on earth — you bring me a prisoner to your castle, and leave my character to the mercy of a misjudging world. I put the question to your heart, Aleanzar — is this a proof of your tenderness, of your respect? can you suppose it possible to gain a woman worthy of your love by such violence? Am I not, Aleanzar, a princess, descended from royal blood? should not that at least have secured me your respect? Hospitably received in count Julian’s castle, treated as a great prince, and looked on as a friend, could my father believe that Aleanzar, the son of the mighty caliph, should abuse his hospitality, break all his bonds of friendship, and steal, like a midnight robber, into his palace, to carry off his daughter, the comfort and solace of his declining years? What has been, do you think, my wretched mother’s sufferings, on missing her child? what terrors have been mine, since that unfortunate moment when you carried me to the cottage? (for I now suppose it was you, Aleanzar, who refused to answer me when I addressed you.) I was near sinking under the weight of my distress; and Zamora can witness for me, that my senses wandered, when her tenderness and humanity restored me to myself. I confess to you, Aleanzar, when I knew I was in your power, I felt some consolation. Guilty as I found you were, I could not believe, from what I know of your character, that your heart was a hardened one; and a hope sprung up in my bosom, that you would in the end be merciful and just; that you would become sensible of the enormity of your proceedings, and consent, at my earnest entreaty, to restore me to my father.”

Cava ceased speaking. She saw the violent agitation of the prince — she had probed him to the quick — he could scarcely bear her words — his colour changed — he struck his damp forehead with his hand — the violence of his feelings prevented the power of speech, and, starting from his seat, he for some minutes paced the gallery, with folded arms and unequal steps — pride and love warred in his bosom — he was conscious of the offence he had given, but he could not endure the reproaches of Cava. As great as was his fondness for her, he found in her presence he was awed, and that his respect equalled his tenderness. Approaching her, he again threw himself at her feet, and with the utmost fervor entreated her pardon.

“Accuse me not too severely, incomparable Cava; love, love only, could tempt me to so unwarrantable an action as that I have been guilty of. I would repent it if I could; but

when I behold you, when I have the supreme felicity to inhabit the same house, to breathe the same air with you, I am tempted, against my better judgment, to think I have not acted wrong. Forgive me, Cava, forgive the being who adores you, who offers you his kingdom and his heart, his undivided heart. Cava, I never before was repulsed by woman — I never sued in vain; is your heart more hardened than the rest of your sex? And is Aleanzar, destined to the first throne in the world, fated to be wretched from unrequited love? Think, Cava, oh! think on what you reject; I only beseech you, take a little time to examine your own heart. You are queen, you are mistress here — you shall not be molested — I will not appear before you but when you allow me; only consent to remain here for some days. I never had a wish respecting you, but what was honourable. If you reject my passion, if you will leave me, give me time to reconcile myself to my hard fate. I swear to you by the Prophet (and you know with us how sacred is that oath), that if I cannot succeed in gaining your heart, I will restore you in safety to count Julian. Cava, will this satisfy your callous heart?"

Tears sprang to Aleanzar's eyes; he tenderly pressed the hand of the princess, and raised it to his lips. She felt wretched — she saw Aleanzar at her feet — she could not doubt the sincerity of the passion he professed for her — she was fearful of every thing — she could have combated rage and anger — but his tenderness overcame her; and at the moment she refused him her love, she gave him her friendship. Cautious of exciting his resentment, and sensible how entirely she was in his power, she believed her most prudent plan was, for the present, to grant his request of remaining some days at the castle. Entreating him to rise, she said —

"I cannot, Aleanzar, doubt your honour; if remaining here for a short time will gratify you, and that you promise to restore me to my parents, I will not distress you by insisting on my immediate return; but I earnestly beseech you to build no hope on this condescension; there is none for you. I will even be explicit with you, and assure you, it has for some time been my fixed determination to withdraw myself from the world, and never to marry. I offer you my friendship, Aleanzar; never can I give you more; let me not be deceived in the hope of finding in you a friend, in the place of a lover. I need not tell you, prince, that love, if it confers happiness, must be mutual; and doubt not Cava's truth, when she assures you she has no heart to bestow. She flies from love, more than she would from death, and only wishes to be allowed to enjoy solitude and peace."

These words had a very different effect to what Cava expected. Aleanzar, instead of despairing, was animated with hope, on hearing this language from the princess. He did not conceive that her heart was pre-occupied; he only believed she had never met with an object she thought worthy of awakening her tenderness. His eyes sparkled with delight, convinced that time would do much in his favour, and that his tenderness, his attentions, would subdue her stubborn heart. He willingly promised all she desired, all she wished; and he gratefully accepted that friendship he secretly promised himself, no distant day would see transformed into love; he was now almost completely happy, and inwardly exulted in his fancied success.

Cava deceived herself, and Aleanzar deceived both himself and her.

The Gothic princess now rose from where she sat, and sought Zamora; she found the fair Moor in the balcony; she leaned on the railing, her eyes fixed on the sea, and she seemed sunk in deep thought — her cheek was pale, and her eye languid; yet Cava was struck with her uncommon beauty; she had not before perceived with what elegance and

care she was adorned, and she stood looking at her for some moments in admiration, yet unwilling to interrupt her meditations. On Zamora's perceiving Cava, she started, and asked with quickness where Aleanzar was? "In the gallery," replied the princess; "we have had a long conversation, and it has ended well." Zamora's cheek grew still paler; but she was silent, and Cava continued. — "He has offered me his friendship; I have accepted it, on condition that if I remain here for a few days, he will afterwards restore me in safety to my mother."

"Restore you to your mother!" cried the beautiful Moor, her eyes recovering their usual lustre, and a blush overspreading her charming face. "And is it possible, Cava, that you can be insensible to Aleanzar's merits? that his person, his accomplishments, his devotion to yourself, can make no impression on a mind like yours?" and while she spoke, she looked earnestly at Cava, as if willing to ascertain the truth of her assertions.

"Believe me, Zamora, though I am truly sensible of Aleanzar's value, I cannot love him; I wish only to return to my home; and I shall regret nothing but leaving you behind me: but wherever I go, dear Zamora, you must ever be remembered by me with the utmost tenderness, and be the chosen friend of the heart you think so obdurate."

To this affectionate speech Zamora was replying in as affectionate language, when Aleanzar entered the balcony, with an air of cheerfulness and satisfaction; advancing towards the young Moor, he said, taking her hand fondly in his, "My beloved sister, I rejoice to see you again; I have much to ask of you; assist me, dear Zamora, to make my peace with this offended and too charming princess — plead for me, with that soft eloquence that so peculiarly belongs to you — excuse my faults to Cava — and oh! persuade her, Zamora, of the ardour of that love you know I feel for her."

The Moor softly withdrew her hand; the blood that had rushed to her face forsook it, and flowed back in torrents on her heart; conscious it did so, she dropt her eyes upon the ground, while she answered, "Can Aleanzar command any thing that Zamora could refuse to do? Am I not indebted to you for life, fortune, honour? do you not treat me with the affection of a brother? know you not how deep the interest is which I take in your happiness? (again her face was crimsoned with blushes.) I would sacrifice my life, Aleanzar, to your felicity; would that my opinions could influence the princess! she knows already in what high estimation you are held by me; doubt not, Aleanzar, that your happiness must be Zamora's."

Cava, though at some distance, overheard most of this conversation, and willing to put an end to it, and keep Aleanzar to his promise, she turned to where he and the young Moor stood, saying, "I am grateful to you, Aleanzar, for the charming companion you have given me; while I exist, friendship for Zamora will find a place in my bosom; relying on the faith of your promises, illustrious prince, I expect you will soon release me from this beautiful prison. Convinced that Aleanzar will not falsify his word, while I remain, I shall neither torment you with reproaches or discontent; all I desire is to hear nothing more of love."

The manner in which Cava addressed the prince was not calculated to give him offence; but he felt it had a resistless power — that it was hers to command, his to obey. Finding this was no time to further urge his suit, his hope was to steal upon her heart by degrees; and he secretly determined to devise a thousand schemes to prolong her stay at his castle, without appearing to fail in his promises to her. He now bowed submissive to her will, and only desired permission to visit, at times, the fair friends. This indulgence in



his own palace was not to be refused. The prince, secretly elated with the advantages he had already gained, with an air of gaiety requested them to partake with him of a collation prepared in the gallery. He led them in; they found a table spread with every delicacy that luxury could invent to gratify the palate. Sherbet was handed round by slaves that had not before appeared; rose water and perfumes were presented towards the end of the repast; and the most delicious fruits heaped the board. Zulima still remained in the gallery; she sat not at the table with the prince, but he was not unmindful of her; he treated her with familiarity and kindness; and sent her, by a slave who seemed particularly to attend upon her, all he thought most exquisite in the repast. Aleanzar was cheerful and agreeable; he was careful not to offend or alarm Cava, by further professions of love; his eyes, it is true, were not silent; but his attentions were equally divided between the princess and the beautiful Moor.

All Cava's terrors subsided, and she mentally wished that Aleanzar was her brother, and that she could remain secluded for life in that enchanting spot. Her penetration now discovered Zamora's secret passion for Aleanzar; she rejoiced in the discovery, for she looked on it as impossible that his heart should long continue indifferent to such an assemblage of charms. She heard him call her sister, but gave no credit to this relationship. She was desirous of being acquainted with Zamora's story, but now was no time to gratify her curiosity.

Aleanzar was of a communicative disposition, and the princess ventured to ask him what was doing in Spain. "Alas!" said she, a tear trembling in her eye, "my heart must be sad, when I reflect on the danger to which my beloved father is hourly exposed."

Her filial affection rendered her a thousand times more interesting in the eyes of Aleanzar; and with an anxious wish to relieve her uneasiness of mind, he assured her, that in Spain every thing answered to their wishes — that Musa was going to send more troops there — that Abdalesis, his friend, had written to him that he was to command them — and had also informed him, that count Julian and the Moors had been successful in every engagement. "And is Alonzo safe?" hovered on the lips of Cava; prudence, however, stifled her words, as she was about to give them utterance; the restraint oppressed her, and tears silently bedewed her cheeks. Aleanzar could not endure the sight. What a treasure was that heart, which, though cold to him, seemed capable of the most tender affection!

Aleanzar rose from table. The evening was closed in, but the night was brilliant, "and not a breath disturbed the deep serene." The prince proposed attending his fair guests into the pleasure-grounds that surrounded the castle; they were open to the bay, and the walk along the shore was perfectly enchanting. Elegant and high pavilions were erected in those spots where the landscape was most picturesque, and showed to the greatest advantage.

Aleanzar led the way, and Zulima followed the steps of Cava and Zamora, who, lowering their veils, descending arm in arm to the gardens, took the path leading to the shore.

A mind not insensible to the beauty of nature must have found gratification in such a paradise. Cava, enthusiastically fond of the country, was really charmed, and her softened heart for awhile "forgot all duties and all care."

The night was too bright to conceal a single object that gave beauty to the scene; the moonbeams trembled on the waves, that with soft murmurs broke upon the shore,

almost at their feet. Boats passing across the bay, the dashing of the distant oars, mixt with the song of the mariners, came, at intervals, in sweet cadence to their ear. Part of the castle, with the mountains beyond it, were in shade, and darkly visible; but the apartments through which they had passed, the gallery and balcony, were now illuminated by the slaves against their return, and threw a softened light on the garden beneath.

“And now the dew with spangles deck’d the ground;  
A sweeter spot of earth was never found;  
Here the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,  
Whose odours were of power to raise from death;  
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,  
E’en though brought thither, could inhabit there;  
But thence they fled, as from their mortal foe,  
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.”

Cava, all truth, concealed not the delight such scenery afforded her; she expressed her feelings with energy, and every word she uttered thrilled to the heart of Aleanzar. Young, and sanguine in his expectations, he flattered himself with the ultimate success of his wishes. Hope exhilarated his spirits, sparkled in his eye, and animated his conversation. He expatiated with taste on the calm pleasures of a country life — on the freedom that was enjoyed in sylvan scenes, when accompanied by those dearest to one’s heart. The great Aleanzar, the son of the caliph, and next his throne, forgot the world, his father’s court, his own future greatness, and in the retirement of a rural paradise, gave his whole soul to love; and perhaps, at this calm hour of the closing day, Aleanzar enjoyed a pleasure the world could never have afforded him. Conscious of his own worth, though he presumed not on it, he yet felt it might in time have its weight with her whom he adored. He looked with a degree of transport to the future — the present was delightful, for Cava was near him. Nature appeared to have put on new charms, as he wandered with her through this delicious abode. He thought of the paradise promised by his prophet, and his heated imagination persuaded him he had realized it on earth. Cava and Zamora appeared to him more beautiful than the most perfect of the houris; and the fear only of mortally offending the princess, prevented his pouring forth the ardour of his soul at her feet.

Having long enjoyed their walk, they returned to the castle, where Aleanzar had ordered musicians and dancers to attend, in the hope of amusing his fair guest. In this Aleanzar failed — neither the light bound, the graceful movements of the dancers, or the sprightly notes that animated them, was grateful to the heart of Cava.

Nature had exercised that influence over her mind, which it must ever do, where there is feeling and true taste. The efforts of art were lost upon her; and her countenance assuming the melancholy cast of her soul, she gazed with a vacant eye on the gay train whom Aleanzar had called for her amusement. Her troubled ideas reverted not only to her parents, her native home, to her lamented, regretted, and lost Alonzo, but to Toledo, to Egilone, to Favilla. Horror-struck at the remembrance of Rodrigo, she drove him from her thoughts; and the good father Anselmo presented himself to her imagination. His excellent understanding, his amiable disposition, his piety, she was well acquainted with;

and she determined, when Aleanzar should restore her to liberty, (which she doubted not he would shortly do) that to this holy guide she would apply, to stand between her and her parents, and to obtain their leave for her spending the remainder of her life in a convent. Lost in these reflections, she still appeared to the prince and Zamora to attend to what was passing in the gallery. They were amused by the dancers, and supposed Cava beheld them with pleasure. Zulima only read the soul of the fair mourner; her good sense and experience told her she had deep sorrow. Zulima had spoken little to the princess since they first met; but she observed her, and she had heard a few sentences of that long conversation which had passed between her and Aleanzar, when he first entered the gallery. Zulima now approaching the cushions on which the princess sat, placed herself behind her; and when she thought she was not attended to by Aleanzar or Zamora, she whispered her in the Moorish language —

“Lovely Cava, I think I am in part acquainted with your sorrows; do not fear me, my princess; you may yet find in me a friend; and if you wish to do so, be silent, I conjure you, on what I have said.”

Cava started from her reverie; she was surprised at what she had heard, and lifting her eyes from the ground, on which they had been fixed, she was about to reply to the kind speaker; but she had withdrawn, and was now at the elbow of her master.

In a few minutes the music ceased, the dancers left the gallery, and sweetmeats and fresh fruits were carried round. At length the enamoured Aleanzar took his leave for the night, but not without assuring Cava, that while he had the felicity of her company at his castle, he would endeavour to vary the pleasures of their solitude to the utmost of his power.

Caring not for his attentions, unhappy at her present situation, and confused in her thoughts, the princess answered, “all she wished, all she desired of him, was soon to restore her to her mother.” At this speech, so unexpected at the moment, Aleanzar’s gay dreams of happiness faded “into thin air,” and with a gloomy countenance, and haughty demeanour, he quitted the apartment. Cava felt not subdued by his looks; if he treated her kindly, she would willingly give him her friendship — nothing could purchase love. Zamora’s eyes followed him to the door, and as he left the gallery, an involuntary sigh escaped her bosom; conscious of it, and unwilling her fair companion should suspect her real feelings, she approached her with smiles, and proposed retiring for the night. This was what Cava wished; her harassed soul required repose. Zulima attended them to their respective apartments, where they found all that luxury and taste could give for their accommodation.

Zulima kindly wished them peaceful slumbers, and, unseen by Zamora, as she withdrew, turned to Cava, and placed her finger on her lips. The princess, understanding her meaning, made her a sign that she did so; and the delightful hope of finding a friend where she so little expected to meet one, in some measure tranquillized her mind; and with fervent prayers for the safety and happiness of those she loved, she closed her beauteous eyes in calm repose,

“And slept until the dawning beam,  
Purpled the mountain and the stream.”

END OF VOL. I.

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CAVA OF TOLEDO.

A ROMANCE.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

CAVA OF TOLEDO;

or,

The Gothic Princess.

A ROMANCE.

*IN FIVE VOLUMES*

*BY*

AUGUSTA AMELIA STUART,

AUTHOR OF

LUDOVICO'S TALE; THE ENGLISH BROTHERS; EXILE  
OF PORTUGAL, &c. &c.

Fierce wars, and faithful loves,  
And truth severe, in fairy fiction drest.

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## CAVA DE TOLEDO.

### CHAP. I.

A BRILLIANT sun had spread cheerfulness over the castle of Aleanzar, long before its fair inhabitants awoke from the peaceful slumbers of the night. Nature had fashioned them in her most perfect mould, and their souls were suited to the beauteous forms which enclosed them; but inexorable fate, whom neither the power of beauty, nor the qualities of the mind, can soften, was a niggard in the gift of happiness—both had their sorrows; both looked back on their past life with grief—on their future with little hope: at the present moment, they found consolation in each other's society; each wished to unburthen her heart to a sympathizing friend; each timidly shrunk from acknowledging all that passed in that tender heart. In this disposition they sought each other, as soon as they were ready to leave their apartments.

Cava, on unclosing her eyes, thought of the words Zulima had the night before addressed to her, and expected her appearance in her chamber; but no Zulima came; a ready young slave prepared every thing necessary to her toilet, and attended her with respect and assiduity. She pondered on Zulima's words, and her caution in making use of them.

"Surely," said she, mentally, "this woman cannot mean to deceive me; her countenance is benevolent, her manner soft and engaging; but is she not devoted to Aleanzar? Will she give me either her pity or assistance, if they militate against his wishes? at all events, I will act with prudence, and not mention what has passed to Zamora."

In this frame of mind she met the young Moor in the gallery, where Zulima had prepared their morning repast. A message from Aleanzar was delivered to his fair guests, assuring them that they might, without molestation, enjoy the morning, either in the castle or the surrounding grounds; they had nothing to dread; no human footstep should intrude on their walks. He also requested permission to attend them at the evening banquet; when that was over, they should command whatever entertainment they chose within the castle: or they could inhale the fresh evening breeze in some fragrant bower, or among the rocks that bounded the pleasure-grounds. To do any thing but acquiesce in what the prince proposed was impossible; he asked nothing improper to be complied with, and he was all-powerful.

Cava and the lovely Moor availed themselves of the liberty allowed them to spend their mornings as they pleased. Zulima had many occupations in the palace during the day; and the princess found it was in vain for her to expect a private conversation with her till she chose to make an opportunity, though she most anxiously wished to question the Moor on the import of her words; and she now determined on finding, if possible, from Zamora, what was her situation, and also Zulima's in the castle.

The young friends (for friends they soon became) remained in the palace during the sultry hours, where they could not breathe a wish for any thing but ready slaves presented it; placed in the gallery, they found materials for embroidery, and different instruments of music. Zamora, smiling, said, she believed Aleanzar was possessed of the ring of Solomon, and commanded a genii.

“Would,” cried Cava, “I could command one! he should instantly convey me to my father’s palace.”

“Unkind Cava,” replied the Moor, “how hard you have rendered your heart towards Aleanzar! What a happy lot would your’s be, could you look upon him in the light he deserves! Is there a being in the world but yourself who could reject him?”

These words had scarcely passed the lips of the beautiful Moor, when she appeared in the utmost confusion, at the vehemence with which she had spoken. The princess saw her embarrassment, but appeared not to notice it; and taking up a lute that lay near her, she touched it with her light fingers, and playing a melancholy air, accompanied it with her voice; the song was artless, simple, and melodious, and sunk into the soul. Zamora was charmed; she praised it without envy; and Cava offered to teach her the words and tune. Zamora, delighted, snatched the lute, and soon shewed herself a scholar worthy of such a mistress.

The violent heat of the morning was past, and wishing to breathe a purer air than that of a room, Cava proposed quitting the castle for the garden. Enveloped in their large veils, they wandered from walk to walk, from bower to bower, when perceiving a winding path that led to the top of a craggy rock that hung over the bay, Cava asked Zamora to ascend it with her. “We must,” said she, “have an enchanting view from it; is it not so, Zamora?”

“I know not,” answered the Moor; “I never ascended it.”

Cava looked surprised, and asked, “Have you not lived here a long time?”

“I have chiefly lived here since Aleanzar resided in Africa, except when we inhabited the cottage to which you were brought: but,” added the fair Moor, smiling, “this place was not what it now is when I last saw it. When I got within the arch the day of our arrival, I scarcely recognised the castle of Aleanzar, and the pleasure-grounds. Do you not recollect, Cava, the inscription over the door in the gallery?—‘That it was embellished by the hand of love, and for you?’ This is exactly true. These bowers, these walks, are new; these aromatic shrubs, these gay parterres, that appear like enchantment to me, are all the work of love. The inside of the castle is still more changed; and could you have seen it in its pristine state, you would have said as I did, that Aleanzar could command a genii. But why do I seek in the regions of fancy?” cried Zamora, with a blush; “is not love the power that rules all beneath the sun? animated and inanimate nature feels its potent influence, and submits to its controul; can we then doubt its power?”

Here she was silent: Cava mused, and answered not, but slowly ascended the winding path that led up the rock.

Arrived about middle way, they found a seat constructed in a rustic manner, but commodious, covered over head by the shelter of thick trees from the summer sun, and surrounded with rose-bushes and odoriferous plants. The spot in itself was sequestered; and seated here, the fair friends became invisible to the prying eye of mortal. The scene that lay before them was extensive and beautiful. To the right they had a full view of the delicious garden, with the castle in perspective. The mountains covered with wood, which enclosed this charming abode, added grandeur and beauty, without giving gloom to the prospect. On the left the bay, with its glittering waves, gave animation and brilliancy to the scene; and the light skiffs that were continually gliding over its smooth



bosom, or labouring on its agitated waters, presented a moving picture, of which the charmed spectator could never tire.

The young friends here took possession of the rustic seat, as if by mutual consent, though both were silent. Zamora placed her elbows on her knees, and leaning her head on her hands, seemed lost in thought, and sighed heavily.

Cava, whose thoughts had quitted this earthly paradise, to wander over bloody fields with her father and Alonzo, was roused from her musing by the deep sighs of the young Moor; and gently taking her hand, she said, "Dear Zamora, why this sorrow? If you think me worthy of your friendship, reveal to me, I beseech you, the cause of your grief; if I cannot relieve your woe, I may at least speak comfort."

While she spoke she beheld tears trickle through the fingers of the charming Moor, while she concealed her face with her hands.

Cava's tenderness appeared to comfort her; and raising her head, and wiping with her veil the tears that had dimmed her brilliant eyes, she answered—"I sensibly feel, charming princess, the interest you take in the sorrow that at this moment I could not suppress; a train of thought produced it: the reflection of what I once was, and what I now am, struck so forcibly on my mind, that tears flowed involuntarily. Excuse the pain I have given you—let us return to the castle; I will endeavour to be more cheerful."

"No, Zamora," replied the princess, "we will not return to the castle; the air here is delicious; the view beneath not only charms the sight, but I find it soothes the mind; let us continue here and enjoy it. Lay open to me, Zamora, the troubles of your soul; though to mitigate them may exceed my power, of this be assured, I shall partake them, and feel for you as I should do for a sister. I will also recount to you my past life, my own present griefs, and you will then find that your lot is not half so dreadful as your friend's. Zamora, whatever felicity is given to men on earth, it never yet was unmixed; to bear with patience and resignation those ills decreed to us by a Divine Power, raises us from mortals, and even here places us next to angels. Minds free from guilt, under every misfortune, find a secret satisfaction that virtue alone can give. Conscious of not deserving a wayward fate, the innocent heart looks to great rewards for every affliction it meets through life. The present gloom will be changed to celestial light; and we shall rejoice at all we suffered here."

While Cava spoke, she raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and her form appeared seraphic. Had a painter sketched her figure at the moment, it would have been the finest picture of religion that could have been portrayed. Zamora gazed at her with delight and astonishment. She did not interrupt her while her soul seemed wrapped in heaven; but when she was silent, the Moor said—"If you wish, Cava, to know the history of my past short life, there is no better place than the one we are in, for me to relate the misfortunes of it. Alas! all you say is true. As you spoke and looked at this moment, you reminded me of my beloved mother; your sentiments are those I have heard fall from her tongue. Wretched daughter! who lost her too early in life to make the advantage I might have done of her many, many virtues."

Here she paused; and Cava said, "I have heard Aleazar call you sister, Zamora; do you really stand in that degree of relationship to him?"

"Alas! no," replied Zamora, her colour changing, and a tear starting to her eye, "the prince honours me with the fond appellation, but, alas! I am only his slave."

"His slave!" cried Cava, starting, "his slave! Is it possible?"

“Listen to me,” replied Zamora, “and you will soon be acquainted with my misfortunes, and with the excellent heart of Aleanzar. Oh Cava! how little do you know the value of that heart!—but I see your impatience, and will not disappoint it.

“My eyes first opened on the light in a splendid palace that belonged to my father in Damascus. He was the first subject, and chief favourite of the present caliph, father to the prince Aleanzar. My father and the caliph had been bred together; and it appeared, that from their early years the caliph considered Mustapha (for so was my father called) as a brother. They were scarcely ever separated; and their studies and pleasures were the same. The caliph became a reigning prince at an early age, and wished Mustapha to fill one of the first offices in the state; but this he strongly objected to. He told the caliph he would lead his troops to battle, but he would never enter into the intrigues of a court. He was immensely rich, by the fortune my grandfather had left him, and also by the bounty of the caliph; he had therefore no wish to accumulate more treasure than he knew what to do with. Naturally of a retired disposition, mild and virtuous, he sought not a crowd to drown reflection.

“When he was not with the caliph, he mostly spent his time at his own palace, which, from its situation at the extremity of the city, and from the extensive grounds belonging to it, equalled any of the royal palaces, and was almost a paradise. My father was more addicted to learning than those of our nation generally are; he was fond of strangers, and, I may say, picked up from others all the learning of the known world. All the merchants, pilgrims, and travellers, that came to Damascus, if worth notice, were entertained at his house. An Egyptian, who, from his wisdom, was reputed by the vulgar to be deep in magic, was a great favourite with Mustapha, who laughed at what was said, and never took the trouble of contradicting it. The caliph, in disguise, and alone, often spent whole days with my father at his palace, where he could with freedom enjoy himself, and the company of wise and experienced men of all nations, who knew not that they were conversing with the caliph; and he, in this way, heard truths that never could otherwise have come to his ears. The Egyptian became as great a favourite with the caliph as he was with my father. He instructed them both in astronomy; and they have often spent whole nights in Mustapha’s garden, attending to his lectures on the heavenly bodies. Sesostriis, the Egyptian, knew not the caliph; he believed him a friend of Mustapha’s, and about the person of the prince.

“In some time, the courtiers began to murmur at the high favour my father was in. The envious and fearful spirit that prevails in courts persuaded them, that Mustapha aimed at possessing himself of the sole power of the state, at the very moment he refused that power with which the caliph anxiously wished to invest him.

“What have I,” said my father to the prince, “what have I to desire more than I enjoy? free from the weight of government, I have the happiness, in our private hours, of calling the greatest and the best of men my friend. With you I enjoy those tranquil and elegant pleasures, only to be found in the company of the wise and enlightened men, which my ample fortune gives me the power of drawing to my palace. Permit me, my gracious master, to refuse those honours your friendship would load me with; they might exalt me in the eye of the world, of which I wish not to attract the envy. Your friendship exalts me in my own mind; it gives me, united to the other blessings I enjoy, all the happiness I wish on earth.

The caliph smiled on my father; he, great as he was, felt flattered by the strong attachment such a superior man as Mustapha had to him, and he said, 'Act, Mustapha, as best suits your inclinations; I leave you free will; and till your heart is warmed by love, I firmly believe affection to your prince will entirely occupy it.'

'It will for ever occupy it,' answered my father; 'love is out of the question; I can admire beauty, without being subjugated by it—it must be something more than a lovely form that could win my heart; and our women are only grown children; the confinement they live in keeps them in such ignorance, that they can only be agreeable as the companions of an idle hour.'

'I once thought as you do, Mustapha,' answered the caliph, 'and have seen my seraglio filled with beauties, whose charms faded when I took the smallest pains to investigate their minds: eat up with vanity, without any knowledge but that of displaying their persons to advantage, or a wish but to impose on their lovers, their silly conversation soon disgusted me; and I often left the apartments of the women, convinced it was a truth that the sex were devoid of souls; but my charming sultana Ariana has convinced me I was mistaken; I look on her as a perfect being—but you, Mustapha, shall not rest the belief of her perfections on me; you shall judge for yourself; I must carry you this night to sup with her, and you will then allow I am as fortunate in love as in friendship.'

'Mustapha bowed in gratitude to the prince, and was pleased that his curiosity would be gratified by having a near view of the sultana; and on the caliph's account, he wished to find her as amiable as a lover had represented her.

'Ariana was from Persia; she was of royal blood, and had been united to the caliph three years before this conversation of the prince with Mustapha. My father had never seen her but from the window of the caliph's private apartment, once that he happened to be there as the sultana was walking in the gardens of the palace; and though he saw she was very beautiful, and heard she was very amiable, he knew nothing more of her.

'The evening came, and Mustapha only waited for a signal to attend the caliph. I have often heard him say, he never felt as he did for an hour before the appointed time—by turns his spirits sunk and rose. He wished to attend the prince; he wished to see the princess; yet was it wise, or safe, to do so? She was lovely; should he be struck with her beauty and merit, and give them both due praise, might not jealousy shed its venom into the heart of the caliph? should he appear indifferent when his master wished him to praise, might he not offend? This very night, might not the friend be lost in the prince? Mustapha dreaded the result of the visit; 'yet,' thought he, 'what have I to fear? Not love, for it is, I believe, foreign to my nature. Not the caprices of the caliph surely, for he has none to me.'

'At length the moment approached when his attendance was expected, and, with a mixture of hope and fear, pleasure and pain, he followed the caliph to the apartments of Ariana. On their entrance, the sultana rose, and lowered her veil. The caliph darted forward, appeared enchanted to see her, though it was not many hours since he had visited her; and introducing Mustapha, as the friend he had so often mentioned to her, he said he had brought him to partake of their evening's repast. He himself raised her veil, and throwing it over her brilliant tiara, and letting it fall on her graceful shoulders, he gave an exulting look at Mustapha.

“The face of the modest Persian was covered with blushes; but she sweetly smiled on the caliph, and seemed only desirous of his admiration.

“Mustapha was astonished at her perfect beauty, and more at the little value she seemed to set on it; he made a sign to the caliph to express his wonder.

“The delight the prince seemed to feel, and the charming and unaffected manners of Ariana, set my father perfectly at ease. Refreshments were brought, and agreeable conversation ensued. Mustapha talked of Persia, with which he was acquainted in his youth; and the sultana, highly pleased that the conversation turned on her own country, was eloquent in her description of it, and in her praise; and my father was soon convinced she was not without a soul.

“When they retired for the night, the caliph declared he had never spent so delightful an evening; and told his favourite he should soon bring his friend to pay her another visit, and talk to her of her native country.

“Ariana was mother to the prince Aleanzar, who was then entering his third year, and the caliph’s only son.

“My father, on re-entering his own palace, flew to the retirement of his chamber. Delightful as the evening had been to him, he began to wish he had not beheld the sultana. Her image, and her fascinating conversation, dwelt on his mind. She was the only woman he had ever seen that he thought worth conversing with. Her form was perfect; and in his idea she went beyond human nature. He felt rejoiced she was the wife of his friend; but he thought that friend imprudent, in introducing even him to her acquaintance. He could not believe himself in love with her, but it was dangerous often to see so fascinating an object; he might lose his peace of mind in contemplating her perfections; and he determined to avoid so sad an evil. He therefore, under different pretences, excused himself from accompanying the caliph when he spent his evenings in the sultana’s apartments.

“One evening, the early part of which the caliph had devoted to the Egyptian and Mustapha, on leaving the palace, he whispered the latter to follow him in a short time, as he would take no excuse for his not giving him some hours in Ariana’s apartments. ‘I insist on your not disappointing me,’ said the prince. ‘You also must be as agreeable as I know you can make yourself: the sultana’s spirits are low; our son Aleanzar has been dreadfully ill; and is only this day pronounced out of danger; his life has been preserved to us by the care and tenderness, I hear, of one of the young slaves in the palace. I am not yet informed of the particulars, but we shall hear it all from the sultana. She has suffered much on her child’s account. To amuse her, I have desired musicians and dancers to attend, and ordered a banquet, at which we must be gay.’

“The command of following him was so positive from the caliph, that Mustapha found it impossible to frame an excuse; and bowing with his hand placed on his breast, and then on his forehead, having shewn his master to the private door by which he always entered the palace, he returned to prepare for the banquet. Mustapha was then one of the handsomest men in Syria, and the most insinuating in manners and address. His fine countenance, full of intelligence, instantly declared his excellent understanding; and such goodness was expressed in every feature, that it might with truth be said, ‘you could read his heart in his face.’ Dressed for the occasion, and in a habit suited to his rank, he was at the door of the caliph’s private apartment at the appointed hour, and attended him to the sultana.

“As Mustapha entered the outer apartments, he perceived the most magnificent preparations for the reception of the caliph. Music was heard from the inner rooms; all they passed through were splendidly illuminated, and decorated in the most fanciful manner; odours breathed around, and the luxury of a seraglio was fully displayed: slaves in magnificent habits threw open the doors of Ariana’s apartment; and, arrayed in splendid attire, decorated with a thousand gems, and beautiful as an houri, she advanced to receive the sultan, and rejoice with him on the recovery of their beloved Aleanzar. Joy beamed in her eyes; yet it was visible from her looks that she had suffered much for her son’s illness. Her distress of mind had not impaired her beauty; it had only softened it, and rendered her a thousand times more enchanting. So thought Mustapha; and from that hour, his respect for the tender mother overbalanced his admiration for the lovely woman: and ever did the sultana support this character; she was always the most excellent of mothers. She received my father with pleasure, declaring she had often wished him to accompany the caliph. My father stammered out an excuse, and Ariana said, with her enchanting smile, ‘I am glad you are unoccupied this evening, as I wish the caliph particularly to enjoy it, and I am sensible the want of your society would be an alloy to his pleasures.’

“Highly flattered by this compliment, my father could only bow; he had no words to express his thanks.

“The caliph, his favourite, and Mustapha, having taken their seats, coffee and sweetmeats, as is the custom, were presented; and musicians and dancers were introduced, and performed the first act of their piece; and during the intervals (for it was a sort of drama they represented,) Ariana gave the caliph some account of the state that Aleanzar had been in, and how near they were to losing him; then turning to Mustapha, she said—‘My friend, you must join me in a petition to the caliph; I know he can refuse you nothing; and my heart is so interested in what I am about to ask, that I must take every means in my power not to be denied.’

“My father was confounded. He was about to reply, when the caliph, diverted with his embarrassment, said archly, ‘Ariana, I see Mustapha has no inclination to oblige you; he declines asking any favour for you; he has something, perhaps, to ask for himself, and won’t waste his interest for you.’

“My father’s embarrassment was not lessened by this speech; but soon perceiving the caliph was in jest, he declared his silence had proceeded from the humble opinion he had of himself, and the temerity it would have shown, could he have thought of asking a favour for herself.’

“You are perfectly right, Mustapha,’ replied the caliph, laughing; ‘I would not believe even my Ariana, should she say she feared a disappointment in any wish I could gratify. I swear to you, by our prophet, my sultana, to grant you any thing you desire, be it what it may; and I also promise you, Mustapha, to grant the first favour you shall ask me.’

“The sultana appeared highly gratified, and Mustapha replied, ‘He had only to ask the continuance of that friendship his gracious prince had so long honoured him with.’

“The dancers now returned to the saloon, and the entertainment continued for some time. Between the close and the sitting down to the banquet, Ariana asked the caliph if he remembered a fair captive that had been brought to his seraglio some weeks back?

‘I do,’ answered he; ‘I remember a very beautiful creature that was sent me a present by a corsair, that had formerly been under some obligations to me; I have never seen her, Ariana, since the day of her arrival; you know I sent her to you, supposing you might like to have her about your person; her amiable disposition and good sense, I was told, rendered her a delightful companion; and I knew my charming Ariana would even like her for the exquisite beauty she possessed, and, by her kindness, render slavery not oppressive.’

‘You have, perhaps, too good an opinion of me,’ returned Ariana, smiling. ‘Is it in the nature of woman not to envy the beauty of Elvira? could you have known the dread I had of her, you would never have made me such a present.’

‘Mustapha stood in astonishment at this speech, and the caliph, appearing distressed, cried, ‘What could my Ariana dread from her slave? if she has dared to offend you, her punishment shall be exemplary; bring her before me; from my lips shall she receive a sentence suited to her crime.’

‘Ariana, taking the caliph’s hand, said, ‘I will bring Elvira before you; from your lips she shall receive the reward her conduct merits: but first tell me, I beseech you, how it was possible, when you first saw her, you could escape her snares?’

‘Her snares!’ replied the caliph; ‘who do you mean? Elvira appeared artless and innocent as yourself: speak plainly, my Ariana; in what has she offended?’

‘I shall relate every thing that has passed,’ said the sultana, ‘and then you shall yourself judge what reason I had to fear her. She was brought into my apartments, as a present from you; Aleanzar was sitting on my knees when she entered; she bowed meekly to me, and seemed much dejected. I raised my eyes to look at her, and jealousy in a moment laid hold on my heart; I thought it was impossible you could see her without feeling the effect of her charms, for, in my opinion, she is the most perfectly beautiful creature I ever beheld. I was so struck, I sat gazing at her without saying a word. She was standing in the middle of the saloon, surrounded by many handsome slaves, but near her all their beauty faded, and on her only could the eye rest with pleasure: for the moment I was terrified; I believed she would enslave you, and I saw my own happiness wrecked. I looked so earnestly at Elvira that she was confused. I perceived her colour fade, and instantly return more brilliant than before: her agitation increased, and willing to save her and myself farther pain, I called to a slave to conduct her from my presence, when Aleanzar, leaping from my knee, ran towards her, crying, ‘No, no; she shall not go!’ and seizing fast hold on her robe, nothing would satisfy him till she took him in her arms; when folding his little arms round her neck, he kissed her a thousand times, stroking and patting her cheek. I sat in amaze at the child; it was in vain to call him—he would not quit her. She pressed the infant fearfully to her bosom, and I saw a tear trickle down her cheek. I then conceived myself the most cruel of human beings to harden my heart against so lovely and harmless a creature, and one who, from her present situation, must be unhappy. I ordered Zulima, Aleanzar’s nurse, to be called, and to her only would he go from the beautiful slave. I then determined to be kind to her, but to keep her from your presence, if possible (the caliph smiled). In a little time I began to love her as a sister. She related to me all her past life; how she came to be taken at sea, and how brought here. I found a thousand charms in her—nothing to disapprove. We passed most of our hours together, when you were not in my apartments. Aleanzar’s fondness for her increased, and her chief pleasure seemed to be in instructing him and playing with him. Some days

since, he fell most desperately ill. Zulima and Elvira were his constant attendants; his case, you know, was pronounced infectious and desperate; Zulima caught the fever, and was obliged to be removed; all the slaves were terrified, and would scarcely enter his apartment. Grief oppressed me to so great a degree, that I was incapable of any exertion; and you, mighty caliph, whom I should have looked to for comfort, were on a distant journey, employed on business of consequence to your kingdom.

‘Aleanzar could not bear that Elvira should be a moment from him; day and night she was at his bedside; she watched him with the tenderness of a mother; she gave him all his medicines, all his food. With the utmost good sense, she regulated every thing in his apartment. She despised danger, if she could but save his life; and she comforted me with her utmost assurance that he would do well: her prophesy has been fulfilled; Aleanzar is now perfectly recovered, only a little weak; a few days, I am assured, will entirely restore our dear boy to his usual strength; and to Elvira we owe our present happiness. Shall I then ask too much, mighty caliph, when I request freedom for the lovely Elvira, and that she may be sent in safety to her own country, enriched by our bounty?’

‘Nothing can be too much for you to ask for, Elvira, or for me to grant,’ answered the caliph. ‘Whatever her beauty may be, and I suppose it great, my Ariana’s heart may be at peace. Mine is too full of her image, for any other to find room there. Elvira, from this moment, is free, is rich, and at liberty to remain in Damascus or return to her own country with a safe convoy; but I rather hope you will have power to detain her here.’

‘I hope so too,’ answered the sultana; ‘I should be unworthy your favour, if I had now any doubt of that affection of which I have so long proved the sincerity, and which has made the charm of my life.’

‘Mustapha was highly gratified in being a witness to the domestic felicity of his friend—a felicity that so seldom falls to the lot of the great. He secretly wished to see the fair captive whose charms had power to alarm Ariana, as he thought she could never equal the beauty of that princess. While he was thus contemplating, the sultana made a sign to one of the slaves. The door of an inner apartment was thrown open, and Elvira entered. Ariana rose, and, taking her hand, presented her to the caliph, who expressed, in the warmest terms, his thanks for her conduct towards his son; and Ariana took that moment to assure her of her freedom, and a fortune large enough for all her wishes.

‘The fair slave, with the utmost gratitude and modesty, received all the favours bestowed upon her; and the sultana, having presented Mustapha to her, as the dearest friend of the caliph, insisted on Elvira’s making one of the party, and placed her on a cushion next herself.

‘The caliph whispered Ariana she had not exaggerated the charms of her young friend, and, notwithstanding, his heart was safe. Not so my father’s; when Elvira entered, his doom was fixt; he was in a moment gone an age in love: he had gazed in wonder on the sultana, her beauty had astonished him, but Elvira’s was felt in the inmost recesses of his soul; he was spellbound; he scarcely knew where he was. He beheld before him the most fascinating being upon earth; and he felt convinced, if he could not obtain her love, he must be from that hour a miserable man. He sat in silence, not unmarked by the caliph, who had spoken twice to him without being heard, so deeply was his mind engaged. He was soon relieved from his stupor by a summons to the banquet. The caliph led the sultana to the table, and desired Mustapha to attend to the fair Elvira. He was not deaf to this command; and having seated the chosen of his heart, he placed himself next her. The

caliph, in his private hours, ever encouraged cheerfulness and freedom of conversation; the modesty, good sense, and noble manners of Elvira, delighted every one. Mustapha's eyes were rivetted on her; and both the caliph and his favourite saw how deeply he was enamoured: in short, half the night was spent by those four charming people, with unmixed pleasure. No envy, malice, or detraction, poisoned those delightful hours; and when my father left the royal palace to return to his own, all his thoughts and affections remained with Elvira.

"The caliph and Ariana, who had not been blind to the new-born passion of Mustapha, resolved to encourage it, both to make him happy, and to retain at Damascus their lovely captive. Many evenings were devoted to the same pleasures; and now the willing Mustapha followed the caliph, without hesitation, to the seraglio; and his fondness for Elvira daily increasing, he sought an opportunity of declaring his passion, and offering her his hand.

"Elvira was not insensible to the merits of my father; she secretly loved him; but she was a Christian, and feared an union with a worshipper of Mahomet. With tears she rejected his suit, and requested to be immediately allowed to depart from Syria. Mustapha was distracted; the pleasures of society were lost to him. He no more invited strangers to his palace; he admitted no one but the Egyptian, who seeing him totally changed, and fearing he might fall into a dangerous state of health, persuaded him to make his sorrows known to him. Mustapha was for a long time silent on his cause of grief, but overcome by the tenderness of his friend, he at last opened his heart, and discovered to him, that it was the caliph who visited him in secret, and whom the Egyptian had found so agreeable and rational a companion. He divulged his love for the beautiful Elvira, and where he had first beheld her; the declaration he had made of his passion, and her refusal of him.

"The Egyptian listened to all he said, but was thoughtful and distressed. At length he broke silence—'My friend, fear not that you will lose Elvira; if she is as amiable as you represent her, and her heart is free, she cannot see you with indifference, and will yet be yours.'

"Is it possible?" cried Mustapha; 'is such bliss reserved for me? You are wise, Sesostri; you almost see into futurity; I will believe your predictions may be verified.'

"I see," answered Sesostri, 'that a different faith is the only bar to your happiness; offer her the free exercise of her religion; keep your own worship—intrude not on her's, and you may live in comfort.'

"Mustapha, elated, resolved to make this proposal to Elvira; and interesting the caliph on his side, felt himself secure of the sultana's taking an active part, and advising her young friend to so honourable a marriage. These bright prospects, which my father had painted in the most glaring colours, exhilarated his spirits; but the Egyptian's gaiety was gone; he appeared oppressed and melancholy; and on my father's noticing the change, his answer was, 'My dear Mustapha, I grieve not for myself; it is for you my heart is sad; raised to the pinnacle of happiness, you soon will have nothing more to wish in this lower world; but fortune is unstable. The minds of princes undergo sudden and frightful changes; and friendship is nothing with them, if the supporting it requires the smallest effort. At present you rank high in the favour of the caliph, and I have too good an opinion of him not to think his heart sincere. I cannot, however, but dread a tempest for you. Neither the people, nor the court, will allow you long to enjoy unmolested your enviable situation. A prince's favourite is generally abhorred; and inoffensive conduct



will not always render a man secure. I know you well, my friend; your pure mind, your upright conduct, will not save you from the machinations of the interested and the wicked. I grieve that the caliph distinguishes you by these nocturnal visits, and I beseech you, endeavour to make them less frequent. I must soon leave you, Mustapha; urgent business calls me into my own country. My best affections remain with you; may we again meet happy.'

"My father was truly grieved at the idea of losing the society of a man he so highly valued; he saw it was his fears drove him from Damascus; and he heartily repented having made the discovery he had done, of the caliph's visits. All he could obtain of the Egyptian was, that he would not quit Damascus till he was either sure of possessing, or of losing Elvira; declaring, should she persist in rejecting him, he would bid adieu to the caliph and his country, and travel with his friend for some years, or at least till his heart was reconciled to its disappointment.

'That,' cried the Egyptian, 'would be the wisest plan to act upon; but you will not be put to the trial; Elvira will be your's.'

"Not to dwell too long, my dear Cava, on this part of my story, and by so doing tire your patience, I will pass over the tedious days that Mustapha spent in endeavouring to reconcile Elvira to an union with him. She truly loved him; they were suited in every thing but their faith, and that for a long time prevented the accomplishment of my father's wishes. Every argument was used by the caliph and Ariana, in favour of Mustapha, but love was the chief advocate in the breast of Elvira. On being perfectly assured of the free exercise of the Christian religion, she consented to be the wife of Mustapha; they were united in the presence of the prince and sultana; and my father carried his beauteous prize in triumph to his palace. Their appointments were magnificent, and they lived with the splendour of princes.

"Elvira enjoyed every luxury that the East could give; and Mustapha assured her, that, except the slaves that attended on her person, no woman should ever occupy any part of his palace. He kept his word; and never was man more devoted to a wife. In the first year of their marriage, I was born; in the second, my parents were made happy by the birth of a son. In a short time the Egyptian left Damascus; all that my father could say was of no avail to detain him; and happy as Mustapha was, he grieved much for the loss of his society. The caliph now came seldom to my father's palace, but my parents were often in private at the seraglio.

"The friendship of the charming Ariana increased every hour for my mother, whose health, after the birth of my brother, began visibly to decline; her spirits sunk, and though she seemed to idolize my father, she enjoyed nothing. He often surprised her weeping over my brother and me, who were both educated under her eye, and were constantly taught by her what our tender years made us capable of learning. If I was to judge from what I have since heard, I should think she was wretched that we were brought up in a different religion from herself. Some words she inadvertently dropped persuaded her tender husband that she believed she had committed a crime in marrying a Mahometan, when she had it in her power to have returned to her own country, and again connected herself with Christians. She talked of Spain with enthusiasm; and it was she who instructed me in your language; I learned it from my cradle, and she could not endure my speaking to her in any other.

“Mustapha was now violently abused in Damascus for marrying a Christian, and the caliph condemned for the sanction he gave to it, and for his constant friendship to Mustapha: but nothing so much enraged the courtiers as the fondness of the prince Aleanzar for my mother. Not a day passed but he spent some hours with her; and he was always miserable when that pleasure was denied him.

“In this state things continued till I was in my seventh year, when my excellent and charming mother was almost suddenly snatched from us, at the very moment she gave hopes of being restored to perfect health.

“One evening she had been with my father for some time in the garden of our palace, where, sitting under the shade of some lofty trees, they were amusing themselves with my brother and me; we were playing before them, (still is the scene fresh in my memory); my poor mother rose from her seat, and was coming towards us, when she was seized with sudden weakness; my father, perceiving her stagger, sprung forward to support her, when falling into his arms, and giving him a fond and last look, she expired on his bosom.

“His agitation was so dreadful, he could scarcely support my dying mother till the slaves, attracted by our screams, ran to his assistance. They carried Mustapha, almost as lifeless as Elvira, into the palace. He was restored to us, but she was gone for ever.

“I felt at the time all a child of my age could feel; alas! I knew not my irreparable loss. My wretched father was inconsolable; instead of mitigating his affliction, the sight of my brother and myself threw him into agonies not to be believed. The caliph shewed the same friendship he had ever done for some time after this melancholy event; but princes soon grow weary of those who can no longer amuse them. Our palace was now a house of sorrow, and his visits became less frequent. My father was too much absorbed in grief to be sensible of the change.

“Aleanzar, who was then in his thirteenth year, and who deeply mourned the loss of one he had loved from infancy as a mother, often spent hours with Mustapha, and would not be persuaded to relinquish his society, though there were many who endeavoured to change his dispositions towards our family; and they insinuated many things against my father, and the deceased Christian, (as they called Elvira), to which Aleanzar would never lend an ear.

“Things were in this state, when, some time after the death of my mother, the Egyptian made his appearance at Damascus. He took up his abode at the palace of his friend; and his society and conversation was now all that appeared to please Mustapha, or give any respite to his grief. Sesostrius gave every hour of his time to him, and to the instruction of my brother, who was a charming boy.

“The increasing coldness of the caliph was soon visible; and the excuses he made for it rendered it more mortifying. He told my father he refrained from visiting him as he was accustomed to do, from the fear he had of bringing him to ruin, as the discontent was now so universal for the favour he had always shewn him; and he ended a studied speech by declaring his heart should always be the same, though his countenance of him might not appear so conspicuous to the world.

“My father was not the dupe of such artifice, though his mind was too great for him to appear hurt; and he only requested he might not be deprived of the visits of the prince Aleanzar. This was a favour that could not be refused. A year passed away: the

prince grew fond of the Egyptian; he came every day to our palace; and he owes much of the knowledge he possesses to the instructions of my father and Sesostris.

"I was now too old to be brought into the company of men, and I seldom for a moment beheld Aleanzar; he had always given me the tender appellation of sister, and whenever by chance we met, he still continued to give it me.

"But I am now coming to the most dreadful part of my wretched life," cried Zamora: "how will my sad heart be torn in relating the remainder of my unhappy story!" Here she burst into a passion of tears, and sobs almost suffocated her.

Cava, alarmed at her grief, cried— "You shall not relate it to me then; I will not be made acquainted with it at so dear a rate; I will hear no more; dear Zamora, suppress this affliction; or I shall never forgive myself for having caused it. Let me rather be for ever a stranger to the past, than thus wring your heart."

Zamora, relieved by the free vent she had given to her tears, replied— "Bear with me, Cava; for the present I am unable to proceed; memory has brought too strongly a dreadful scene to remembrance; but, sure of your sympathy, to-morrow in this spot I will unburthen my heart of all its sorrows. I shall find consolation in doing so; my mind is social, my heart open to that friendship you so kindly tender: let us now return to the castle; or, should you wish it, we can prolong our walk under the shade of yon tall trees."

Cava acquiesced in the last proposal; and descending the rock, they found the walk Zamora had pointed out so pleasant that they continued in it some time; both had fallen into a train of thought, and were long silent, when Cava said— "I now no longer wonder, Zamora, at your speaking the language of Spain as you do, since you learned it in all its purity from your charming mother. You mentioned that Spain was her country, and that she spoke of it with enthusiasm."

"She ever did," answered Zamora. "It was from Spain she was coming when she was taken at sea by a corsair. She was an only daughter; and her father, who was of very high rank among the Goths, was going to Constantinople, to secure a large patrimony left him in that city by a very near relation. He could not bring himself to part with my mother, for the length of time he intended being absent from Spain, and therefore determined on carrying her with him on his voyage. He was killed in defending her when the vessel was captured; and I think he was fortunate to die; had he lived, he must have been sold as a slave."

"You say he was noble, Zamora; to what family did he belong?"

"He was of Toledo," answered the fair Moor, "and nephew to king Witiza."

"To king Witiza!" cried Cava, with astonishment.

"Yes, to king Witiza. Why are you so surprised? Do you know that unfortunate family?"

"I should know them well, since my mother was sister to the king; and though the recollection of my unhappy family gives a pang to my heart, yet, my dear Zamora, I have real joy in being so nearly related to you as I now find I am; our hearts acknowledged the relationship, before we were ourselves conscious of it."

Zamora was so surprised, so pleased, she could only answer the princess by an affectionate embrace, when they were joined by Zulima, who, informing them of the lateness of the hour, and that the bath was ready, the fair friends took the nearest path to the castle, delighted with the discovery they had made, and professing that tender regard their sincere hearts felt. So long had they remained on the rock, and so interesting had

their conversation been, that they knew not the many hours they had spent together; and they found they had but a little time to prepare for their evening's repast, at which they were to meet Aleanzar.

It is needless to repeat the arguments he made use of to render Cava satisfied with her captivity, and how anxiously he studied to diversify her amusements. She entreated for her freedom; he adroitly evaded her request, still leaving her room to hope she might shortly obtain it.

The fair friends made no secret to the prince of their near relationship, and this gave an opportunity to Aleanzar to speak of Elvira, which he did in the tenderest manner; and turning to the Gothic princess, he said— "Except yourself, never was any human being so lovely as Elvira; her nature, as well as her form, was perfection; and your relationship accounts to me for the striking likeness I perceived in the daughter of count Julian to the regretted Elvira, the first day I had the happiness of beholding her."

Cava blushed deeply at such praise from one she wished not to estimate her so highly.

Zamora heard those praises; her heart grew sick—she was confused, and felt a misery she endeavoured to conceal.

## CHAP. II.

MANY days now passed before the friends could again visit the recess in the rock, where Zamora was to finish the history of her past life. Zulima seemed to avoid any private conversation with Cava, though she paid her every possible attention; and the princess began to doubt her sincerity, and to despair of any assistance from her. She had sounded Zamora, and found that she would sacrifice her life, both to the commands and pleasures of Aleanzar; and though convinced of her attachment to him, she clearly saw there was nothing selfish in it, and that it would only lead its fair victim to seek Aleanzar's happiness, at the risk of losing her own. Cava was determined, if she could possibly accomplish it, to quit the castle; plans for so doing continually occupied her; but conscious that from Zamora she could have no hope of assistance, she carefully concealed her intentions.

One morning that the young Moor and Cava found themselves at perfect liberty to follow their own inclinations, they again sought the recess in the rock, and being seated, Zamora, unasked, resumed the sad story of her life.

"I think," said she, "I had just come to that part of my melancholy tale, where there was a visible falling off in the caliph's affection towards my father, who at the time was so absorbed in grief for the death of my mother, that he did not feel it with the poignancy he would have done at a happier period of his life.

"Sesostris studied, in every way possible, to comfort him for his dreadful loss, and to strengthen his mind against future misfortunes; sensible of the declining favour of Mustapha, he strongly urged him privately to transport his treasures into another country, and by so doing, save them from the hand of rapine. He offered to quit Damascus, and retire with him and his family to any spot upon earth he should choose to inhabit. My father hearkened not to the counsel of his friend—the wretched grow indolent; they generally lose their energy of mind with their happiness; they only behold a future overshadowed with dark clouds, and they are careless to avoid the storm.

"This was my beloved father's case. He was deaf to the wise suggestions of the Egyptian, who too plainly saw what would follow.

"Mustapha well knew the malice of his cruel enemies, and the hatred that had been instilled against him into the minds of the people; but he conceived it a thing impossible, that the caliph could ever give up his innocent, unoffending, unhappy friend, to appease a tumult.

"Aleanzar acted towards him as a son; and through him, the sultana sent a thousand kind and friendly messages. Alas! had this amiable woman survived any time, Mustapha's fate would have been very different from what it turned out. Ariana, in about three years, followed my mother to the grave. The birth of a daughter, who lived but a few hours, terminated her existence, and deprived the caliph of the most charming of women, and Aleanzar of the best of mothers. The grief that reigned in Damascus was unfeigned; and yet this was the moment Mustapha's enemies took to destroy him.

"Sesostris again foretold the storm, and again urged flight for our whole family—but still in vain. The caliph's affliction for Ariana roused my father from the languor into which his own sorrows had plunged him, and he flew to administer comfort to his friend. He was received with renewed affection by the caliph, whose weak mind, now softened

by recent misfortune, was brought back to the contemplation of past hours of friendship, and he appeared anxious as ever for the society of Mustapha. This was the signal of alarm to his enemies; and my father, as he went to, and returned from the residence of the caliph, was shocked to find he was followed with abuse and curses by the people; all declaring it was he who had brought misfortunes into the family of their beloved caliph, by his bad advice on all occasions; by his harbouring a magician in his house, (for such they pretended to believe the Egyptian); and chiefly by giving sanction to the Christian faith, and endeavouring to introduce it among the true believers, by publicly marrying one of that religion. I cannot enumerate all they urged against the worthy and unoffending Mustapha. He had the temper to endeavour to pacify the people, and to justify himself from the falsehoods propagated against him. His eloquence (and no man had a greater share) was all lost on the infatuated multitude. He was not allowed to speak; but was often forced to seek the shelter of his own palace in haste, to bar the gates, and for days together refrain from visiting the caliph.

“At length the arguments of Sesostris prevailed, and determined him to fly. All was prepared; the middle of the night was appointed for our departure; my brother and I, with one faithful domestic only, was to accompany them. The Egyptian, who was a stout man, had, at my father’s desire, loaded himself with many costly jewels, a quantity of fine pearls, and some gold; many of my mother’s jewels were concealed about my person. My mother’s picture, and some trinkets that she had worn, and seemed to prize, were all that my father then was anxious to secure; these he himself took charge of:—I was then in my twelfth year; my brother, a lovely boy, a year younger.—(Have patience with me, Cava; never can I think of that dear brother, and not give a tear to his memory)—this was the last hour in which I saw him, and I think I now behold him. He was beautiful; his fine black eyes, his gay, animated countenance, his delightful, lively, playful disposition, charmed all who saw him; his affectionate heart, the warmth of his feelings, no one could resist; his understanding was far beyond his age, and, cultivated by the worthy Sesostris, he promised to be a prodigy; but alas! I shall never more behold him, or my father’s excellent friend; they may have perished in a foreign land, or be now wretched wanderers on the face of the globe; for since that fatal night I have not only never seen them, but have never been able to discover towards what country they bent their footsteps.”—

Here the sorrowful Moore made a long pause; her very soul was oppressed—she was unable for some time to proceed; and the princess, tenderly sympathizing in her woe, besought her not to continue her story, or at least to postpone the relation to another day.

Zamora, who had hung her head upon her breast, now raised it, saying, while her visage was bathed in tears—“If you wish to be acquainted with my past misfortunes, it must be now, or never; for I find I could not have the courage to resume this fatal history on another day:”—then wiping her beautiful eyes with her veil, she continued—

“We were sitting, my father, my dear brother, the Egyptian, and myself, in the innermost apartment of the palace, and waiting the appointed signal for our departure, from the faithful slave who was to accompany us in our flight, and who had procured a gallery to carry us from Syria for ever—we knew that two or three hours must elapse before we should be able to leave the palace in safety, and unknown, but my father wished to collect us together in time; and he was calmly conversing with the Egyptian on the strange conduct of the caliph towards him, and the instability of all human

friendships, particularly when formed with those of a more exalted rank than our own; and the amiable Mustapha was endeavouring to find out excuses for the changed manners of the caliph, from the fear he had of tumults among the people, and trying to render him less culpable in the eyes of Sesostris, who ever smiled scornfully and sarcastically when the caliph was named—when, at the very moment my ill-used father was warmest in the defence of his alienated friend, an uproar was heard before the gates of the palace, which, for some time, had been strongly barred—the noise and tumult increased—my father’s cheek grew pale; we heard the crash of an outer iron gate; it sounded loud through the palace; the terrified slaves ran to secure the doors.

“My father rose from his seat, and turning to Sesostris, said—‘It is in vain, my friend, that I endeavour to avoid my fate; an evil destiny pursues me. Fly, I beseech you; fly with my children to a place of safety; fly through the garden at the back of the palace—you may still do so.—The cruel caliph deserts me in the hour of need, to gratify the misguided people; I will here stop the messengers of death, while you join my faithful slave, and preserve, by your prudence, those dearer to me than life itself. You have about you treasure that will enable you to live in some happier land: Sesostris, if you ever loved me, be a father to my boy.’

“The wise, the good Sesostris, was agonized; his courage forsook him; he threw himself into Mustapha’s arms—he had no power to tear himself from him. My brother and I clung to my father—he could not shake us off—another crash at the gates, and a dreadful shout appalled us. My father, bursting from us all, stood firm as a rock; then turning to his friend with an undaunted countenance, he cried—‘Sesostris, grant this my last request, and I shall die in peace.—If you wish my blessing,’ tenderly embracing my brother, ‘look on that worthy man as your father, and instantly obey me.’

“Sesostris still lingered; with agony he beheld the scene before him;—he seized my hand and my brother’s, and was forcing us from the apartment, encouraged by my father, when Aleanzar, pale as death, rushed into the saloon.

‘All is over,’ he cried; ‘Mustapha, nothing but your death will appease your enemies; I have no power to protect you; I have been even threatened, as I approached your palace. I have thrown myself at the caliph’s feet in vain. He is in agony at the part he is obliged to act;—not the caliph, but the state, calls for your innocent blood.’

‘And it shall have it, my prince,’ returned my father; ‘but my inoffensive children—Oh! preserve them, Sesostris; linger not thus.’

‘I will, my loved, my lamented friend,’ answered Sesostris; ‘every hour of my future life shall be devoted to them, and to your cherished memory.’

“Then, wringing my father’s hand, he forced us towards the door of the saloon, when, hearing another violent crash in the courts, and thinking the ruffians were coming to murder my father, I sprung from the Egyptian, and flying to my beloved parent, threw myself into his arms, and clasped him round the neck. He wept bitterly; and pressing me to his bosom, had not the power to drive me from him. The dreadful sounds came nearer and nearer. ‘Begone,’ cried Aleanzar to Sesostris; ‘fly with the boy while you can safely do so; I will be answerable for the safety of Zamora.’

“The Egyptian obeyed; and dragged my brother, half dead, from the room.

“I was convulsed; I strained my father close, declaring I would die with him. He argued in vain; I would not quit my hold. He clasped me to his breast, he kissed me a thousand times; and as he placed my mother’s picture (which he always had about him)

in my bosom, he charged me ever to preserve it, and to endeavour to render myself worthy of her.

“Raising his eyes to the prince, who was standing before him, with the deepest expression of sorrow, he cried—‘They will not only be satisfied with my blood, they will destroy this dear resemblance of her Christian mother.’

‘No,’ answered Aleanzar with vehemence, ‘never shall they do so, Mustapha, while I exist. I will not conceal from you that you are sentenced to death—that your wealth is confiscated, and your children are condemned to slavery.’

“My unhappy father started in agony at the word slavery.—Aleanzar continued—‘Your son, I trust, will soon be far from danger; you have consigned him to a real friend, one who will not deceive you. Here, Mustapha, stands as true a one, who will protect your daughter. I will claim her as my slave, but she shall be my sister; as a tender brother will I ever behave towards Zamora: by our Prophet I swear to you, while I exist, I will protect her with my life; what I owe to Elvira is ever in my mind, and I will repay it to her child.’

“He approached my father, and tenderly embraced him. The agonized features of my fond parent assumed a placid appearance; he even smiled, and answered the prince—‘With this assurance I die happy; I die content. May every earthly blessing be showered on you, Aleanzar! you have extracted the poisoned arrow from my heart, with which the caliph pierced it. Happy Mustapha! to have secured two such friends as Aleanzar and Sesostris.’

“These were almost my father’s last words. The ministers of justice at that moment entered the saloon. Even the presence of the prince had no power to stop them. They approached and seized my father. My weak hands could no longer clasp him—my eyes were blasted with the sight of the bowstring, that dreadful instrument of death. I fainted as the murderers approached, and was carried by Aleanzar from the fatal spot. I remembered nothing for some days; strong convulsions seized me; my life was despaired of, and for a time my reason was gone.

“When my senses returned, I was myself in a magnificent bed, and Zulima sitting close to it. Pleased to find me sensible to what was passing round me, she knelt down by me, and assured me I had nothing now to fear; I was in Aleanzar’s palace, and entirely under his protection; that he would guard me with his life; that in future I was to look on his house my home, and on her as a mother. ‘And my father,’ cried I, ‘is my dear father no more?’—and recollecting what had passed, I burst into a flood of tears.

‘My child,’ cried the good Zulima, ‘look not to the past; submit to the will of Heaven. Your kind friend, Sesostris, has escaped with your brother; he overtook your faithful slave, and sailed in safety, and unknown, from Syria.’

‘How are you acquainted with this?’ I asked, thinking she had made the story to comfort me.

‘A trusty messenger brought to Aleanzar the happy tidings,’ replied my kind nurse.

“This intelligence revived my drooping spirits: youth, and a good constitution, brought me from the gates of death: the tender care of Zulima, and the brotherly kindness of the prince, by degrees restored me, not only to peace of mind, but to cheerfulness. It is now four years since this dreadful catastrophe, and, during that time, I have never been



separated one day from Zulima, nor have I lived any where but under Aleanzar's roof, and you see he does not leave me a wish ungratified."

Here a deep sigh, that she had no power to suppress, escaped the fair Moor, but recovering herself, she continued—

"My unhappy father had scarcely breathed his last, when the caliph severely repented having sacrificed his innocent friend to the caprices of a multitude; he mourned his loss when it was too late; and Aleanzar has often told me, that for some days his father was an object of the greatest pity. He once desired to see me, but I trembled so in his presence, I was not able to stand without being supported. The caliph seemed violently affected, and said to Aleanzar, that no one could mistake me for the child of Mustapha and Elvira. He praised his son for his conduct, turned from me in great agitation, and never since wished to behold me, though he expresses anxiety for my happiness, and often sends me the most magnificent and costly presents.

"I have been more than a year in Africa, and would willingly spend my life in the lovely spot we now inhabit; my most anxious wish is to hear if my poor brother is still living.—You now, my dear Cava, are in possession of my little history; it is a melancholy one, and you must allow my early years have been marked with sorrow."

"They have indeed," answered the princess, whose eyes bore testimony to the tenderness of her heart; "I almost repent having drawn you in to gratify my curiosity, since the relation of the past has cost you so many pangs. Be comforted, my charming friend; I prophecy that Aleanzar will render your future years completely happy; it is quite impossible he can be blind to your many perfections; the tenderness he now feels for you will ripen into love; the wanderings of his heart will not long continue; tired out with the caprices and follies of other women, he will return to find in you all he can desire; and the day will come when the lovely Zamora will make his sum of happiness."

The innocent charming Moor listened to the words of Cava; she blushed, she sighed, but she answered not; an affectionate regard was her only reply; and descending the rock, she led the way to the castle.

### CHAP. III.

DAY succeeded day, and Cava was still detained in the castle of Aleanzar. He studied to amuse her and Zamora, but was deaf to the entreaties of the fair Goth to liberate her. Whenever she solicited her freedom, he besought a return to his passion; he again laid his future crown at her feet, and pleaded his unchangeable affection. She turned from him in distress, and almost in despair. She read the soul of Zamora, and felt the tenderest pity for her secret sorrow. How truly did she wish Aleanzar would transfer the love he professed for her to the young and charming Zamora, more suited to him in every point of view than she could ever have been, had she a heart to bestow! but vain wishes have no power to change the destiny of man.

Aleanzar continued insensible to the charms of the creature who adored him, and pursued, with unceasing ardour, her who could give him no more than her esteem. He often left the fair friends for days to attend on Musa, who now meditated joining his troops in Spain, should success still attend their arms, of which there was little doubt, and the governor wished Aleanzar to accompany him. Aleanzar was too brave to allow even love to lull him into shameful indolence, at a time his nation was so gloriously employed; and assuring the Moorish governor he would follow him into Spain, he gave those orders which were necessary for his troops and slaves being in readiness to attend him, at a moment's warning, though he foresaw it must be some time before it would be prudent for them to embark. His only uneasiness of mind was occasioned by his having the Gothic princess in his power; to retain her by force, and carry her into Spain, was impossible, without greatly injuring their cause; but could he obtain her hand by her own consent, and publicly declare her his wife, it would be of the greatest advantage to their party, eternally secure the friendship of count Julian and his adherents, and help to conciliate the Christians and the Moors.

Aleanzar, however, could only consult his own heart; he dared not tell Musa he had forced count Julian's daughter from the palace of her father. A rumour that she had retired to a religious house, had at that time reached the governor's ears, and he gave credit to the report, which made him relax his search for Cava throughout his government.

In Aleanzar's absence from the castle, the young friends were never asunder, except when at night they retired to their respective apartments.

Aleanzar had been now some days with Musa, and the princess thought she perceived an anxiety in Zulima to have some conversation with her. She was assured of it, when one morning Zamora, having left the gallery in search of work she had mislaid, Zulima suddenly entered, saying to the princess, "I wish to speak to you, but it must not be in the presence of Zamora." Cava rose, and begged she would follow her into the balcony, where they might speak freely, when the young Moor returning put an end to the conversation; and Zulima, looking at Cava, and placing, as she had done before, her finger on her lips, withdrew.

Cava passed the rest of the day in a state of anxiety she could not conceal; and at an early hour, Zamora, fearing she was not well, proposed retiring for the night. Cava willingly followed advice so agreeable to her agitated state of mind, and affectionately bidding her friend farewell, sought the quiet of her chamber, where soon dismissing the

young slave that waited on her, she sat down to ruminate on her strange fate, and how she should be able to free herself from the Moorish prince, when she was roused by a gentle knock at her door, and, on opening it, she saw with pleasure that it was Zulima.

The benevolent Moor, silently taking her hand, led her to a small apartment at some distance from Zamora's, when, laying down her lamp, and drawing a seat for the princess, she placed herself near her, and addressed her in the following words: "Be not alarmed, my dear child, at the secrecy with which I wish to converse with you; all that I have to say will, I hope, be pleasing, not offensive, to you: but first, you must answer me one question, and that with truth—do you love Aleanzar?"

Cava blushed at the question so abruptly put, and, hesitating for a moment to answer it, Zulima rose, and, with a dejected countenance, saying, "It is so—it is what I feared—who can resist him! things must now take their course," she was about to leave the room.

Cava, laying hold of her arm, prevented her, crying, "Stay, Zulima; what do you mean? what affects you thus? stay and let me hear all you came to say?"

"I have nothing more to say; I find you love Aleanzar; you will be his wife, (and raising her hands and eyes to heaven) his Christian wife!" Then pausing a moment, she said, "Oh! Mahomet avert such a misfortune!"

The princess, astonished at these words, stood in silence, till again Zulima made a motion to leave the room; but holding her still faster, Cava said, "I beseech you, Zulima, be composed; you are wrong in your judgment; I do not love Aleanzar; I ought to hate him, for his violent conduct in forcing me from my home; this is the only dark shade in his character; and I cannot refuse him my esteem, for the numberless good qualities he possesses; but I love him not, nor never can."

The incredulous Moor shook her head, and, looking earnestly at Cava, replied, "Your countenance in general speaks your heart. What meant that blush that covered your charming face when I asked you if you loved Aleanzar?"

A deeper blush, to the surprise of Zulima, mantled again on the fair cheek of Cava, and a tear sprung to her eye. She rested her hand on Zulima's arm. "Oh! worthy Moor, could you read my heart, you would be convinced that the name of love is hateful to me. If I have not been able to root it from my heart, it is so hidden, so concealed, it is become almost imperceptible to myself; all my fair hopes were early blasted; happiness had eluded my grasp; and now my only wish is seclusion from a world where, short as my life has been, I have dwelt long enough to know that all is vanity. My only wish is to return to my father's castle: I dread the effect my absence may have upon my wretched mother. In vain I urge Aleanzar to suffer me to depart; detaining me here can answer no purpose but that of making me miserable. If you have any power over the prince, kind Zulima, I beseech you, use it in my favour. Assure him that I never can be his; and that the only reparation he can make for the insult he has offered, in forcing me from my peaceful home, is to restore me to all I hold dear on earth, before the violence of his conduct is publicly known."

At hearing these words, the astonished Zulima stood gazing on the fair form before her. Her countenance was expressive of delight and pity; and gently drawing Cava to the sofa from whence she had risen, she again seated herself close to her, and, having examined her with a scrutinizing eye, she cried, "Never had a Christian the power to interest me as you have done. I did not even admire the fair Elvira as I do you. Yet

forgive me, when I tell you that your faith makes me wish you separated from Aleanzar. You much relieve me by the assurance that he has no place in your heart. I shall now feel no compunction, in endeavouring to free you from his power. I would not, for worlds, give a moment's pain to the prince, was I not convinced he is running to his own destruction. I look on him as my son; I have been about him from his birth; and you, charming princess, are a witness to his shewing me the attentions of a child. Can I, then, by encouraging his wild passion, devote him to destruction? Mustapha's Christian wife, though innocent, sealed his doom. You or Aleanzar must be the sacrifice of your union, should he ever carry you to Damascus."

"Then I beseech you lose no time," suddenly interrupted the princess, "to free me from the power of Aleanzar. I will endure any thing to be enabled to return in safety to my parents: I swear to you they shall never know it was Aleanzar carried me from the castle."

"Be patient, my young friend; I cannot, in a moment, do all you wish; prudence must guide our actions. I esteem you, Cava; I admire you; I see and acknowledge your perfections; but, as a Christian, you are not a fit wife for Aleanzar. He would see his error too late, and misery would be the lot of both."

Here the Moor paused, and the princess felt rather provoked that she should so long dwell on what was unnecessary to think of, and that she did not proceed to inform her what scheme she had devised for setting her free; but fearful of vexing her by too much impatience, and preventing the development of her plan, she was silent; and in a few minutes Zulima resumed the thread of her discourse.

"Amiable princess," said she, "it was with grief I saw you brought to the cottage by Aleanzar, the night he was mad enough to tear you from your father's palace. I own to you, I saw you with displeasure, and was prejudiced against you, as I feared you would cause the ruin of Aleanzar, and bring misery to the heart of one I love more than my life, the dear, gentle Zamora. I saw your beauty; I hated, and dreaded it as a snare that would entrap the prince; forgive me if I say I detested your Christian faith; it is natural to a follower of Mahomet to do so. I have, however, from carefully inspecting your conduct, learnt to esteem a Christian; and I now shall assist you in regaining your freedom, from the love I bear you, as much as from any other cause. It is needless for me to repeat to you the merits of the sweet Zamora; she is from infancy attached to Aleanzar; her whole soul is his; she would relinquish every hope of happiness to gratify his wishes; in vain would you solicit her assistance to set you free; she would inform Aleanzar of the attempt, and could she suspect my interference, nothing could prevent her divulging it; so perfect, so innocent, so ardent, is her love for the excellent prince who has so long protected her. You, who are acquainted with Zamora, will impute her conduct to its true source, love and gratitude. She has long been committed to my care, and I must declare there is not a more perfect creature in existence. Earnestly, anxiously do I wish her united to Aleanzar; I have my hopes that some fortunate hour may light up love in his bosom for this admirable being, his equal in every thing, even in birth. Your beauty dazzled him, and has prevented his heart acknowledging the power Zamora was fast gaining over him, before his visit to count Julian's castle. When you are lost to him, the delusion will vanish; and I am mistaken if the loveliness and the merits of Zamora, do not make an impression on him, that hereafter nothing will have the power to eradicate."

“Then hasten my departure, I beseech you, Zulima, and at once render me and dear Zamora happy.”

“Patience!” replied the quiet Moor; “it is my wish to do so. I have reason to believe your residence here has been discovered by some friend anxious to liberate you.”

Here Cava’s eyes sparkled with delight; her cheek crimsoned with hope.

“Oh!” cried she, “my beloved mother has suspected Aleanzar, and has commissioned some one to ascertain the truth.”

“Perhaps so,” answered Zulima; “my son is sometimes on guard at the castle, and he informs me that the night before the last, he perceived a stranger in the Moorish habit, who, walking round the wood without the arch, which you know is always guarded, seemed to examine every object with great curiosity, and, with folded arms, stood for a long while with his eyes fixed on the castle. Perceiving the guard relieving, he walked silently and slowly away, and by the light of the moon, my son saw that he often turned round to look at the castle. Sadi thinks he is a Christian in disguise; he watched him till the rocks concealed him from his view; and, in a little while, he heard the dashing of oars beyond the bay. I charged my son not to mention these circumstances to mortal; I intimated to him that I had some knowledge of the business the stranger came upon; and entreated him, should he again appear near the arch, to encourage his approach, and endeavour to find out what brought him to a spot so sequestered, and so entirely under the dominion of Aleanzar. I know my son will obey me; and it is a happy circumstance for you that he is captain of the guard.”

After much conversation, Cava and Zulima persuaded themselves that this was some person sent by the countess Julian, to learn whether the princess was or was not in the power of Aleanzar; and Zulima, declaring she should lose no time in speaking to the stranger, if it was possible to do so, they parted for the night; and our heroine, elated at the hope of escaping privately from the castle, sunk to quiet slumbers, without the least idea that it was her beloved Alonzo that now sought her on the shores of the Mediterranean, and beheld at midnight, with melancholy pleasure, the castle walls which enclosed her to whom fate had bound his soul.

Alonzo, and his friend Valasquez, had found a safe creek at about half a league beyond the castle, where they could safely conceal their boat, and lodge themselves and their little crew in some fishermens huts on the coast. Valasquez had been provident, and laid in provisions and all they would want in their little voyage; and as the prince had treasure about him, to gratify those that could assist him in any way he wished to employ them, he and his friend had nothing to fear; and Alonzo, determined on patiently waiting an opportunity of rescuing Cava from her present bondage, he and Valasquez, in Moorish dresses, often wandered round the boundaries of the castle; and, from the tops of the rocks, they could sometimes perceive the lovely friends as they walked in the gardens of the castle, or on the margin of the bay; but as they were always veiled, and nearly of the same stature, Alonzo could not distinguish his adored Cava.

Sometimes they ventured in an evening to hire a fishing-boat, and coast the bay; but as no stranger was allowed to land on the grounds belonging to Aleanzar, Alonzo could scarcely hope any advantage from these exertions. He and Valasquez, at the coming on of night, alone, and in a light skiff, have often rested on their oars as near the castle as they could dare to come; they have then distinctly heard the sound of music from the gallery, which, as it fronted the sea, was exposed to their view, and from its

being illuminated, every part of it was visible; and they could descry figures moving through the apartments, though they could not recognise any single person; but such is the nature of love, that Alonzo found consolation in these nocturnal visits, where, though forbid to enter, he beheld the spot in which resided the dear object that occupied every thought of his constant heart. Thus he fed his love—his grief—and, against his better judgement, nourished a hopeless passion, to the destruction of all his earthly felicity.

Several days and nights had passed since his arrival on the coast, and still no opportunity offered of a nearer approach to the castle. From the bay they could not land, nor would the guard suffer them to pass the arch, had they attempted it. Zulima saw the strange boat many evenings lingering in the bay, and suspected that those it contained were Christians disguised in the Moorish habit, and that they were in search of Cava; but she was silent on the occasion. Her heart leaped for joy at the hope of carrying her scheme into execution; and she was on the watch for an opportunity of discovering who the strangers were.

Aleanzar, who had been absent many days from the castle, now returned. On entering the gallery where the princess and Zamora were entertaining themselves with the lute, he appeared unusually gay; and, having paid his compliments to Cava, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her again, with animation and tenderness he addressed Zamora, saying, “My beloved sister, I bring you joyful tidings; I have heard of your brother.”

“Of my brother!” exclaimed the astonished Zamora, nearly overcome with excess of joy—“Does he still live? where is he? is he under the protection of Sesostris? oh! tell me all, Aleanzar. May I hope again to behold my long-lamented brother?”

Aleanzar, taking her hand, and entreating her to be composed, informed her he had had a letter from Sesostris; that both the good Egyptian and her brother were now in Egypt, in perfect health and safety; that the young Mustapha was all he could wish him to be, and had, in every way, amply rewarded his care.

“I look upon it,” said Sesostris in this letter, “that what are termed misfortunes, are often concealed blessings: had my pupil remained at Damascus, with his riches, his rank, and situation at the court, he would have been bred up in luxury and indolence; the powers of his mind would have had no room for action; learning would have been a labour, not a pleasure; his ideas would have become local and confined, and ignorance would have spread its dark thick veil over an understanding which, by culture and travel, is one of the best any creature, so young as he is, could ever boast. Illustrious Aleanzar, while I formed his heart, I had the delight of thinking I not only performed the duty I owed my dead lamented friend Mustapha, but that I was also of use to my prince, in rendering a man (whom I am certain he will one day honour with his friendship) worthy of it. Aleanzar, in the young Mustapha, you will find a grateful, affectionate, and steady heart; a faithful friend, whose arm will be ready to defend your throne, whose understanding will assist your counsels. His mother’s affection for you, Aleanzar, lives in him; and your protection of his sister (so tenderly remembered, so dearly loved) has bound him for ever to you; but prudence prevents his return to his native country, till we can enter it in safety; till you, illustrious prince, have the power, as you have the will, to protect us. If the sweet Zamora remembers her Egyptian friend, I beseech you to assure her he has never ceased to think of the daughter of the worthy Mustapha, his unhappy friend. Each day brings to his memory her infant charms, her innocence, her gaiety, the

early promise she gave of all that was delightful, or to be desired in woman. May I yet see this sweet flower that your kindness has saved from being nipped in the bud! May I yet see it all my fancy has formed it—May I leave Mustapha and Zamora happy under your protection! and without a wish for a longer sojourn here, I shall hail the moment that joins me to their parents, in an unknown world.”

While Aleanzar read this part of the good Egyptian’s letter to Zamora, she trembled, blushed, and her tears flowed in abundance.

Aleanzar viewed her with admiration; he thought he had never seen her so interesting, and his eyes were turned from Cava to gaze on Zamora, who wept and smiled by turns, a thousand times repeated her brother’s name, and a thousand times blessed the kind and good Sesostri. Cava partook in her friend’s happiness, and felt a secret pleasure in seeing that Aleanzar particularly directed his attentions to her.

Certainly Zamora never had appeared with such advantage in the eyes of Aleanzar as she did this evening. Affection for her brother, gratitude to the Egyptian, spoke in every expressive feature;—joy lit up her countenance—tenderness filled her beautiful eyes, and swelled her bosom.

Oh woman! woman! if you knew how sweetness, innocence, and truth, become you, how they bind in adamant chains the heart of man, you would never suffer either your minds or faces to be deformed by those ungentle passions, that render the most beautiful dreaded, not loved; that changes a female to a fiend, and warns the most passionate lover to break those chains he has been so anxious to rivet.

“How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,  
Peace in her air, submission in her eye;  
Victorious tenderness! it all o’ercame,  
Husbands look’d mild, and savages grew tame.”

But to return to our story: Aleanzar having given Zamora every information he had himself received respecting her brother, he declared to her, he should lose no time in imploring the caliph, his father, to restore him to his country, his fortune, and his honours. “I shall,” cried the prince, “be as anxious as you, my dear Zamora, to see this long-lost friend, who promises me, what princes scarcely ever find, eternal attachment. I long also to fold to my heart the good Sesostri, who gave my early youth so many lessons of virtue. This news that I have brought you, Zamora, though so delightful, has oppressed your spirits; you must not suffer them to droop now, at the moment when you may look with such certainty to brighter days:—if your gentle friend yonder will give her consent, we will this evening make an excursion on the water:—look,” said Aleanzar, walking towards the balcony, and pointing to the bay, “can any thing be more enchanting? the smooth sea will serve as a mirror to reflect your beauties; the freshness of the evening breeze will exhilarate your spirits.”

Cava instantly consented to the water party; to her perturbed mind any change was agreeable; and she was pleased with any thing that would interrupt the constant attention of Aleanzar to herself.

Two boats were ordered to be in waiting when they should rise from the banquet. Near the setting of the sun, Zulima informed them all was ready; and the prince, with the fair friends, attended by Zulima, descended to the beach, where they entered a

magnificent pleasure boat belonging to Aleanzar; attendants with music followed in another less sumptuous. Aleanzar's boat displayed the luxury and magnificence of an Eastern prince. The painting and gold, with which the sides were ornamented, glittered on the glassy surface of the bay, whose smooth waters, as Aleanzar expected, reflected not only the fair forms of Cava and Zamora, but shewed also his own martial figure, and his gay vessel. The bottom of the boat was spread with rich carpets from the looms of Persia; silk cushions, of gold and azure, formed the seats; an awning of azure silk, supported by gilt Cupids, covered the upper part of the boat, and a golden crescent flamed at the rudder. Six rowers, in white ornamented with gold, and on their turbans a crescent in front, kept time with their gilded oars to the music which accompanied them, and maintained a profound silence; fresh roses were scattered round; and on a silver tripod, at the extremity of the boat, were kept burning, by a child representing Cupid, the finest perfumes of the East; and two youths stood ready with fans to cool the air, or drive all insects from the gallant vessel.

“The scented winds were lodg'd in purple sails,  
And lover's sighs supplied the gentle gales;  
The gentle gales around their odours breathe,  
Play in the shrouds, or fan the fair beneath.”

Aleanzar, while he placed his lovely guests in the seats prepared for them, was struck more than he had ever been with the beauty of both, which, though so different, was so perfect. The sultry weather had obliged them to lay aside their thick veils, and chuse transparent ones that would admit the air; those, though they shaded their charms, did not conceal them.

The young Moor's heart was full of her brother, and of gratitude to Aleanzar; joy played about her mouth, and revelled in her eyes; and had not Cava been near, Zamora would have appeared the most beautiful of women.

The fair and brilliant complexion, the graceful pensive air, the retiring modesty, with the dignity of manner peculiar to the Gothic princess, soon turned the balance in her favour, or at least made it doubtful who even a Mahometan would prefer. Aleanzar stood for some moments lost in wonder, and for the first time his heart told him, he scarcely knew which pleased him most. At length he threw himself on a cushion at their feet; and Zulima having taken her seat at a little distance on the side of the boat, the prince gave the signal to the rowers to proceed, and soon they darted from the land. The glories of a setting sun animated every object,

“And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.”

The castle, the pleasure-grounds, the woods, the mountains, were all illumined: at a distance, covered with the last beams of the sun, they beheld the triumphal arch, the entrance to the grounds; it looked magnificent, and scarcely appeared a ruin. The guard of the castle was now relieving, and the breeze brought the sounds across the water to the ears of Cava. Not ignorant of the history of former ages, the arch, and warlike sounds, brought Rome and Carthage to her remembrance. Alas! thought she, how melancholy it is to reflect on the days that are gone by! How have these two great nations disappeared



from the earth, and left us only ruins to trace their greatness by! How silent now lie those Romans in the dark and narrow house, who in pride erected yon arch, and in triumph passed under it, to celebrate the destruction of that Carthage over which their great general wept—of that Carthage, whose inhabitants are long mingled with their conquerors in the dust—that Carthage, which stood so long, so nobly, against its foe! Even on these shores it stood, and yet in a few ages its scite is doubtful; and the pilgrim wandering round ignoble ruins, may mistake them for those of that once-famed city; or he may in his progress tread unconscious on its ashes, which, could he ascertain, he would pay the reverence due, and, like Scipio, give a tear to its past glories.

“And does all worldly grandeur end in dust, in oblivion?” said Cava mentally; “can I doubt what Scripture tells me?—Man is a thing of nought, and his time passeth away like a shadow;” then turning her fine eyes to Heaven, “there,” thought she, “is eternal day; there, when the mischievous and blood-thirsty conquerors of the earth meet their condemnation, will humble virtue be rewarded; there the wicked shall cease from troubling, there shall the weary be at rest.” From this train of thought the princess found consolation for her own misfortunes; and trusting that her earthly pilgrimage would not be long, she fortified her mind by the Christian religion; and determining to support her sorrows with dignity and resignation, she felt their pressure less heavy.

Seeing her pensive, Aleanzar and Zamora respected her apparent melancholy, and, not willing to interrupt her meditations, they conversed together; and Zamora, conscious that she was at that moment more an object of attention to Aleanzar than she had usually been, saw the future through a brighter perspective. An innocent pleasure spoke in her eyes, animated her fine person, and gave a thousand charms to her conversation.

They had now skirted the bay; the glowing sun sunk below the horizon; the bright tints of evening faded from the sky; twilight approached with her sober banner, and the distant mountains lost the vivid purple that had so lately adorned them, in a darker shade. Aleanzar’s boat glided over the peaceful bosom of the deep; and all, sensible to the beauties of nature with which they were surrounded, were expressing the pleasure the scene gave them, when the striking of other oars at the entrance of the bay assailed their ears. The prince, turning at the sound, perceived a large fishing-boat, which had just entered the bay. Two men had drawn a net into the boat, seemingly well stored with fish, and another net was lying on the deck, not yet unloaded, in which the scaly tribe were struggling for freedom. Two Moors of superior appearance remained at one end of the boat; their turbans very low on their foreheads, and their persons much muffled in their Moorish cloaks; they seemed to take little interest in the fishing. One, his elbow placed on the side of the boat, leaned his head on his hand; the other was standing erect, and pointing to the triumphal arch, which, from this part of the bay, shewed to peculiar advantage. The fading light, which still glimmered through it, added a solemn and melancholy grandeur to its magnificent ruins.

Aleanzar, when he perceived the boat, ordered his rowers to approach it, saying—“He believed the fishermen had taken an uncommon quantity of fish, and it would be a beautiful sight to see the nets unloaded.” They were soon along-side of the fishing-boat. The melancholy Moor started from his seat, drew his turban more over his forehead, wrapped his loose garment closed round him, and both he and his friend saluted the prince, who graciously returned the compliment; and, without asking them any questions,

ordered the fisherman to open their nets upon the deck: the boats were now close to each other; through modesty, where there were so many men, the princess and Zamora kept their seats, and concealed themselves with their veils. Aleanzar, entirely occupied by the display of the various and beautiful fish that were poured from the nets upon the deck, heeded not what passed around him. The Moors at the extremity of the boat had fixed their eyes on Cava and Zamora; and he who had muffled himself at the approach of Aleanzar's boat, now sprang forward, crying—"Is it possible?"—when his friend held him by force, and whispering something in his ear, he sunk again on his seat nearly fainting. Aleanzar hearing the bustle, raised his head, and asked what was the matter? and Valasquez (for he was one of the fictitious Moors) answered in the Moorish language—"That his friend was ill; he had brought him out in the fishing-boat for air, but now he should be glad to return with him to the shore."

Zulima, alive to every thing, and strongly suspecting the deceit, snatched some perfumes from the plate on which they were burning, saying—"They would revive the sick Moor;" and stepping to that part of the boat nearest the Moors, she beckoned Valasquez to her, and giving him the perfumes, whispered in a low voice—"If you are, what I suspect, a Christian, and in search of Cava, meet me at this hour to-morrow, at the rock beyond the arch:" without waiting for an answer, she withdrew; and Valasquez, bowing, returned with the perfumes to his friend, who now resumed his melancholy posture, and completely hid his face. Aleanzar, not willing to detain the sick Moor, gave orders to his domestics to purchase the whole cargo of fish from the fishermen; and wishing them well, desired his rowers to proceed.

Zulima had resumed her station, well pleased with her own penetration, and her success.

The prince again placed himself at the feet of his fair guests; and neither Cava or Zamora had the smallest suspicion that the Moors in the boat were not what they appeared to be. Their excursion was prolonged to a late hour; every moment added beauty to the night; the moon walked in unclouded majesty; the stars by degrees spangled the vast expanse, and

"Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon their night."

Each enjoyed it in a different way. Aleanzar's heart felt satisfied, yet he knew not why; for Cava treated him with a coldness his reason told him he could never conquer. The princess, unhappy as she was, passed the hours in a way not ungrateful to her feelings; the season of night accorded with her habitual melancholy, for every object around her breathed peace. The blue vault of heaven, where shone unnumbered worlds, called her spirit from this lower one to the habitation of saints; and while she pictured to herself the state of the blessed Christian after death, she was convinced no sufferings were too great that led to such a state.

Zamora, the happy, and now gay Zamora, smiled, talked, met the eyes of Aleanzar a thousand times; and as often as they met, hers told the secret of her heart, while she believed she only expressed her sense of the prince's noble conduct towards her brother and herself: often as she blushed and stammered, the name of Sesostri came to relieve her confusion; with gratitude and warmth she expressed her love for this dear friend, and her anxious wish again to behold him.

At length the boat approached the beach, and anchored beneath the palace: the prince assisted the fair friends to ascend the steps that led from the water to the terrace. On landing, they turned to view the charming prospect, softened, not hid, by the shades of night; and it was long before they could leave the delicious gardens and the open air, to enter the superb mansion of Aleanzar, where an evening banquet awaited them.

#### CHAP. IV.

WE must now quit the palace of Aleanzar to follow the fishing-boat, which our reader has seen in the last chapter contained Valasquez and the miserable Alonzo.

On perceiving Cava, the prince, starting from his seat, and forgetful of the precautions it was absolutely necessary to take, and the disguise he was in, was about to throw himself at her feet, and, either by force or persuasion, withdraw her from Aleanzar. Valasquez, more prudent, and not blinded by passion, arrested the steps of his friend; and, obliging him to return to his seat, whispered the imprudence of his conduct, convincing him this was not the moment to recover his lost treasure.

Alonzo, shocked at seeing Cava in the power of a Mahometan, quietly allowing herself to appear with the state of an Eastern queen, and conscious of the worth and merits of Aleanzar, dreaded the alienation of her heart—dreaded he knew not what;—for he could not persuade himself that she would sacrifice her religious principles either to ambition or love. Jealousy, however, often the attendant of the fondest affection, in spite of his reason, found entrance in his heart; and, as we have before stated, he returned nearly fainting to the bench on which he had been seated, and covering his face, shut out the view of Aleanzar's boat. During this period, what has been related passed between Valasquez and Zulima. As soon as the boats had parted company, Valasquez informed his melancholy companion of the appointment the Moor had made with him. Hope revived in the bosom of the distressed Alonzo; and raising his eyes, they were almost strained from their sockets to follow the loved form they had so lately shunned, and which was now scarcely discernable, from the distance, and the increased dusk; but willing to trace even the outlines of a figure so dear to his heart, while it was possible to do so, he called to the boatmen to slacken their oars; and resuming his seat, he hung in sorrow over the side of the vessel, directing his view towards the castle of Aleanzar.

“When the faint moon, yet lingering in the wane,  
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light  
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main,  
In deep depression sunk, th'enfeebled mind  
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,  
And tell th'embosom'd grief, however vain,  
To sullen surges, and the viewless wind.”

Valasquez, unwilling to indulge Alonzo's melancholy, and fearful of suspicion; should they remain too late in the bay, ordered his people to make for their own little

port; and not being opposed by his friend, they arrived there in safety before it was far in the night; and when retired to their humble cottage, they talked over in security the adventures of the evening; and it was agreed between them, that Valasquez should be the person to meet Zulima the ensuing night, as she had appointed.

This being finally settled, Valasquez made use of all his eloquence to calm Alonzo's agitated mind; and at length persuaded him to retire to rest, flattering him with the hope of brighter days.

"O! impotent estate of human life,  
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;  
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,  
And most we question what we most desire."

While Alonzo and his friend inhabited an humble cottage, and waited with anxiety the coming day, Cava was suffering, not enjoying, the splendours and amusements of the palace of Aleanzar.

Again the banquet was spread before her; again Aleanzar was anxious to please, and solicited the smile of affection; this he found it impossible to obtain; she again requested her liberty, and offered friendship as the price. Again Zamora's heart died within her; paleness overspread her countenance; a tear, which she endeavoured to restrain, swelled to her eye. The Moorish prince perceived it; her paleness spoke to his soul—her tears fell upon his heart. He gazed at her in silence, and, for the moment, thought her more winning, more lovely than Cava. His thoughts were confused, or rather, he was afraid to think: he bent his eyes to the ground, and almost wished the Gothic princess in the palace of her father; when recollecting himself, he took from the board a golden cup filled with sherbet, and presented it, along with some fruit, to Zamora. Her paleness disappeared; again a bright vermilion tinged her beautiful cheek; again the

"Liquid lustre sparkled in her eye."

Aleanzar called for the dance—the song. He seemed to listen to the soft breathings of the flute; but his eyes followed not the light steps of the dancer; they were fixed on Zamora, as he mentally said— "How lovely is her form! Yet how much more lovely is her mind!"

"O'er her gay form his eyes in transport roll,  
And bless a beauty with so soft a soul."

Before they withdrew for the night, the prince, addressing himself to his fair guests, told them, he was the next evening under the necessity of attending Musa at Tangiers, on business of the greatest importance. "I shall only," cried he, "remain one day with the governor; I leave this spot with the utmost reluctance; but a soldier can have no will of his own." Then turning to Cava, he said in a hurried accent—"Fair princess, when I return, your will shall dictate my future conduct." Cava offered her thanks, declaring the first wish of her heart was to return to the palace of count Julian.

Aleanzar was silent, and soon after departed for the night. Not a word was lost on Zulima; she rejoiced at the approaching absence of her master, as it gave her room to act;

and she hoped safely to execute her plan; but she determined not to trust Cava too soon with the secret, lest she should betray it to Zamora. "She can have no preparations to make," thought the Moor; "freedom will always be welcome to her." Occupied by these ideas, she attended the friends in silence to their apartments. Cava's heart beat with the hope of liberty—Zamora's vibrated to the soft touch of love and hope.

Aleanzar was not to quit the palace till the next evening. He rose with the sun—his night had been unquiet—his dreams had carried him to Spain—he traversed fields of battle—the sounds of warlike instruments called him to fight—he entered Toledo—he beheld Cava at a distance—he was advancing towards her, when the scene was changed, and he believed himself in the Paradise of his Prophet; all appeared to him serene and beautiful; and he there met Mustapha and Elvira; they smiled upon him, and were about to speak, when joy and agitation awoke him. He wished, if possible, to recover his dream, but it was gone; it had fled with the night; and, in a state of mind neither dissatisfied nor pleased, he leaped from his couch, and throwing his mantle round him, he wandered over his beautiful grounds, and enjoyed the cool breeze that came from the bay; then passing several times before the palace, he looked towards the windows of his fair captive. His conscience did not acquit him for the part he had acted towards her; he was sensible his conduct had been unwarrantable; but love, he flattered himself, pleaded his excuse. He had never before thought so seriously on the atrocity of the action he had committed; and his naturally upright mind taught him to blush for this act of violence. He reflected long; and his determination was, (could he bring his heart to consent) on his return from Tangiers to liberate Cava, and send her in safety to the palace of count Julian. His walk was prolonged for some time; and finding the heat increased, and knowing it was not yet the hour for the morning repast in his castle, he turned into a fragrant walk, terminated by a bower of roses, open to the sea, and always cool. He entered, and was surprised to see there a female wrapped in a thick veil. She rose, and respectfully attempted to pass him, and quit the bower. He stopped her, and soon saw it was Zamora. She again attempted to pass; but with tenderness and respect he entreated her to remain, saying, he hoped she ever believed herself in safety with him. Zamora had every reason to believe she was so; he was her guardian, her friend; to him she owed every thing she possessed in the world; to him she owed she was not a slave; to him she owed her brother's life. She allowed the prince to lead her to a seat; she poured forth the gratitude of her heart; she spoke of her mother, so dearly loved by him; of her father's fate, to which she gave her tears; of the delightful prospects his protection presented to her brother, at which her smiles returned. She dwelt on the pleasure she should feel in again beholding the good Sesostrius, her father's faithful friend.

"And all this," cried Zamora, every tender passion of her soul speaking in her expressive features, "all this I owe to you, my prince! my life, devoted to your service, can never repay my obligations, or the immense debt of gratitude I owe you; and to reflect on all you have done for me, in this delicious retirement, roused me thus early from my bed. My grateful heart lost not the remembrance of your goodness in the visions of the night, and sleep fled from my eyes: the morning air has, I think, restored calm to my mind, and I beseech you allow me now to return to the castle: my friend will expect me."

"Stay, charming Zamora," cried Aleanzar with warmth, "stay and hear me: you have summed up a weight of obligation on your part, which your grateful heart has

overrated. Zamora, the obligation is on my side; your mother saved my life, your father instructed my youth, and pointed out the path of virtue. Having saved your brother, having protected your innocence, having conducted myself towards you as a brother would do, are the actions of my life I shall always regard with satisfaction; the obligation is a thousand times repaid by your lovely self; your accepting what I have been able to do for you amply repays me. My debt to you is great; you have proved to me that it is not beauty alone that can satisfy a delicate man. In the treasures of your mind, I see my happiness; your virtue, the softness, the sensibility, the delicacy, which you possess, adds tenfold to your beauty. A woman preferred to you has had no power to ruffle your mind; you wished the happiness of Aleanzar, at the expence of your own; is it not so, Zamora? I hope, I trust it is so. Are you still silent, Zamora? My eyes are opened; I see your merits; they break upon me in a flood of light. Zamora, I prefer you to the whole world—to every woman upon earth. Speak, Zamora; but you are still silent, and you weep. I own I have loved and admired the amiable and melancholy Cava. She loves me not. I have acted wrong towards her—when I return from Musa, I shall entreat her pardon, and merit it, by giving her freedom. I shall dispose every thing for her departure to count Julian's palace, where we, my Zamora, can escort her; but, I beseech you, not yet to breathe a syllable of what has passed this morning to your fair friend; I must have a little time to compose my mind, to settle my plans. But you are still silent, Zamora; will you not speak to Aleanzar, now wholly devoted to you?"

Zamora was indeed silent; she had not the power to speak; she was overcome with excess of happiness, and, lowering her veil, she shed a deluge of tears. Aleanzar was alarmed and gratified; he attempted not to stop her tears; he threw himself at her feet, and tenderly took her hand; he besought her to think only of happiness, and to believe his truth. It was long before Zamora could reply; at length she gave full vent to her grateful heart: she blessed the hour she first saw Aleanzar; with innocence and delicacy, she owned her love; and a conversation ensued, as fond, as passionate, as sincere, as were the hearts of Aleanzar and Zamora.

In a few hours they were to part till the day after the next; and the prince again requested Zamora to be silent to Cava respecting their meeting that morning, or his future intentions—"I have intimated to the princess," said he, "that at my return I shall be subservient to her wishes, and give her the liberty she so anxiously desires. She will not, I am convinced, doubt the word of Aleanzar; you, Zamora, must obtain my pardon for the past."

"You want no intercessor," replied Zamora; "Cava is all sweetness; she will soon forgive an error of which you repent: what true affection I feel for her! how shall I deplore the loss of her delightful society!"

Aleanzar smiled; he looked at her with rapture—"Your nature," cried he, "is that of an angel; neither vanity, envy, or jealousy, can find a harbour in your bosom. This," he cried, looking round, "is the paradise to which my dreams last night led me, and you are the houri sent me by our prophet."

In such discourse, Aleanzar long detained Zamora in the arbour. At length, she returned alone to the castle, and Aleanzar retired to the inmost recess of his palace, to plan his future marriage with Zamora, and the liberation of Cava, with honour to himself and her.

At the appointed hour, he met the fair friends as usual, and devoted himself to their entertainment. He again intimated to the Gothic princess, that, at his return, her actions should be uncontrouled. This gave cheerfulness to Cava, and she perceived not the agitated and absent manner of Zamora, tinctured with a melancholy not natural to her, though it is so to the human heart, when it is full of a great and unexpected happiness. Aleanzar's natural gaiety too was checked; he was happy, composed, and thoughtful. He behaved with almost equal tenderness to Zamora and to the princess: to the latter he spoke not a word of love, but much of friendship; and when his suit were ready, and that he was to bid these lovely women farewell, only for a little time, he could not account for the sorrow that overcame him: he took the hand of Cava, and, pressing it to his lips, he entreated her not to think of him too severely; to forget the past, if possible; and, in future to look on him with the eye of friendship. The princess was affected; she pressed the hand which held hers, assuring him, if he allowed it, she would in future, consider him as a brother.

"Do so, kind and amiable Cava," cried the agitated Moor, again pressing her hand to his lips.

They separated; they both felt a pang, as if fate whispered, "Take your last look; you shall never meet again!"

How delicate! how extraordinary! how various are the feelings of the human heart! Cava loved not Aleanzar, but she admired his great qualities, his amiable and engaging manners. Aleanzar had lost his love for Cava, in the contemplation of the perfections, both of Zamora's person and mind. He would not now have accepted the heart of the princess (could she have bestowed it) in exchange for the tender Zamora's. Yet, sensible of the perfection of her nature, charmed with the refinement of her sentiments, her accomplishments, and her good sense, he felt for her a friendship partaking in some degree of his former passion. The flame was extinguished, the embers were still bright and warm; and Aleanzar found, at the moment, he could easily relinquish a share of his own felicity to see her happy.

Such were the feelings of those exalted minds; yet here their friendship, which every future day would have encreased, was doomed to end. Alas! how seldom is that sweet solace of human woe, divine friendship, to be found! how almost impossible to find it pure and unalloyed! selfishness, pride, and avarice, chase it from the heart of man: falshood, drest in its sweet smiles, follows the prosperous,

"And leaves the wretch to weep."

Often are sincere and friendly hearts separated by fate, and sent from each other, far as the distant poles; yet, in such hearts, the holy flame of real friendship will glow beneath a northern sky, and will not be obscured by the brightness of a burning sun under the torrid zone. If thou findest that rare and inestimable jewel, a real friend, preserve him as the apple of thine eye, bind him to thy heart for ever. "What pillow like the bosom of a friend!"

The gallant Aleanzar hurried from the gallery, descended the castle steps, and, mounting his horse, rode forward attended by his troop. Cava and Zamora looked from the balcony; he perceived them, waved his hand, and saluted them with his sabre as he passed the arch. Each saw him depart with pain; each wished for his return. The beautiful

friends re-entered the gallery. The lute, and a conversation often languid from their being occupied with their secret thoughts, wore out the evening. Zulima, who determined not to fail in her appointment with Valasquez, complained of a headach, wishing them a good night, retired, as they thought, to her apartment.

Every thing in the palace was at the disposal of Zulima; no one had a right to question her; her motions were unwatched. Throwing a thick veil round her, at the fall of night she took a private path that led towards the arch, where her son kept the guard. He soon perceived her, and approaching, told her, he had an hour since met the stranger, and questioned him on his business there, and could obtain no answer, but that charmed with the beauty of the place, he had walked about the rocks to have a full view of it.

Zulima, fearful that her son might fall under the displeasure of Aleanzar, should he have any knowledge of the departure of Cava, told him he must, for his own sake, be deaf and blind, and suffer her to pass the guard unmolested.

Siad, knowing his mother's influence over Aleanzar, and certain that he might trust to her prudence, he obeyed her in silence; and, taking her hand, led her through the arch. She soon advised him to return to his guard, and proceeded alone towards the spot where she had appointed to meet Valasquez. On turning round the rock, she found him pacing backwards and forwards, in expectation of her coming; he hastened to meet her, and without delay explained the cause of his and his friend's arrival on the coast; and, pointing to a man at some distance, told her that was the prince Alonzo, the faithful lover of the Gothic princess, the man destined by count Julian and her mother for her husband; and he added, hesitatingly, "Cava is unwilling to marry; she loves, yet shuns, Alonzo; and if you liberate her, she must not know into whose hands she is committed."

"Not know the man with whom she is to go!" cried Zulima; "surely a person of so noble an appearance cannot mean to deceive me. Much as I wish to liberate the princess, I have too great a respect and affection for her, to place her in the hands of strangers, who make a mystery of their names and quality, and bring no credentials to vouch for their honour."

"Worthy Moor," answered Valasquez, "we do bring credentials: you may depend on our truth: allow me to present the prince to you; he will satisfy all your doubts."

Valasquez then beckoned Alonzo near: Zulima, though she only saw him by the moon's pale light, was struck with his graceful and noble figure, with the happy mixture of sense and sweetness that was visible in his manly countenance, though overcast with a great degree of melancholy; but Zulima found that melancholy fascinating; and while she gazed on Alonzo, she thought him superior in external appearance to any man she had ever seen, except her beloved Aleanzar. As the prince and Valasquez spoke the Moorish language to perfection, and Zulima an indifferent Spanish, they completely understood each other; and the friends informed the Moor, that they were sent by the countess Julian to recover her lost child, as she had been made acquainted with the stratagems made use of by Aleanzar to convey her to his castle. "To prove the truth of my commission," said the prince, "here is a letter from the countess to her daughter, desiring she may place herself under our protection; and assure her, we are particularly sent by her to convey her in safety to her father's palace. There is also a picture of the countess, and some jewels that Cava well knows belong to her mother; deliver them, generous Moor, with this letter, and she cannot fear treachery; but name us not to the princess, we beseech you; say only we are the servants of the countess: search not into family secrets, worthy Moor; there are



weighty reasons which prevent our wishing Cava to be acquainted, either with the names or quality of those that are sent to liberate her."

It was with difficulty they persuaded the cautious Zulima to listen to their entreaties to conceal their quality; and it was long, and after much discourse, that they succeeded in dissipating her doubts. At last she promised them, that if, on Cava's reading the letter, and examining the picture and jewels, she was convinced they came from her mother, and that she herself was willing to quit the castle, she would the next night deliver her to their care. "But no force must be made use of," resumed Zulima; "Cava must depart willingly, or not at all."

"Be it so," replied Valasquez. "She will have no hesitation in following us, when she reads the letter."

It was then agreed upon, that the next night, when all was quiet in the castle, that the prince and Valasquez should come with their boat to the landing-place in the pleasure-grounds, where Zulima would meet them, and either deliver the princess to their care, or bring them her refusal to go.

Every thing being adjusted to their wishes, Alonzo offered Zulima a magnificent jewel, as a reward for her kindness. This she absolutely refused, entreating him to believe she meant, by what she was about to do, to render others happy, not to enrich herself; and wishing them well, she returned to the arch, where she met her son, who conducted her in safety and unnoticed to the castle.

Arrived there, Zulima debated with herself whether she should that night inform Cava of her meeting with the strangers, or delay it till the next day. She feared disturbing the princess at so late an hour, and yet a delay might involve her in difficulties. Should Zamora know of her having private conversations with Cava, it would give her, perhaps, some suspicion of what was going forward, and all her schemes would then be frustrated; for Zamora, she was convinced, would never consent to any thing that could make Aleanzar miserable, even for a moment. This determined her to settle every thing that night with Cava; and entering the gallery that led to her chamber, with a quiet step and much caution, she reached the door of the apartment, at which she gently knocked. The princess had not retired to rest; she had placed herself at a window that looked upon the bay; the night was beautiful, and casting her eyes upon the world of waters that lay before her, she fell into that train of thought which is so natural to a religious, enlightened, and unhappy mind. Her past life rushed to her remembrance; she felt that she was wretched; but a small still voice told her not to repine, and in comforting accents, whispered that the misconduct of others, not her own, had caused her misery; that while conscience approved her actions, she had, in the worst state, a secret satisfaction, an inward happiness, that guilt could never feel. While, deep in these reflections, she endeavoured to calm her sorrows, she heard Zulima knock, and believing it was Zamora, rose to admit her.

She was surprised at seeing the good Moor, whom she imagined had retired indisposed to her chamber. Zulima, perceiving her astonishment, gently closed the door, and saying she had much to inform her of, begged she would listen attentively to all she had to unfold. She began by her suspicions of the false Moors, the evening they had passed on the water; she related the appointment she had made with one of the strangers in the boat, to whom she had given the perfumes; and the meeting that, in consequence, had taken place with him and his friend at the rock; carefully concealing their names and

quality, and calling them only the servants of count Julian. She ended by giving Cava the letter, the picture, and the jewels. The moment Cava beheld the portrait, she pressed it to her lips, and to her bosom.

"It is indeed," said she (tears dropping on the picture); "it is the faithful resemblance of my beloved mother, and dear to my heart. I left this miniature on a table in my apartment, the night that Aleanzar carried me from the castle of count Julian."

She recognised the jewels; she then perused the letter from the countess, which convinced her she had nothing to fear, in trusting herself to the men with whom Zulima had conversed. Her mother's letter enjoined her immediate return with them, could they liberate her from the thralldom she was in; it mentioned her own desperate state of health, and her anxious wish to embrace her child before her last hour arrived. Cava was sadly affected; it was a melancholy letter; no mention of her father; nothing of Alonzo.

"I will go," she cried to Zulima; "I will, if possible, fly this moment to my angel mother; she, alas! will soon be snatched from me; let me not lose an hour."

She rose to depart, but the Moor checked her impatience, by informing her, her departure was impossible till the next night. She laid before her the plan she had formed, and the secrecy with which she must execute it.

"You must be silent to Zamora on your flight," said Zulima; "was she to give the alarm in the castle, the guard would stop you, and the lives of the Goths who have come to seek you would be endangered; it would be almost impossible for them to escape the vigilance of Aleanzar's people. You must part with Zamora, without even bidding her farewell. I have formerly told you what I am assured of—she would sacrifice her own happiness to Aleanzar, and detain you here to gratify him."

"But, kind Zulima, Aleanzar had promised to liberate me the moment he returns."

"Trust not to the promises of men," replied the Moor; "their humours change with every wind; their natures are inconstant; variety is their idol, and change their delight: be prudent; fly while you can do it securely; leave me to appease Aleanzar. Give me a letter, if you will, for Zamora, that may express your feelings; your confidence, at present, might be fatal to you."

Cava, though she thought Zulima had drawn a severe character of men, and hoped there were numbers who could bear no resemblance to it, believed it most prudent to follow the advice of the Moor, and quit the castle while she could do so unmolested. She allowed Zulima to settle the whole plan for the next night; and determined to agree in every point with her wishes, which were anxiously turned towards the execution of her design.

The princess smiled at the ardour of the Moor; and taking her hand, said— "Dear Zulima, I shall soon be at a distance from you; remember me with some little affection, for I have always respected you; and as earnestly wish as you can do, the union of the lovely Zamora with the amiable Aleanzar."

Zulima, somewhat abashed at this speech, excused herself as to the anxiety she appeared to have for the departure of the princess; she pleaded her affection for Zamora, and her fear of a Christian wife for Aleanzar.

"Fear it not in me," replied Cava, kindly embracing her; "I venerate my own religion as highly as you can esteem yours; mine, however, teaches me liberality; to-morrow night will prove to you I have no design on the heart of Aleanzar."

“May you be happy wherever you go, charming Cava,” answered the conscious Moor; “you are almost perfection; and Zulima, when you are far distant, will weary the Prophet with prayers for your safety.”

They then parted, having agreed that the Moor should at that hour the next night wait for the princess in the garden below the castle, to conduct her to the boat where she was to find her friends.

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## CHAP. V.

THE Gothic princess passed a restless night; she arose weary and unrefreshed; and felt both hurt and unhappy at leaving the castle of Aleanzar, Zamora, and even Aleanzar himself, in the manner she was about to do. He had promised to send her back in safety to her mother, at least he had strongly intimated his intentions; could she doubt his honour? He appeared conscious, and ashamed of the error he had committed; was it fair to fly from him in the manner she intended? and with strangers too! with those whose names even she was unacquainted with! Would it not be most advisable to wait Aleanzar's return, and divulging to him her mother's ill state of health, trust to his honour to restore her in safety?

She soon discarded these thoughts: her mother's letter was positive; it commanded her return with the messengers; they were commissioned by her; every moment of delay brought her beloved parent nearer the grave; she might never behold her more! This sad idea removed all doubt in the mind of Cava, and fixed her determination of quitting the castle that night.

The anxious princess passed the whole of the day in a state of mind the most disagreeable to her feelings. She and Zamora followed their usual occupations without taking any interest in what they were about. Zamora could not but observe that something of a sombre nature hung on the mind of her friend, and tintured her words and actions with an unusual melancholy.

At sunset, Cava took the lute, and sung some beautiful airs, ending with one that was a tender and affectionate farewell to a friend, whom the composer supposed he should never meet again. She sung it twice with peculiar pathos. Zamora had never heard it before; she was charmed with it, and besought the princess to teach it to her. Cava could no longer restrain herself; she burst into tears, and laid down the lute. She was near avowing to Zamora, that that night was to separate them, perhaps for ever; but prudence whispered caution; and Zulima entering at the moment, and perceiving the inward struggle of the princess, soon found means to give a different and more lively turn to the conversation; and carefully watched the friends till the hour of repose. Cava got the better of her own feelings, and calmly parted with Zamora at the door of her chamber, when entering her own, she made what little preparation was necessary for her voyage. A thick veil, and a large loose robe to wrap herself in, over her usual dress, was all she chose from her magnificent wardrobe. Her mother's letter and picture she placed in her bosom, where Alonzo's had long been hid. The jewels which the countess had sent her she carefully examined, and was pleased to find among them some that were of great value, and she hoped would be kindly accepted, where she wished to bestow them. A fine sapphire clasp for the bosom of a robe she selected for Zamora, and an emerald ring of great value she destined for Aleanzar; and meant to bestow a less rare, though costly jewel, on Zulima.

Having written an affectionate farewell to Zamora, entreated her to accept the token of friendship she left, to present the emerald to Aleanzar in her name, and to make her peace with him for her sudden and unknown departure, she ended— "May you both be happy in each other! to hear that you are so, will give comfort to the broken heart of the miserable Cava. Wear these jewels for my sake; think of me—love me; you can never

be forgotten by me. In this castle, as sister to both, I could have serenely passed the rest of my days; but fate forbids it; and, if I judge truly, an early grave will soon shut out my sorrows."

Having directed her letter and the jewels, she left them on a table, where she knew they must be soon discovered, and was about to put on her veil and seek Zulima in the garden; but affection for Zamora, and an ardent wish once more to behold her, and give her a parting embrace, conquered prudence, and led her to the door of her friend's chamber. She softly opened it; a perfumed lamp was burning on a stand, and the lovely Zamora was stretched upon a couch, in a profound sleep. The last song which Cava had sung, and written down for her friend in the course of the evening, was lying by her; she had been impressing the words on her memory before she slept, and they had just fallen from her hand. Cava gazed on her with pleasure and sorrow.

"Sweet friend," cried she, "is this my last look! Charming Zamora, shall I never see you more! Favilla only could rank with you in my friendship; I know not if she still exists: how soon shall I lose all intercourse with you! Oh! why is the human heart so sensible to those fine affections that end only in woe! How has fate torn me from all I love! How does it still pursue me with increasing cruelty! I have only met kindred minds, to have the sympathetic bands that united us rudely torn asunder!"

Zamora, disturbed by the entrance of the princess, was now roused from her slumbers; and raising her head, was astonished to see Cava in her chamber at so late an hour, and instantly inquired what had prevented her going to repose? Cava, now sensible of her imprudence, repaired it by saying, she had heard some noise in the gallery, and believing she had not yet retired to rest, had come to speak on matters she would now delay till a future hour. Zamora besought her to remain at the present and unburden her mind, for from her looks and manner, she feared she was oppressed with some sorrow. "No," cried Cava, "to-morrow will explain all; good night, good night, dear Zamora;" and, stooping down, she tenderly embraced her: again Zamora entreated her stay; but, fearful of betraying herself, she hurried towards the door—stopped—hesitated—again advancing to Zamora's couch, and tenderly embracing her, she put off all explanation of her conduct till the morrow; and the amiable Moor saw her close the door, with sorrow and alarm on her account; but fearful of distressing her, suffered her to depart, hoping that the next day, being made acquainted with her friend's cause of grief, she should be able in some degree to mitigate it.

Cava, having thrown her robe round her, and covered herself with her veil, in trepidation hurried from the palace; and meeting Zulima on the terrace, they descended to the beach. They soon heard the dashing of the oars; and the night was sufficiently light for them to discern the boat, which had just entered the bay. It was large, and seemed well manned and armed; it had not yet approached the shore; and Cava had time to express to Zulima her thanks for the kindness she had shewn her.

"You owe me nothing," returned the Moor; "I grieve at the necessity there is that we should part: may Heaven protect and bless you!"

The boat had now anchored, and the two noble Goths were ascending the steps of the landing place, to receive the princess from Zulima.

Cava threw herself into the arms of the Moor; she wept, and embracing her, said— "Comfort Zamora for my loss; and assure Aleanzar it is with difficulty I bring

myself to quit his charming abode in this clandestine manner; necessity, not my own will, obliges me to do so."

Alonzo, who had stepped forward to receive the hand of the princess, and had concealed his face, that he might continue unknown to her, hearing these words, drew back, and a deep sigh issued from his bosom. Cava heeded him not, entirely occupied by the idea of those she was leaving behind; when she had a second time entreated Zulima to deliver her message faithfully, and again embraced her, she gave her hand to Valasquez, who stood nearest to her, and hurrying down the steps, he conveyed her to the gallery in silence, placing her where she could be best accommodated.

Alonzo, with his face nearly hid by his cloak, followed; and, taking his seat at some distance from Cava, was devoured with jealousy, caused by the expressions she made use of to the Moor; and he took it for granted, that heart which he prized above all earthly possessions was given to Aleanzar. In this state of mind he felt unwilling to approach her, and suffered Valasquez to remain near her, and solely attend to her accommodation on board the vessel, where nothing was wanting that could render her voyage agreeable. She inquired from Valasquez how long it was likely they should continue at sea? and he informed her, if, fortunately, the wind continued as it then was, the next noon would bring them to the destined port. Satisfied with this assurance, the princess replied only with an inclination of her head; and, leaning her cheek on her hand, fell into deep thought.

The night was sultry; some dark clouds gathered in the heavens, and at times obscured the moonbeams that fell upon the deck; the winds, however, were hushed; and no sound broke on the silence of the night, save only the hum of the mariners, and that monotonous sound which proceeded from the regular motion of the oars, as the vessel cut through the waves. For some hours the calm continued, and their voyage was most prosperous: it was now near day break; faint streaks of light were perceptible in the East; and Cava flattered herself, that a very short time would restore her to her mother. She believed herself attended by the domestics of the countess; and, except to thank Valasquez for some refreshments he had presented to her, she had not spoken to any one on board; nor had she given the least attention to Alonzo, or the melancholy attitude in which he had continued for some hours. With the dawn came a whistling wind; the sea swelled; thick clouds gathered; the air became almost suffocating; and tremendous claps of thunder, with lightning, that seemed as if it would set the galley on fire, soon alarmed, not only Cava, but the crew. The man at the helm called to the rowers to make every exertion to reach one of the ports belonging to count Julian; to keep as near the coast of Africa as they could with safety; that, by the bright flashes of lightening, he discovered the Straits, and he trusted they might be able to land before the hurricane became more dreadful. "We have much to fear," cried he, "if it drives us out to sea."

Every thing now was hurry and confusion on board: Cava, though death would have been welcome to her, yet felt as every human being must do, at the approach of a violent one; to be engulfed in a raging sea was a tremendous thought; and, appalled at the loud claps of thunder, and the vivid lightening, that now every moment flashed across the deck, she placed her hand upon her eyes, and, not supposing any one attended to her, she said aloud— "Oh! my beloved, my dear, my never-to-be-forgotten Alonzo, I shall behold you no more; and to be assured that you are still in existence is denied to the hapless Cava."

As she uttered these words, she was sinking from the seat she sat on, and found herself supported in the arms of one of the men who had conveyed her to the vessel. While he supported her with one arm, he clasped her hand in his which was free, and pressed it to his lips. She was more alarmed at this conduct than at the storm, when the well-known voice of Alonzo whispered—“Cava, my ever-dear Cava, this moment, though one of terror, repays me for much suffering. Your Alonzo is near you; he hears you breathe a wish to behold him again; he feels that his Cava’s heart is unchangeable, and the conviction makes him blest.”

While Alonzo spoke, he felt a heavier weight upon his arm; the hand he held seemed lifeless in his; the head of the princess sunk upon his shoulder; the opening day shewed him the lovely Cava’s pallid countenance, and that she was, to appearance, a lifeless corpse in his arms. He shrieked to Valasquez for assistance; this faithful friend was soon at his side, and by their repeated efforts, they at length recovered the princess.

She gazed wildly round; then fixing her languid and tearful eyes on Alonzo (who, scarcely able to support her, was himself near sinking on the deck) she drew her veil over her face, saying—“For pity’s sake, quit me, Alonzo. You are alive; thank Heaven I know you are so; but leave me, I beseech you; if you value my peace, leave me; we must meet no more. I know your heart; and, perhaps, that is my greatest grief: kill me not with your kindness; if we can weather this dreadful storm, let your friend restore me to my mother; we, alas! must meet no more.”

Alonzo was about to reply, and to combat her will, but the elements forbade him. The sailors called out that the ship was in the utmost danger; and if the storm continued to rage, it must sink.—“Then we are blessed; we shall die together,” exclaimed Alonzo, pressing Cava in his arms; “now you will not refuse to listen to me; now you will not drive me from you.”

The princess could only sigh and weep: she had not now the power to withdraw herself from the encircling arms of her faithful Alonzo; and both their hearts felt satisfied that nothing more should separate them, but that fate would consign them together to the tomb.

Cava now read the heart of her lover; his doubts were over with respect to hers: and, amidst this war of the elements, faithful love granted to two miserable beings some moments of almost perfect felicity. Faithful, pure, and perfect love, thy power is omnipotent! thou art

“That cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,  
To make the bitter draught of life go down.”

An hour passed as a moment to Alonzo and Cava; pleased, not terrified, at the approach of death, the shock of worlds would have been nothing to them; they heard not the thunders roar; they noticed not the blue lightning as it played around them: Cava, pressed to the bosom of Alonzo, her head resting on his shoulder, her hands clasped in his, calmly saw the rolling wave pass over the vessel, and could figure to herself no greater felicity than dying with Alonzo. He brought to her remembrance all the happiness of her early years; she listened with sad delight to his vows; and every word she uttered spoke her heart. But how few are the moments of happiness allotted to man! We lose them at the instant we enjoy them most, and feel most secure of their duration.

Our lovers were soon awakened to a sense of suffering by the loud vociferation and joy of the mariners; the storm was fast subsiding; the clouds dispersed; the thunder ceased to roll; and a bright sun, rising in glory, replaced, with its vivifying rays, the red glare of the lightning that had threatened destruction. "The port, the port," they cried, "was in view; in an hour they should land:" all was joy, tumult, and delight, on board. Valasquez congratulated the prince and Cava on their safety; they answered him not: Cava's brow was overcast; she withdrew herself from Alonzo; he attempted not to hold her. She wrapped her veil round her, and hid her face. Valasquez felt for her; he approached, and endeavoured to cheer her by speaking of her mother; this string vibrated to the heart of the unhappy princess; filial tenderness resumed its place in her bosom; she faintly smiled, and strove to think only of her duty.

She questioned Valasquez concerning her father, and the war in Spain. She had not the power to converse with Alonzo on the subject.

In the time the mariners had predicted, the galley was in port. The shore was lined with friends, to watch and welcome their approach; and Cava landed, escorted by the prince and Valasquez, amidst the blessings and acclamations of the multitude, for she was admired and beloved by all her father's vassals. She made not a moment's delay till she reached the castle: Alonzo had sent a swift messenger to apprise the countess of their safety, and their approach; and he had soon the happiness of placing her beloved daughter in her arms.

The countess, in the last stage of a consumption, had exerted herself to receive her child; and, as the day was sultry, had made her attendants carry her to the most airy apartment of the castle, where, placed on a sofa, she waited impatiently the arrival of Cava. The delight she felt from the recovery of this beloved daughter, had given a hectic glow to her pale and emaciated countenance, and prevented Cava at first being sensible of the ravages sickness and sorrow had made on the fine face of the countess. Long did she strain her child to her bosom, and hold her in her embrace; and often did she lift her eyes and hands to Heaven, in gratitude for her safety; then seizing Alonzo's hand, and drawing him towards her, she thanked, embraced, and called him her son; declaring she never could express what she felt, and that she must leave it to Cava to repay him for all he had done.

Alonzo, shocked to see the countess so fast and visibly declining, endeavoured to compose her, and, as much as possible, to change a conversation that he saw was most painful to Cava: feigning business, he excused himself from seeing them till night; and he and his friend left the countess to the free enjoyment of her child's company.

Soon Cava perceived, with deep anguish, the deplorable state of her mother's health; the flush of joy over, it was succeeded by a deathlike paleness, that plainly indicated the approaching fate of the countess; and her amiable child, struck by so sad a warning, mentally said—"I will, while this dear mother exists, devote each moment of my time to her, and to her alone. I will discard all selfish thoughts; I will forget the past, think no more of my own sufferings, or of Alonzo. No, Alonzo; not even to you shall my thoughts wander, while she exists; to her I consecrate my tenderest feelings; all but my mother shall be forgotten. Even the most cruel fate cannot entirely rob the human heart of comfort, when, looking back, we can say, I have done my duty—I have acted well—I have rendered myself amiable in the eyes of those I most love and venerate."



Thus thought the amiable Cava, and thus she acted: in her tenderness and attention to her mother she forgot herself; and, entirely occupied with the countess, she suppressed her own griefs. Obligated to see Alonzo often, she avoided all opportunities of private conversation; and he, knowing how earnestly she wished to be unmolested, thought this no season to talk of love.

Above two months the countess continued nearly in the same state; and often her fond child flattered herself with the vain hope of her recovery.

All this time no letters were received from count Julian. Many messengers arrived from Spain; Musa was victorious; Abdalesis was master of Toledo; and it was rumoured that Aleanzar had landed in Spain: but all were silent as to the fate of count Julian: the countess had heard nothing respecting him since Alonzo had left him on the plains of Xeres. He, knowing the count's state of mind, had his fears; but was most careful to conceal them from his wife and daughter.

Cava gave her mother her history, from the hour Aleanzar had carried her off, till the present moment; and often to amuse her, dwelt on the beauties of his castle, and his noble treatment of her while she was its inhabitant: the sweet Zamora was not forgotten; Cava gave a warm and animated description of the charms of her mind and person; and constantly her discourse, by earnestly wishing her union with the gallant Moor. Alonzo, almost always in the apartment of the countess, eagerly listened to Cava; and, though greatly enraged at the violence of Aleanzar's conduct, in stealing away the princess, he could not refuse him his admiration when she launched out in his praise; and both he and the countess anxiously wished to be acquainted with Zamora, whose attachment to Cava appeared to have been so tender and sincere.

One evening that the countess had found herself extremely exhausted, as she was alone with Cava and Alonzo, she requested they would assist her into an inner apartment, and there leave her to repose for some time.—“I shall be better presently,” said she; “do not call my attendants; but I entreat you both to remain in this room; leave the apartments open, and watch me while I sleep.” They obeyed her; and placing her on a sofa as she wished, they were about to retire, when taking a hand of each, she joined them, and with an earnest look, besought them to remember that they had long been destined for each other.—“I know the sincerity of your heart,” said the countess to Alonzo; “and you, Cava, I also know yours; you must promise me to fulfil your father's commands, and my wishes.”

“Dearest mother, try to rest; we shall talk of this hereafter.”

“No; talk of it now,” returned the countess. “I give you to Alonzo; he loves you—he will protect you when I am gone.”

Alonzo pressed the countess's hand to his lips, declaring, in the most solemn manner, all he desired in this world was to make Cava his wife, and that it was her illness only that had prevented his urging his suit.

“I know it,” cried the countess fairly; “I know your delicacy, my beloved Alonzo;” turning earnestly to Cava—“You must be his wife.”

Cava, violently agitated at seeing her mother, in the weak state she was reduced to, so anxious on worldly concerns, stooping down, and in a tender embrace joining her face to hers, said—“Compose yourself, my mother; I wish to quiet all your fears; I promise you I never will marry any man but Alonzo.”

This was uttered in so low a voice, that the countess only heard the words; whether they satisfied her or not, is uncertain; but again desiring to be left alone, her daughter and Alonzo withdrew to the outer apartment, placing themselves so that they could have a full view of the countess as she lay upon her couch: soon she appeared to be in a profound sleep; and Cava, as she sat with her eyes fixed on the spot where her mother lay, from the quietness of her slumber, felt a dawn of hope that now was the crisis of her complaint, and that it might prove a favourable one. For some time she sat in perfect silence, forgetting every thing on earth but her mother, and even insensible to the presence of Alonzo. He hung upon her looks, and watched her also in silence.

The evening was now coming to a close; the heat was extreme, and all the lattices in the apartments had been opened to admit the air; a mountain breeze at times scattered perfumes from the gardens of the castle through the chambers, and rendered the heat less oppressive; a softened light gave an air of melancholy to all around; Cava felt it; and tears, she was not able to suppress, fell on her bosom.

Alonzo could be silent no longer; he rose from his seat, and flinging himself at her feet, he cried—"Cava, my love, my affianced wife, be comforted; your parents have consigned you to my care; love long since has joined our hearts: receive me, Cava, as your husband; gratify your dying mother by the assurance that you will do so; and make me the most blessed of men, by suffering me to devote the rest of my life to your happiness: I will study, Cava, to be worthy of you; I will study to obliterate from your mind all that can oppress you; I shall look upon you as the dearest treasure that can be bestowed on man; such a mind, such a heart as yours, is above all praise."

Cava, as he spoke, cast her eyes tenderly upon him; tears rolled down her cheeks, and she calmly answered—"Was it possible, Alonzo, that you could wipe from recollection my past misfortunes, I know that with you I should be happy; but alas! that is even beyond your power. While memory lasts, I must be wretched."

"No," interrupted the prince with ardour, "you must not, you shall not be wretched, if Alonzo can make you otherwise: know that the tyrant Rodrigo is dead; he has paid the forfeit of his crimes; I saw him sink beneath the waters of the Guadaleta to rise no more; let your sorrows be buried with him; and let your Alonzo see you smile again."

"Name him not," cried Cava (turning ashy pale); "let not my senses be blasted by the sound!" Here her agitation increased, and she covered her face with her veil: sorrow would have its course; it was silent but deep. Alonzo did not dare to interrupt it; he felt almost distracted, yet feared to utter a word.

Cava at length drew back her veil, and having acquired the possession of herself, calmly besought the prince to rise, and seat himself by her side. He rose; he took her hand in his; she drew it gently from him, and pointed to a seat. In a few minutes she thus addressed him—

"Alonzo, fate seems to have given me this moment, to open my full heart to you. I will do it truly, faithfully as I would to Heaven, and I beseech you to listen to me with patience. Let not passion influence you. Alonzo; reason, virtue, alone must be your guides, as they have been mine."

"Cava," cried the prince, suddenly interrupting her, "you are preparing me for something dreadful; you are going to reject me; I will not hear you; you shall not, if I can help it, devote yourself and me to misery by too refined feelings."

“By too refined feelings!” answered Cava: “Is it possible the prince Alonzo should make use of such language! what is woman without refined feelings? what is she without delicacy of sentiment and action? why, she is almost without virtue! Hear me calmly, Alonzo; I trust if you do so, I shall convince your reason, though I may oppose your passions; hear me with calmness; it is all I require.”

The prince, full of sorrow (for he truly interpreted her words), silently acquiesced, and fixing a steadfast and melancholy look on her, gave her all his attention.

Cava saw his distress; it pierced her to the soul; yet that distress was dear to her; it proved his heart, and, in the midst of misfortune, that heart was a treasure she found her worst misfortune would be to lose. Again she prepared to speak; her voice failed, her tongue faltered; she stopt, she hesitated; at length she said, “Alonzo, it is needless for me now to declare to you the feelings of that heart you so well know how to read: at this moment, when I reject your hand, when I tell you I never can, never will be your wife, they are as true as sincere, as fond as when in our early days we were happy at Toledo.”

Here the prince wrung his hands, and a deep groan issued from his bosom.

“Alonzo!” cried the princess, “do not add to my griefs by this overwhelming sorrow. I doubt not your love; you have given me every proof of it that the most devoted lover could give; I will not abuse your tenderness; we must part; I ought not to be your wife.”

“You ought, you shall!” cried he with vehemence; “it is the wish, nay, the command of your parents.”

“I will not, I ought not to be your wife; your honour, my honour, and delicacy forbids it. ‘Cesar’s wife should not be suspected!’ I think with Cesar, and I thank Heaven that has given me a Roman soul, which rises above misfortune. I have notions respecting marriage that I think, Alonzo, in your cooler moments, you must approve. Seeing the carelessness of the world respecting it, seeing it so lightly entered into, and the union of mind and sentiment so little thought of in this sacred bond, I turned my thoughts deeply to consider why such numbers were miserable, ere a few months had passed over their heads; so few satisfied with their lot, or tasting the smallest comfort. To secure lasting happiness in marriage, there is much required; love is not alone sufficient; it is impossible to love long, where one cannot perfectly esteem: if once disgusted with either mind or person, there is an end of happiness; it is flown for ever. The heart of husband and wife should be open to the inspection of each other—open as if there was a window in the breast; there should be nothing to conceal, either of the past or present hour; there should be no room for reproach, at least on the woman’s side; nothing to look back to that could lower her in the opinion of the man she calls by the dear name of husband: perfect delicacy, purity of mind and manners, should adorn the woman; she should have nothing to blush for in the presence of the husband she loves, or happiness cannot be hers.

Tempers may be adverse, but fools only will gratify their tempers at the expence of real happiness. How must a woman feel, if she knows that, on any slight disagreement, any gust of passion, her husband can reproach her with the past? Is it possible that woman can be happy? No! a corroding worm will gnaw at her heart, and peace will be no more. In my opinion, purity in person, mind, and manners, can alone secure felicity in wedlock: delicacy, that constant necessary attendant on a woman, should never quit her one moment; it should preside at her toilet, be found in the most secret recesses of her chamber, close the curtains of her couch, and be present at her waking hour. Do not tell

me, Alonzo, that my ideas are too refined; they are what I can never alter; I am fixed: I am determined never to be your wife. I love you, Alonzo; I blush not to declare it; I love you with unfeigned affection; I think, had fate been propitious, we had been completely happy; but it is over; we must reconcile ourselves to our lot; I look to a future world for that peace I lose in this. We must part; we must see each other no more; you will give me the best proof of your constant affection, by acquiescing in my will, and approving of my conduct; it is dictated by perfect love, and by delicacy of mind. No one, not even you, Alonzo, can believe the pangs this determination has given to my heart; but it is past; I am conscious I am acting right, and that supports me. My wish was never to have seen you more; fate has decreed it otherwise; we have met, and perhaps my poor heart has thrown off some of the dead weight which so long oppressed it. I cannot explain, even to myself, my real feelings, but too well I know, Alonzo, that we must part." Here she gave him her hand, and, with it, a look of the most perfect tenderness.

The prince raised the proffered hand fondly to his lips, and cried, in agony—"Oh! too amiable, too delicate, too lovely Cava! this, indeed, is the extreme of misery."

The unhappy lovers were lost in silent sorrow, when the countess awoke from her long slumber. They forgot their own sufferings, and instantly approached her couch. She attempted to rise—she fell back—the king of terrors was at hand—she was speechless. Cava raised her dying mother in her arms. The countess gazed tenderly at her, and expired without a groan. The princess could not be persuaded she was dead; she knelt by her: she clasped the lifeless form to her heart; she called on her name; she endeavoured by every possible means to restore animation: Alonzo called her attendants; cordials were administered; they were in vain; she had passed the goal; she was beyond human help: and, by Alonzo's care, the fainting Cava was removed from so sad a scene, and conveyed to her apartment.

## CHAP. VI.

“IN what new region, to the just assign’d,  
What new employments please th’unbody’d mind?  
A winged virtue, through th’ethereal sky.  
From world to world, unwearied dost thou fly?  
Or, dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?  
A task well suited to thy gentle mind!  
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,  
To me, thy aid, thou guardian parent lend!  
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.”

THE being prepared for misfortune seldom makes the stroke less bitter to a feeling mind. Death comes home to every heart; and a young and affectionate mind is nearly overthrown, when, for the first time, it feels that a dear and beloved object is no more. When it sees the form in which it delighted, pale, inanimate, and senseless; the eye closed that was accustomed to express the feelings of the soul; the ear deaf to the accents that once charmed it; the tongue mute, that had so often amused and instructed—the world, at such a moment, holds out little to recompense so sad a loss; a dark cloud overshadows it; you spurn its vanities with contempt; your thoughts quit it for a nobler region; and it is long before gross human nature regains her influence.

Cava, carried lifeless from the chamber of the countess, was only restored to reflection to feel and bewail her melancholy fate.

Eternal separation from a fond parent, must, at any period of life, wring the heart of a child; in her situation, the death of her mother was a source of unutterable woe. She was left desolate in a world that had used her ill, that was hateful to her, and where she feared to trust herself. She had riches, she had rank, but what did that avail? She was alone in her father’s palace; his vassals at present were hers; but was she certain of their fidelity, should count Julian be numbered with the dead? No one knew his fate; she feared the worst. Could she a moment think herself secure in any thing she possessed? The Saracens had overrun Spain; they, not the Christians, commanded there. In Africa, where she now was, the territory she was mistress of was too small, and her people too few and weak, to resist the Moors, should they claim a right to her and her domains; and they were in force, even at the boundaries.

These sad truths passed in quick succession through the mind of Cava, when her senses were restored. Alonzo too, his love, his perseverance, and his grief at her rejection of him, appalled her, and weighed heavily on her dejected heart. Alonzo appeared before her; he came to weep with her, to lament the amiable countess, and to offer every possible consolation to her in whom his soul delighted.

Cava, forgetting herself, her love, every thing but her recent loss, received the prince as she would have done a brother; and listened, with the most melancholy satisfaction, to the praises he bestowed on the departed countess. The share he took in her grief softened it; and the only moments she felt herself free from almost despair, were those she passed in his company.

Alonzo desired he might have the regulation of the obsequies, as he wished, if possible, to spare Cava so sad a scene. She accepted his offer of directing the funeral of her mother, but positively insisted on attending in person, and paying the last sad honours to the dead. She was so earnest, and so determined, that the prince yielded, finding it in vain to combat her pious wishes.

Every day, unattended, Cava visited the dear remains, which were now laid in state in one of the apartments of the castle; there contemplating the end of man, and the vanity of all worldly grandeur, she was strengthened in her determination of quitting the world.—“Alas!” cried she, while her eyes overflowed, and her hands were clasped and raised to Heaven, “what do I resign in relinquishing a world where all my happiness is wrecked? My mother, my indulgent mother, is removed from the protection of her child: I see before me her once exquisite form, fast approaching to corruption; that heavenly spirit that animated it, and shed its benign influence, not only on her wretched child, but on all around her, has taken its flight to a happier region, where she will assuredly be rewarded for all her sufferings here. Oh!” cried she, sinking on her knees by her mother’s corse, and pressing her lips on the clay-cold hand, “what do I not owe to you, my sainted mother, for so firmly impressing on my mind that Christian faith, which opens to our view so bright a futurity, though here misery may assail us, and dark clouds overspread our brightest day. Still, beloved mother, if it be permitted, watch over your child; I will flatter myself that you may possibly see into my heart, may still guard it from error. While life is given me, may I emulate your virtues; but, oh! if my prayers are heard, I shall soon join you in a happier world.” Then pausing, she at last sobbed aloud—“How am I alone in the universe! What have I not lost! My father, you, my mother, and my ever-dear Alonzo—I can lose no more.” Alonzo stood mournfully at her side; he had heard all she uttered. On perceiving him, she rose confused, and retired to her apartment.

The next night was fixed on for the interment of the countess. She was to be buried in the chapel belonging to the castle. Alonzo, to do her honour, had ordered the funeral in the most magnificent style.

With daylight rose the unhappy Cava; she feared to proceed to the apartment of death, lest she should again meet Alonzo, and while her mind was unhinged, and softened by her recent sorrows, not be sufficiently herself to put a stop to those tender assurances of affection that she now dreaded to hear, though thoroughly convinced they proceeded from the truest heart, and one that would ever beat for her.

Risen, she saw with horror the melancholy dress in which she was soon to be arrayed, and which her attendants had left in order the night before. Her blood curdled in her veins, her lip trembled, and her wan cheek grew paler, as, her eye rested on the sable garments, and the black veil that lay before her. She paced her room, then stopped to contemplate them; and raising her eyes to Heaven, while they streamed with tears, she cried—“Grant me resignation, oh! Almighty Power, should I be doomed to wear that mournful dress for more than one parent. Where are you, my father? Surely not on earth, or my excellent mother, my wretched self, could not be forgotten by you.” In silent agony she then traversed her chamber, and seeing the faint rays of early day penetrate the lattice of her apartment, she advanced towards the window, and unclosed it, to admit the cool air of the morning: for a while she was lost in the contemplation of the earth and the heavens; the dawn was not overcast, but gave promise of the brightest day, and nature appeared to awaken gay and smiling from the repose of the night; the breeze that shook

the dew-drops from the trees and flowering shrubs that adorned the castle gardens, scattered fragrance as it passed; the growing light gave gay tints to every object; and the scenery from the windows of the castle would have filled any heart with joy, not absorbed in that deep and complicated grief that oppressed the Gothic princess. She felt not now the sweet influence of beauteous nature; all its charms were lost upon her; her eye, turned inward, saw hope cut off, and in its place, gloom, sorrow, and despair.

Sitting down at the casement, she leaned her heavy head on her hand, and with a vacant stare, fixed her eyes on the rising sun; but soon turned in disgust from the glorious sight, crying—"Alas! your bright beams bring no pleasure to Cava; darkness, solitude, and the deepest gloom, is best suited to my sorrows; how is it with me, when such a morning as this fails to shed one drop of comfort on my withered heart!" here she fell into deep thought, and planned a thousand schemes to hide herself for ever from Alonzo: but how could she avoid him? friendless, unknown, where could she wander?—What safety was there for her, in a wide world in which she had met so much ill? and with such friends, such rank, such protection, as she had had, was yet made, by a cruel destiny, so completely miserable.

More than an hour had she mused, and no scheme had as yet satisfied her mind; and she looked to nothing but being in her own palace, either a prisoner to her apartments, or ever subject to the company, and a witness to the discontent, of Alonzo. She dreaded her own weakness if she listened to him; and, obstinate in her determination of never being his, she saw no chance for freedom of choice, but in flying from him; how to do so, now occupied her mind, when she heard a heavy footstep near her window; she thought the person stopped, and sighed deeply, and fearing it was Alonzo, withdrew from the casement; curiosity brought her instantly back, and looking from it, she was surprised and rejoiced to behold Garcia, an officer belonging to count Julian, high in his favour, the son of her nurse; and one whom she had supposed, till this moment, in Spain with her father, about whose person he generally was.

"Garcia," cried Cava, leaning from the casement, "Garcia, when did you return? What news of my beloved father? Is he coming? Have you been sent before to apprise us? Tell me all, I beseech you? Oh! my father, who will have the courage to disclose to him his irreparable loss—to tell him that my dearest mother is no more? What will his sufferings be when he enters his mourning castle!"

Garcia was now beneath the window; he looked sorrowfully at Cava, and his heavy eye was filled with tears; his handsome, manly countenance was haggard; he appeared as if he had suffered much, and was deeply affected in mind and body.

"My princess," cried he, "I have little to tell you; you already know the fate of Spain—count Julian—the Saracens have been successful; I will not say that the catastrophe may be what my noble master the count expected; but, my dear lady, how grieved I am to say I must disappoint your hopes!—I am alone; your brave father is not returned. We parted on the plains of Xeres; I was sent with letters and orders to my lamented mistress, your mother; my journey has been unfortunate; the delay, both by land and sea, has been great. Judge, lady, of my grief, when at daybreak I arrived, to find this castle the seat of sorrow; to hear, that she to whom I owed every thing was no more! I could not believe the sad tidings, till my eyes too truly convinced me they were not fallacious. I am just come from the chamber of death, where I have left the amiable and worthy Alonzo, mourning over the inanimate form of the parent that so cherished him. I

could stand the most dreadful field of battle, rather than such a sight! But, lady, why should I talk to you thus? you, whom yourself seem sinking under your grief. Alas! lady, I have only to pray that you may see happier days, all the respect and duty I paid your mother, I here vow in future to pay to you;" and drawing his sword and kissing it, he added— "Here, lady, I devote my life to your service; no labour, no peril, shall I deem too great, to shew my gratitude to the count and countess Julian, by watching over the fate of their child, and being obedient to her every wish."

Here the brave Garcia placed his sword again in its scabbard; and, with a melancholy look, fixed his eyes on Cava, who, deeply affected by the gratitude and fidelity of his nature, was dissolved in tears.

The sun was now risen, and Cava and Garcia had a full view of each other's countenance, and both were mutually shocked to see the havoc that a few months had made in their persons. The princess, though still exquisitely beautiful, looked like one on the brink of the grave. The spirit of her countenance was gone; her bloom was fled; the faded roses had died upon her cheeks; her lip was wan; and the thinness and airiness of her form gave an idea while you viewed her, that she might vanish from your sight.

Garcia gazed at her with sorrow; he felt as an affectionate brother would do; his heart swelled in his bosom, and he was silent.

Cava perceived that her appearance shocked him; she had seen with pleasure his perfect devotion to her will, and it instantly occurred to her, that he would assist in her scheme of finding out some asylum where she could live free from the misery of being subject to the presence of Alonzo. Unwilling to be seen conversing with even Garcia at her casement, she requested him to meet her about the middle of the night in the chapel, at her mother's tomb, where she would inform him what services she hoped from him;—"And in that solemn spot," cried she, "you will, I hope, prove to me, Garcia, what I never doubted, that you regard me as your sister."

"I do, I do," answered Garcia; "every action of my life shall speak for me."

Cava waved her hand to him to retire, and withdrawing from the casement, she immediately closed it. She had scarcely done so, when a message arrived from Alonzo, that he entreated permission to see her. She ordered her attendants to admit him: their interview was tender and melancholy; Cava restrained not her tears, and they gave a temporary relief to the agitation of her mind. On Alonzo's taking leave, she entreated to be left for the remainder of the day to herself; she wished not to be disturbed till the mournful procession began.

The prince, who only lived to obey her, retired, entreating her to calm her spirits, and allow him to point her view to happier days. She answered him not; but her grateful and affectionate look passed to his heart, and with something of hope in his bosom he quitted her apartment. Absorbed in deep and melancholy reflections, Cava passed some hours; when, sensible that the time approached to pay the last duties to her departed mother, she summoned her attendants, and with a breaking heart, arrayed herself in her sable garb. The prince at the proper moment was at the door of her apartment, anxious to attend and support her at the solemn scene.

She perceived him: the day was shut in; that part of the castle, with the passages that led to the chapel, were hung in black, and lamps were thinly scattered along the gloomy walls. Cava, languid, and pale as a drooping lily, gave her trembling hand to Alonzo, and allowed him to conduct her to where they joined the sad procession.



No words can describe the agonizing grief that pierced the soul of Cava as she followed her mother's corse into the chapel. When the great door was thrown open—when the priests advanced to pay the last honours to the dead—to her, whose conduct through life had been so exemplary—whose guide through its thorny path had been that religion they professed—when she saw unaffected sorrow on the faces of all around—when music, with heavy, deep, and solemn tones, at intervals struck on her ear, and the awful dirge for the dead began—

“When o'er the closing grave,  
Rung the full choir, in choral stave,”

Cava, notwithstanding the attentions of Alonzo, would have sunk to the earth, had not Garcia, who happily had mingled with the crowd, flown to assist the trembling prince, whose supporting arms could scarcely sustain the fainting Cava. She saw every comfort of life buried in her mother's grave! that mother, who had felt the sorrows of her child with more acuteness than had they been her own. “While my mother lived,” she mentally said, “I had still support; on her bosom I could lament, or for a moment forget affliction: alas! with the closing of her grave, the world closes upon me!” And bending over the still yawning sepulchre, she earnestly wished she could there be laid at peace. At length the solemn service was at an end—the crowd dispersed—the countess Julian was interred.

“Oh! fading honours of the dead!  
Oh! high ambition, lowly laid!”

The mournful scene had operated so strongly on the princess, that Alonzo, fearing every thing from the agony she seemed to suffer, proposed to Garcia to assist her to her chamber. Cava made no opposition, and heaving a deep-drawn sigh, she suffered them to lead her from the chapel. Alonzo insisting on her swallowing a cordial which had been prepared for her, flew to procure it; and she took the moment of his absence to entreat Garcia not to forget the midnight hour. An inclination of his head, with his hand pressed upon his heart, was all the answer the faithful Garcia could make before the return of the prince, who then conducted Cava to her own apartment, beseeching her to endeavour at some composure, saying—“He hoped a few days would render her able to converse with him on the plan they both had to pursue, respecting her father's government, and their own private views.”

Cava faintly answered—“That the government was always safe in his hands; and that whenever it was possible, without violence to her own feelings, she would acquiesce in all his wishes.” And while they proceeded to her chamber, she said—“Are you not convinced, Alonzo, that Cava's heart is fully impressed with your worth—that she values you above the world—and that the feeling you have shewn for the loss of her angelic mother, has, if possible, made you dearer to her than ever? but do not from this flatter yourself that we can ever be united. On a former occasion I have said sufficient to convince you my determination is unchangeable. My mind is not hardened, but steady in the right. You must be convinced, Alonzo, how much I suffer in withdrawing myself from you.”

Unwilling to add to the present distress of her he so dearly loved, the sorrowing Alonzo (hoping a more fortunate hour, and suppressing those murmurs that were ready to

escape him) tenderly bade her adieu, praying she might pass a tranquil night. Cava, in silence, gave her hand to the prince and Garcia, and instantly closing her door, she shut herself into her apartment, where we shall leave her to her sad reflections, for it still wants two hours to midnight, the time she had appointed to meet Garcia in the chapel.

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## CHAP. VII.

“THE midnight bell did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth, sound on into the drowsy race of night,” when Cava (who had impatiently waited for the appointed moment) raising her lamp from the table, and gently opening the door of her chamber, entered the gloomy passages that led to the chapel, rendered still more gloomy by the sable hangings that remained on their walls, and the dying lamps, whose flame, not quite extinguished, sunk alternately almost to darkness in the socket, and then with sudden blaze shewed the gloom more horribly; but the princess passed on, unappalled by the surrounding objects. She “had that within which passeth show;” her course she had determined on; and she dreaded only, that the weakness of her own heart might prevent her pursuing it. She was to pass that part of the castle inhabited by Alonzo; as she approached his chamber door, which opened on a gallery she could not avoid passing through, she started at finding it not closed; the night was sultry, and it had been left open to admit the air; Cava shrunk back, and with her sable dress entirely concealed her lamp. She saw Alonzo pace his chamber in agony; she heard his sighs; she heard her name repeated with tenderness, and almost despair; and, by the faint light in the chamber, she saw him throw himself on his couch, and heard him pray for blessings on her head, and peace to her mind. The princess was deeply affected; she trembled violently; and, supporting her exhausted frame against the wall, she was almost tempted to discover herself, and, by consenting to unite her destiny with his, put an end to the sufferings of this too dear and faithful lover. This, however, was only the weakness of a moment; soon virtue and delicacy resumed their empire in her uncontaminated heart; and finding that the prince had his face turned from the door, she softly glided past, and her light footstep returning no echo, she gained, unperceived, the flight of stairs that led to the lower part of the castle, through which she was obliged to pass to enter the chapel. Within the holy fabric she found the faithful Garcia; he was waiting for her at the new-made grave of her mother; and Cava, who before had not given him her undivided attention, was now shocked at beholding him so woe-begone; and looking more like a spectre than the handsome, animated, interesting Garcia she had once known him—she started as she surveyed him.

“Be not alarmed, lady,” he cried, “at my sad appearance; my mind, indeed, is sick; but, wretched as I am, I have will and strength to employ myself in what you may command: but wonder not at my appearance, and the sorrow that oppresses me; the miserable fate of Spain overpowers me; our holy religion is trodden under foot; the crescent vaunts that it has vanquished the cross; the Saracens are every where triumphant: your noble father has mistaken foes for friends; he will either be sacrificed to the ambition of those infidels, or his own remorse, for having assisted them to subdue his country, and trample on the Christian religion, will shorten his once glorious days.”

Cava groaned aloud; she covered her face with her hands; she was conscious that by her instigation, her father, to revenge her, had assisted in bringing such calamity on his country. “Oh!” cried she, “would I had been buried deep, deep in the earth, before I had seen this day! never will I repine at my own sufferings, but in sackcloth and ashes bewail those that through me, though unintentionally, have fallen on my unhappy country.”

She sat down on the grave of her mother; and her affliction was so extreme, that the sorrowing Garcia made use of every argument in his power to console her, by

dressing the future in brighter colours than he could possibly believe it would ever wear. He then told her he must be ready at a moment to receive Alonzo's orders, and quit Africa for Spain. "I must see count Julian wherever he is to be found, that I may make a faithful representation to him of the state of things; but before this," cried Garcia, "he must have been informed of the numbers that, under the crafty Musa and the gallant Aleanzar, have entered Spain. I met them on my road; they landed some time since; but to what point they were to direct their course, was a secret I could not penetrate."

Cava started from the ground. "Musa! Aleanzar!" she suddenly exclaimed; "are they so soon in Spain? Oh! my friend, my sweet Zamora, what is become of you? Why did I not remain with you? I might now, in a peaceful retirement, pour my sorrows into your sympathizing bosom."

"I know not," replied Garcia, "what females accompanied the Moors; I dared not to inquire; but this I know, that some princess, with a splendid retinue, was escorted by a large party of their warriors; but whether she belonged to Musa or not, I am still ignorant. But, lady," cried Garcia, "I am impatient to know your orders; the night wears away, and I yet am unacquainted why you wished to meet me here. In three days I must return to Spain, and we may not be able, in that period, to converse without witnesses. Have you any thing to communicate privately to your noble father? I shall be the faithful bearer. My wife, my unhappy wife, with my infant son, is at Toledo; my heart can know no peace till I again behold them. I left them in apparent security, but whether they will be respected or not by these Moors, that profess a friendship for us, Heaven only knows!"

"Is Isabella at Toledo?" cried Cava; "have I still a friend there? take me with you—take me to Toledo; it is all I ask."

Garcia started; he looked at her with amazement, and believed her senses were bewildered.

"I am not mad, Garcia," she cried; "I ask you, I entreat you, to carry me with you from Africa, from this palace, from my father's house, from him whom I love with the most perfect affection, from the good, the generous, the excellent Alonzo! Here," cried she with quickness, drawing a paper from her bosom, "I cannot by words explain to you my reasons for acting as I do, but this paper will speak for me; this will shew you that no earthly power shall detain me here; that my determination is to revisit Spain, to find the good father Anselmo, whom I left at Toledo, and to place myself in some religious house, under the protection of that venerable man; the world shut out, and all its vanities, I shall subdue this rebel heart; I shall weep its past errors; and if I cannot recover lost peace of mind, I shall at least have nothing more to combat."

This discourse astonished Garcia, and he endeavoured to set before the princess the dangers she was incurring, the difficulties she might encounter, the precarious state of things, and the fear that he had of count Julian's disapprobation of such a step.

All his eloquence was of no avail: "You have sworn," answered Cava, "to obey me, to grant any request I make you; will the noble Garcia withdraw his word? will he falsify the oath he has sworn on his sword?"

"Impossible!" cried Garcia. "I have sworn to obey you; I will blindly follow your lead; I will attend you to the extremity of the earth, though my better reason presents nothing but a fatal catastrophe to our undertakings."

"Nothing can be so dreadful to me," answered Cava, "as living the life of misery I now live; any change must be for the better; I am prepared for dangers, and perhaps they

will not be ungrateful. Alas!" lifting her eyes to heaven, "the vengeance I have taken for my wrongs has fallen on the innocent, as well as the guilty, and my heart weeps drops of blood for their sufferings; the wretched Cava can never endure too much; may her sufferings expiate her offences!"

Here she paused, and was some minutes lost in prayer; and Garcia, respecting her sorrow and her devotion, stood in silence by her side.

At length, composure was restored to the princess, and she agreed with Garcia to leave the castle at the moment he did, and, under his protection, to embark for Spain. She informed him, as she wished to go into a religious house, she should carry with her jewels of value, and could easily conceal them in her dress; and she appointed the next night for him to visit her at the window of her apartment, that they might arrange every thing necessary for their departure. Cava informed him of the entrance from the garden to her chamber, of which Aleazar had availed himself to carry her off, and which she now intended to turn to her own advantage. This passage, and the door that opened on it, the countess Julian had ordered to be walled up; but her illness had prevented her making any inquiries respecting it, and the matter had been forgotten. Cava now rejoiced in the neglect, which gave her the opportunity of gratifying her wishes; and Garcia, having seen her in safety to the foot of the great staircase, she took from him her lamp, and softly retrod the long and now dark passages that led to her part of the castle.

With slow and fearful steps, she passed Alonzo's apartment; but the door was closed; no sound fell on her ear, for the amiable prince had retired to his couch, where, in broken slumbers, he passed the heavy night, unconscious of the near approach of her he loved, or how soon he was to lose the only comfort the world now afforded him, the daily view of that bright form that had fascinated every sense, and bound him with a chain of adamant.

Cava, a prey to sorrow, in vain courted repose. In three days she was to bid adieu to Africa for ever; she shuddered at the thought; yet she hoped, as the wretched are prone to do, some mitigation of her sorrows by a change of place. The morning dawned; she rose to regulate all for her departure; she explored the secret passage from her apartments to the castle gardens; she found it was not secured, and that she could have no difficulty in quitting the palace. "Alas!" sighed she, as she returned to her chamber, "am I then so anxious to relinquish for ever the sight of Alonzo! what will his feelings, his sufferings be, when he misses me! how will he accuse me of ingratitude! of the want of that tender, that perfect affection to which he has every claim! but I must fly; I dread myself." Then pressing her hand upon her heart, as if to stop its palpitation, she added, "But this cannot be the case; I do my dear Alonzo injustice; he will love me, will applaud me, will value me the more for my conduct; he sees into this beating heart, this heart filled with his image, and responsive to the finest feelings of the most exalted affection."

In these soliloquies the princess passed much of her time. She declined appearing publicly, on account of her recent loss; but could not always avoid the presence of Alonzo, who, under the cloak of business, was often admitted to her apartments.

At midnight, Garcia, attentive to his appointment, entered the castle gardens, and unperceived had a conversation with the princess, at the casement from whence she first discovered him on his arrival from Spain. She now informed him of the certainty she had of being able to quit the palace unknown to all its inhabitants, and she delivered to his care some valuables she could not so well secure about her person.

Garcia, fearing she might be recognised by the guard, or someone belonging to the castle, should she meet them in her flight dressed in her own habit, advised that of a pilgrim, which would the most effectually conceal her, both at the time of her quitting Africa, and in her journey through Spain.

Cava, who only desired to be unknown, and to appear neither to have rank or fortune, gladly entered into Garcia's scheme, and gave him a commission to procure the dress he believed most suitable to her situation. The next night he was to bring it to her, as the night after was appointed for his departure. Cava's attendants were now so accustomed to be dismissed, when it was possible for her to do without them, that they wondered not at receiving the strictest orders never to approach the apartments sacred to her use, but when she gave the signal.

They indeed lamented that their charming mistress indulged a melancholy that was undermining her health; but they implicitly obeyed her, for her angelic disposition, and charming manners, had secured their love.

At length the evening came that was to be her last in the palace of her father: with sadness and anxiety she saw its approach, and, as the twilight came on, she had seated herself at the balcony that looked on the gardens of the castle, listening to Philomel, "sweet minstrel of the night!"

Fixing her lovely eyes on that resplendent heaven where she wished to be, she contemplated, in his wonderful works, that Almighty Power, "whose stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole." Her heart was filled with reverence and admiration of that Divine Eternal Being, who had formed so beautiful, so magnificent a world. "How wonderful!" she exclaimed, "how incomprehensible! how perfect must thou be, Almighty Lord! thy great word said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light. Who could form that silver lamp of night, now rising in sober majesty to gild with chequered light and shade these beauteous scenes, but thou, Almighty Power!" Then musing, she added, "But we, sinful and erring mortals, we blast thy fair creation with foul deeds, and this paradise, the world, is changed to a loathsome prison by the crimes of man. Yet, imperfect mortals as we are, all are not vile in thy sight; the innocent may look with transport to that heaven on which I now gaze; may hope, as I do, at no distant day, to "flit a cherub through the fields of air."

Here, clasping her hands together, she remained long in fervent prayer, and returning peace spread her balmy influence over her mind. Her reflections were at length interrupted by a gentle knock on the door of her apartment, and in a moment Alonzo was at her side. She had almost wished not to behold him again, to have spared herself the misery of seeing him for the last time; but she had not now the power to bid him leave her. The tremor his presence occasioned nailed her to her seat, and she could scarcely make an inclination of her head as he approached. With tenderness he placed himself at her side, and gently chid her for giving way to excessive and solitary grief. Her eyes were turned from him; their silken lashes were wet with tears.

"Permit me, at least, my beloved Cava," cried the prince, "to share in your sorrows; think it not too great an indulgence to suffer me to weep with you. I live but in you; I will fly to the extremity of the earth to gratify you. Impose any sufferings, any hardships, on your Alonzo; he will endure them with delight, only to behold that charming countenance resume its enchanting smiles, its former happy look."

Cava turned from him; she spread her hand across her brows to conceal her flowing tears; but the moon emerging from a passing cloud, which for some minutes had obscured it, shewed to Alonzo Cava's fair face, as pale and lovely as her own.

The silence of the princess, her tears, the pallid hue of her cheek, alarmed him; an unknown terror seized his mind; he fancied he was going to be deprived of her, though he knew not by what means. He started from his seat, and throwing himself at her feet, he cried, "Oh Cava! do not torture me thus; have pity on my feelings; bestow yourself as your departed mother wished; as count Julian, your noble father, has long since bestowed you. Give me at the altar this dear, this plighted hand, and life will be too short for me to shew my gratitude: if you continue obdurate, life will indeed be short. Remember, Cava, without you it has no value; and if I do not lose it in a field of battle, other means cannot be wanting to put a period to my misery."

The princess turned to him; she withdrew not her hand; her mild eye met his, and with a voice full of tenderness she said, "What do I hear? is it the prince Alonzo, a Christian, and one on whom the hopes of Spain rests, that speaks thus? that threatens to destroy that existence over which he has no right, because he cannot fly from private misfortune? because fate has stepped between him and the woman he loves? Alas! Alonzo, who has a claim to the greatest share of pity, you, or the unfortunate that now addresses you? You well know, Alonzo, that you only reign in my heart; in that heart possessed of all the finest feelings of my sex; those very feelings, the affection I have for you, points out the path I ought to follow, tells me I should never wed you. Start not back; look not so displeased at what I have said; let a woman, and a weak one, teach you to submit with humility to your lot. Alonzo, such happiness as ours might have been, is not, perhaps, made for mortals; had we found it, it would have been "brief as a meteor, short as any dream." Be comforted, Alonzo; we have loved well, and if it is given us in a future state to remember this, we shall love for ever."

Here she paused and wept. Alonzo pressed her hand to his bosom, to his lips, and in vain, used every argument to win her consent to their union. A little composed, she besought him to take on himself the administration of her father's government, till he should hear from the count, whose doubtful fate filled them both with terror.

Some hours having passed in this interesting conversation, Cava intimated to the prince that it was time to part. Her lips quivered; her whole frame shook. Hoping some more favourable hour to urge his suit, he consented to leave her. He was to give Garcia his dispatches for Spain; yet still he lingered. Cava's eyes were fixed upon his face in mournful silence; the combat in her mind was severe, but her great heart conquered. She arose, she pointed to the door; he seized her hand, he imprinted a thousand kisses on it; he pressed it in his. She returned the pressure, but still pointed to the door. He reached it, lingering at every step. Unconsciously she followed him to the outer apartment; her heart was bursting—"Farewell," she cried, "and believe, Alonzo, that you only fill the whole soul of Cava."

The prince was exhilarated; he gave her a look of the most perfect satisfaction, and quitted her in the hope that to-morrow she would lend a favourable ear to his love.

"———Oh! mortals blind to fate!

Too soon dejected, and too soon elate."

## CHAP. VIII.

ALONZO repaired to the hall, where he had ordered Garcia to attend him, and to attend him alone. All that they thought on the war was communicated to each other; they both lamented the fate of Spain, and foresaw that count Julian, if he still lived, would deeply repent the part he had taken.

Garcia informed the prince that don Palayo had retired, with those Spaniards attached to him (and with numbers who admired his courage and patriotism), into the Asturias; that report said he was strengthening himself, and securing the passes of the country against the Moors, with whom he would have no league; but Garcia could only speak vaguely; what he detailed was from report.

"Heaven grant it may be true!" replied Alonzo. "Nothing, should it be so, shall prevent my joining that brave warrior, not even count Julian, who, if he still lives, I shall endeavour to disunite from those infidels. Good Garcia! assist me in so laudable an undertaking; we may yet drive the Moors from our unhappy country, from our beloved Spain."

"Would it could be so! but alas! my prince, this is more than I expect; what exertions can a nation make that is sunk in sloth and vice? that is poor, disunited, and weak?"

As Garcia drew this picture, Alonzo sighed over the misery of his country; his gallant spirit revolted at submission to the infidels, and he determined that his fortune and future life should be devoted to the land of his birth.

Garcia, instructed in every thing that count Julian ought to know, took his leave. It was late, and Alonzo retired to meditate on the fate of Spain, and how he might help to heal its bleeding wounds.

When the prince left the apartments of Cava, when he had closed the door, when he was shut from her sight, a stupor seized her senses; she sunk in agony on the seat from which she had just risen, and perfect insensibility must have ensued, had not the night air, which blew fresh from the gardens, revived her almost lifeless frame. Recovering herself—"It is past," she cried; "I have now suffered the bitterest pang I can ever endure."

Her troubled mind then dwelt on what Alonzo would think of her, when he found she had at night secretly quitted the palace, and with Garcia, a young and noble warrior. "He may," thought she, "suspect my conduct. Neither his reliance on me, nor his violent love, may be able to secure his mind from jealousy: it must be my task to clear my fame, to force him to approve all I do, though it militates against his wishes."

There was no time to lose; Garcia would be at the garden-gate in an hour, and she must be prepared to follow him the moment he appeared. She heard from the balcony the mariners from the beach, who were making the galley ready for the departure of Garcia. She heard the dashing of the oars, and the whistle of the sea-boy to call his companions on board. She looked round her apartment; her eye rested on the inanimate objects that furnished it, that had so long been useful to her. She felt a pang at her heart in taking a last look, and she almost regretted them as friends she was about to lose for ever. But rousing herself from this state of languor, she called to her women for a light, and immediately dismissed them for the night. Then placing her lamp upon a table, she spread



paper before her, and in a letter to Alonzo, poured out her whole soul. She deceived him in nothing; her plans, her sorrow, her regrets, her affection, her grief at quitting him for ever, and that in a clandestine manner, was laid before him; and her language impressed the seal of truth on all she said.

Having blotted her letter with her tears, having repeatedly bidden him adieu, and exhorted him to patience, she folded, sealed, and left her epistle on the table where she had written it. She then assumed the habit Garcia had procured for her. The dark folds of her pilgrim's cloak concealed the symmetry of her person, but it could not hide the majesty of her form; the staff had a peculiar grace as she used it; and the large hat, under which she tucked the abundance of her beautiful dark hair, only served to shew her angel face to more advantage: thin and pale, she was not haggard; youth still shone with all its graces; the fire of her eye was lost, but it was replaced by a look so interesting, of humility, of piety, of melancholy, that, on beholding her, a feeling heart could scarcely refrain from tears; for in visible characters was written on the lovely form, that she was fast hastening to the world of spirits.

The signal from Garcia was heard by Cava; she looked from the balcony, to be certain it was her friend; then casting a despairing look on every surrounding object, and heaving deep sighs, she hurried down the secret staircase, and through the dark passage, to the garden-door.

In silence Garcia drew her trembling arm through his, and with soft steps traversed a walk shaded by stately trees, which opened at some distance from the bay. Cava shook in every limb, her heart grew faint, and she could scarcely proceed. Garcia gazed on her with pity. The moon, whose light was at the full, and whose beams sometimes pierced where the thin foliage would admit them, shewed her distress and agitation to the kind Garcia. He stopped, he entreated her to return, and used many arguments to persuade her she was unfit for so arduous an undertaking.

Roused by the fear of being left behind, she refused to listen to the arguments of her friend; urged him on, and proceeded herself with apparently more firmness of mind, and strength of body. They shortly approached the little port where Garcia's galley was moored: it was the dead of the night,

“No breath of wind disturb'd the deep serene,  
Night cast her mantle o'er the solemn scene.”

All was silence and repose, except on board the vessel, where the sailors, who were in momentary expectation of their commander, were preparing to lift the anchor, and unfurl the sails. Soon the sad Cava, assisted by Garcia, mounted the side of the galley, where he seated her in the spot he believed would be most pleasing to her, and where he had procured her every accommodation in his power. Shortly the vessel was under way, and as the morning broke, the shores of Africa lessened on her sight. The towers of count Julian's palace were often lost to her view, as tall forests or rocks intervened; then suddenly came in sight, as the galley tacked.

Cava fixed a steady look on the palace; her tearful eye sought that quarter appointed for the residence of Alonzo; nor did she fail to cast her mournful glances towards the sacred spot where the mouldering remains of her beloved mother lay. The

chapel was marked by the tall forest that rose above it, and the spire that, with its golden cross, glittered through the trees, and shone bright in the first beams of the morning sun.

The melancholy satisfaction the princess enjoyed lasted not long; a strong gale sprung up, and carried the galley with rapidity towards the Straits. The palace of her father, the surrounding country, was lost to her sight:

“The ocean roll’d, and mountains rose between.”

Cava wept. “Farewell!” she cried, “dear Africa, farewell! your beautiful, your perfumed shores, farewell for ever! yet will you for ever be impressed on the heart of Cava. Memory, while she exists, will dwell on those happy years (ere she inhabited the court of Toledo) when her infant steps, delighted, wandered through your spicy groves, and inhaled cheerfulness and pleasure from each balmy breeze. Farewell, ashes of my fond, my adored mother! how gladly would your child be laid at peace near your hallowed remains!”

Here Cava was silent; a fixed melancholy subdued almost the powers of speech, and she ventured not to pronounce Alonzo’s name.

But for a little while, we must leave the princess to her unconquerable grief, and the care of the good Garcia, and, returning with the morning to Africa, and the palace of count Julian, inquire what is now passing in that once happy residence: gloomy and desolate, its walls no longer resounded to the voice of joy: count Julian had abandoned it for a field of slaughter—the excellent countess was numbered with the dead—all hearts gave a sigh to her memory—every countenance expressed sorrow for the past, and dread of future events.

At an early hour, Alonzo arose from his couch, anxious to shew his duty to count Julian, by paying the utmost attention to the affairs of his government. He shook off all the sloth that often oppresses him whose heart is so tenderly attached as was Alonzo’s. But this young prince had a superior soul; though in the first bloom of life, beautiful, and bred in courts, he was wise, disinterested, and humble—proud only in doing right; conscious whenever he had acted wrong, he was not ashamed to acknowledge his errors: one now fell with insupportable weight upon his mind; it was his ever having joined count Julian in the war he made on his own country. He felt that the ardour of youth had drawn him into the snare; led on by love and revenge, he thought only of the destruction of the detestable Rodrigo; he saw not that he was assisting to forge the fetters of the Spaniards, and subject them to the tyranny of the Saracens—of infidels, at whose religion his soul recoiled; and from whom the Christians, once in their power, could have little hope of mercy. Some enlightened and feeling hearts might exist amongst the Moors, but they were few in number, and could have little influence with their nation, constant and professed enemies of the Christians.

Pondering all this in his mind, condemning himself for the past, and anxious to repair his errors, the prince, deeply musing, was, at the rising of the sun, pacing a long gallery that run parallel with his chamber, and looked towards the sea that divides Africa from Spain. What he had heard from Garcia of the conduct of the brave Palayo charmed him; he trod with a firmer step—his bosom swelled with ardour; and casting his fine expressive eyes to heaven, he prayed that the glory might be his to withdraw count Julian from his connexion with the Moors; and, by flying to the assistance of don Palayo, rid

Spain of the hated Saracens. Alonzo's soul was incapable of the base passion of envy; but his admiration of don Palayo's patriotism and valour rose to such a height, that he deeply regretted that fate had not allowed him to tread the same path of glory. Casting his eyes towards the sea, and beholding Garcia's galley like a speck upon the ocean (for it was now visible only at the extremity of the horizon) he ardently wished himself on board, that he might the sooner put his project in execution. "But can I," said he to himself, "can I quit my post, till I appoint some trusty servant of the count's to take the charge of his government? Can I quit this spot till I leave my soul's treasure in perfect security, or persuade her to give me a legal title to carry her with me to Spain?" Again his eyes rested on the ship, nearly lost in the morning mist that rose on the horizon; he stopped—he gazed intently; while the smallest trace of the vessel was discernible, he could not withdraw his eye: something spoke to his heart; a secret voice seemed to say—"With yonder galley departs Alonzo's happiness—his hopes; from this hour, cares, trials, sorrows, await his steps."

The prince angry with himself for these gloomy ideas, endeavoured to shake off the weakness that overpowered him. He turned his thoughts to Cava; he hoped in a few hours to find her more composed than she had been since the death of the countess. The morning promised a glorious day; he flattered himself he should persuade her to quit her retirement, to breathe a purer air in a pavilion he had ordered to be erected, in a delicious spot in the grounds, beneath the shade of palm trees, and surrounded by odoriferous shrubs; here he hoped she would admit some faithful friends to see her, and would not reject his endeavours to soften her affliction. As he quitted her apartment on the preceding night, a ray of hope shot across his mind; Cava had never shewn him more tenderness—had never more fully disclosed the feelings of her heart. Convinced that there he reigned with undivided empire, he still hoped to conquer her determination of flying from the world, and from him. Love conquers all—and he hoped all from love.

As he thus mused, traversed the gallery, and built a thousand airy castles, which a breath could shake from their foundations, he was accosted by one of his officers, who informed him don Juan was arrived from Spain, and wished to be introduced. The brave don Juan, one of the nobles belonging to the court of Toledo, and strongly attached to his house, was always welcome to Alonzo. He heard of his arrival with pleasure, and hastened to meet him; the interval had been long and dreadful since these friends met (for they had been friends at Toledo, though don Juan was many years the senior of Alonzo.)

After the first warm effusions of friendship, the prince earnestly inquired the news from Spain. "Alas!" cried don Juan, "the news is horrible—is deadly to the ear of a Christian; count Julian has destroyed Spain, and has rendered himself infamous to all eternity!"

Alonzo started—he bit his lips—his cheek grew red and pale by turns. He felt the guilt of the count, but he was the husband of his beloved aunt—the father of his adored Cava: he had also been the friend, the protector of his youth; and he could not endure to hear the curses that Spain loaded him with, or the detestation he was held in by all good men.

Don Juan perceived that agitation of the prince without surprise; he pitied and respected his feelings, but he could not violate truth. "I am come," he said, "if possible, to draw you, Alonzo, from this infamous league. Oh! could you," he added with vehemence, "could you be a witness as I have been, to the miseries that Spain has lately endured, your

heart would weep blood. The gallant, the patriotic Palayo, has retired into the north, in the hope of a more favourable opportunity of relieving his enslaved country—that miserable country has fallen a prey to pestilence and famine, as well as war. The people, however, though sinking under those dreadful scourges, have revived from time to time from their torpor, and taken to arms, but without success; the vices and \*debaucheries into which they had plunged before the introduction of the infidels, had debilitated them, and greatly extinguished their ancient valour. The victorious Saracens think only of profiting by their conquests; there is no species of cruelty they do not exercise over the vanquished, they let loose on them the fury of an unbridled soldiery; they spare neither sex, nor age, nor condition; and in my opinion, the least unfortunate of the Spaniards are those that have fallen beneath the swords of the Saracens.”

This was a dreadful picture: Alonzo shuddered at what he heard, and his hand involuntarily sought his sword.

“This is not all, my friend,” cried don Juan; “after the battle of Xeres, many of the troops took refuge in the city of Eriga; it was well fortified; the inhabitants joined the soldiers—they encouraged each other, and endeavoured to stop the fury of the Saracens. They nobly took the resolution to save Spain at the risk of their own lives; they also burnt with an ardent desire to revenge the injuries they had received: soldiers and inhabitants, without considering their own weakness, and the strength of their enemy, had the boldness to leave their walls, and in the open country attack their vanquishers, who were then pursuing the remainder of the defeated Goths; but, alas! this second attempt was as unfortunate as the first had been; their valour could not save them; they fled in every direction; their city could no longer resist; and the cruel Moors razed it to the ground. In all things Tariff followed the counsel of the infamous count Julian, who, without remorse, sacrificed his country to his ambition and revenge.”

“Not without remorse,” murmured Alonzo, not attending to, or not wishing to contradict his assertion: don Juan, taking no notice of it, proceeded thus:—“The Moorish army divided into two parts; the infamous renegado, Magnand, who had trampled on the cross, and embraced the religion of Mahomet, took the road to Cordova; this city was abandoned by part of its inhabitants, who sought safety at Toledo. Its warriors still remained; but how often do the virtuous fall through the treachery and deceit of their fellow-mortals! A shepherd, influenced by the hope of gain, sought the tent of the renegado general, and discovered to him an opening in the wall of the town, near the bridge, through which it was easy for a man to pass. The renegado, availing himself of the shepherd’s treason, and having made choice of his bravest soldiers, he ordered them to advance with silence and caution during the night; when, favoured by the darkness, they murdered the sentinels, and making their way suddenly into the town, soon became its masters. The governor, seeing himself betrayed and surprised, retired with a band of heroes into the church of St. George, where he defended himself and his friends for many weeks, with a heroism and courage beyond all praise. He sustained repeated assaults; and at length, having lost the greatest part of his men, and no longer able to maintain his situation, he resolved to cut a passage through the foe; during the night this brave man was surprised, and fell into the power of the Moors, who forced the church, and put all that remained to the sword. This, my prince, is a faint picture of the sufferings of Spain. The whole country flies before the Moors; or the unfortunate Christians sink into slaves,

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\* A truth recorded in history.

to preserve their own lives, and those most dear to them. The Saracens pour in at every port: Musa has landed with his troops; what his intentions are is at present unknown: some say he is jealous of Tariff; but of what avail will that be to our unhappy country? the two generals are crafty; they will dissemble their hatred till they have entirely subdued the Christians, and peace will be cemented between them by their blood, and a division of their spoils. Yet still, Alonzo, there is hope; still the gallant Palayo is unconquered."

"Let us haste then to succour him," cried Alonzo; "my heart pants to wipe out my errors—to follow Palayo in the path of glory—to save Spain, or die in the attempt. But where is count Julian?" asked Alonzo; "can we not draw him from his vile associates? Many will still follow his standard; and my last interview assured me that his conduct sat heavy on his heart, and that his secret wish was to disentangle himself from the Moors."

"Think not of him, my friend, I beseech you," returned don Juan; "he is lost to us for ever; it would be fatal to trust him; his ferocious spirit has the qualities of a demon; he would betray you, Alonzo; he would sacrifice you to his new friends. But I foresee they will not long be his friends; his gloomy and perturbed spirit seeks to be alone; he ponders for days in silence over the mischief he has brought upon his country; his looks and gestures are terrible—they fright the stoutest; and he often spends whole days in wandering frantically over the desolated country. Tariff, it is said, watches his steps; and through policy courts his society, and endeavours to gratify his wishes."

Don Juan ceased; he had given Alonzo all the information in his power to give: the hearts of both were wrung with sorrow for the woes of their miserable country. Either would willingly have shed the last drop of his blood to restore it to its pristine grandeur—to snatch it from the grasp of its infidel conquerors.

The friends now retired to Alonzo's apartment, where they could freely and securely converse on so interesting a subject: their morning repast was scarcely touched, in their eagerness to strike out some plan for the recovery of Spain, and forcing the Moors to relinquish their late conquests. They saw the insurmountable barriers that opposed themselves to their most sanguine wishes; and were fully convinced, that it is easier to overturn a state, than, when once overturned, to restore it to its former splendour: yet to their ardent minds, even the difficulties that opposed their plans were an incitement to pursue them; and the two warriors came to the determination of entering Spain together, attaching as many as they could safely trust to their standard, and seeking and the brave Palayo in the Asturias.

Alonzo's heart sunk at the idea of quitting Cava—of leaving her in Africa, should she refuse to accompany him into Spain as his wife. He hoped to soften her in his favour; but he felt it would be a work of time, and at the present moment the calls of honour, and of his bleeding country, were imperious, and must be attended to.

How did he lament count Julian! he grieved to see one so nearly allied to him, and the father of Cava, so lost—so fallen in the world's opinion—such a disgrace to Spain, and to the true religion: and he now acknowledged that Heaven had been kind to the countess Julian, in removing her from a world that in future must have been a miserable one to her.

Alonzo and don Juan had spent many hours together in adjusting their plans, and the day was past the meridian, when the prince, as he was accustomed to do, went to the outer apartment of those occupied by the princess, in order to inquire how she had passed

the night. Her women, who were in waiting, said—"She had not yet given the signal for their attendance; and her orders were, never to be disturbed." Alonzo waited impatiently for some time, and no signal being made, he supposed she had had a sleepless night, and was now taking some repose. He then wandered to the gardens beneath her window, and raising his eyes to her apartment, found the lattices were all open: for a long time he walked beneath, believing Cava would soon make her appearance, and considering how he should inform her of his determination to join the army of don Palayo. He dreaded speaking to her of her father; for how would it harrow up her soul to hear don Juan's account of his state of mind! "Yet," said Alonzo, mentally, "she must know it; she has now no other protector but unhappy me, and I must make use of every gentle method to influence her to accept me as her husband."

Thus occupied by his own thoughts, Alonzo several times passed and repassed the unclosed door that opened on the private staircase to the apartments of Cava; at last, looking towards it, he perceived it was open; and a sudden horror came over him. He remembered the use that Aleanzar had made of this entrance; and it rushed upon his mind that the Moor might again have carried off his soul's treasure—his adored Cava.

He pushed the door back with violence, flew up the winding staircase, and rushed wildly into the apartment, for the concealed door was now wide open, and a curtain drawn back which hung before it on the inside of the room; not a soul was visible; he looked round; some articles of female dress remained in the apartment; a black veil, he knew to be Cava's, lay on the floor; at sight of it he was overcome; he supposed she had been forced away, and he leaned against the wall for support; then recollecting that where he was was not the chamber in which she slept, and fearing, was she still within the palace, he might offend by entering the private apartment, he called her aloud by name, beseeching her to answer him, if she still remained in her chamber.

No sound was returned—he called again—a deathlike silence prevailed. The prince could no longer support the agitation of his mind—it bordered on frenzy; he darted towards the chamber door—he opened it—the room was splendid with the rays of the sun—it was visible no one had occupied it during the night—Cava was not there. Alonzo called loudly on her attendants—they entered amazed. Her women could only repeat the same story, that when they left her the preceding night, she had desired not to be intruded on till she chose to summon them. Alonzo ordered instant search to be made through the castle gardens, and flew himself to examine every entrance. All the gates were locked as usual, and no trace of the fugitive any where visible; and Alonzo returned to the apartment of the princess, again to examine it, and again to question her women, for he could not believe she could disappear unknown to a human being within the walls of the castle: on casting his eyes round the room in which he had had his last conversation with Cava, he perceived her letter on a writing-table, and eagerly snatching it from where it lay, he was soon informed of the manner of her departure; her reasons for it; and her fixed determination of retiring from the world.

At first Alonzo gave the reins to his passions; his rage for some moments was unbounded; and he almost swore to forget one so little sensible to his love, and the sacrifices he was always ready to make her. "Ungrateful woman!" he cried, "you have no heart; none for either love or pity: you will know how my soul doats on you, and you can coolly resolve to abandon me to misery—to bid me an eternal adieu! quit me, since you so earnestly desire it; remember no more our early years of happiness; you deceived

yourself and me, if you thought you loved me. Cruel, obdurate girl! you will not shed one tear when you hear the unfortunate Alonzo is no more."

Here he threw himself in agony on a seat; and pressing the unfolded letter, which he still held in his hand, close to his eyes, as if to shut out light and thought at the same time, he burst into a flood of tears. His rage abated; love, tenderness, pity, for the dear unhappy Cava, again entwined his heart; he still held her fatal epistle in his hand; he thought it a cruel one, yet it was writing; and he pressed it to his lips: he dashed the tears from his eyes—he once more perused a scroll so fatal to his hopes. Alas! he thought, how could his passions blind him as they had done! never was a letter written containing more pure, more delicate, more perfect love: it was written in the agony of her heart; the struggle she had had, the violence she did her dearest affections—her fondest hopes, was visible in every line. It was easier for the soul to part from the body, than for Cava to bid a last adieu to Alonzo. Relinquishing him, she relinquished all she prized on earth; and when she turned her back on the castle of her father—when she hoped no more to look on the countenance of her Alonzo—that earth was become a dreary wilderness, and she had only to hope her sojourn might be short. A hundred times he perused the letter; he now dwelt with sad pleasure on every line, on every fond expression; he shed over it a deluge of tears; and he admired, idolized her, for that very conduct which caused his wretchedness.

Violent passions, when they subside, leave both mind and body enervated. Alonzo fell into a settled melancholy, from which his friend don Juan endeavoured in vain to rouse him. He wandered through every apartment of the castle, lamenting his unhappy fate, and the miseries which had long attended his unfortunate house.

Don Juan wisely watched for the moment he could rouse him to action; he pointed out to him the glory that surrounded don Palayo; the blessings that followed him; the adoration he met with from his countrymen; and he besought him, at least for a time, to forget his unfortunate love; to lay aside his private sorrows, and turn his thoughts to the succour of the oppressed Christians.

"To be of use to them, to die in their cause, is my dearest wish," replied Alonzo; "but to root up love, to lose for one moment the remembrance of my Cava, is beyond my power—is foreign to all the feelings of my soul. No, don Juan the grave only can blot her from my remembrance; while memory lasts, that angelic form must be present to my imagination—she must mix with all my ideas—while this heart beats, must throb in every pulse."

Long and painful were Alonzo's struggles to conquer himself; sometimes he determined to pursue Cava, and force her at least to remain in her father's palace. If she would not give him her hand, he vainly flattered himself, that living under the same roof as brother and sister, they might be happy. Foolish thought! where, beneath the wide canopy of heaven—where, through the vast extent of earth, can there be found a substitute for fond, chaste, wedded love?

The prince's heart answered him—none, none; and his resolution was soon taken to leave his Cava the liberty she wished: his greatest consolation was the knowledge that she was accompanied by the worthy Garcia, who was devoted to her family, and would watch over her with the tenderness of a brother.

His determination was now taken to quit Africa; first to seek count Julian, and, if possible, detach him from the Moors, and then join don Palayo. He could pass

unsuspected through the heart of Spain; he sighed, and a glow of shame overspread his countenance, when he reflected that this privilege was gained by having followed the standard of the Saracens. "How must I now," cried he, "conceal my real feelings! my altered mind I must even dissemble to regain my honour; yet, I take Heaven to witness, it was not against my country, but against her tyrant, that I raised my sword; willingly will I wash out my stains with my blood; and from this hour I devote myself to Spain."

Notwithstanding it was Alonzo's earnest wish to quit Africa, it was many months before he could accomplish his purpose. He was long busy in regulating count Julian's government, which had suffered some neglect during his absence; seeing it, by his endeavours, in the state he desired, he placed it in the hands of a man of tried faith and abilities, and also an attached friend of the count's. The castle and private domains were given in charge to the most trusty of the domestics belonging to the count and countess; and the prince Alonzo at last fixed the day with don Juan for their return to Spain. He supplied himself with what treasure he could command, and accompanied by a small band of faithful soldiers, and a few domestics, the friends at sunset entered a light vessel, which, with a fair breeze, landed them safely before morning on the coast of Andalusia.

END OF VOL. II.

Lane, Darling, & Co. Leadenhall-Street.



CAVA OF TOLEDO.

A ROMANCE.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

CAVA OF TOLEDO;

or,

The Gothic Princess.

A ROMANCE.

*IN FIVE VOLUMES*

*BY*

AUGUSTA AMELIA STUART,

AUTHOR OF

LUDOVICO'S TALE; THE ENGLISH BROTHERS; EXILE  
OF PORTUGAL, &c. &c.

Fierce wars, and faithful loves,  
And truth severe, in fairy fiction drest.

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## CAVA DE TOLEDO.

### CHAP. I.

The prostrate obelisk, the shatter'd dome,  
Uprooted pedestal, and yawning tomb,  
On loit'ring steps reflective Taste surveys,  
With folded arms, and sympathetic gaze,  
Charm'd with poetic melancholy, treads,  
O'er ruin'd towns and desolated meads;  
Or rides sublime on Time's expanded wings,  
And views the fate of ever-changing things.

DARWIN.

BEFORE we pursue our journey with Alonzo, or look to the fate of the melancholy Cava, and her brave companion, don Garcia, our readers may wish to be acquainted with the actual state of Spain at this period; having lost sight of that unhappy land, we return to find it, as don Juan reported, in absolute subjection to the Moors. Tariff, their victorious general, put all to fire and sword in Andalusia. It was dreadful to behold cities reduced to ashes, temples overturned, altars prophaned, the country ruined, and its wretched inhabitants running from place to place, and still unable to fly from the fury of the Infidels.

As the Christians had abandoned Grenada and Cordova, to seek shelter elsewhere, Tariff left Jews and Moors to repeople these two famous cities. All yielded to his victorious arm, and he continually advanced as a conqueror. Toledo, situate in the heart of the kingdom of which she was the capital, and the seat of the Gothic kings, was now become the asylum of the Christians. The advantageous situation of the town, almost inaccessible on all sides, environed by the Tagus, and by craggy and steep mountains, added to the strong fortifications the Goths had constructed, rendered it almost impregnable: but the archbishop Urbain, not trusting to the strength of the fortifications, did not think himself or his adherents in safety within its walls; he seemed to have had a foresight of the miseries to which it became a prey: determining to fly into the Asturias\*, he carried with him the relics which were supposed to have been brought from Jerusalem, the sacred vases, and the ornaments destined to the ministers of the church, fearing that the enemies of the Christian religion should impiously prophane them: he also carried away the bible, and all the holy books, with the works of St. Issidore. The pious archbishop valued the scriptures, and the writings of the fathers of the church, beyond all the gold and treasures of Spain; he feared lest the Moors, blind to the truths they contained, should burn them, and that their loss could never be repaired. The prince Palayo accompanied, or rather escorted the archbishop, to defend him in case of an attack. Of this we are informed by the best historians.

The prince, with his followers, and the worthy archbishop, arrived, without molestation, in the north of Spain, where Urbain employed himself in seeking a place of safety for the treasures he prized above his life. A very deep cave at the extremity of Spain, and in the most sequestered part of a high mountain, was chosen as a secure asylum for every thing brought from Toledo; there private property was deposited, as

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\* From the Spanish History.

well as the treasures of the church: this cave is two leagues from where the city of Oviedo now stands, and from that time the place has been called the Holy Mountain. For many hundred years the people of Spain have venerated the spot, and go there in crowds on the feast of Mary Magdalen. The prince don Palayo, and the archbishop, were followed by numbers of the nobility, and many wealthy citizens, who, in the general consternation throughout Spain, sought an asylum from the rapacious and cruel Moors; and they withdrew into the Asturias, determined on making use of every favourable conjuncture to annoy the enemy. The Moorish army had been dispersed in various places throughout the country, but they united to commence the siege of Toledo. It was general Tariff who himself formed and commanded them, for he would yield to no one the glory of this conquest: it was, however, not a difficult one; how could it long resist a numerous army, flushed with victory, and fearless of danger? Tariff soon rendered himself master of the city. Toledo was then the greatest ornament of Spain, and the residence of the Gothic kings. Historians differ as to the manner in which this superb town was taken. As was their custom, the Moors, when they conquered it, put to death the Christians that would not yield, and made slaves of those that submitted.

The submission of all the other cities of Spain followed the fall of Toledo. They fired the town of Astorga, in Galicia; but the walls were too strong to be consumed, and they still exist. Tariff, puffed up with such constant good fortune, carried his victorious army, enriched with the spoils of Spain, back to Toledo, there quietly to enjoy the fruits of his labour and his conquests. It was there he stopped, in the centre of the kingdom, from whence he could send troops wherever they were necessary, and could himself watch over all. These accounts passing into Africa, an infinite number of the Saracens left it, willing to partake with their countrymen the fine pastures and the rich spoils of Spain.

The Spaniards, chased from their country, intimidated by finding no resource in their misfortunes, and unable to make any effort to drive out the Infidels, or to defend themselves, left without a head, without troops, or ammunition, incapable of the least resistance, thought only of submission, and their own private interests—thought but of rendering their own lot the least wretched. While all this passed in Spain, news was brought that Musa meditated vast projects. This Infidel rejoiced to find Spain conquered—the Moors masters of so powerful a kingdom—and their empire extended into Europe, the thing of all others he most wished. On the other hand, he was mortified, that, while he remained idle in Africa, his general had both the honour and profit of so great a conquest. With envy he beheld the splendid victories of Tariff, and sighed that he had not partaken them with him. At length, urged by jealousy, and a desire of sharing with his general the treasures of Spain, he took the resolution of passing the sea; and collecting twelve thousand of his best troops, at their head he entered Spain.

This force was small, considering the vast designs of Musa; but the Spaniards, though, at intervals, they took up arms to oppose their oppressive tyrants, were, in general, so heart-broken and so weakened, that a small well-disciplined army was sufficient to complete their subjugation. Tariff and Musa, both in Spain, both at the head of separate armies, became more dreadful scourges than the country had yet felt, and slaughter shewed its grim visage everywhere. Musa was advised to join his troops to those of general Tariff, that they might act in concert, and finish the conquest of the country. The perfidious Christians, who looked more to their private interest, and the indulgence of their passions, than to their religion and their consciences, willing to make their court to Musa, promised him all the assistance he should stand in need of,

to terminate the war, and secure Spain to himself. This advice, so flattering to his vanity, his jealousy, and his ambition, prevailed. Count Julian early sought the new general, who received him with open arms, and seeming friendship, and appeared to give him his entire confidence. The unfeeling count stifled the voice of conscience, which had often wrung his heart. He now looked forward to a great reward from Musa; and it was believed he had quarrelled with Tariff, and was jealous of his glory. Traitors are ever interested in their conduct, and, in general, governed by their passions.

Musa and his Moors had disembarked at Algeziras, but they remained not long there; their course was like a meteor in the troubled air. They fell upon Medina Sidonia; the place was strong, and the inhabitants made a vigorous defence, but in vain; the town was forced and pillaged. Reeking with gore, flushed with recent conquest, Musa laid siege to Cormona, the strongest town in Andalusia. The siege lasted some days; the Spaniards, who knew they had nothing to hope, fought with a desperate valour not easily conquered. The Moors were astonished, and sometimes recoiled before these brave men; but count Julian availed himself of the most infamous stratagem to put the place in the possession of Musa. Feigning to have received some mortal offence from the Moors, he presented himself before the inhabitants of the town, who, deceived by this traitor, believed his repentance, and received him with extreme joy: he entered by the gate called the gate of Cordova, and the wretch having seized upon it, admitted the Moors. What became of count Julian after this fatal night, was never known. Some suppose that the Infidels whom he had so benefited, suspecting that such a man might, the next night, betray them to the Christians, could he obtain any advantage to himself by so doing, had trampled him under their horses' feet as they entered the town: some say the Christians dispatched him, on discovering his treacherous conduct; his body, however, was never found. His fate was buried in oblivion—not so his character; to latest times will Spain curse the memory of the traitor count Julian; and history will point him out to every country on earth, as an example to mankind. How exalted, how godlike the character of a true patriot! How worse than a fiend of hell the man that can raise his arm, or employ his talents against his country!

Musa rested not; he pursued his sanguine course. Seville was abandoned, and became an easy prey. Some of the towns he allowed the Christians still to occupy, granting them the free use of their religion.

Merida was formerly one of the most celebrated colonies that the Romans had in Spain, and the most considerable town in Lusitania; it had scarcely lost any thing of its ancient grandeur, and every where vestiges of Roman magnificence were visible, notwithstanding what it had suffered in the last battle, lost by the unfortunate king Rodrigo, in which a multitude of its best citizens had perished.

The noble Spaniards that still remained at Merida were again roused to fury by their wrongs; and quitting their walls, marched to meet the Moors, who were advancing to besiege them:—but, alas! though brave, they fought without order, and overpowered by numbers, were obliged to fly for safety within the gates of their town. Musa, accompanied only by four confidential officers, approached to reconnoitre the place. The situation, the grandeur, the beauty of this superb city, struck him with the greatest surprise; he stood in admiration of it, and then exclaimed—“It appears to me that all the nations in the earth have combined in building and embellishing this magnificent city—happy he who can make himself master of it!”

This view of Merida only served still more to animate the Moorish general, and determine him to attempt every possible means to subjugate it. He sat down

before it, and was enraged at the resistance he met with, and the prolongation of the siege. He employed every warlike machine in use. The besieged did not suffer themselves to be subdued by their fears; active and determined, they repaired in the night the damage done to their walls during the day. But soon their numbers began to lessen; their resources and their provisions failed; and those brave men found it expedient to surrender, before they came to the last gasp. They sent deputies to the camp of their enemy, and offered to put the town into the hands of the Moorish general, provided he granted them honourable conditions. Musa, irritated by their resistance, and the length of the siege, with pride and anger rejected their propositions.

The ambassadors returned into the town, unable to soften the hearts of their conquerors. Hearing that Musa was old, infirm, and broken, the inhabitants, hoping he would not long survive, determined on defending themselves and their city to the last extremity. The wily general, well acquainted by his spies of what passed at their councils, and finding that the hopes of his death supported the besieged, resolved to employ finesse to oblige them to surrender. As the town suffered greatly, the inhabitants, notwithstanding the noble spirit by which they were actuated, thought it most prudent to send a second embassy to the Moorish general. Musa being early informed of their intention, made<sup>\*</sup> his attendants paint his hair and beard, and array him in a more youthful habit than he generally wore.

The ambassadors from the town, on entering his tent, were astonished at the change in the person of the general; they saw him, in appearance, infinitely younger than they had imagined him to be; the day before he had walked with a staff—it was now laid aside, and they suspected they had been deceived at their former visit, for they guessed not at his artifice.

On their return within the walls, they related the miracle they had seen, and declared to the people it would be in vain to oppose Musa, who might be said to controul nature. They were then sent a third time to the enemy's camp, and the town submitted to the crafty Moor.

When Musa came into Spain, he brought with him his son Abdalesis. This young prince, animated by a noble ambition, complained one day to his father of his not employing him sufficiently in this war—he burned for a command, where he should have an opportunity of shewing his valour, and acquiring glory. Musa, who fondly loved his son, was charmed to find in him such noble sentiments; he allowed his complaint a just one, and instantly gave him the command of a large body of the finest of his troops.

Abdalesis, at the head of this detachment entered into the province of Valencia; he had many combats with the Spaniards, and was constantly successful. The towns of Devia, Alcansar, and Huesta, opened their gates to him, on condition that the free exercise of their religion should be allowed them, and the Saracens not permitted to prophane their churches; if this should be agreed to, the inhabitants willingly offered to pay a tribute to the Moors. The young conqueror, after so happy an expedition, returned to Seville, covered with glory. He afterwards made himself master of some towns, which he razed to the ground, to intimidate the Christians.

Musa having obtained his dearest wish, in the possession of the noble city of Merida, and the renown of his son, bent his course towards Toledo. General Tariff came out to meet him, and do him honour, and proceeded even to Talavera. The two generals met on the banks of a river; great demonstrations of joy and affection were

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shewn on both sides at this interview, though, in secret, they most cordially hated each other.

Musa, jealous of the glory of Tariff, and the riches he had amassed in the conquests he had made, was determined on his ruin, that he might possess himself of his treasures. Tariff, on his part, well knowing the ambition and avarice of the aged Musa, feared every thing from him, and only studied how to avoid the snares laid to entrap him by his crafty foe.

Musa accused Tariff of not always following his orders during the war, declaring he was more indebted to chance for his conquests, than to his valour or his talents. The people and the army looked on these accusations as unjust. Tariff's numerous victories spoke for him, and fully justified him in the opinion of those who judge of a man's conduct by his success; every one was sensible that Musa regarded general Tariff with envy; but all formed their own schemes, and concealed their real sentiments.

Arrived at Toledo, Musa obliged Tariff to justify his conduct; he demanded an account of the excessive expences of the war, and the immense treasures he had amassed. Tariff lost no time in murmurs or complaints at Musa's injustice; he prudently passed over his ingratitude, and only thought of appeasing the spirit of the old man, by humility, honours, and presents. In a short time the two general's appeared to be perfectly reconciled, and together took the road to Saragossa, designing to reduce that great city, one of the strongest, the most considerable, and the best-peopled in Spain; but, alas! it made no resistance—the spirit of the Christians was fled. Musa and Tariff entered it in triumph, and all yielded to the fortune of the Moors. Some provinces cost not a drop of blood. Spain, in a period of time almost too short to be conceived, was subdued. To the interior of the kingdom only the Moors had not penetrated.

The fugitive Spaniards flew to their inaccessible mountains, their rocks, and their immense forests, where, fortifying themselves, they were joined by those who were unable to support the cruelty and oppression of the Infidels.

The Miomolin Ulit heard with joy the success of his arms, and the conquest of so powerful a kingdom; but he was not ignorant of the hatred that subsisted between his generals, and was willing, at any price, to secure so important a conquest. He dreaded that the Spaniards might rouse from their trance, and profiting by the misunderstanding between their rival enemies, might wrest the country from their grasp, and drive their new masters out of Spain.

The caliph was as crafty as his generals; he commanded them instantly to appear before him, that he might recompense both in the most honourable manner, for the great services they had rendered him and the Mahometan religion. Musa prepared to obey him; but fearful that, during his absence, a counter-revolution might take place, he named his son Abdasis as the governor of Spain in his stead. This young prince had acquired such glory, his reputation was so high, and he had given such striking proofs of the most undaunted courage, of moderation, and prudence, that the whole army applauded the choice, and publicly swore to acknowledge and obey him as their chief.

Musa and Tariff, their glory at its meridian, (for in a short time they had made the most brilliant conquests,) prepared for their embarkation; and in quitting Spain, these two generals carried with them nearly all the riches of the kingdom, and the immense treasures that the Gothic kings had taken such pains to amass during three hundred years.

So unstable are all human possessions, so soon may sceptres, crowns, and kingdoms, elude the grasp of the first potentates on earth!

As smoke that rises from the kindling fires  
Is seen this moment, and the next expires;  
As empty clouds by rising winds are toss'd,  
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost—  
So vanishes our state—so pass our days—  
So life but opens now, and now decays:  
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh,  
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

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## CHAP. II.

WE have, for some time, quitted the noble Alonzo, to give the reader a clear idea of what was passing in Spain, while he remained in Africa. We must now hasten to him and don Juan; but we see them, with sorrowful hearts and sad forebodings, again set foot on their native land. Alonzo looked around—"Is this Spain?" he cried, "or are we thrown on some dreary, some inhospitable coast?" He advanced inland with hurried steps; don Juan and his attendants followed, sad and silent. Far as the eye could reach, it beheld nothing but devastation; villages burnt—towns razed to the ground—fields wasted and uncultivated—trees torn from their roots, and thrown across the public ways, to stop the flight of the unhappy Christians; here mounds of earth shewed where they had fought and fallen; and, in many places, their half-decayed and half-covered bodies told too plainly the sad fate of Spain.

It was mid day when Alonzo entered his miserable country; they had travelled some leagues, and no Christian met their eye. At length a band of warlike Moors approached, and at their head a Saracen well known to Alonzo, for he had fought in the plains of Xeres under count Julian! with civility he accosted the prince, and finding he had just landed, offered to escort him wherever he chose to go. "Your friends," cried he, "will rejoice to see you again; general Tariff, indeed, cannot welcome you, as he is on his return to Africa; but at Seville you will find the brave Abdalexis, the boast of our country; you will also find many who will receive with pleasure the prince Alonzo."

Alonzo's heart beat quick; the blood rushed to his cheek at this address from the Moor, and tinged it with the deep hue of shame. He saw before him his desolated country, and he could have given worlds, could he have said he was innocent of its destruction; but this was no time to speak his sentiments; disguise, in his situation, was absolutely necessary; should the Moors suspect him, death or a dungeon must be his fate. He must now dissemble; sad necessity! it sunk him in his own opinion—it subdued his gallant spirit—it withered his brave heart; but what could he do? He thanked Ishmael for his attention, and said he should rest at the next town till the rest of his followers could join him; then curbing his feelings, and stifling the rage he felt rising in his bosom, he entered into conversation with the Moor. He anxiously inquired for count Julian—where he was, and how at present employed?

"Alas!" cried the Saracen, "I grieve to tell you that the alarm for his safety is still great. We know not what has befallen the count; since the glorious night in which we took Cormona, he has been missing; the count led us into the town; from that hour no one has been able to give the smallest intelligence respecting him. Our generals had strict search made for him among the slain, fearing he might have fallen in the gate, where he was last seen; but the search has been ineffectual, and we supposed him returned to Africa, to his own palace and family. A rumour prevailed that the countess Julian was dead; and his friends believe that grief on that account may have been the cause of his quitting Spain so abruptly."

"Oh, no!" cried Alonzo, endeavouring to stifle a deep sigh that was issuing from his breast—"Oh, no! the count did not return to Africa—too surely he is no more!" and he thought within himself—"Unfortunate count Julian! how soon have you paid your forfeit life to your betrayed country!" here Alonzo hung his head, and inwardly mourned the fate of one he had loved, though so unworthy. Don Juan, too, was silent; all that presented itself to his view foretold the future fate of the Christians, and shocked his very soul.

Ishmael, however, continued to talk; he was a good-humoured loquacious man; he cared little whether the Christian religion or Mahometanism prevailed, so he could rank high in the army, and live well; he was profuse and good-natured, even to his enemies. He now changed his route, to accompany Alonzo and his friend to the next town. During their journey, he informed them of almost all the particulars mentioned in the last chapter—talked very freely of his generals and their disputes—laughed at the crafty Musa, and the trick that he had practised on the ambassadors from Merida, and then ran out in encomiums on the gallant Abdalesis.—“How much you would be pleased,” said the Moor, turning towards Alonzo, “with the brave friend of Abdalesis! they are inseparable, and no wonder—Africa could not produce two more such men.”

“Who is it you speak so highly of?” asked Alonzo, scarcely knowing or caring what he said, for his thoughts were gloomy, and dwelt on his country’s woes.

“Who do I mean!” answered the Infidel; “I can mean no one but Aleanzar, the bravest, noblest, best of Moors.”

At the mention of Aleanzar, a thousand different passions shook the soul of Alonzo; he remembered the outrage he had committed in carrying off Cava; he remembered also the kindness with which she spoke of him, notwithstanding that outrage, and when he heard him so praised by Ishmael, jealousy rose in his mind; it was but instantaneous; he was ashamed of such a feeling, and was going to ask some question respecting the Moor, when Ishmael interrupted him by saying—“When you go to Seville, you must contrive to see one of the most beautiful women in the world, who accompanied Aleanzar into Spain; I do not know her name, but I had a transient glimpse of her, and was enchanted.”

Alonzo started; was it possible Cava could again be in the hands of the Moor? surely she was the most lovely of human beings; and trembling with apprehension, he asked Ishmael—was the beauty he spoke of Moor or Christian?

The Saracen answered he knew not which, but that she certainly had the air of a Spaniard. Alonzo dared not mention Cava, although her name trembled on his lips; but he inquired if Garcia, who was well known as a follower of count Julian’s, had returned to Spain? and in what place he was most likely to be heard of? He then mentioned that, some months since, he had left Africa, with dispatches for the count. While he spoke, he fixed his anxious eyes on the Moor, as if his life depended on his answer: but here Alonzo was fated to get no information that could throw the least light on the course that Cava and Garcia had pursued;—Ishmael assured him that nothing had been heard of Garcia since he left Spain—that some days since he had seen his wife at Toledo, who was under great anxiety of mind on his account; she had long expected him, but neither having heard from him, or of him, she was determined on going to Seville for information.—“Poor soul!” cried he, “I pitied her, for she also hoped to find count Julian there, and I fear she will meet double disappointment.”

This was a new affliction to Alonzo; what could have become of Cava and Garcia? where should he now trace them? They sailed for Spain; was it possible they should not have arrived there? Cava might conceal herself till she found the asylum she wished; but Garcia could have no reason to do so; nor would he, if he was in Spain, have deserted his wife.

Oppressed with many an anxious thought, Alonzo, at length, arrived at the town, where he was determined to remain for the night. Ishmael having attended him, and seen him well lodged, bade him a kind adieu, and putting his horse to his full speed, was out of sight in a few moments. Alonzo looked after him, grateful for the attention he had shewn him, and mentally saying—“A kind heart is of no particular

country—it is born with the man, and is a blessing to whoever possesses it; this Moor has scarcely any thing else to recommend him, yet it polishes his rough outside, and covers all his faults.”

Alonzo and don Juan took up their abode in the house of a Christian whom they knew; he had, with a large sum, bought his freedom, and was allowed to live in peace in his own habitation. On seeing the prince, his heart swelled, and tears rolled down his cheeks; till the Moor was gone, he had not the power to express the delight he felt at once more beholding him; he entreated Alonzo to remain with him for a time, or, at least, till he could form some plan—“For, believe me,” said don Remirez, “in Spain you can only chuse one of two evils—perfect submission, or open war; half of my fortune I have given to save my family from destruction; to save my country, I would willingly give the other half, was I to die a beggar.”

Delighted with the old patriot, Alonzo pressed his hand in silent agony. When more composed, he entreated the good Spaniard to give him an exact account of the present state of Spain, particularly how don Palayo supported himself in the Asturias, and if many still flocked to his standard?

“All,” cried the worthy Remirez, “that can do so, with any safety to their families; but, like me, many tremble, lest, in attempting to fly, they should risk, not only all they are worth in the world, but the lives of their wives and children; slavery and dishonour would be their portion, were we to rise against our cruel oppressors, and fail in the attempt. Cursed Rodrigo!” cried the old Spaniard; “the hour of his birth was fatal to his country.”

Alonzo could never hear Rodrigo’s name without shuddering, and feeling a rage not to be curbed take possession of his soul: he had seen him swallowed by the fierce waters of the Guadaleta—he had seen him deprived, not only of life but of empire, and every thing he wished to possess; yet still Alonzo felt he had escaped his sword, and his revenge remained unsatisfied.

With don Remirez the friends remained some time. Alonzo made every inquiry possible respecting count Julian and Garcia, and from all they could learn, it was almost certain count Julian was no more; and that he had died either by the hands of the Christians, in vengeance for the woes he had brought on them, or by the Moors, who might fear his power, and the changes likely to take place in the mind of so bad a man, whom they knew would stop at nothing to carry into execution any scheme he chose to form.

Garcia had certainly not entered Spain, at least he had not entered it by the south; and hopeless of finding Cava, who now had succeeded in eluding his search, Alonzo determined on making his way as quickly as possible to the north of Spain, and still hoped to repair his past errors, and render himself of use to his country, when he should be able to join don Palayo; his heart panted for that moment; he imparted to his worthy host his intentions, who blessed him, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, and offered him money and jewels, to assist him in his schemes; but Alonzo had brought with him treasure from Africa, which, if he could reach don Palayo in safety, would be of use in the prosecution of the war; and sincerely thanking don Remirez for his generosity, and promising he would call upon him, should he ever have occasion to do so, he set himself seriously to consider his route, with don Remirez, who was capable of giving him the best advice, having travelled much—was well acquainted with every corner of Spain—knew all the passes of the mountains, and the shortest way through them, and the very heart of the country, into the Asturias.

Alonzo wished not to be recognised by any of the Moors he had known when with count Julian. He desired not to see the glory of Abdalesis, who, he was told,

reigned as a king in Seville; and though he had heard the praises of Aleanzar, even from Cava, he rather wished to avoid than seek his acquaintance. Yet one idea was near carrying him to Seville; could it be possible that Cava was that beautiful woman of whom Ishmael had spoken? the idea tortured him; nor could his good sense, or his confidence in Cava, give ease to his heart: accident, however, relieved him, in some degree.

In conversation, don Remirez mentioned that Abdalesis, with his friend Aleanzar, had passed through the town they were now in, on their way to Seville.—“They stopped opposite to this habitation,” said Remirez, “for some minutes; I myself presented a cup of water to the most lovely woman I ever beheld, who accompanied the prince Aleanzar.”

“Who was she?” cried Alonzo; “tell me quickly, who was she? and ease my tortured heart!”

Remirez stared at his guest; he feared for his senses, for his disorder seemed extreme.—“I know not what she was called,” answered the Spaniard; “but they told me she was a young Moor, beloved by the prince; she was faint with the heat of the day, and stopped here to assuage her thirst; and of this I am persuaded, she was not a Christian, for a crescent glittered on her forehead—I saw the brightness of the jewels, and her still brighter eyes, as she drew her veil aside to drink. I could long have gazed at her with delight, but I dreaded giving offence.”

This account tranquillized the soul of Alonzo; he was satisfied Cava would sooner die than abjure her religion; and he lost his fear and hatred of Aleanzar, in finding he had transferred to another the affection he had once borne to Cava.

Alonzo’s little troop were now arrived, and with them the treasure he had brought from Africa. He consulted with his friend don Juan, and don Remirez settled the plan for their crossing the mountains, so as to bring them in safety to the north.

Their kind host entreated them to remain a day or two longer, to recruit their strength and spirits, and promised, in that time, to procure them a faithful guide, who knew every pass in the mountains—every sheep-track unknown but to the simple shepherd, through which they might safely travel, and reach their destined point unsuspected by the Moors. Alonzo, always docile, listened with patience to Remirez, and determined to follow his advice: he and don Juan remained with the old patriot till all was ready for their departure; when, flushed with hope, and flattering themselves with happier days than those they had passed, and sanguine in their expectation of expelling the Moors from Spain, they took a tender leave of the good old Remirez; and before the sun had enlivened the earth with his bright beams, the friends, with their attached and brave band, were on the road that led to the north of Spain; soon they forsook the beaten path, to pass through forests, deep rivers, and over horrid and tremendous precipices, from whence the steadiest could scarcely venture to look down, where goats only could hang, and where often the path was so narrow, that even the smallest animal passing might have proved fatal to the passenger. Sometimes their faithful guide carried them to little hamlets, situated on the skirts of the forests, or in sweet retired vallies, in the centre of the mountains, where the rapacious foe had not penetrated, and where the poverty, the simplicity of the inhabitants, and the solitary situation of their abode, was their shield against rude violence: they heard, indeed, of the wretched fate of their unhappy country; but tyranny had not yet laid its iron grasp on them; and the din of arms, as yet, resounded not through their distant silent abodes. Often, as Alonzo and his friends have ascended a mountain, or passed down a declivity into the vallies where stood their peaceful huts, have those harmless shepherds been terrified by the glittering of their armour in the sunbeams, and flying

with horror from their supposed enemies, could only be brought back by the well-known voice of the guide whom Remirez had procured for the prince.

This faithful creature led them safely through this labyrinth, and easily procured from the guileless shepherds all their poverty could bestow: they gazed with delight on the youthful warrior—they prayed for blessings on the head of one so young, and yet so ready to succour the distressed; they spread before him their cleanly homely meal—they pressed him to partake of the roots they had dressed—of the purple grape that hung in clusters round their habitations—of milk fresh from their goats, and delicious honey from their rocks; dry leaves, and the best coverings they possessed, were spread for his bed, and when, after a long day's march, Alonzo and don Juan have reposed in safety their weary limbs upon their humble couch, they acknowledged to each other, there was more real happiness, more safety in the shepherd's cot, than in the treacherous court.—“Here,” said Alonzo, “we may sleep, free from the fear of the murderous dagger, or, what is worse, the shafts of calumny. Here, in the repast prepared for us, no poison lurks—no bitter remains in the cup raised to our lips; temperance and sobriety ensure us peaceful slumbers, and we rise with fresh strength both of mind and body. The sun awakes us not shining through gilt lattices but it darts its first beams through the vivid foliage of surrounding trees; it revives us by perfumes exhaled from the wild flowers scattered in profusion over these hills and valleys; and the native warblers of these woods delight our senses more with their untaught harmony, than the most studied strains could do in peopled cities.—Oh, don Juan!” continued the prince, “could I partake this blessed life with my beloved Cava—could I, in these wilds, enjoy her dear society, all my wishes would then be bounded by the circle of these mountains; never should I wish to set my foot beyond them; here would be my rest on earth—here my paradise.”

Don Juan allowed the prince to finish his rhapsody, and then calmly said—“Noble Alonzo, no man pities your sorrows and your hopeless love, more than I do; but I hope your mind is too strong to sink into weakness. Men like you are born to be of use to society; to protect, revenge, or reform their country; not to sink indolently into the lap of pleasure or of love. Remember that don Palayo is rising in fame, while you lose yourself in vain desires. We have still far to travel; other thoughts must employ your mind during our course. You must be sensible, my friend, that your task is arduous; we have not only to join don Palayo—we must convince him of our sincerity in the cause of Spain, before we can expect him to receive us as friends. He may suppose we come to betray him into the hands of the Moors; and notwithstanding his former friendship with you at the court of Toledo, knowing you espoused the cause of count Julian, he may doubt the sincerity of your present actions, without you can give him undeniable proof that you will join him heart and hand, for the deliverance of your common country.”

“Unfortunate as I am,” answered the prince, “what proof shall I give him that will satisfy his prudent and cautious nature?” then musing for some minutes, he proceeded—“Don Palayo is just, is noble; he knew me well; we lived in as much intimacy as the bustle of a court would allow: he also was acquainted with my love for Cava—Favilla, his charming sister, was our mutual confidant; to her I will first make myself known—she will stand between me and her brother—she will be the pledge of my honour: love, revenge, raised my arm, unwillingly, against my country; her gentle nature will pity and excuse the deed—she will not suffer her brother to look upon me as a traitor.”

“With all my soul,” replied don Juan, “I hope we may again behold the charming Favilla; but where she is I know not; I doubt her being with her brother, and

I am certain she did not remain with the unhappy queen. Don Palayo, fearing that her extreme beauty might prove fatal to her, by rendering her an object of attention to the Moors, carried her with him in his flight; but what has become of her since is uncertain: many rumours have gone abroad respecting her; some say she is married to a noble Moor—others, to a Christian of inferior rank; and some believe that her brother has hid her in a cave in Biscay, to secure her for the duke Alphonso, her lover and his friend. Nothing of all this, however, may be true; false rumours are every where abroad, and I have seen no one who could give me any certain account of her since she left Toledo; at all events, it was happy for her to have left that ill-fated town; for an old shepherd, who has just returned to the mountains, assured me last night, that Egilone the queen, and all her ladies, have been made prisoners by Abdalesis, the son of Musa, and of course they are his slaves.”

Alonzo started at the name of Egilone; he thought of her many charming qualities—of her friendship—her kindness—her love for him and Cava; and a shower of tears fell from his eyes at her unhappy fate.

Many weeks were Alonzo and don Juan in the mountains with their little band; their course was circuitous; and often were they under the necessity of returning for leagues over those tracts they had already passed, to avoid falling in with the Moors, and becoming subject to their inspection; for now the Infidels watched, as carefully as they were able, all those Spaniards who appeared to travel towards the north, and whom they could suspect of a wish to join don Palayo. The Moors feared nothing in Spain but that prince, for they found themselves under the necessity of leaving him and his adherents, for the present, unmolested in the Asturias. It was now the only part of that delicious country not subject to the Moors.

Alonzo and his followers having wandered about in various directions for a great length of time, and living, as we have said, with the quiet inhabitants of the woods and mountains, and adding many a brave youth to their little troop, they still advanced towards the Asturias, and looked forward to join, in a few days, the gallant don Palayo.

One fine evening, after a painful march of many hours, they arrived, weary and half-famished, at a cot on the mountains, where they had hoped to rest for the night. The sun had not yet sunk beneath the western hills—it still tinged their tops with its bright beams, when a young Spaniard entered the humble abode—terror and distress were visible in his countenance; and on seeing an armed party occupy his father’s dwelling, he appeared still in more violent agitation, and wringing his hands, he exclaimed—“Then it is all over with us! not even these wilds can protect their miserable inhabitants!” He looked anxiously around, and prepared to fly; Alonzo saw the motion, and laying his hand on his arm, arrested his course, assuring him he had nothing to fear—that they were Christians, and his friends—that they intended to repose that night under his father’s roof, and would protect them, at every hazard, from any danger that might threaten them: the young man, assured also by his father of the truth of Alonzo’s words, grew more composed; and being much exhausted, begged to be allowed some refreshment, before he informed them of what had so greatly alarmed him. Having, with those in the cot, partaken of the simple fare the old shepherd had spread before his guests, he was soon in a condition to relate what he had been a witness to.

“I was,” said the young man, “this morning, some leagues from hence, driving to their pasture cattle belonging to my father, when I was alarmed by warlike sounds coming from the other side of the hill on which I stood: desirous of knowing the cause of so dreadful a din in these peaceful regions, I stopt not till I gained the top of the

hill;—judge of my surprise, when I saw a dreadful conflict was going on between two parties of armed men. I at first took them to be Moors and Christians; I soon perceived there were but few Infidels, and they belonged only to one of the parties, both of which appeared to me to be commanded by Christians. A brave and gallant gentleman commanded the smallest party. Almost double his number was headed by a hideous monster, who seemed scarcely human; he fought with the strength and savageness of a brute, and was, unfortunately, conqueror—he left the brave young nobleman (for such I believe he was that headed the adverse party) dead on the field of battle: the conflict was short, but violent while it lasted, and many fell on both sides: at last, the brute whom I have already mentioned seized on a lovely young female, for whom he seemed to have fought, and placing her on a horse before one of his men, pointed the road he was to take, and prepared with those of his party who had survived to follow him. His antagonists had all fled when their leader fell. The lady, who seemed, during the battle, to suffer the most violent agonies, was now insensible to every thing; she neither sighed nor lamented; had not the man into whose care she was given supported her, she must have fallen from the horse.”

“And who is she? and where have they carried her?” cried Alonzo, starting from the bench on which he had thrown himself, to listen to the shepherd’s tale.

“I know not who the lady is,” answered the young man, “but from her appearance and dress, she must be some high and great lady; and I am sure she is the most beautiful creature my eyes ever saw; for they rode near where I was standing, and although I had a dread of the soldiers, I could not but stop to look at her; her veil had fallen to the ground—her beautiful head hung over the Moor’s arm that carried her—she looked quite dead—her eyes were shut—her fine long hair had got loose, and hung down almost to the ground—her arm, as it lay on the horse’s neck, appeared to me like marble; I cried for very pity of the sweet creature, and I could not help thinking if the fine young man that was killed was her lover, she would be happy never to open her eyes again.”

The shepherd was proceeding in his story, when Alonzo (whose thoughts for ever ran on Cava, and who was now perfectly convinced this unfortunate lady was no other than her, and that Garcia was the person killed in her defence,) demanded, with vehemence, where they had carried the lady, for he would follow the monsters to the end of the world, and sacrifice them to his fury?

The young countryman answered, he knew not the name of the castle where the lady was confined, but he had made himself acquainted with its situation, for pity and curiosity had led him to follow the troop that carried her off, and that some leagues from where they now were, they had entered a wild and inhospitable dell, between two rugged mountains, in which was a strong old castle, half of it in decay, the part that remained entire well secured by a drawbridge, and strong iron gates: “Into this melancholy place,” said the shepherd, “they carried the lady; and two or three remaining to close the heavy gates, observed me following, and gazing at them in astonishment—I heartily pitied the poor lady, and I suppose they suspected me for marking their abode, and feared I might make a discovery of their wicked actions—for one of the men, who had not dismounted, abused me violently for prying into what I had no concern with, and rode out of the castle-court in order to pursue me; but aware of his design, I took to flight, and being swift of foot, I soon got into a track on the mountains, where it was impossible for a horse to follow me; in this manner I made my escape; and for some hours, I may with truth say, I have scarcely stopped to take a breath; it appeared to me that the whole gang were at my heels; and, pardon me, noble signor, that when I entered here, I took you and your comrades for some of the

party: thank Heaven that I was mistaken, and that I find a protector where I feared an enemy.”

Don Alonzo and don Juan were much pleased with the good sense and natural politeness of the young shepherd; and Alonzo, who had determined to release the fair unknown from her captivity, (for he was still possessed with the idea that she was Cava,) asked the shepherd to accompany him to the mountain he had mentioned, from whence they could see the situation of the castle.

The young rustic gladly undertook to be his guide, but advised their delaying their journey till the moon rose.—“We have,” said he, “a long way to get to the top of the mountain, from whence we can have a view of the castle, and the dreary valley in which it is built. If you have a wish to attack it,” added the youth, “you cannot well do it by force—stratagem only will succeed; and if you are anxious to rescue the unhappy lady confined there, I can shew you some caverns in the mountains near the castle, where you may conceal yourselves during the day, and lay your plans in what manner to surprise the fortress. I saw them mount a strong guard before I left the place.”

Alonzo, charmed with the youth, entreated the old shepherd, as he had more sons, to spare him this one; he promised to protect him; and if he was himself successful, to make the boy’s fortune. Old Pedro, delighted with the kindness and condescension of his noble guest, could not refuse to the entreaties of his son his leave to follow such a master.

Don Juan, though he much doubted the fair unknown being Cava, was unwilling to thwart Alonzo in his wish of rescuing one in distress; stopping in their journey for a few days was of little consequence; he might, by doing so, relieve the unhappy; and to a good mind, even the chance was gratifying. Don Juan also wished to inure the little troop under their command to the dangers of war, and prove their courage, before they should join don Palayo. He therefore readily acquiesced in Alonzo’s proposal; and handsomely rewarding the old shepherd for their entertainment, as soon as the moon was sufficiently risen to light them through the intricate paths of the mountains, escorted by their youthful guide, Alonzo and don Juan, with their followers, took their way towards the melancholy valley; and before the dawn, they beheld from the hills the towers of the castle in which was confined the fair unknown—it was “a dreary habitation, waste and wild.”



### CHAP. III.

GENTLE reader, if you feel the smallest anxiety for the heroine of this true history—if I have been able, in any degree, to interest you for the innocent victim of the base and tyrannical Rodrigo, I am fearful of your displeasure for our having so long lost sight of her: I hear you say—“Why does this compiler of scraps of history—this story-teller—this inventor of stuff and nonsense, take so many round-about ways to tell her tale? We have scarcely got acquainted with her heroes and heroines, when she sends them rambling all over the face of the globe, and renders it extremely troublesome to follow them; and as to Cava, she certainly has been drowned: we have as little hope of finding her as Alonzo has; so lay aside the book—it is not worth finishing.”

Stop, my good friends; I smile at your displeasure; your anger gratifies me—you flatter my vanity: was my tale as dull as I dreaded your finding, you would not have wished to know any thing more of my heroine, but, with a yawn, have desired the footman to take those stupid volumes back to the circulating library, and bring something more entertaining. Not having hurt the very sensitive and delicate feelings of an author by such conduct as this, she assures you she will gratify your curiosity to the utmost of her power—make the most diligent search for her heroine—and, in as laconic a manner as is consistent with the gravity of history, bring you to the sequel of her story, provided you can defy the power with Morpheus while you peruse the following pages.

It has already been related, that the princess Cava, and Garcia, her faithful friend and servant, left Africa on a fine night, with a fair wind, and every prospect of a quick and happy voyage. Seated in the most commodious part of the galley, and surrounded with all that could render her stay on board it comfortable, Cava, after the first shock was sustained of quitting a country for ever, so endeared to her as Africa was, turned her thoughts to the faint hope she yet had of again embracing her father; this was the only joy she anxiously looked to on this side heaven—“And yet,” she mentally said, “the meeting cannot be without alloy;—I must tear myself even from this dear father, and seclude myself from the world: in perfect retirement only can my mind recover its lost peace.”

Many hours of the night had passed, not only in repose, but contemplation sometimes so profound, that the princess heeded not the noise that, towards morning, proceeded from every part of the gallery, or the confusion and hurry that prevailed among the mariners. At length roused by the violent motion of the vessel, and the bellowing of the winds, she sent for Garcia, to know how soon they might hope to land in Spain?

“Alas, my princess,” cried the faithful Garcia, “the wished-for coast of Spain is flying from us; the gale is so tremendous, it has, in spite of all our efforts, blown us through the pillars of Hercules; it was impossible to make the coast either of Spain or Africa; and now we have only to yield to the violence of this dreadful hurricane, and as we are in the open sea, we must run before the wind, and trust in Heaven for our safety.”

“Alas! Garcia,” replied the princess, “misfortune pursues me; yet I fear not for myself—death will, at any time, be welcome to me; but I grieve to have involved you in my unhappy fate.”

Garcia appeared deeply distressed, and ever terrified by the danger they were in: he started in horror as the sails were rent asunder—as the galley laboured through the waves, he expected it to go to pieces. Cava perceived the terror and anxiety of his countenance, and cried—“You, Garcia, are happy; you have something to live for—an affectionate wife, a lovely child, render this earth to you a blessed abode—you dread to quit a world they render delightful; and this, Garcia, enervates your mind, and sinks your brave heart to cowardice. Garcia, you behold me a woman, and a weak one; I am wretched; I have bid adieu to happiness here; and a removal from this world of misery has no terrors for me; I can hear the tempest unmoved—the raging of these billows appals me not; I have nothing to lose—nothing to hope; and my courage increases with danger. Let us, Garcia, endeavour to inspire the mariners with hope, let us endeavour to save the vessel, and all the unfortunate creatures that are on board: should they see you in despair, their courage will fail, and that may be fatal.”

Garcia, as she spoke, stood in amaze at the fearless soul which inhabited so frail and delicate a form; he himself felt her superior genius, and the truth of her words; he followed her to the deck, where she stood encouraging the crew, and promising rewards to every man who should exert himself, and do his duty to the utmost. Three days and three nights they were tossed on the enraged deep; dreadful peals of thunder broke over the galley—the vivid lightning flashed across the deck, and more plainly showed the horrors with which they were surrounded. The crew had not a moment for repose; often, overcome by fatigue, they would willingly have abandoned their ungovernable vessel to the fury of the winds and waves, when the presence and the words of Cava has brought them back to their labour. She herself administered to their wants—assisted to prepare refreshment for the exhausted mariners—enchanted them by her humility, and consoled them by her words; they looked on her as their guardian angel, and hope whispered to their hearts that for her sake their lives would be spared.

At length their prayers were heard—their efforts succeeded—the dreadful hurricane subsided; the waves no longer tossed the galley to the clouds, and then sent her almost to the bottom of the deep; the swell gradually lessened, and the motion of the vessel became more steady; the thick fog, which had so long surrounded them, began to clear—the dark and heavy clouds rolled far away, and the blue face of heaven again appeared. Every heart was filled with joy;—but where were they? and to what unknown country might they be driven? As yet the horizon was too much overcast for any thing to be distinctly discerned; but a calm night succeeded; the stars were visible—the moon shewed her silver horns; the grey morning came; the rosy hours unbarred the gates of heaven, and light, celestial light, overspread the dark bosom of the deep; grateful to the wearied mariner was the promise of a glorious day!—even Cava’s heart dilated with pleasure; she saw those around her happy, and she rejoiced in the felicity of her fellow-creatures. Misfortunes had had a salutary effort on her mind—it had not been able to sour it: she was devoid of envy, and the woe that she had felt had softened her heart, strengthened her mind, exalted her understanding, and was gradually raising her to a level with angels.

A cursory view of the griefs, the miseries, the misfortunes that “flesh is heir to,” is sufficient to strike with horror the boldest adventurer on the stage of life: the human mind sickens at the sad survey, and recoils in terror from the path that an earthly being is doomed to tread;—yet my fair, my young readers, still uncorrupted by the world, still new to its enchantments and its sorrows, be not dismayed by the ills that you may meet; start not at the gloomy path you are too sure to tread; where sunshine is momentary—where the brightest prospects soonest fade—where, as your

steps sometimes lead you through a delicious valley, and your feet press the fragrant flowers, whose perfume charms you, concealed adders sting you to the soul, and poison all your joy: reflection will tell you (but can a young mind reflect?) that it is good to be afflicted—that a human being, living a life only of continued happiness, would sink almost to the level of brutes: an uninterrupted tide of prosperity, the complete gratification of every desire, would render him proud, unfeeling, selfish, to the utmost degree. How could the being who never suffered sorrow feel for the griefs of others? apathy would soon succeed to perpetual pleasure, and every enjoyment would pall the sickly appetite: like stagnant waters that become corrupt for want of a tempest to sweep their surface, with an enervated mind and a palsied understanding, regretting life and unfit to die, he would sink into the grave, useless in life, and in death leaving no bright example of one bearing with patience and humility the woes which an all-wise and all-powerful Being has imposed on the greatest part of mankind, that he may reward them with eternal happiness hereafter. A celebrated divine has said, in one of his excellent discourses—“It is not altogether unworthy of observation, that afflictions have a tendency to improve, not only a man’s moral disposition, but his natural abilities, his sentiments, his expressions, his thoughts, and his style: when afflictions produce such effects, they change their nature; and whatever we may suffer, we must look upon them ultimately as blessings; for is not that a blessing to man, that can mend the genius and improve the heart?”

Let the reader excuse me if this digression tires. The gay, the thoughtless, and the happy, will, perhaps, pass over these pages, confident they shall escape those sorrows not yet fallen to their lot: the unhappy will, we trust, confess—“It is good for me that I have been afflicted.”

But we must now look towards the galley that carries Cava, Garcia, and their wearied crew, through an unknown sea, for then little was known of the vast Atlantic, on which they were now forced. Their pilot was unacquainted with his course, or where, or to what port he should be able to steer. At length mid-day brought comfort; the sea ceased to roar—the winds gently filled their sails—and as the mists cleared from off the horizon, they saw, with delight, that they were not many leagues from land; but no mariner on board could give it any name; they had never even heard of the Fortunate Islands, and towards them they were now steering.

Evening was fast coming on, when the galley safely anchored in a small and commodious bay, on the western coast of a beautiful island. After their hardships on the ocean, they were gratified with the sight of a picturesque country, verdant even to the sandy beach, and, in many places, wooded to the very edge of the water; gently rising hills were covered with the habitations of men; and magnificent mountains rose in the centre of this terrestrial paradise; the setting sun, glowing with its brightest tints, illumined every object; and as Cava viewed from the deck of the galley the enchanting scene that presented itself, she raised her heart, in praise and admiration, to that Almighty Power who had formed his works so wondrous fair.—“Man,” she mentally said, “perverts those blessings that are so amply bestowed upon him;—he turns them all to curses, and fills this beautiful, this wondrous world, with rapine, murder, and devastation: formed in the likeness of angels, he treads only in the steps of fallen ones, and surpasses them in ingratitude and disobedience to his great Creator.”

Cava had no long time allowed her to continue her reflections; many of the natives of the country flocked to the shore, on the galley’s casting anchor; and their gestures expressed that they would oppose their landing. This was a great distress to the Spaniards; they were in want of many things—of water in particular, and their

provisions were very scanty; they also feared the vessel was leaky; and if they were not permitted to land and refit, their chance of getting safely back to Spain was uncertain. As the natives approached, every lure was held out to them to tempt them to the ship, from which the crew could almost step upon the beach. Some of the islanders, more curious than the rest, plunged into the water, and swimming round the vessel, seemed pleased that they were unmolested by the crew. The savages, for such they were when compared with the Spaniards, appeared a harmless unoffending race, and more afraid of ill-treatment from the new-comers, than willing to shew them any; and on a little skiff approaching the galley, with two men in it, Garcia calling to them to come near, and offering them some trifles to allure them, they came under the head of the galley, and shewing some surprise when the men on board spoke to them, they instantly bore away for the land; but in a short time returned with a third man, and getting as close as possible to the vessel, the stranger asked, in good Spanish, who they were, and from what country they had come?

The amazement of the crew was great on hearing their own language spoken on this distant coast; and entreating him who spoke to come on board, he willingly obeyed them; and though in a rude and uncouth dress, and greatly darkened in his complexion by a hot climate, they instantly perceived he was a Spaniard; and don Garcia coming towards him, informed him from whence they came, who they were, and in what manner they had been driven on that island: he then requested leave to land, and refit his galley.

The stranger stood with his eyes rivetted on Garcia while he spoke. He seemed much agitated, and, for some moments, as if he doubted what his answer should be; his countenance expressed pleasure and astonishment, but he seemed afraid to give utterance to his thoughts. Cava approached him to second Garcia's request; but on coming near the stranger, she started, and exclaimed—"Is Alvarez alive, and in this unknown region!"

"Oh, lovely princess!" cried the stranger, throwing himself at Cava's feet, "you do indeed see before you the banished, cruelly-used Alvarez, the victim of Rodrigo's hatred, driven from my native home by the fury of the tyrant, because I saved from his gripe an amiable family he had sworn to ruin. Flying from Spain, accompanied by my wife, like you I was forced by shipwreck on this island, and for four years it has been my happy abode. I am rejoiced, my princess, that I am now enabled to render you some service; I have great power over the islanders; and here you shall have every comfort that this uncivilized country can give: here, lady, if you find not a court, neither will you find deceit; your welcome to my hut will be sincere; and if I know the heart of the princess Cava, she will not despise Alvarez, because the cruelty of an ungrateful king stript him of his titles and his fortune, and sent him to inhabit a distant land, and mix with savages."

Alvarez, irritated by the remembrance of the past, would, for a longer time, have continued his abuse of Rodrigo; but Cava, who shuddered at the sound of his name, stopt him short by taking his hand, and expressing her pleasure at again beholding one she much esteemed, and had believed dead. She presented Garcia to him as her friend; they had never been acquainted; but Alvarez knew who he was, and had recognised his person when he first entered the galley.

Every thing was soon adjusted between the crew and the islanders: these innocent people seemed to be completely under the controul of Alvarez. The vessel was soon supplied with all the island could afford to satisfy its wants; and every thing that could be spared on board, was, by Garcia's orders, freely given to the islanders. A friendly compact was immediately entered into, and never infringed.

Cava and Garcia followed Alvarez to his habitation, where they found his charming wife, and his little son, of three years old. Fulvia, a lovely woman, descended from a Roman family, had been married to Alvarez about six years, and had followed his fortunes, without a murmur at her wayward and singular fate; her health was good, her sprightliness unabated, and her manners charming, notwithstanding that both she and Alvarez, by living so long among an uncultivated and savage people, had contracted a little degree of wildness, both in their manners and conversation; it even rendered them more interesting.

Fulvia was the delight, the comfort, the happiness of her husband; his wishes were a law to her; to gratify him, to render his home a paradise, was her continual study: and their home was a paradise; nature had been lavish in her bounty—never was there a more beautiful solitude. At some distance from the coast, but in view of the vast Atlantic, Alvarez had erected his spacious and rural mansion; it was composed of rustic materials, such as the country afforded, and he could procure. It was a low wooden building, all on the ground, and divided into several chambers. A mountain, covered with trees of various sorts, mixed with the olive and the vine, rose behind, and gave shelter and coolness to the habitation of Alvarez. To the right a broad stream rolled its pure waters to the sea; and to the left a lovely valley, where flocks and herds seemed to roam at large, lay in view; all around was beautiful, was wild, was enchanting; no words can give so true an idea of the spot, as those which Rousseau has thought worthy to quote:—

“Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia,  
Ma’n lor vace un abeto, un faggio, un pino,  
Tra’l erba verde e’l bel monte vicino,  
Levan di terra al ciel nostr’ intelletto.”

Almost hid by the orange tree, the citron, and the myrtle, that grew in wild luxuriance round it, lay the mansion of Alvarez, to which he led the princess and Garcia: Cava trod the path that wound to it in silent amazement, and she thought that “paradise was opened in the wild.” Alvarez smiled at her surprise, and turning towards her, said—“Princess, no treachery dwells here; if we are banished the pleasures of a court, we have also bid adieu to its vices: sincerity is in our hearts—truth on our lips—and peace and security dwell in our woods. Welcome, dearest lady,” cried he, with ardour; “could you be tempted to remain with true friends, in this delightful solitude, you would, perhaps, not long remember the beauties of Toledo. Here you will, at every step, trace the unnumbered beauties of nature through all its variations: your mind, expanded and exalted by such a study, will only remember with pity the creatures of a court, and rejoice in emancipation from the splendid slavery.”

Alvarez, warmed by the subject, and severely feeling the injustice that had thrown him at a distance from civilized society, continued to expatiate eloquently on the pleasures to be found in his beautiful solitude. Cava listened with attention; the remembrance of Toledo was sad; and she began to consider whether she should not do wisely in accepting the invitation of the friendly Alvarez.

Just as they arrived at the rural mansion, Fulvia had flown to meet her husband, as was her custom, when he was long absent from home; tenderness, anxiety, and surprise, were painted in her charming face, as she approached, and beheld two strangers. Alvarez soon explained who they were, and how they had been driven on the island. With the utmost courtesy and sweetness, Fulvia received and welcomed her new guests; and taking Cava by the hand, led her to the house,

saying—"Accept, I beseech you, dearest lady, all that this humble roof can afford. I should rejoice at the accident that has thrown you on these shores, did I not see you look so weary and so unhappy: you must take some refreshment, and then try to find repose."

Cava gazed on Fulvia; the tears streamed down her cheeks; she had seen her often in Rodrigo's court, though they were not acquainted; and the remembrance of the past struck so forcibly on her heart, that she could not suppress her feelings; but throwing herself on Fulvia's neck, she tenderly embraced her, crying—"And do we meet thus, Fulvia? is the happiness we both enjoyed at Toledo fled for ever?"

"No," answered Fulvia; "happiness can never entirely forsake the virtuous;—but we will discuss this topic another time, my princess—now you stand in need of sleep and quiet."

Cava, ashamed of the weakness that had overcome her, smiled through her tears, pressed the kind hand that offered her refreshment; and soon, in the apartment of Fulvia, sunk to rest on a luxurious couch prepared for her by her charming hostess.

While all this passed in the inner apartment, Alvarez and Garcia, left to themselves, conversed unrestrained. Alvarez heard with wonder the transactions in Spain since his departure, for he was ignorant of the war, of the defeat and death of Rodrigo, and the conquest of the Moors: the heart of Alvarez was good, his nature mild; he triumphed not over a fallen enemy, though he thought he well deserved his fate; and he entreated Garcia to relate to him every circumstance within his recollection that had occurred since his exile. Fulvia soon joined them, and heard with wonder all that Garcia told. Many were the friends whose fate they had to deplore; and Garcia was ignorant of what had befallen many whose situation they anxiously wished to ascertain. Don Palayo was well known to them; he was distantly related to Fulvia; and she and her husband rejoiced at his safety, and that he had placed himself at the head of the Christians who were determined to oppose the Moors.—"If I ever," cried Alvarez, "revisit Spain, it shall be to join my brave countryman in his endeavours to wrest our native land from the Infidels."

Garcia, highly pleased with his enthusiasm, and anxious to draw Alvarez and his family from the solitude he seemed attached to, gave him hopes that all would yet be well; and as Rodrigo was now no more, advised him to return with him and the princess to his native country, assuring him that their intention was to repair to don Palayo, and share his fate, let it be what it would.

Alvarez was thoughtful; he had lived in the world; he knew it well: sorrow and misfortune had overtaken him: he had been persecuted by those he thought his friends; he had escaped their snares; he saw himself happy; a beloved wife—a lovely infant partook this happiness. He might be said to reign over an innocent though uncivilized people, in a country where bounteous Nature had given almost all that was necessary to man. He looked around, and saw scarcely a wish ungratified; the ship which had stranded him on the coast, had not left him there desolate; a male and female attendant were also saved; and every thing which the vessel contained had been secured for his use by the harmless natives, who, expert at swimming and diving, let nothing of the wreck be lost, not even the planks of the vessel, which were afterwards of the utmost use to Alvarez in the construction of his house. Some time after his landing, in the middle of the night, a vessel was driven on the coast, without a soul on board; it appeared to have been from Italy, and was laden with almost every thing Alvarez or Fulvia could have desired; different articles of furniture, wearing apparel, utensils of various sorts, and a quantity of provisions, some that would keep for years. Alvarez and the charming Fulvia thanked, with grateful hearts, that

Providence who dropped manna in their wilderness; and from that moment no word of discontent ever escaped their lips.

Having chosen the most commodious and lovely spot in the island for their habitation, assisted by their domestics and some of the islanders, whom they found extremely docile, they constructed a simple and completely comfortable abode: Fortune had thrown riches and luxuries on their shores; and they secured from both the wrecks, to fit up the inside of the dwelling, with a comfort and elegance almost unknown in populous towns. Little trouble was necessary for their support; every thing was in profusion; the rivers and the sea supplied them with the finest fish—the natives brought it in abundance; and almost every thing the earth and air could produce was at their command. The lemon, the orange, the citron, and the most luscious grapes, loaded their board: every perfume that such a climate produces, scattered by gentle zephyrs, regaled their senses; the glowing flowering shrubs that surrounded their dwelling, the verdant meadows, enamelled with wild flowers, charmed them with their beauty; and the cheerful carrol of the birds, that from “morn till dewy eve,” poured their wood-notes wild, was a finer concert than art could produce: nothing here was wanting but the society of civilized man; and in what region under heaven can a sensible and refined being long enjoy solitary happiness? deprived of sense soon fail to please; the paradise before him by degrees appears a desert; he hears no more the music of the groves—the flowers scattered in his path shed their fragrance unheeded—the brilliant day brings no delight—the close of evening fills his heart with despondency; the mind flies back to lost society—to those hours that gave happiness in a less beautiful country, under, perhaps, a frowning sky, and in a rugged soil; for there, assembled round the blazing hearth, or at the social board, mind met mind, thoughts, feelings, hopes and fears, were all communicated; and the interest that the society of human beings like himself, inspired, added zest to pleasure, and soothed the sorrows that human nature is doomed to feel. Oh! sweet society of kindred minds! how delightful the reflection on thy pleasures long gone by! how fascinating those of the present hour!—how fondly looked to those of the future day! May he who can truly feel the gratification thou givest, never be driven from the society of man, by misfortune, or penury! Alas! how vain the wish! how many perish unknown, and unregarded! how sink unnoticed into obscurity, who would adorn the highest ranks in life—who, did not fortune frown, would scatter blessings round, and be themselves the charm of refined society!

“Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom’d caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flow’r was born to blush unseen.  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

So lost in their beautiful island was Alvarez and Fulvia; they had already felt that though happy in each other, so solitary a life was irksome; and at the time of Cava’s arrival, they cast many an anxious thought towards Spain. So truly were they attached, so fondly did they love, that their surprise would have been great, had any one told them they had a wish unsatisfied; and though they sighed to return to their native country, the desire was almost unknown to themselves.

With transport they received their guests, and instantly formed the wish of detaining them in their new world. Novelty is ever seductive; and the princess and Garcia were astonished and delighted at all they beheld in this unknown region. A day or two of repose was sufficient to restore them to health. The fine climate had a

visible effect on Cava; and her friend Garcia saw with joy the roses again faintly appear on her lovely cheeks.

Fulvia watched, with incessant care, her new friend; her fine blue eyes sparkled with pleasure when she saw the princess smile, or when she saw her caress her infant son. This beauteous boy interested Cava; and with him in her hand, or in her arms, she would for hours wander through the charming wilderness that surrounded the habitation of Alvarez. Under a spreading cedar, Fulvia had placed a rustic seat, from whence was seen much of the landscape round; it also had a noble view of the Atlantic: to this spot Cava frequently resorted; here, while the child, playing with the wild flowers she had gathered for him, sat at her feet, would she give every thought of her soul to her Alonzo, and mentally say—"Had fate permitted me to enjoy with my beloved Alonzo the happiness that Fulvia enjoys with her Alvarez, what more could I have desired? thrown on this distant coast, with him it would have been a heaven: crowns and empires would have appeared as nothing in my eyes—'his love my empire, and his heart my throne.'

Thus would Cava spend hours, uninterrupted only by the playfulness of her young companion, who, often quitting his infantine amusement to gaze on her, would, as he beheld a tear steal down her cheek, start from the ground, and throwing himself into her arms, entreat her not to cry so; he would give her all his flowers—he would pull more for her—she should have his bird, the little dog he played with, if she would not cry; then surrounding her ivory neck with his little arms, he would kiss her cheek, and sob himself till she smiled; and often was she obliged to turn comforter, to pacify this charming child, who forced her, by his tenderness and innocent prattle, to forget for a time her sorrows.

Fulvia had household cares to occupy her, and could not always give the time she wished to her interesting guest. The mornings were employed by Alvarez and Garcia in refitting and storing the galley; and Garcia used every argument he believed would avail, to persuade his host to accompany him to Spain. The ruin that had befallen that unhappy country—the loss of friends, of fortune, deterred Alvarez from revisiting it, without he could hope to render it some service; and he meditated writing to don Palayo on the subject, offering to return, could he be useful; and carrying with him all that now remained to him in the universe, his wife and child. Garcia did not combat his intentions, but told him truly that his arm and his counsel would be of the utmost consequence to his prince and to his country.

"Should don Palayo think so," answered Alvarez with dignity, "nothing earthly shall detain me here: assure him I shall obey his orders."

Pleased with this declaration, Garcia was anxious to be again at sea; but he found some time must elapse before all was in readiness for their departure. Alvarez and Fulvia rejoiced at every delay, and only dreaded the losing friends who had rendered the days so delightful that had passed since their arrival. Fulvia was so captivated by the princess, that she felt parting with her would be a real misfortune; and Cava, finding she was recovering some serenity of mind in this delightful retirement, and in the company of beings whose dispositions and understanding suited hers, began seriously to think of bidding adieu for ever to her native country, and remaining on the island with her new friends:—"Here, at least," said she, "I may hope to find some repose; here, if I am distant from those I most love, I shall yet be spared the misery of being a witness of their sorrows, and of the woes I have been unfortunately, though innocently, the cause of bringing on my country." Here she paused; the good Anselmo, the friend of her early youth—her dear Favilla—the kind, the lovely Zamora—her father—her ever loved Alonzo, rose to view—"And can I



leave you all," she cried, "in a distant land? How have the bands of affection bound you round my heart! can I now tear them asunder? can I willingly relinquish ever seeing you more? what have I not hoped of consolation from the pious converse of Anselmo? How would friendship still glow in my bosom, while I strained to it my Favilla, of whose fate I am ignorant! how would even my sad heart rejoice, could I behold the dear Zamora happy with her noble Moor! My father too, my dear, my honoured father, what balm, what consolation would be poured into my soul, could he once more bless his child! And last, my faithful, my still tenderly remembered Alonzo, though I wish not again to behold you, yet to know that you exist, to live in the country you inhabit, to hear of your virtues and your welfare, is so essential to my peace of mind, that I cannot resist the impulse which draws me back to Spain."

Many were the combats in the mind of the princess, and often did her opinions change; too unhappy to hope for comfort any where, she laid aside all thoughts of continuing on the island. Alonzo, unknown to herself, drew her back to a world at which her heart sickened; he was the magnet that attracted her from the peaceful and charming asylum where her days might have rolled tranquilly on; love, which she vainly imagined she had conquered, was still the tyrant of her fate, still governed her actions, and now determined her return to Spain.

Fulvia heard this determination with sorrow, and was only comforted in the hope that Alvarez would be summoned there by don Palayo. Three months had glided away at the cottage of Alvarez; he and Fulvia had exerted themselves to amuse the princess; their own spirits were exhilarated by again enjoying the society of beings like themselves. Many hours of the morning were given to the inspection of every thing worthy of notice in their beautiful island; and their evenings were spent in sweet and social converse.

But now the day arrived when they were to bid each other adieu; the galley was ready—the wind was fair for Spain; and Garcia announced to the princess that the crew were all on board, and only awaited her arrival to set sail. Fulvia, drowned in tears, embraced her friend, who, grateful for the tender welcome she had found, returned all her affection; and pressing the little Alvarez to her bosom, and imprinting a thousand kisses on his smiling face, would not part with him till she ascended the vessel. Alvarez attended her to the shore; he committed a letter to Garcia's care for don Palayo, and in sorrowful silence assisting the princess on board, and receiving from her arms his infant son, he and Fulvia remained on the shore, their eyes fixed on the galley, and making signs to their friends, till it was impossible to discern the figures on the deck.

"Farewell, dear Fulvia," cried Cava, as she leaned over the side of the vessel that bore her from the island; "farewell, noble and ill-used Alvarez! you have found a happy asylum from the power of a tyrant: I must find mine in the peaceful grave."

We must now leave our amiable islanders to return to their home, sorrowful for the loss of the society they had enjoyed, and meditating their own departure for Spain, should don Palayo wish their return.

Cava, again launched on the bosom of the deep, turned her thoughts to all she held most dear. Wishing her a prosperous voyage, we shall put an end to this chapter, hoping the reader will not find it as great a labour to get to the end as we have done: should it so happen, we fear he will not take the trouble of inquiring what may befall our heroine on her return to Spain.

## CHAP. IV.

BEFORE we proceed further in our story, we think it our duty, as our aim is instruction, to apprise our fair readers of what perhaps they may be ignorant of, that all those of our calling, that is, all romance and novel-writers, have a familiar, or an attendant spirit, invisible to every one but themselves; and this spirit is as much under the command of the writer, as if he or she was in possession of Solomon's seal; it flies at a nod from north to south, from east to west; at a bidding it darkens the day, or illumines the night; builds castles in a trice, where no human art could raise one, and demolishes them as soon; secures a prison, or opens it at command; raises a tempest; rolls the thunder over your head, or fans you with a gentle zephyr wafted from the spicy groves of Arabia: but its chief business is to keep ready saddled and accoutred, a horse more wonderful than the wondrous horse of brass which the enchanter brought to the court of king Cambuscan; this horse, Chaucer tells us, would not stir a step, without you turned a peg that was stuck in his forehead, though by directing the peg, he would carry you to the world's end if you pleased. Now our horse gives no such trouble; our familiar has him ready in the twinkling of an eye—we mount and dismount at our pleasure, and without the trouble of speaking or acting—we just think what we wish him to do, and he does it, and without the smallest fatigue carries us not only to and fro on the earth, and round about it, but out of it, if so be our pleasure. We have known him, after a long and wearisome day's journey, gallop to the moon and back again before bedtime, just to indulge us with a near view of that beautiful planet; for what romance-writer does not wish an intimate acquaintance with her, as she makes so conspicuous a figure in their works?

I see my wondrous horse on the island from whence the Gothic princess has just departed. No vessel now remains on the coast to convey me to Spain; so wishing my heroine a prosperous voyage, as I did in the last chapter, I shall mount my horse, and get as fast as I can to the northern mountains of Spain, and see how Alonzo and his friends have passed the night there, and if they have yet got admittance to the ruined castle. Let my readers be ever so impatient, they shall not accuse me of delay. Here we are in Spain, and yonder is Alonzo and his friends on the barren mountain that overlooks the castle, and it is not yet clear day. On the barren mountain! Yes, there the prince stands, talking to the young shepherd, and reconnoitring the castle, don Juan and the faithful Velasquez at his side, and his little troop, composed of brave spirits, impatient to be employed.—“There,” cried the shepherd, “is the cursed old ruin under that horrible mountain; they say all the fiends of hell dance through it the whole night, and that their music is their own hideous yells, which I have been assured, can, in a gloomy winter's night, be heard three leagues off, if not further: what a place to confine the sweet lady in! if she should see a ghost there, she will certainly die of the fright.”

Alonzo, though sad, could not help smiling at the simple youth's fear of spirits; and told him he would stake his life, nothing but what was flesh and blood was to be found in that castle.

“May be so,” answered Pedro; “you are wiser than I am; but this I know, I would not enter it alone for the whole world.”

“Were you ever there in company?” asked don Juan.

“Yes, I was there one fine bright scorching day, with two or three of the shepherds; we went to sell some fowls to the old witch that keeps it.”

“And what did you see in it?” asked Alonzo.

“Passages as dark and gloomy as the way to hell; a great old wild chapel, hung round with saints, who, from what we are told, cannot prevent the devil shewing his cloven foot there. In the back part of the castle,” continued he, “there are some fine rooms, with rich strange-fashioned furniture in them; the old witch brought us through them, as she led us into the garden which lies at the back of the building, and where she chose to keep the fine fowl she had bought of us: but for all the grandeur of these rooms, I would sooner live in my father’s poor cot, than in so gloomy a place.”

It now struck Alonzo that he might be able to gain admission through the garden to the apartments Pedro spoke of, and where he supposed the lady that had been carried off was confined. He inquired how he could reach the garden?

“No way, I believe,” answered Pedro, “but through the accursed mansion; for there is a very high wall all round the garden, and a deep river runs between it and the mountain yonder, that looks as if it was going to tumble on the old castle, and finish it; and if all good Christians were fairly out of it, I wish the mountain would come down and crush it to atoms.”

“It would not destroy the beauty of the country, should it do so,” replied Velasquez: “but I think,” said he to Alonzo, “we had best examine the place before the daylight exposes us to the view of the guard;—perhaps we may find some weak part which we can attack, and be able to carry the castle, sword in hand, before they suspect an enemy near.”

“That you will not be able to do,” answered Pedro; “I promise you, that ruined as the castle appears, the walls and gates are much too strong to be forced by the handful of men that you have with you; besides, there is within the castle double your number—I saw them enter it: and the fear of torture from their wicked leader, should they suffer themselves to be surprised, will cause them to defend it to the last gasp: if you would take the advice of such a fool as I am, you would conceal yourselves in these mountains, till you see and consider what is best to do.”

“You give no proof of folly in your advice, Pedro,” replied Alonzo; “and I will certainly adopt your plan, if we can find any place in these rugged mountains to shelter us.”

“As for that matter, you need not seek long,” said Pedro; “I can shew you a large cavern near the castle, that would contain ten times as many as you have with you;—will you there be free from all danger, if you keep close during the day; at night you may come out of your hole, and prowl about to see what is best to be done. I will bring you food, for I can drive a flock of my father’s sheep about the mountains, without any one noticing me—if they do, I shall just give them a silly answer, talk to my sheep, and play on my pipe as I go along; they will think me a fool, but I hope the tables will be turned, and that we shall make fools of them in the end—indeed it would go well nigh to break my heart, if we cannot get that sweet lady out of the clutches of those live devils, and dead devils, that inhabit the castle.”

Thus Pedro went on; he had natural good sense, great compassion and kindness in his composition; but his superstition was excessive, and he would rather have faced twenty men in battle, than have run the chance of meeting a ghost or evil spirit within the precincts of the castle, where he was persuaded they kept their nightly revels. Alonzo, seeing his understanding was of a superior sort, and his simplicity proceeding only from a contracted education, foresaw he might be of the greatest use to them, and desired he would lead the way to the cavern he had mentioned.

“Then you must march in silence and with caution,” said Pedro, “for you have to go almost round the castle, and very near it also, before you can get to the cavern: I see the day peeping, so make haste.”

He then led the little troop down the mountain and they concealing their arms, and going in very small parties, passed in front, and nearly round the castle, without being noticed by the sleepy guard. Alonzo and his two friends came last, and as they fronted the drawbridge, they perceived that the sentinel was asleep on his post.—

“This would be a good time to surprise these vagabonds,” cried Valasquez: “shall I dispatch this fellow, and let down the drawbridge?—what say you, my prince?”

“Not for the world,” cried Alonzo, “would I kill a sleeping wretch; besides we must not be rash; from what Pedro tells us of the strength of this place, and the numbers it contains, I think we cannot be too prudent.”

Don Juan was of the same opinion, and they slowly and quietly passed the castle, carefully examining its outside; part of it was in complete ruin, notwithstanding it was most strongly fortified all round; and it appeared to them impossible it could be reduced but by a large force, were there only a handful of troops within, so easily could it be defended. As they turned round an angle to reach the cavern, they heard the night guard relieved; they soon overtook Pedro and the rest, and congratulated themselves on having passed the fortress unperceived.

On the back of the castle there was no guard; the natural protection was so great, that it was looked on as unnecessary. The garden, as Pedro had said, lay behind, if garden it could be called, which was a flat and melancholy piece of ground, where there still remained some fruit trees, mixed with tall half-blighted forest trees. The walks through the grounds could scarcely now be traced; some parterres, that had once been filled with flowers, looked now like miserable dunghills; and the gloom and dreariness of the place were unparalleled; they could view it through a large iron grating in the wall, which was exceedingly high all round; and close under it, at the back of the garden, ran a rapid river, with scarcely a pathway discernible between it and the wall, which, in many places, the river washed, and appeared a complete defence against an armed force. A huge and rugged mountain rose behind the river, and not many paces from it.

“Did you ever see any thing more horrid and melancholy?” exclaimed Pedro; “we must turn to the right, to get at the cavern I told you of; but I just led you this way,” speaking to Alonzo, “that you might see with your own eyes it is a place certainly inhabited by evil spirits: I think now you won’t laugh at me for telling you truth.”

“My good Pedro,” answered Alonzo, “we do not laugh at you; it would be impossible to be merry in such a place as this; I think with you that we have got to the mouth of hell, and that this is absolutely the river Styx; I should scarcely wonder if Charon with his boat appeared ready to ferry us across.”

“I know nothing of Charon or his boat, or whether he carries *sticks* across or not; I only know I never saw a boat on this muddy river in my life; it would be a great deal would tempt me either to sail or swim on it; but, good lord! here is broad daylight—let us get to the rock as fast as we can.”

Alonzo still smiled at Pedro, but took his advice; and all following him, they wound round the base of the mountain they had descended, and at about a quarter of a league from the castle, found the cavern they were in search of; and found it, as Pedro had described it, fit to contain more than their number with the greatest ease: they descended steps, which seemed to have been made by art in the rock; the entrance was not visible, for it was much sunk, and surrounded with cork trees and a great deal of underwood. Pedro desired them to enter, to kindle a fire, and he would soon be back with provisions.

While the soldiers were procuring fuel and lighting a fire, Alonzo, don Juan, and Valasquez, examined the cavern, in which they found many recesses, and in one of them, a number of articles heaped together in confusion.—“This cavern must have been inhabited,” said Alonzo; “here are traces of human beings;” and he drew forth tables, benches, and various utensils, also some carpets, and a number of dark cloaks made in the Spanish fashion.

“Oh,” cried Valasquez, “this must have been the habitation of banditti—here are sabres, and many warlike instruments.”

Glad at what they had discovered, they dragged them all forth, lit their fire, placed their tables, and were not sorry to see Pedro return in about an hour, with two goats and a sheep.

“Here I am,” cried the honest shepherd; “I fancy you are all main hungry; this sheep will satisfy us for this morning—kill and dress it as soon as you can,” addressing some of the troop; “if you are all as hungry as I am, with the labour I have had in driving these poor things over the mountains, you will not be sorry to have your breakfast; but, la!” added he, seeing the different articles they had found in the recess, “what have we here? have the ghosts been so civil to furnish our cavern?”

“No,” said don Juan, “we might have gone without conveniences, had we waited for the ghosts to bring them to us. You don’t consider, Pedro, that ghosts never come in daylight, and it is now an hour past sunrise.”

“I had forgotten that,” answered Pedro; “since it cannot now be a ghost, it must be one of the infernal spirits from the old castle. I fear the evil one has done this, to draw us into some scrape,” and he crossed himself, and began an *Ave Maria*.

“Fear nothing, honest Pedro,” said Alonzo; “while your heart continues as good as it now is, I will secure you against ghosts and hobgoblins: but tell me where you got these goats and the sheep—we must not rob the poor shepherds: I am sorry I did not give you money to pay for our provisions.”

“Money purchase provisions!” cried Pedro; “money is of little use in these mountains: I could have purchased nothing without going some leagues, and I think you would not have liked fasting so long. These goats, that will serve to give us milk, if we take care of them, and that poor sheep, which I hope will soon be ready to satisfy our hunger, belong to my father; you may remember, I told you, last night, he had some flocks and herds in these mountains, of which I had the care, when I saw the sweet lady carried off after the battle; now you know I ran home as if I was mad, for I really thought all the devils in hell were at my heels:” then crossing himself—“but why should I talk of them? they will most certainly appear, if I make so free with them. But to make an end of my story; I must tell you you have no occasion to talk of robbery, or to give me money to pay for these poor things. Just as I was leaving our cot last night, my father called me back, to bid me make use, if you should want them, of every beast belonging to him in these mountains, and said you had paid him ten times the value—that you were a most noble cavalier—and he only prayed he might live to see you once more: so, my good lord, set your heart at rest; you shall have victuals enough while you remain in the mountains; and the most fortunate thing of all is, that I can bring you the provisions you can want, without causing the least suspicion.”

Alonzo was delighted with Pedro; the more he saw of him, the more he admired his understanding and his heart; he shewed no weakness in any thing but his fear of ghosts. “Alas,” said Alonzo, mentally, “how sad a consideration is it, that often, when man is most cultivated, he is most worthless! give him knowledge—refine him—draw forth his talents—let him mix with the world—let him pass

through, for a little, without misfortune treading on his heels, and what does he become? indolent, hard-hearted, unfeeling to all around him, and entirely engrossed by himself, his intercourse with the world gradually shuts his heart to his fellow-creatures; he smiles, indeed, on those he cares not for; he sometimes offers consolation in sweet words, when he sees those distressed to whom he has vainly given the appellation of friends: but touch the man of the world in the least—draw on his feelings—draw on his purse—is it necessary for him to use any exertion to serve you, his energy is gone—he shrinks within his contracted self—you are no longer pleasing to him—ice surrounds him—he freezes you with his looks and polished manners—he tacitly tells you, you annoy him—that the feeling you give him is troublesome, is uncomfortable—and at last he shakes you off entirely: finesse, deceit, and selfishness, are the attendants and the pests of polished society:—how truly is that heart to be valued, which is pure enough to escape their baleful influence! and how much more worthy of my friendship, of my admiration,” cried Alonzo, half aloud, “is this simple guileless shepherd, with his rusticity, and his honest, open, generous heart, than all the polished minions of a court!”

Alonzo’s reflections were interrupted by a summons to breakfast; it was willingly attended to; and he and his friends made an excellent repast, and acknowledged their obligations to Pedro. A pure stream of water, that fell from the mountains close to the cavern, supplied them with a wholesome beverage, and the milk of their goats was by no means unacceptable. During the day, they talked of a thousand schemes to surprise the castle, or to enter it by stealth, but none appeared feasible. Pedro had left the party, to pick up what news he could in the neighbouring mountains and to drive to the cavern some cattle to supply their wants; he had many to feed, and they were not inclined to make slender meals.

The troop had thrown themselves on the ground to take some repose, as they marched all night. Don Juan and Valasquez, rolling round them some of the cloaks they had found in the cavern, followed the example of the men. Alonzo had no inclination to sleep, and, tired of waiting the return of Pedro, he flung a dark mantle over him, which completely concealed his face and person, and issuing from the cavern, near sunset, he ranged the mountains in the direction he knew Pedro would take: he looked towards the castle, and saw the battlements and drawbridge well guarded, and gave a sigh to the impossibility he was certain there must be of forcing the place.

Having walked a good way, he perceived Pedro at some distance, with his supply of provision, seemingly in great haste, and as if he had had a fatiguing day.—“Where have you been, Pedro?” asked the prince.

“An immense way off,” answered the shepherd. “I thought I never should get back in time with these sheep; but I can’t regret any trouble or fatigue that may help to save a good Christian’s life. Let me take breath, noble cavalier, and then I will tell you what I have been about; and if I know you at all, I think you will not be angry at the delay of the sheep.”

Alonzo assured him he never need fear his anger; and the shepherd, nodding his head, and smiling, proceeded thus—“You must know, cavalier, that it came across my mind that, after that sad battle I saw in the valley, some poor creature might be left there for dead that was not quite gone, and I said within myself, ‘I will do as I would be done by, and go and see if I can be of any use.’ I prayed heartily to the saints to protect me from evil spirits; and when I left the cavern, I run as fast across the mountains as my feet would carry me, and as my hearty breakfast would allow me; indeed, I may say I scarcely touched the ground till I was in the valley, though it is

some leagues off. Well, when I got there, I must confess it was a sad sight; some dead bodies were lying above ground, though I saw a great hole where many had been thrown—numbers also had been carried off by their comrades. Well, when I got near the poor souls that lay unburied, behold you, I could not find the least life in any of them—they were all as stiff as a poker, and looking so ghastly, that I almost repented coming among them; but then I thought again, if I did a good action, it would perhaps open the gates of heaven to myself; so I took courage and went on: some lay on their backs and some on their faces, all cut and slashed, and so disfigured, that to see them, my hair stood on end; there were at least a dozen of them (rest their souls!) remaining above ground. Well, when I found I had my journey for nothing, I was hurrying away, when who should I meet but Lopez, a good worthy old shepherd as ever lived, a great friend of my father's; he comes, every year of his life, to spend a week at our cot, and it is always a joyful day when he comes; he is so pleasant, and so jolly, and tells us such merry stories, we are ready to split our sides with laughing."

"Do proceed with your own story, good Pedro," cried the impatient Alonzo, "and tell me if you found life in any of the poor souls; or if the old shepherd gave you any information respecting the unhappy lady that has been carried to the castle—does he know her name, or where she came from?"

Alonzo could not endure the length of the shepherd's tale; he was still prepossessed with the belief that the imprisoned lady was Cava, and the cavalier that had been killed Garcia. Pedro having been stopped in his story, lost the thread of it; he stood stock still for some moments, and then proceeded—"You are right enough; it does not signify to you, cavalier, what sort of humour old Lopez is of, though if you knew him, you would allow you never saw any one half so pleasant, that is, of a poor shepherd—though he is not poor neither; he has a good neat cottage, and a wondrous sight of fine sheep: but to cut my tale short; meeting old Lopez in such a place, was a great comfort to me; I made up to him and told him what I was about.

'I thought so, my good Pedro,' said he, 'but no one here wants our care now, except to hide their poor bodies from the wolves, for who would let a Christian be devoured by them, if they could help it? Two or three good shepherds have promised to assist me to put them, before night, into the ground; will you also stay and assist us?'

'That I cannot do,' cried I; 'I have business for my father that must be done tonight, and that business will carry me far enough off.'

'I am very sorry for it,' answered the old man, 'for I cannot be long from home, and should have been glad of your help tonight. I have a cavalier at my cot that requires all my attention; he alone, of all that remained, has outlived yesterday's sad work: I found him almost breathless, got him carried to my cot, and his wounds bound up. You know,' said the old man, 'I am not a bad doctor, and I think he will do well; for I have excellent herbs and salves to cure him with; so I hope he will not die of his wounds; but, poor gentleman, he has not his senses, so I cannot make out what place he came from, who he is, or how he fell in with the adverse party. He is always raving of the lady he has lost—calls her a princess—and talks to her of their journey and flight; but I can make nothing of what he says: it is a pity of his state, for he is a fine cavalier.'

"Oh!" thought Alonzo, "this must certainly be Garcia; and the princess he raves of is my adored Cava."

Pedro continued.—"Having this from old Lopez, I was very curious to know whether the cavalier who fought so well, and whom I saw fall, was the same that the good-natured Lopez had taken to his cot. I begged him to leave the dead till he could

find time to bury them, and come with me to the cavalier. He did so; and we travelled as fast as his old legs would let him, to that part of the mountain where lies his cot, (as snug a habitation as there is in all Spain—that is, for a shepherd;) there I saw the poor gentleman, not in his senses indeed, and quiet as a lamb, except muttering now and then, between his teeth, words I could not, for the life of me, understand: Lopez's daughter was watching him, and right good care she took of him; and while I was there, they poured some good stuff down his throat, and Dorcas said he had slept a good deal while her father was away; and the old shepherd, examining him, thought he seemed better; for my part, I should have thought him dead, for he looked as pale as a ghost, and seemed to me to have scarcely life in him; but Lopez knows more than I do about murdered folks, so I hope he is not deceived, for most certainly the cavalier is the same that fought so bravely for the lady, and whom I left for dead; I knew him again, the moment I saw him in Lopez's cot."

"Describe him then, for the sake of Heaven!" cried Alonzo.

"I cannot describe him exactly," answered Pedro; "but this I can say, he is a tall handsome man, rather thin, with dark eyes and hair."

"It is certainly Garcia, and my adored Cava is enclosed within these cursed walls! Cannot we go, my good Pedro, to the old shepherd's cottage, and see poor Garcia? perhaps he may recollect me, and be able to tell me all I wish to know."

"It is impossible," replied Pedro, "to venture, at this hour, so far from the cavern; we might miss our way through the mountains; it is very intricate, I assure you, and you would have your labour for your pains. We had best consult how the poor lady can be delivered from her prison."

Alonzo acknowledged Pedro's cool sense and judgment, and walked by his side in silence; when turning a part of the mountain that jutted out, they suddenly met one of the guards of the castle. Pedro retained his presence of mind, and began talking to his sheep; fortunately for Alonzo, the coarse dark cloak he had found in the cavern covered him from head to foot, and muffled him in such a manner, that he did not appear the noble cavalier he was, but a common countryman.

"Good evening," cried the guard; "where are you going, shepherds, at this late hour? the day declines—are you far from home?"

"Farther than I wish," replied Pedro; "I have a league or two yet to get to my cot, and I wish I was there. My brother and I came to look for these wild things, that strayed away from us; he is taken very ill, and I don't know how I shall get them all home."

Alonzo took the hint; he hung his head, and walked heavily on.

"Come to the castle," said the guard, "and we'll buy your sheep, and give your brother a cordial."

"Thank you," cried Pedro, "we cannot stop now; my poor father is at home alone, and will think we are lost in the mountains. These sheep are not fit for you; if you want any, I will bring you better and fatter in the morning."

"Do so," answered the guard; "and if we don't pay you at the time, the governor shall when he comes. The Virgin keep you!" and he passed on.

"Oh you rogue!" cried Pedro, in a whisper; "neither you nor the infamous governor would pay a mite for any thing we could bring you; but, by Saint Issidore! I will be with you to-morrow morning, and try if I can spy out what is going on among you. Could I but see the imprisoned lady, how I should be able to comfort her!" By this time he had got close to Alonzo, and taking him by the arm, he said in a low voice—"Let us direct our course from the cavern, and deceive this fellow—look at him yonder, he has stopt to see what road we take;" then laying hold of the prince, as



if he was assisting him to walk, he drove his sheep on before, and descending the mountain, took a quite contrary direction from their secret abode.

The guard, who was prowling about to watch whoever should approach the castle, gazing after them for a long time, obliged them to go quite out of their course; but they had at last the satisfaction of seeing him bend his steps towards the castle, and passing the drawbridge, enter it.

“Thank the Virgin!” cried Pedro, “the wolf has got at last into his den. You thought to catch us, did you? No, no, my fine fellow; I hope my poor brains will outwit you yet.” Then turning to Alonzo—“We may now safely go back to our fortress, sheep and all; for let the fellow watch us ever so much from the castle, it is now too dark for him to have a glimpse of us, and the moon will not appear till she can be of some use to us.”

Alonzo now mended his pace, praising the adroitness of his companion. He had not till then perceived that Pedro was heavily laden, and that he had something very large strapped to his back.—“What a load you carry, Pedro!” cried Alonzo; “in the name of Heaven, what is all that on your back? I was so wrapt up in my sad thoughts, that I did not see it till this moment.”

The shepherd smiled.—“I hope,” said he, “to make a good use of this for your service; after we have eat something, I will tell you all about it; but we are now near our underground castle—I hope we shall find all well at home.”

Alonzo was obliged to postpone his curiosity; they were at the entrance of the cave; the signal was given, Pedro’s whistle, and in security they entered, sheep and all. They found the little troop in fear and anxious expectation on their account; they were well armed, and ready, with don Juan and Valasquez at their head, to issue forth on the least alarm, to protect Alonzo; and their joy was great at seeing him return in safety.

Don Juan informed him that he and Valasquez had seen through a chasm in the rock that concealed them, some of the castle-guard prowling the mountains, as if they suspected a hidden enemy.—“They were within a few paces,” said Valasquez, “of the cavern; and we heard them plainly say, they supposed, by the delay of the governor’s coming to the castle, he had had hot work on his hands. ‘We shall have it too,’ cried the other, ‘if don Palayo can get at us’—‘What a coward you are!’ said the first who spoke; ‘how will he hear the matter in any time to be of use to him? the old fellow will make the lady his wife, long before he can get to the castle.’—‘More’s the pity,’ answered the other; ‘he is an old wicked monster, and she is a beautiful unhappy creature: I wish she was safe at Toledo, or any where from him.’ ‘Is this your fidelity to your governor?’ said the first speaker; ‘I will report you, Fillipo, that I will: why you may, some night, let the enemy into the castle, and cut all our throats in our sleep. I will tell the governor of you—you shall be put into the dungeons.’ ‘For that matter,’ replied the other, ‘I would, I believe, rather be there than employed in this bad business: but, comrade, you need not be so angry; let me think what I will, I never flinch in my duty. No! I scorn to betray my trust, and you know it; so you may spare your threats; I am as brave as yourself, though for my misfortune, my conscience is a little tenderer—so shake hands and be friends.’ ‘With all my heart, Fillipo—here is my hand; my conscience was once tender too, but time and all I have seen have made it a little tougher. We are soldiers; those that are bound must obey. Guilt be on the heads of our masters! cry I: if they order us to commit bad actions, they must answer for it, not us. I wash my hands of the sin, and that is all that is necessary for me.’ I could hear no more,” said Valasquez, “for now they turned from the cavern, traced their way back to the castle, and I saw them enter it.”

Alonzo listened attentively to this discourse, and was more convinced than ever that Cava was the fair prisoner. The soldier had mentioned his wish that she was at Toledo: she, in her letter on her flight from Africa, had informed Alonzo that she would visit Toledo, in the hope of there finding the pious Anselmo, who, she intended, should regulate her future life.—“Yes,” sighed Alonzo, “it must be so; this monster, whoever he is, has torn her from Toledo, and brought her here; and the brave Garcia, having collected his friends to rescue her, has nobly fallen in her cause.”

The prince communicated his thoughts to his friends, who agreed with him in supposing Cava the fair captive.

As Pedro had expected, the troops were not displeased at a fresh supply of provisions, and soon prepared their evening repast. When it was over, Alonzo called the shepherd aside, and desired to know what it was he had carried on his back, and which he said might be of use hereafter? Pedro pointed to a recess in the cavern, where he had deposited his burden, saying—“That, noble cavalier, is a little boat belonging to me, chiefly made of the hides of my beasts; and the use I have for it is to put me across a stream that I am not able to ford: it is so light, I can contrive to carry it, and I know well enough the time I shall want to use it: when the snow, coming from the tops of the mountains, swells the streams into rivers, the little cockle-shell, as it may be called, is of the utmost service to me; I had left it, some time since, in old Lopez’s cottage, and this day seeing it there, a thought came into my head, that if you would sit quiet and steady in it, I could carry you safely down the river to the back of the castle, and we might, perhaps, discover some entrance to the dreary abode.”

Alonzo, charmed with the idea of making any experiment that might facilitate his entrance to the castle, told the shepherd he would willingly attend him at the hour he should appoint.

“We must go alone,” said Pedro; “the little machine will scarcely hold us; and if we do not make a proper balance, we may both get a good ducking in the river.”

“Let us run the chance,” said Alonzo.

Pedro then left him to strap the boat again upon his shoulders, and the prince, calling to him don Juan and Valasquez, told them the expedition he was going on. His two friends were anxious to follow him; but they were soon convinced of the impossibility of doing so; and it was agreed among them, that the most prudent conduct was for them to remain in the cave with the soldiers, and to keep a good lookout for fear of a surprise, and all to be prepared to sally forth, in case of any alarm from the castle.

Pedro was now ready; Alonzo took leave of his friends, recommended obedience to the soldiers till his return, and followed him down the mountain. The moon shone strong upon the castle, but they took care to keep in the darkest paths they could find, and being wrapped in their dingy cloaks, they were not discernible. Under his cloak Alonzo was well armed; but he had left in the cavern every part of his dress that could betray his rank, should he be discovered, and had helped himself to a coarse vest, which he had found in the recess along with the cloaks.

Silently they approached the river, and launched their little skiff in the most obscure spot they could find. Pedro, who knew its trim, placed Alonzo at one end; he then took his seat at the other, and thrust some ropes, coiled up, between them at the bottom; and using his little paddles most dexterously, he pushed the boat from the bank, and the current soon carried them into the middle of the river; it was then smooth as glass, and the water was somewhat lit by the moon, though the high wall on one side, and the dark, barren, rugged mountain that rose nearly perpendicularly on the other, gave it a most dismal and melancholy appearance.

Pedro said, in a whisper—"Cavalier, we must go nearer the wall, and see if there happens to be a hole in it large enough to admit us; I know the garden is behind this wall, and a colonnade opens into it, and I dare say, in their wisdom, they have left this spot to guard itself."

The prince sat astonished at the cleverness and sagacity of Pedro, and thought what an extraordinary man he might have made, with a better education, and in a higher rank of life; and the generous Alonzo vowed within himself to do every thing possible hereafter for the poor shepherd, to make his fortune, and bring forth his talents. Pedro minded not the silence or reverie of his companion; he had full employment to steer his little boat, and get as close to the wall as he judged prudent. The signal for the relief of the guard at the midnight hour was now given from the castle; and Alonzo and Pedro found, with pleasure, that the sound was far distant, and that there was no danger of a soldier's being stationed near the wall or the river.

"The day is our own!" exclaimed the shepherd, and he paddled on his boat at a quicker rate: they gazed intently on the wall, but the height was so great, it precluded all possibility of entrance. On they went; the stream was against them, the labour great, and they made little way; but Pedro did not flinch; and in about half an hour they had got beyond the middle of the garden, when Pedro cried out—"There it is! that will do!"

"What will do?" asked Alonzo.

"Don't you see a huge iron gate fixed in the wall, and shining on the water?—mayhap it is not locked, and that we may get in at it."

He now paddled faster than ever; and at length, to Alonzo's great delight, they got close to the gate; and Pedro, snatching up a rope, threw it dexterously on a projecting hook, and stopping his little machine, fastened it to the gate. He and Alonzo now tried to open it, but found it impossible; thick iron bars secured it on the inside; it was not to be forced, and could they have done so, the noise must have alarmed the castle, and have discovered them.

The prince looked disconsolate; he saw his expectations at an end—"Come," said the shepherd, "be not so dismayed; we that scour the mountains the whole year round make nothing of getting over worse places than this. My noble master, help me to uncoil this rope, and you will see the use it will be of to you." Alonzo obeyed the youth, who now strongly fastened the rope to a bar of the gate, saying to the prince—"Do you think you can possibly clamber up to the top of the wall by this gate? I can help you a great deal, and so will the iron bars, though they go the wrong way; let the rope lay over your shoulders; when you get to the top, throw it down on the other side, and descend by it; I will answer for its strength."

Alonzo examined the gate, the rope, and the wall, and had little doubt he could answer his active companion's expectations. While they were fixing the rope, they discovered through the gate a pale glimmering light from the castle; it seemed very low, and near the ground: Alonzo first perceived it; he pointed it out to Pedro, who, for some time, fixing a steady eye upon it, cried—"By all the saints, it must be there that the sweet lady is confined! I am sure, if I can be sure of any thing, those are the very rooms I saw! Yes, yes! it must be so, and you will find her there, I promise you. Poor thing, how I pity her!"

Alonzo judged this might be the case; and his heart beat quick at only beholding the walls that he fancied contained his Cava. Pedro now assisted him to mount the wall by the gate, telling him he would wait on the river for him till near the dawn; but beseeching him neither to stay longer than the first streaks of light should appear in the east, nor to venture to bring away the lady that night, should he be

fortunate enough to find her.—“If she is there,” said he, “we must lay our plan for another night, without we wish to be surprised and murdered.”

Alonzo assured him he would not act rashly, but should consider their mutual safety; and desiring he would wait till the hour appointed, said—“Should I not come then, you may be assured I am prevented by the enemy, and you must give information of it to my friends—they will either rescue or revenge me.”

“May you have better luck than to look for revenge!—may all the saints protect you!” answered Pedro; “I will not close my eyes till you return.”

By this time Alonzo had gained the very top of the wall; he had secured the rope, and with some trouble let himself down on the other side. The garden was wild, dreary, and extensive, filled with entangled shrubs and barren withered trees. Alonzo beheld the light at a distance, and though dim, it served as a cynosure to guide him through the pathless waste. As soon as Pedro saw Alonzo in safety on the other side of the wall, he hauled his boat under the projecting branches of an old tree as close to the wall and as near the gate as he could bring it. He fastened it to the tree, and then getting into it, he began most fervently to pray for the cavalier’s safety, and his speedy return: he reckoned his beads, and repeated his prayers to the Virgin with great fervor. Here we shall leave the honest shepherd watching the morning light, and anxiously waiting the return of his friend, and follow that faithful lover through the dark alleys and tangled mazes of the wild he had to pass.

Still keeping the light in view, and at times stumbling over the ruins with which the ground was spread, and forcing through almost inaccessible thickets, at last Alonzo arrived at the colonnade that opened on this gloomy wilderness. The castle was in tolerable preservation on this side, and entering the colonnade, he saw the light still glimmering through a window, the bottom of which was walled up, so that nothing could be seen in the room it belonged to, and a strong iron grating covered the upper part. Cautiously walking through the colonnade, and examining every part of it, both with his hands and eyes, as well as he could in the gloom that surrounded him, he at last discovered a low door which led into a dark and long passage. The door was fastened, but not strongly; and gently removing the iron bars, for he was fearful of making the least noise, he left the door open to admit what light a moonbeam might chance to yield him; and unsheathing his sabre, and wrapping his dark cloak more closely round him, he walked on. Soon even the uncertain light from the moon (for she laboured through dark clouds,) was denied him, and he had to grope his way. He believed the passage would never end, and it appeared to him to lead to the middle of the castle: he stopped; he considered whether it was wise still to pursue it: he was certain it must lead him to the inhabited part, for he had not ascended, nor was he under ground.

A loud noise now sounded from the interior of the building; it appeared to come from a great distance; doors clapped, and he heard rough voices, and peals of laughter; but it died away, and at every moment seemed more distant. Alonzo had, on the first noise, placed himself in a posture of defence; but as the sounds diminished, he thanked Providence for his safety; had he been assailed in that dark and narrow passage, he could not have escaped from the host of enemies which the castle contained. He listened attentively for many minutes; all was not quiet, and he ventured to proceed. He found the passage widened: the rattling of chains startled him; he heard it repeated, but it was not violent; and soon after he heard low and heavy moans; he imagined some person was lamenting and talking aloud, but he could not distinguish the words; the tones were low and sweet, and went to the very soul; he fancied he had heard the voice before—it strongly affected him, but he could

not be certain it was Cava's; yet he thought it must be hers—"She is, without doubt, confined in some chamber not far distant: my beating hearts tells me I am near an object dear to it." He then spread his hands upon the walls in search of a door: another moan! another lamentation! the most plaintive sounds struck upon his ear—they were low indeed, but he thought them near.

"How pitiable," cried he, "these lamentations! they rack my soul, but they lead me to my love;" then scarcely drawing his breath, and listening with the utmost attention, he bent his steps towards the sound, and still groping by the wall, something gave way under the pressure of his hand; it was a narrow door; it opened into a large vestibule surrounded with pillars of black marble; a lamp, whose blaze was nearly extinguished, hung from the roof, and though it scarcely served to show the extent of the place, Alonzo could distinctly discern that between many of the pillars there were large doors, seemingly entrances to the lower chambers of the castle: but what door could he venture to open? he should run on certain destruction, should any one belonging to the castle surprise him. He stood some time uncertain what to do; he marked the spot he had entered at, in case of surprise: he looked at the lamp—he feared it would soon leave him in utter darkness; presently he heard in his own language, these words—"He died to save me! can I endure to live?"

Alonzo's eyes, instructed by his ears, turned towards a large door between the nearest pillars: he was now confused; he knew not if the voice was or was not Cava's—he only knew that was it hers, she was lamenting the loss of a lover, and the blood forsook his heart; he leaned for support against the pillars, but he soon recovered his presence of mind, and approaching the door from whence the sounds proceeded, he gently opened it. The apartment was large and dimly lighted; the furniture was heavy, old, and magnificent; four pillars at the opposite side of the room fronted the door, and behind them was the large window, which Alonzo had viewed when he entered the colonnade, and from whence the lamp threw a faint light into the garden. Near the pillars, a sofa was placed, and on the floor sat a lady richly habited; her back was to the door, her arms were spread upon the sofa, her head rested on it, and she appeared lost in the deepest sorrow. Prepossessed with the idea of Cava, and seeing a figure similar to hers, Alonzo rushed into the room, and was approaching the lady, crying—"My love, be not alarmed—I am come to rescue you!" when she, starting from the ground, shrieked aloud: what was the prince's astonishment to behold, not Cava, but Favilla! the charming Favilla—the friend, the confidant of Cava and himself! Terrified at her shrieks, and fearful of their alarming the castle, he retreated to the door by which he had entered, and had only time to say—"Favilla, do not fear me! I am Alonzo, your friend, your adopted brother."

Favilla gave no credit to these words; she saw before her a man wrapt in a dark cloak, for the purpose of concealment, with a naked sabre in his hand, and she deemed him a midnight assassin, come to take her life, or perhaps for a more fatal purpose. Again she shrieked aloud; she wrung her hands in agony, and clung to one of the pillars, as if she thought it could protect her.

In despair of being heard, and dreading the alarm Favilla's shrieks might cause, Alonzo still retreated; the sound of steps, and the opening of a door, told him there was no time to lose, and quitting the apartment, he glided behind the first pillar he could reach in the vestibule. How glad would he have been had the lamp which hung from the roof expired! but it was not yet extinguished, and by its faint glimmerings he perceived a female figure, scarcely human, enter the vestibule, at a door opposite to where he stood.—"This," thought he, "is the witch that Pedro told me of; I suppose she has the care of poor Favilla."

The old woman, in a squalid nightdress, hurried, as fast as lameness would allow her, to the room Alonzo had just left, and pushing the door open with violence, she cried—"Heyday! what is the matter now? have you got into your fits again? in the name of the Virgin, why don't you lie down, and get some rest? a pretty bride you will be for my good master, when he comes to the castle, and does you the honour of taking you to wife!" Poor Favilla shook in every limb, as the old woman added—"You may tremble if you will—you are an ungrateful girl; the governor might get as fine and as handsome a lady as you are, any day in the year, and thanks for asking. Have done with your wailing and piping, and lie down, I say, and don't disturb people in this manner."

The old woman was quitting the room, when Favilla flung herself on her knees, and entreated her not to leave her.—"Oh!" cried she, "I have indeed been terrified to death! my senses will forsake me if you go! A man was in my chamber; he must be here on some bad purpose; he left me as you entered, and I fear he only waits your absence to return."

Ursula gave a fiend-link laugh—"A man, quotha! No, no! you need not fear disturbance from any man, till my brave master comes. No man could get into this part of the castle—it is too well guarded for that. A man, indeed! I would be glad to see any man so brave or so rash—he would soon be cut in piece-meal. Go to bed, I say, and have done with your noise. You have given me more plague, the short time you have been in the castle, than I ever had in my life; my old bones ache with running to you whenever you squall: thank Heaven, you can't run for yourself!"

Favilla sighed deeply, and said, in the softest tone of voice—"Good Ursula, don't be so angry: I am sorry to have disturbed you, but indeed I tell you truth; an assassin, for he can be nothing else, was here, wrapt in a long dark mantle, and he had a naked sabre in his hand; I could not see his face, but I dare say it was dreadful to look at."

"I dare say it was," said Ursula, sitting down, and again laughing like a fiend: "well, I can set your foolish heart at rest—it is no man you saw but a spirit—the ghost of Fernando the robber; I know it by the description you give of his dress: he lived in the mountains, and a good noble fellow he was; and often and often did he come to this castle, and many a fine present did he make me; he had a great liking for me—I was very well-looking, I assure you; and many a happy summer's day and long winter's night have we spent together. Well, every body must go, and he went at last. Poor soul! he was whipped off one night, and the governor of Toledo, I believe it was, murdered him: he had got at some money belonging to a noble of the place, (he spent money himself like any nobleman;) I don't know the exact truth of it, but I believe one of his men (for he lived hard by here, in a great cave,) discovered of him, and he, poor soul, suffered: but as he loved this place while he lived, so he does now that he is in another word; it seems he can no more rest quiet in it, than he did in this; for here he often comes at night, and walks through the colonnade, and down the long passages, and even into the halls hereabouts; I could swear by St. Jerome, I have seen him with my own eyes, just as you did, with his long dark cloak and his dagger; and I thought I had a glimpse of him just as I entered here, near one of the black pillars. Poor soul, it would glad my heart to have a full view of him I was once so fond of! I warrant you, he will do you no harm, so don't be frightened if he comes again, and pray don't squall," said Ursula, "nor make such a noise; the guard is far enough off and can't hear you; and as to me, I will come no more, should you roar the whole night, now that I know its only the ghost of the poor good Fernando that you have seen. Good night to you, and pray have more manners than to disturb your betters. I

have been the lady of this castle these thirty years, and am determined to be so as long as I live; all my subjects shall do as I order—so get to rest.”

Favilla was so thunderstruck at the old woman’s insolence, that she had no longer the power of speech. Ursula flung the door after her, as if she would have torn it off the hinges, and limping through the hall, she quitted it at the door she had entered.

Not a word she had said was lost on Alonzo; she had spoken in a loud key, and the door of the chamber being open, he had distinctly heard all she uttered. He now congratulated himself on his good fortune in being taken for the ghost of the robber Fernando. Favilla’s shrieks would no more rouse the old fiend from her bed, and he would have full time to discover himself, and settle with her some scheme for her emancipation. At first he was woefully disappointed at not finding Cava, but he soon felt happy that she had escaped the sufferings Favilla had endured; and he felt the strongest interest rise in his bosom, for the woman he had ever looked on with the affection of a brother.

He continued in the vestibule for some time after Ursula had retired, fearful of her return, should she hear any noise. He hoped, when once in her bed, she would not again be tempted to leave it.

All now was quiet. Favilla, lost in astonishment at the cruelty of her keeper, and the story of Fernando, to which she gave not the smallest credit, placed herself on the sofa, and fixed her eyes on the door, dreading the return of the man she had seen.

Alonzo, in the mean time, placing his sabre in the scabbard, throwing back his cloak, and uncovering his head that Favilla might recognise him, hastily entered her apartment, and carefully closing the door, cried—“My friend, my dear Favilla, be not terrified; it is Alonzo you see before you, come to carry you from this horrid prison.”

He might long have continued to talk to her without interruption; on seeing him enter, she had started from her seat in agony, certain it must be the person who had fled at the approach of Ursula; she wrung her hands, but now had no power to shriek: the lamp gave too faint a light for her to discover, at the distance he was at, the features of Alonzo; but hearing the name, and knowing the voice of her friend, she believed it was his ghost, and sinking again on the spot she had risen from, she fell fainting on the sofa. Happy that she gave no alarm to Ursula, Alonzo ran towards her, and raising her in his arms, endeavoured to restore animation to the lovely form that now bore all the appearance of death. It was long before he could bring her to herself—she recovered—she looked in his face with astonishment, and again fainted. This was repeated more than once, and terrified the prince so exceedingly, lest it should end in her dissolution, that he meditated calling Ursula to her assistance, at the risk of his own life.

At that moment, fortunately for both, she opened her eyes, sighed heavily, and looking earnestly at the prince, and taking hold of his arm, she said faintly—“Then you are really my dear kind friend Alonzo, and not his spirit?”

Alonzo, supporting her in his arms, cried—“I am, I am, my dear Favilla, your friend Alonzo, fear nothing now—I am come to set you free, to carry you from this horrid castle.”

She spoke not—she leaned her head on the shoulder of the prince, and burst into tears—he soothed her—he entreated her to be calm—he told her that time was precious, and they had much to consult about.

She could not answer him—she was exhausted. Alonzo perceived a table near him, on which there appeared to be some viands left for the poor captive’s use. He drew it towards him, for it was placed not far from where she sat, and filling out some

wine, he besought her to drink it. He now had an opportunity to examine her, and was shocked to see the ravage that grief had made in her fine form: she was thin, and deadly pale; her eyes were wild, and either wandered round the apartment, or were fixed on one object with gloomy despair. Her dress, which was uncommonly splendid, was all disordered, and her fine long hair hung loose on her shoulders; and large ringlets, which had escaped from the rich band of jewels that had bound them, shaded half her pale and sorrowful visage, and gave her the most interesting, as well as the most melancholy appearance.

Alonzo was surprised and shocked at beholding her in such a state; again he assured her he was come to release her; and (forgetting what the shepherd had told him, that the boat could not hold the three, and if he attempted to bring her away that night, they might all be discovered, and made prisoners), he urged her to rise, and follow him through the garden belonging to the castle. "I have now a faithful friend in waiting," said Alonzo, "who will assist me to remove you from this fatal spot; and soon, very soon, I shall have the delight of restoring you in safety to your brother, the great and gallant Palayo."

"Alas!" answered Favilla, "see you not my sad state? Behold how firmly I am bound to the nearest pillar; my chain indeed is long, but it is strong and massy, and so secure, that I fear all your strength would not avail to loose me."

Shocked to death, Alonzo perceived what he had not seen before, as he was so much occupied with his charming friend. A chain encircled her waist, and firmly bound her, as she said, to the nearest pillar; its length was ten feet, so that she could move so far, and reach the table, where refreshments had been deposited. She could also sit or lay down on the sofa when she pleased. It was the sound of this chain the prince had heard as he entered the vestibule; he now examined it with the utmost care, hoping to find a single link which he could rend asunder; it was in vain; a strong staple fastened it to the pillar, and round Favilla's waist—it was a gordian knot; but, alas! Alonzo had no sword capable of cutting it asunder. He made every effort to force the staple, or break the chain; all his strength was useless, and he found, after repeated efforts, that he must for the present relinquish the task, and wait till he had proper instruments to file the chain.

He was miserable when he saw poor Favilla must still remain in captivity; but he comforted her with the assurance that the next night, if he lived, he would release her from her prison. "I will, with my handful of men," cried he, "storm the castle, rather than leave you twenty-four hours longer in the power of the brute it contains. Who could be the barbarian that has used you thus?"

"Musad," replied Favilla; "the wretch wants to force me to be his wife. I fled from him, under the protection of my beloved Alphonso, the duke of Biscay. He pursued us, murdered my guards, and my dear ill-fated Alphonso, who died defending me, and left the wretched faithful Favilla to lament his loss, while memory lasts; but I shall not have long to mourn; I trust my prayers will be heard, and that I shall soon reach his blest abode. I have nothing now to live for," cried she, redoubling her tears; "my country is enslaved, my friends destroyed, or removed far distant from me, and my only love, my affianced husband, murdered before my eyes."

Sighs and groans followed this exclamation, and Alonzo beheld her with the utmost pity, when, like a ray of light, it darted across his mind, that the cavalier at old Lopez's cottage, whom he had supposed to be Garcia, was now no other than the duke Alphonso. Unwilling to give Favilla false hopes, yet anxious to soften the bitterness of her affliction, he gently took her hand, saying—"Let me speak comfort to you; my



friend Alphonso, I trust, is not yet numbered with the dead; you may yet see him; happiness may yet be yours."

"Oh! do not deceive me," answered Favilla; "I saw him covered with wounds—I saw him fall—my head grew giddy—my blood congealed—I remember no more till I was restored to life and misery, by the inhuman monster that attends me, for I cannot give her the name of woman. She assured me, that not one belonging to me was left alive on the field of battle; and it must be so; was my Alphonso living, I should not now be a prisoner."

"My dear Favilla," said the prince, "there is a cavalier, supposed to be the head of your party, lying at a shepherd's cot in these mountains; he is much wounded, but certainly in a convalescent state, and well taken care of by old Lopez and his daughter. I have not seen him, but one, on whose truth I can depend, has given me this information, and I make little doubt it is the duke of Biscay."

Alonzo had spoken to Favilla with the utmost caution; yet now he feared that hope and joy would have a more violent effect on her than all her sufferings. Speechless, she gazed on him—she was almost suffocated—she pressed her hands on her breast, as if to suppress the palpitation of her heart. With something angelic in her countenance, she looked up to heaven, and seemed lost in prayer and thanksgiving; her lips moved, and a seraphic smile played round them; but Alonzo heard not a word; soon tears rolled down her wan cheek; and, like a soft shower to the parched earth, they restored her to life and animation. The prince was standing before her, watching her every motion, fearful of the effect his words might have. She perceived it, and rising from the sofa, she tenderly embraced him, calling him her friend, her brother, her comforter, entreating he would instantly go, and ascertain the truth of the wounded cavalier's being the duke of Biscay.

"I will do all you wish," replied Alonzo; "I will bring you certain intelligence, if it be possible to obtain it, provided you will promise me to take some nourishment, and try to compose yourself to rest. To-morrow night you shall see me again; now I can no longer remain—the dawn is approaching—daylight would betray me to the guard, and ruin all. I cannot even stay, Favilla, to ask a thousand questions I wish to be resolved—your being carried off thus—confined here by a Christian governor—your splendid dress—and the harsh treatment you receive in this castle, is all an enigma to me."

"Dear Alonzo," answered the amiable Favilla, "your safety is at stake; I will no longer detain you; I will explain all when we next meet. To-morrow night, dear Alonzo, to-morrow night, endeavour to release me; the dreadful monster, Musad, comes the next day, to drag me to the altar. Forsake me not, Alonzo; you have raised a hope in my bosom that renders me anxious to live, and to escape the fiend that pursues me."

"If Alonzo lives another day, you shall be free," returned the prince; "for a few hours, I must bid you farewell; it is full time for me to be gone."

"Stay one moment, Alonzo;" here she took his hand—she hesitated—and then said, in a faltering accent—"Can you tell me any thing of my dear, my beloved, my lamented Cava? does she still live?—does she remember there is such a being upon earth as Favilla?"

"Remember you! yes, Favilla, with the most tender friendship; she is the same angelic Cava you knew and loved at the court of Toledo; time only renders her a more perfect being. To-morrow, Favilla, you shall hear all; fate, I hope, will yet allow us to devote many of our days to friendship. But I see the dawn—it warns me of danger—my stay would undo us all."

Favilla dropt his hand, saying—"You have comforted my sad heart; away, may Heaven bless you!"

The prince now hurried out of the apartment; the lamp was extinguished in the vestibule, but he knew his way, and groping by the pillars and the wall, found the door that led into the passage; he passed through in safety, and had advanced several paces, when he heard voices near him; it was plain the wall was between, but still he heard them, though to distinguish the words was impossible. He unsheathed his dagger—he stopped—he heard a bolt drawn—he then knew he must be close to a door—and applying his ear to the wall, he was convinced that more than one person was endeavouring to open a door into the passage. At first he thought by flight to secure his own safety, but considering they might be ruffians seeking the apartment of Favilla, he could not endure the thought of leaving her exposed to danger; and he determined, should they force the door, he would oppose their entrance to the castle while he could hold his sword. For a few moments the noise subsided, but was again renewed; the door however remained firm; he passed his hand across the wall, and discovering it, and hearing the same voices, he placed his ear again to the door, and distinctly heard these words—"We may return; this door seems strongly barred on the other side; at present we must give up the point; it is impossible to enter without giving an alarm."

Alonzo soon found that those who had attempted the passage had now retired, and anxious to pass the garden unseen, he hurried as fast as he could into the colonnade, and as he remembered exactly the path he had made for himself through the wilderness, he got back to the gate on the river much sooner than he expected. He found Pedro, under extreme anxiety, looking through the bars of the gate, and watching his return. As he approached, the good shepherd said—"For Heaven's sake, and the blessed Virgin's, make all the haste possible; it will soon be day."

Alonzo answered not, but seizing the rope he had left hanging to the wall, and fortunately finding some projecting stones, notwithstanding the great height, he was over it in a minute; and, with the help of Pedro, descended as quickly. The boat was ready, the rope soon drawn over, coiled up, and again placed between them in their little skiff; all was done in silence—Pedro put his finger to his lips to preclude speech—the stream was in their favour; and Pedro managed his paddles so dexterously, that they were round the castle, and carried down the river very quickly, and found themselves at their landing-place before the grey morning rose. The little boat was soon packed upon Pedro's shoulders, and they took their accustomed secret path to the cavern.

When they were out of sight of the castle, "Thanks be to St. Jerome," cried Pedro, "we are out of that den of lions, for never was Daniel in greater jeopardy than we were in this night; it was very good luck that I took my situation under the tree, and concealed myself and this dear little machine as I did, or I should have been murdered, and you too, for they would have searched for you from one end of the castle to the other."

"What do you mean?" asked Alonzo.

"Why, the guard of the castle," answered Pedro; "I believed there was no care taken of the back part of the building, but I was mistaken; you were not gone half an hour, when I heard steps very near me; but, thank Heaven, the wall was between me and two men, that I found were walking the rounds of the castle, as they call it.—'All is well here,' says one of them, 'not even a bat to be seen.'—'So dismal a place as this is,' says the other, 'my eyes never beheld.' Then coming to the gate, he looked through it, but fortunately it was straight forward; he looked just against the mountain,

or Pedro and his boat would have been discovered, though there was not much light in the heavens. 'How terribly that mountain frowns before us!' says the first; 'and the river just below looks as black as hell;—'Come away,' cried his companion; 'there is nothing here to molest us for this night; and the morning after to-morrow the governor comes to carry off his bride, so we shall be well paid, and soon out of this dungeon.' Away they then went, and I heard nothing more of them during the night. I trembled for your safety, but, thanks to St. Jerome! you are for the present out of harm's reach."

By the time Pedro had finished his discourse, he had his noble friend were in sight of the cavern, and reached it unmolested before the sun had got above the mountains.

Here we must allow them to repose, and take breath ourselves, before we enter upon what will be found in the next chapter.

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## CHAP. V.

WHEN Favilla bade the prince farewell—when the door of her apartment closed on him—when the sound of his step was lost in distance, she felt her spirits sink, her frame trembled, and she cried—“I am again forlorn;” but soon hope visited her sad heart—Alonzo had declared his belief of the duke of Biscay’s being still in existence, and the bare idea had a magic power, that rendered all her past sufferings light; and while she persuaded herself that she should again be restored to Alphonso—should be snatched from the power of Musad, and soon with him, and her gallant friend Alonzo, reach the abode of her brother, the brave Palayo, sleep, the wretch’s friend, waved over her his ebony wand, and as she lay reclined upon the sofa where Alonzo had left her, presented to her imagination the most delightful visions: for many hours the potent god had chained her senses, but it was in flowery bands; and when Ursula arrived, rather late, with the breakfast she had prepared for her, she found her still asleep. The bustle, however, which the old woman made in the apartment, soon awoke her; but she awoke refreshed—her haggard look was gone—her deathlike paleness was changed to an appearance of returning health, and her dim eye was brightened with the delightful hope uppermost in her bosom. On her rising from the sofa, Ursula was not a little surprised to see the placidity of her countenance, and her beautiful eyes free from tears—“Heyday,” cried she, “so you have been asleep, for the first time, I believe, since you entered the castle. After a storm comes a calm—I was in the right not to indulge your whims—scolding agrees better with you than kindness, I think. It is always so with proud conceited damsels, that think highly of themselves; for my part, I don’t know what you would have—if so great a man as the governor can’t please, no one can; he will be soon here, however, and relieve me from the care of you; I have not been so plagued these forty years, the Virgin help me! Here is your breakfast, and a good one it is; sit up and eat it; it will kill you to fast as you have done.” Then seating herself opposite to her prisoner, she continued—“Well, did you see poor Fernando last night, after I left you? did he pay you a second visit?”

“No, good Ursula,” answered Favilla, mildly, “I saw nothing I did not wish to see after you retired to rest, and I felt very sorry for having disturbed you. I suppose I had awoke from a terrifying dream when I alarmed you so.”

“Not at all, not at all,” answered the old dragon, “I am persuaded it was my old sweetheart, poor Fernando, you saw in this room; it was here that he and I used to sit many a winter’s night, and enjoy ourselves with a good fire, and an excellent flask of wine; and here he used to present me with the fine things he had taken from many a traveller. And how he did entertain me with stories of the cavaliers he had encountered, many of whom he sent to the next world, and of the damsels he had carried to his cave, and detained there as long as he chose, and then sent a-packing, when he was tired of them. But, a-lack-a-day! Ursula is old now, yet still she remembers the joys of her youth.”

Saying this, with a heavy sigh she rose, and placed poor Favilla’s breakfast before her, who trembled when she looked at the hideous brute, so hardened in wickedness. She disdained to enter into conversation with such a wretch when she could avoid it, and was therefore silent.

The old woman now limped to the door—“I shall see you but once again to-day; I will not forget your dinner, now that you seem not inclined to starve yourself; but you must be your own keeper for the rest of the day. I am very particularly engaged to a feast in the round tower, at the far end of the castle; the guard are

determined to have a pleasant night of it, as the governor comes to-morrow, and then you all quit the castle. Now, when there is pleasure going on, it never shall be said of Ursula that she flinched; and as your strong chain will save me the fear of your running away. I shall take my fling; and, after dark, should you scream ever so loud, you need not expect me to come to you."

Favilla cast her eyes to the ground, to conceal from her cruel keeper the expression of satisfaction she must have discovered in them, at hearing she was to be unmolested for the night.

When the wicked old woman had got to the door, Favilla said, in an accent that would have charmed any one but her—"I wish you an agreeable evening Ursula, and pray don't trouble yourself any more about me."

"I don't thank you for your good wishes, for they don't come from your heart; and as to trouble, you need not believe I will give myself any I can help on your account." Then flinging the door after her, this merciless jailor went to prepare for the debauch of the evening. The soldiers had invited her to drink with them, that they might entertain themselves with the account she could give them of Fernando, who was a famous robber, that had performed many wonderful exploits, and had been the terror of the country for years; he was at last, as she told Favilla, taken and put to the torture, at Toledo, under which he expired, without confessing a single crime. He and his gang had inhabited the cavern now occupied by Alonzo and his friends, and all that was found in the recesses had belonged to him. He had made, or discovered a secret passage from the cavern to the castle, and it was through that passage that he got to the apartments now occupied by Favilla. He was enamoured of Ursula, who was then young, and, as she said herself, well-looking; and he found little difficulty in making her as wicked as himself. To speak truly of this female fiend, she might be said to outstrip him in vice; and so little shame had she of her conduct, that her whole life after, she boasted of her connection with him, and the love they bore each other; and her distempered fancy often persuaded her, that she saw him at night in the passages and galleries belonging to the castle; and so hardened was her mind, that she feared neither the living nor the dead; neither saint nor devil would have appalled her, nor would she have been converted, "though one rose from the dead."

She had the night before got a glimpse of Alonzo, as he glided behind the pillars in the vestibule to avoid her. She firmly believed that the spirit of her paramour hovered near the place she inhabited. She told the story in the morning to the guard. They intending to entertain themselves with this strange being, gave her the invitation she mentioned to Favilla, who now felt truly grateful to Providence for the security she had of seeing Alonzo without interruption.

The charming princess, in her gloomy apartment, unable to move beyond the length of her chain, and surrounded by guards, ready to obey the vile orders of their commander, and watched by a woman worse than a fury, and on whom nothing could make the smallest impression, felt that she was protected by a superior power, who looks on innocence and virtue with compassion; and who, though he had severely tried her, would not forsake her in the hour of peril. Favilla's heart was pure, and her perfect dependence on her God enabled her to support with patience every ill to which she was subjugated. With Cava, she had been the pupil of the good father Anselmo, and his precepts had sunk into her heart.

Happy, trice happy is the lot of that female who has been early taught, by a wise, a good, and a learned divine, the great truths of the Christian religion. Once properly inculcated in the mind of youth, they can never be eradicated; the world may seduce, vice may allure, but the new philosophy, the scourge of the present age, that

fiend, that in broad day walks the earth, can never obtain a decided influence over a mind early impressed with the true religion of Christ.

And here, my fair readers, I must for a moment pause in the story I am endeavouring to amuse you with, and may I be so daring to say, in which I aim at your instruction. On a trifle often depends the greatest events in life. A tale in which amiable characters are portrayed, may, perhaps, inspire young minds with a love of virtue, and may be drawn to contemplate their own characters, and root out the tares, which they find spring up with the good seed. Youth should also have vicious and bad characters placed before them, not to render them familiar with vice, but to shew them its deformity—to warn them to shun all that can even sully the mind. What exquisite and refined happiness is theirs, who, struggling with the miseries incident to human life, can look back to the days that are past, and say—“Ye are gone by, but ye are not lost; I have not spent you in vain; faith, hope, and charity, have led me through the stormy world—the holy scriptures have been my guide—I have not dared to exalt the limited understanding of man above the word of God. The atheist, the deist, the propagator of the new philosophy, my soul had held in abhorrence; I have fled from them, as from death and hell, for destruction is in their paths. I bear, O Lord, with patience, what thou imposest—I gratefully enjoy the good thou givest—and lay my cares on him who says—‘Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ I well know, that however great my afflictions may be, that thy yoke is easy, and thy burden light, when the happiness thou hast promised us in thy kingdom will reward our well-doing here.”

Think, my young readers, reflect a little, and then say, would you not wish, ardently wish, whenever your life comes near a close, to be able to speak thus, to look back with so clear a conscience to the past? You do not answer—you smile—you shake your heads—you shrug your shoulders, and seem to say—“All this is so difficult to attain, human nature is prone to error, and we cannot be expected to pass through life without faults; perfect characters are only found in novels; there is no such thing in the world: I am sure I am as good as I can be, but I can’t help doing wrong now and then. How tiresome all this is!—it does not belong to the story—I wish that would go on—I am anxious to know how Favilla gets out of the castle, or if the old governor makes her marry him.” Fair and softly, ladies; I am not in a humour to get on with the story, and I am in one for moralizing; besides, my horse stands as stock still as did Don Quixote’s Rosinante at the fulling-mills, when Sancho tied his legs, and while he does so, I must preach a little; and pray do not laugh at the old sybil.

You lovely females of the present day, I tell you, and I speak the truth, you are born in a dangerous age—in general your education is abominable—living in the metropolis, the hotbed of vice is your destruction; you are not always to blame for those follies that “grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength.” You are vain, proud, capricious, whimsical, and selfish, because your parents are too dissipated, too careless, or too ignorant, to attend to the education of their children. Entrusted to the care of a mercenary governess, (and not one in a hundred of these creatures but are a pest in any family), you are taught only trifling and shewy accomplishments, to fit you for appearing in a public assembly, sometimes for shining there. Alas! how fatal the wish to do so!—young, inexperienced, panting for the world, you enter it with joy, you “tread on air.” You believe every man that shews you attention enamoured of you—you are yourselves enamoured of all you see—you are dazzled—you distinguish nothing clearly—you choose a husband, or he is chosen for you; if young, handsome, and fashionable, no matter for his character, it is of little

consequence; the match is excellent; you are a charming couple, and must be happy. If old, ugly, and profligate, no matter; riches, title, the power of being first in all fashionable follies, will gild the pill; and that too is an excellent and happy match.

O ye fair, inconsiderate, and deluded females, rush not thus willingly, thus blindly, on misery. If you have ever read those lines of Pope, let them be a warning to you—

The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,  
Gave a gilt coach, and dappled Flanders mares;  
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,  
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.  
She glares at balls, front boxes, and the ring,  
A vain, unquiet, wretched, glitt'ring thing.  
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;  
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

How many are at present a sad example that truth dictated these lines to the charming poet! How many females do we see in this dissolute age, who, on entering the world, appeared bright as the stars of heaven, pure as the driven snow—their looks expressing innocence, their words persuading all that surrounded them, that they were born for love, for pure conjugal love, for friendship the most refined—for all sweet domestic cares of life! Yet how many of these captivating creatures are fallen, low as the unfortunate being that lives by the wages of sin! Be not indignant, my fair readers; I write not to flatter, to deceive you; I hold up to your view the mirror of truth, what all good men, in all ages, have agreed on, that a woman lost to virtue is stript of all that can render her truly charming in the eyes of man. Who can trust a woman who betrays a husband—who stamps a child with infamy—who, lost to the shame of the present hour, to the fear of a future, can stand unblushing against the condemnation of the world; and having been exposed in a public court, can think, and also attempt to impose the belief on others, that having burst the bands of a first marriage by her crimes, she can recover her character, and her place in society, by a second marriage—with who?—why, with her paramour, with the man who had drawn her into guilt, and who will, most surely, at some future day, when passion has lost its influence, see her in her true light, and if he cannot hate, will certainly despise her. Nothing can wash the Ethiopian white. Hear this, ye young females of fashion—attend, ye that have understanding, avoid the first steps in vice, they are the easiest to shun—take your conscience, your religion, for your guides, even in what you may deem trifling; if care has not been taken to instill into your hearts the true principles of Christianity, seek to know them. Your best friend, the bible, is at hand; it will instruct you—it will lead you in the path you ought to tread—it will shew you the enormity of vice, and all its dangers—it will point out the beauty of virtue, the comfort it will bring to every hour of your life—you will there see that “the price of the virtuous woman is above rubies.”—“How delightful to be such a character!” I hear you all exclaim. If so delightful, if your own consciences tell you it is what every woman should endeavour to be, what God and man must approve, why do you not use your utmost endeavours to attain such perfection? Alas! the world, the fashionable world, with its witchery, its deceit, its loose principles, draws you within its vortex, and you are lost. Yet amid that region of vice and folly, there is a friend ready to give you her supporting arm; lean on her—suffer her not to forsake you for a moment—let her words sink into your heart—follow her with close steps, and she will place you above

the influence of folly, vice, and fashion, and save you from the contagion of the times. Religion is this friend—she will brighten every hour of your existence—give a zest to your enjoyments, and mitigate your sorrows—she will render you the delight of your husband, the comfort of your family and friends—even the profligate will respect you—your actions, guided by her, will all lead to good—and, in a corrupted world, you will be a bright example to your sex—your influence will be, not that only of a short-lived beauty, but of a perfect and pure mind, whose power is inconceivable, and unbounded over those who approach it. That my fair readers may obtain that influence over their husbands that a perfect heart alone obtains, is our anxious wish, for the old sybil feels interested in the fate of those females that may peruse these pages; and having said quite enough for the present, she wishes them a good-night, and agreeable visions; and to-morrow, with the first light, she will resume the thread of her story, and gratify the curiosity of her readers respecting Favilla's enfranchisement; at present we must leave her in her gloomy prison, where—

“Thro’ one dim lattice, fring’d with ivy round,  
Successive suns a languid radiance throw,  
To paint how fierce her angry keeper frown’d,  
To mark how fast her waning beauty flow.”

## CHAP. VI.

ARRIVED at the cavern, Alonzo and his honest Pedro, finding none but the centinel awake, and knowing from him that all within was well, laid themselves down almost at the entrance, to take an hour's repose; they were weary, and sleep exerted its influence; but Alonzo's mind was too busy to allow him much rest; and the sun had scarcely cleared the mists from the mountain tops, and exhaled the dews that hung on the scanty herbage in the valleys, than he rose, and sought don Juan and Valasquez.

The cavern was of great extent, and had many apartments; and these brave soldiers had been for some time employed in exercising their little troop, and preparing for attacking the castle, should Alonzo think it advisable to do so. They knew of his safe return, and received him with joy. He related the adventures of the night, and desired their opinion as to their future operations. “I fear,” cried he, “we are too few to storm the castle; I dread the cruelty the brutes that inhabit it may exercise on the princess Favilla, should we attack it while she remains within; but we must decide, and that quickly; the base Musad comes to-morrow to make her his wife.”

“Fear nothing, Alonzo,” answered don Juan, “we have joyful news for you. Chance has discovered a method of rescuing the princess, unattended with any danger to her; when she is in safety, we can fight her battles.”

“What do you mean, don Juan? I have told you she is chained to a pillar in her apartment, and that my utmost force had not power to break one link.”

“We did not,” replied don Juan, “when you left us last night, sit in idle expectation of your return; we lit torches, and explored every chamber, every recess, and every passage of this extensive cavern. We have found treasure in abundance, which will assist the war, beside piles of arms, habits, and a thousand different things, that in future may turn to a vast account: but we have discovered what is of still more consequence, a secret passage, that leads to the castle; it is long, but safe and easy,



and has been made with incredible care and art. It was Valasquez and myself, Alonzo, that alarmed you last night, as you passed from the chamber where you say Favilla is confined; the words you heard were uttered by Valasquez. We should have forced the secret door at the time, but as it appeared to be strongly barred inside, we feared, should we follow our own inclinations, we might by the noise alarm the guard, and perhaps run the chance of having you taken prisoner, if you were then within the castle. We were also unattended; Valasquez and I alone had explored the passage; we have been fortunate, and must seize the lucky moment—to-night we can deliver Favilla, provided you return to the fortress in the same way you reached it last night. You, Alonzo, must unbar the door, and we shall be there to enter with our men.”

“My gallant friends,” cried Alonzo, “what do I not owe you! this, indeed, is a discovery, as fortunate as unexpected; I augur well from it, and trust to Heaven for success.”

It was then determined, that at night Alonzo should return with Pedro by the river as before, taking with him an instrument to break Favilla’s chain.

Pedro was summoned to their council, and to explore with them every part of the cavern, and all the passages belonging to it. It was not the work of a moment; the whole of the day was fully occupied—they fortunately found Fernando’s cellar, which he had not exhausted; so that Alonzo was enabled, by the provisions Pedro had laid in, and the wine he found, to regale his little troop, and exhilarate the spirits of his men, before they were called to action.

Evening came, and with joy Pedro again strapped his boat upon his shoulders; and Alonzo, leaving to don Juan and Valasquez the leading of his men through the secret passage, charged them, if at such an hour they should not find the door of the castle unbarred, to force it, and make their way to Favilla’s chamber. Then bidding his brave friends adieu, with Pedro he took the road to the river.

The princess Favilla had sat almost the whole day on her couch, reflecting on the strange events of her past life—dreading that Ursula might not keep her engagement with the guard, and anxiously wishing the return of night, that she might again see Alonzo, and hear from him the fate of her beloved Alphonso. Slow rolled the moments to the expectant sufferer—she thought the day a double length, and that the sun would never sink beneath the rude and horrid mountain, whose wild and craggy summit she beheld from her grated window. At length she heard the clapping of a door—her heart throbbed in her bosom—perhaps it was Alonzo. She was soon undeceived by the appearance of Ursula, and such an appearance! had not Favilla been a captive, trembling for the crisis of her fate, which was now at hand, her mirth must have been excited by the figure of the old woman as she entered, with a basket of refreshments in her hand; for she had not forgot that Favilla might stand in need of them before the morning, and she had determined that nothing should prevent her visit to the tower.

Ursula’s person was short, and enormously fat; she was lame, from an accident that had dislocated her hip; her face had once been comely, but it was now most hideous, red, and bloated; her eyes were sore, her forehead bald, and her coarse dark hair, now half grey, was matted and greasy, through neglect; her eyebrows were rough, and hanging over her fiery and malignant eyes, gave her the look of a fury; gluttony and drunkenness was written in her countenance; and the violence of her looks and manner made the gentle Favilla tremble whenever she approached her. Now her appearance was ludicrous in the extreme; this horrible figure was dressed in the most extravagant manner—a magnificent robe, of which the robber Fernando had stript a noble Spaniard whom he murdered, enveloped Ursula; it had been made for

some fine woman, and was so long for her, that she was near trembling every step she took; a head-dress, resplendant with gold and jewels, perched on her grissly uncombed tresses, gave her the air of a mad woman, and shewed her countenance more hideous.

As she set down the basket of refreshments she had brought, Favilla turned her eyes on her with surprise, but was silent; she smiled, however, complacently, as the idea crossed her mind, that Ursula's preposterous dress indicated her intention of keeping her engagement with the guard.

"I shall," thought Favilla, "get rid of this horrible creature for the night, and may with safety receive Alonzo."

The beldame seeing her smile, was convinced she admired her dress, and said—"You may well admire the fine presents of my poor dear Fernando; he was as generous as the light, and many a trunk have I filled with his gifts. Poor soul, he used to dress me in them himself, when he came off of a fortunate expedition. Well, he is gone, and I can't bring him back by fretting and lamenting; so I will not think of the past, but look forward to as much pleasure as I can get now-a-days. One comfort I have," cried she, tossing her head; "I am the true lady of the castle, and you and all in it are at my command, and must obey me. So good-night to you; you will see me no more till morning. I can't, nor won't, dance attendance on you both day and night; I have other fish to fry; so again I say good-night; eat your victuals, get some rest, for I promise you, you shall be married to-morrow."

Without waiting for an answer, she turned her back upon the princess, with as haughty an air as she could assume, walked to the door, and examining it, said—"There is no occasion for locks or bolts; you will not find it easy to break your chain, and if you could, it would only be to run into the river; I have you safe enough." With these words she left the room, swinging the door after her.

Delighted at her departure, and astonished at her extreme insolence and strange appearance, Favilla sat with her eyes fixed on the door for many minutes; she then made use of some of the viands the old fury had left her, and watched the coming of night with an anxious heart. She started at every noise; at length the lock of her chamber door moved—the door itself was gently opened—and her friend Alonzo stood before her. She rose from the sofa, and rushing the length of her chain, cried—"Tell me, oh! tell me, Alonzo, have you brought me any consolation? does my dear Alphonso still live? may I hope once more to be blessed with his sight?"

Alonzo was distressed at this address from Favilla; he had brought her no tidings of him she loved; and he judged by his own heart, and the anxiety he himself felt to know the fate of Cava, how miserable Favilla must be at his ignorance respecting Alphonso. Taking her hand, and leading her to the sofa, he entreated she would hear him with patience. He told her he knew no more than when he last saw her; that the whole day had been employed in planning her deliverance—that had he spent it in seeking the cottage where he hoped Alphonso was, he might have lost the power of saving her—that he was come now to deliver her, and had brought a trusty friend to assist in filing her chains, and setting her free.

Favilla's heart was oppressed—her disappointment great—but her reason told her Alonzo had acted wisely. He then laid before her the plan he had formed, and requested leave to call Pedro in to assist him in loosing her. Ursula had lit the lamp both in the chamber and vestibule before she had quitted the princess. Alonzo had left Pedro on the watch in the dark passage, and now taking a lamp, he returned to him, and they sought the door by which don Juan, Valasquez, and the soldiers, were to enter; they unbarred, and left it open, and then returning to Favilla, they set about

filing the chain that bound her; this was a work of time, for they were obliged to be continually on the watch, lest they should be surprised, and overwhelmed by the guard, before their friends arrived. At last their repeated endeavours succeeded; the chain was broken, and Favilla, transported at finding herself free, rushed into the arms of her friend; and, with tears, thanking him, entreated now to be led to the cottage to seek Alphonso.

“It is my wish that you should seek him,” replied Alonzo, “but, my dear Favilla, we must be prudent; you cannot leave this without a guard; my friends will soon be here, and you shall then quit this dismal abode.”

As he spoke, Pedro, who watched, heard the signal agreed on with don Juan, and was instantly at the entrance of the vestibule, to admit the troop; and in a few minutes they entered the apartment where Favilla was; and she had the satisfaction of finding in don Juan and Valasquez two old acquaintances, that she had seen much of at Toledo, and highly esteemed: they were now raised in her bosom to the rank of friends. Their country’s misfortunes, and their own, soon linked these amiable hearts in the strongest bands of friendship. Favilla, sensible of her present obligations, received them with delight and gratitude, and promised them, in the name of her brother, and the duke Alphonso, if he still survived, all that they could desire.

It was now debated at what time they should surprise the guard, and endeavour to get possession of the castle. Favilla informed them of the feast that they were to hold in the tower, the most distant from her apartment; “happily this feast was,” she said, “the cause of Ursula’s absence.”

Alonzo then concluded it would be most prudent to wait till their debauch was begun, as they might then be able to secure them without much bloodshed.

A shout was now heard from the tower; it was faint from the distance, but convinced Alonzo that they had met, and were enjoying themselves in a false security. “You must not remain here, Favilla,” said the prince; “Pedro and one of my bravest soldiers will carry you to a place of safety; we shall fight better by knowing that we have nothing to fear for you.”

Poor Favilla now wished to remain near Alonzo; but she feared distressing him; and giving him her hand, she requested he would do with her as he thought most prudent.

“I will, my sister, my friend,” cried Alonzo; “this worthy creature (pointing to Pedro) will be your guide—this faithful soldier your guard; here you might be exposed to danger; now you can either remain in the cavern till the combat is over, or seek Lopez’s cottage, where I hope the duke of Biscay will be found.”

To seek the cottage reconciled Favilla to quitting the castle: at the entreaty of her friends she swallowed some wine; and Alonzo wrapping her round in one of the dark cloaks he had found, led her to the passage towards the cave, and ordering the soldier to go before with a torch, consigned her to the care of the faithful Pedro. And as it will be some time before our heroes think it prudent to attack the castle guard, we shall for the present follow the steps of the princess.

When she let go the hand of Alonzo, and considered that he was then about to fight her battle, her heart was ready to burst; and she believed, weak woman as she was, she could better bear to combat by his side, than leave him to uncertain fate. He read her thoughts—he himself suffered, but he would not give way to his feelings; and pointing out the path, he said—“To-morrow, my dear Favilla, I have no doubt we shall meet in joy.” Then hurrying through the door, he was out of sight in a moment.

Long, dismal, and damp, was the subterraneous passage; the torchlight shewed in perspective the gloomy length they had to pass. Favilla, leaning on Pedro,

shivering from the cold and damp of the place, anxious for the safety of her friend Alonzo, and doubtful as to the fate of the duke Alphonso, had scarcely strength to proceed; her frame tottered; and only Pedro with his strong arm supported her, she would often have fallen to the ground.

After an hour's walk they ascended to the cavern, where the trusty soldier and Pedro lighted a fire, and placed some wine and fruit before the princess. Entreating her to be composed, and hope the best, they went to the entrance of the cavern, in order to reconnoitre the castle; on the rocks above the cavern they had a full view of it, and perceived that all was still quiet there. Lights were visible in the tower where the guard held their revels; and Pedro saw, or thought he saw, a faint ray of light from the window of the room where they had left Alonzo and the troops. They then returned to Favilla, assuring her all was still quiet at the castle; and they had no doubt, when the guard were drunk, the cavaliers would take them all prisoners, with scarcely any loss or danger.

Favilla, breathed freer, and felt more composed; she entreated Pedro to lead her to the spot from whence he had viewed the castle; he immediately led her to the mouth of the cavern.

The night was fine, the moon rose in unclouded majesty, and covered the castle, the mountains, and the lowlands, with her soft light; but not even her silver mantle could give softness or beauty to any object within their ken.

Favilla recoiled as she viewed the gloomy half-ruined castle, an immense and heavy fabric, in the worst style of gothic architecture. The sombre river rolled beneath its walls, and the stupendous cliffs that rose behind, so rude, so barren, so uncouth, that they appeared to have been thrown together by some convulsion of nature; all around bore the marks of a sterile and desolate country; few were the flocks that roamed over these steep craggs, and thinly were the shepherds' cots scattered through the valleys. Pedro observed the impression that this dreary country made on the princess, and said—"You cannot now wonder, lady, that these mountains were infested by banditti; the cave we now inhabit was their hiding-place; and the country people say yon castle was abandoned, and let go to ruin, because no one could live in safety within its walls. Many are the wonderful stories that the old shepherds tell of the famous robber Fernando; it was even reported that he was assisted by evil spirits; and some go so far as to say, that he often met, and conversed with the old one himself, on the top of one of these mountains; but however it was, he never failed in any enterprise for years—for he pillaged and murdered many a traveller—those whose lives he spared were great and rich people, whom he made pay a large ransom, and take an oath, the most dreadful they could take, never to betray him; if they were fools enough to do so, he was sure to come when they little thought it, burnt their castles, and not only carried away their valuables, but their wives and daughters; in short, every one within many leagues of these mountains lived in terror of him; and it is even said, he sometimes went to their houses under a feigned character, and that though they knew him, their fear of him was so great, they would pretend to be deceived, treat him with all manner of civility, and appear entertained by his wit and agreeable talents; for he was a fine handsome man, had been of good parentage, and well brought up; he sang and danced to perfection. It was reported that he had been crossed in love in his youth, and by grief drove to the vagabond life he led. I can scarcely believe, however, that he dealt with the devil; can you, lady?"

"I believe," answered Favilla, "that his own wicked and unrestrained passions were the devils that tempted him to act as he did. When men, Pedro, give the reins to

those, they want no spirits from the other world to push them on to wickedness. I have already heard of Fernando from Ursula.”

“That old wicked crone,” answered Pedro, “was a fit instrument for him, and she now is in the service of as bad a man, the governor of—”

Pedro was here stopt in his harangue by a noise proceeding from the castle—lights seemed passing in every direction—they heard the sound of horns—and, even at the distance they were at, fancied they heard the clashing of armour.

“They are at it,” cried the soldier, that with Pedro attended on Favilla; “would I was with my brave leader—I might be of use—he has but few with him.”

“Fly then,” cried Favilla, “fly to assist him; Pedro can protect me.”

“I must obey orders,” answered the man; “that is the first duty of a soldier. Don Juan charged me on no account to quit you, till you were in a place of safety, and I swore to defend you with my life.”

The tumult now increased in the castle, and Favilla’s heart sunk within her. Pedro then proposed her returning into the cavern.—“You will there be in perfect security,” said he; “within it you can hear no sound,—the noise of the battle cannot reach you—we will remain on the watch, and give every information in our power.”

Half fainting, Favilla returned to the cavern; the discreet Pedro led her far within it, and having placed her on some cushions, and set a table and lamp before her, he made a fire with sticks and dried leaves, whose cheerful blaze diffused warmth over her shivering frame. Favilla was soon absorbed in pious meditations, and ardent prayers for the safety of her deliverers.

Pedro returned to the soldier at the entrance of the cavern. The noise encreased—torches were seen blazing in every direction—the horn at the gate was sounded—and the soldier said he believed they were preparing to let down the drawbridge. Pedro fixed his eyes on the castle—it was too distant to have a distinct view of any thing that passed; but looking over the mountains to the left of the castle, he cried—“I see men moving at a great distance on yonder hill—they are armed—the moonlight rests upon their shields:” then turning to the soldier, “if they are foes, they are come, as was expected, to carry away the princess Favilla; should they surprise us here, we should all become an easy prey; let us place the princess in safety, and return to assist our chiefs.”

“Where can we find a more secure retreat than this cavern?” said the soldier, (impatient to be at the castle); “let us conceal her in the most secret recess, and hasten to the scene of action; we have no time to lose.”

“No,” replied Pedro, “we will carry her with all speed to old Lopez’s cottage, where the cavalier wounded in defending her now lies. The good shepherd and his daughter will attend to her, and conceal her, in case any of the governor’s people pass that way. The poor lady would die, was she left alone in this dismal dungeon; it would be far worse than remaining at the castle. But, see, those men are descending the mountain; thank Heaven, our road lies in a contrary direction; we shall have no difficulty in getting out of their way.”

The soldier agreed to the wishes of Pedro, who, approaching Favilla, informed her he thought is safest to carry her to the cottage, if she found herself able to go so far. This was exactly what she wished. Love and hope now braced her frame; starting from where she sat, she declared she was willing and able to encounter any fatigue, in the delightful expectations of finding Alphonso in existence. Pedro, who had seen the wounded cavalier in a very desperate state, as he thought, was unwilling to give her a hope he did not himself entertain, only shook his head, and concealing her as much as possible in the dark mantle Alonzo had thrown over her rich dress, he gave her his

arm, to assist her out of the cavern. The soldier stood at its mouth, his eyes fixt on the castle, his sabre naked in his hand, and his breast panting with anxiety to be with his comrades. He heard not Favilla's approach, till Pedro called to him to descend with them the path to the right.

Happily for the princess, she perceived not the little hope the young shepherd gave her, respecting the wounded cavalier; terrified by the sounds she heard from the castle, and the torches she saw blazing within it, she laid hold both on Pedro's arm and on the soldier's, and hurried down the declivity, with a strength and activity she had the moment before appeared little capable of.

Happy was it for Favilla that the prudent shepherd had in time withdrawn her from the cavern. Soon a band of armed men rushed down the steep, close to the spot they had been in. Their eyes were bent on the castle—their horses were urged towards the drawbridge at their utmost speed—the echo of their horns was returned by the distant hills—the bridge was lowered—swift as lightning the gates were thrown open—the foremost entered the outer court of the castle—the fierce Musad was at their head—he came in the pride of his heart, and his cruel purpose was to force Favilla to be his wife.

More savage than the wildest beast of the desert, his heart, hardened in iniquity, neither knew pity or remorse. Here he had immured the princess—here he thought he was secure of his prey—and riding with violence through the gates, he was not a little surprised at hearing the noise of battle within the courts of the castle, and shrieks and dying groans now issuing from the tower nearest to the gate, and which was on fire in every part.

“What has befallen my people?” cried the fierce Musad in a voice of thunder. The few soldiers that were on guard at the gate, astounded by the fury and horrible expression of his countenance, hesitated in answering. Flinging himself from his horse, (who started at the flames before him), and drawing his sword, he swore to sacrifice the man that should refuse to inform him what this tumult meant. He had rode in before the party he brought with him, and they followed singly, or a few together, as chance directed, not supposing they had a single enemy at hand; but the flaming tower soon undeceived them. The trembling centinel, throwing himself at the feet of the governor, declared he knew not what was passing within the castle—that he was afraid the soldiers had quarrelled with each other—that he and his comrades dared not to quit their post—that the moment they had perceived him coming down the mountain, they had let down the drawbridge, and flung open the gates; and that while they were occupied in doing so, the flames had burst from the tower.

“Noble governor,” cried one of the guard, “no human being has entered these walls but your own people; the disturbance must be occasioned by some unhappy nightly brawl, which your presence will quickly appease.”

Musad believed this to be the case, and sternly ordering his men to follow him, strode on towards the flaming tower; he called loudly on those within, but was only answered by loud shrieks; and rushing forwards to enter an inner court, a wretched being fell from the battlements, close to where he passed, and he perceived a human figure dashed to pieces at his feet. He stood aghast, as a dead groan issued with departing life from the wretched Ursula, who was precipitated from the top of the tower. “There must be vile treachery in this,” exclaimed Musad, as he rushed forward with fury, calling loudly on his troop to follow him.

From the moment that Alonzo had sent Favilla from the castle, he lost no time by delay; leaving his men all prepared in the vestibule, he, don Juan, and Valasquez, set out to reconnoitre the castle. They found that a few centinels only were left on the

walls and at the gates; and that the tower Ursula had mentioned to Favilla was the grand place of rendezvous for the night.

The captain of the guard, believing all was safe within the castle, and knowing what a severe task-master would arrive the next day, was determined (for he was a drunken soul) to enjoy the night, and allow the men under him to do the same. He had invited Ursula, not only to entertain himself with her stories, but also to keep her in temper, and prevent her informing the governor of his conduct.

Alonzo found they were at supper, and waited till they had begun drinking, to attack them; for sober, they might overpower him by their numbers.

Soon mirth went round, and peals of laughter burst from the tower. Alonzo then brought his little troop to the bottom of the stairs, and called on those within to yield themselves prisoners; that their lives should be spared if they did so, but otherwise he would have no mercy on a single man; that the castle was now in his power. The troops within the tower did not want courage, and instead of yielding, half drunk as they were, they seized their arms, and dashed down the stairs against their opponents. The conflict now became severe; some of Alonzo's men were wounded, and some of the guard killed; those were dragged away by their comrades, and their place supplied by the living. Alonzo and his friends fought desperately, and were well supported by their men; but it was all in vain; numbers were on the other side; and they forced so on Alonzo and his little troop, that the friends believed it would be most prudent to let them, if they chose it, come forth and fight them in the open court. It was now perceived that the tower was in a blaze, and that the greatest confusion reigned within it. The neglected torches had set it on fire, and the flames raged with violence. Alonzo's merciful nature was for giving instant liberty to the enemy within; but one of his men coming to inform him that Musad was near the castle with many followers, don Juan, even more anxious for the life and liberty of his friend than for his own, gave immediate orders to bar the gates of the tower, as strongly as it was possible to do it, and leave the wretches within to their fate. He was obeyed, and the three friends, with admirable presence of mind, instantly drew up their little, but brave and determined troop in the inner court, opposite the grand entrance of the castle, where they stood ready to encounter the enraged governor. Certain that the tower now on fire must, in a short time, fall into the court in which it stood, they withdrew from the impending ruin; and this was the cause that at Musad's entrance he saw no enemy, nor encountered any opposition. But he was too old and experienced a warrior not to proceed with caution. Advancing, he beheld the brave Spaniards drawn up, and determined to oppose his entering the castle. "Miscreants," he cried, "who are you that dare to dispute with me the entrance to my castle? are you a remnant of that cowardly troop escorted by the worthless duke Alphonso, who had the audacity to force from me my lovely bride, and was afterwards unable either to defend her, or fly from the power of my all-conquering arm? I left him dead on the field of battle; and shall you," cried he to Alonzo, "whose name I know not, but whose youth and weakness I despise, have the insolence for one moment to oppose my passage? This castle contains the princess that Musad honours with his choice; begone, I say, or I shall flog you hence."

"Vain and despicable wretch," retorted the brave Alonzo, "you see not before you miscreants, or those that you can treat as slaves; know me for the prince Alonzo, the grandson of a king, whose mean and wretched vassal you once was—know me for the friend of don Palayo, the defender of the fair Favilla. Know also that I have removed her hence—that she is in safety—and that the duke of Biscay is not dead. I

am no renegado as you are—I trample not on the cross—behold it on my shield, and tremble. I defy you to single combat.”

The renegado indeed trembled—Alonzo raised his shield—the flaming tower spread a dreadful light around, and the holy sign of the religion of Christ met his eyes, and struck terror to his soul. But Musad was not long the slave of his conscience; each succeeding hour of his life was marked with deeper sin, and now his rage knew no bounds. He cursed the Christians, and vowed the destruction of don Palayo, the duke of Biscay, and even of Favilla. He then rushed with fury where Alonzo stood. Don Juan and Valasquez, trembling for the life of the prince, (for Musad was gigantic, and his strength beyond the common strength of men), poured in their whole troop between them, and forced them far asunder. Don Juan was an excellent soldier, and for a long time kept Musad at bay, who raged like a lion, and with such unguarded fury, that he fought not with his usual success. Out of breath, he was often obliged to give way; and he saw with indignation many of his men fall around him. Alonzo did wonders, and endeavoured to force his way to where the governor fought, unconscious of the efforts his faithful friends made to prevent their meeting. An hour had nearly elapsed—victory declared for neither troop. Musad had many more men than the prince, but they fought for a leader they hated, and their valour was not so strongly exerted as that of Alonzo’s little band. Some had fallen on both sides, and some of the governor’s people had fled. At length Alonzo forced a passage to where Musad stood, and commanding his men to draw back, again dared him to single combat. The furious and irritated governor, hoping an easy victory, with a deeper frown impressed on his scowling brow, ordered his soldiers to retire, and leave him to chastise the boy. Don Juan and Valasquez, as anxious for the honour of the prince as they had been for his life, could no longer interfere, and in mournful silence watched the issue; determined, should he fall, to revenge his death, were their own lives to be the certain sacrifice.

The burning tower now sent up volumes of smoke and fire; a lurid light gave the combatants a full view of each other. Alonzo was agile, dexterous, and cool; activity stood with him in the place of brutal strength; and the ferocious and gigantic Musad, with all his skill and force, could obtain no advantage. They advanced—they retreated—they wheeled round, and for some time their strokes were given in vain. Musad, enraged at the opposition he met, and the skill he discovered in Alonzo, rushed forward incautiously, and received a slight wound in his left arm. Alonzo’s friends shouted with joy; and the governor, doubly enraged, and seeing he had no novice to contend with, exerted every nerve, and struck with such fury at the prince, that he forced him to retreat towards the steps of the castle. Alonzo, however, while he retreated, parried the repeated and terrible strokes of his enemy’s sabre, and stopping at the castle steps, stood firm as a rock, with his back to a massive pillar belonging to the portico, where, covering himself with his shield, he not only avoided the strokes of his furious adversary, but with his lifted sword prepared to inflict on him the punishment due to his many crimes. Musad rushed on, and making a furious and well-aimed blow at the prince, he carried away part of his helmet, and broke his uplifted sword in pieces. Unarmed, and smarting with the blow he had received, Alonzo for an instant looked round. Conscious that no help was near, and the loss of Cava presenting itself to his mind, he regretted not the loss of life. All this was the idea of a moment, for a man darting from behind the pillar, fearless of what might befall himself, placed a trusty sword in the hands of the prince. Alonzo turned not round to see who was his gallant friend, but making instant use of the weapon so fortunately given to his hand, in his turn he made such furious and repeated strokes at



his antagonist, that he fell back dismayed at the powerful arm that assailed him. Musad had believed himself sure of victory.

The wretch who loudly denies his God, will still in secret fear and acknowledge his power; the still small voice will speak even to the most hardened heart, and appal the sinner that it cannot reform. Thus it was with Musad; seeing Alonzo again armed, and not only ready to defend but to revenge himself; thinking for an instant that the assistance he received was supernatural, he drew back, doubting the evidence of his senses. This momentary delusion soon vanished, and he pushed forward more furious than ever. The cool and brave Alonzo, trusting in the goodness of his cause, and the protection of Heaven, parried with skill the strokes that were made at him with unguarded violence; and, watching a favourable moment, thrust his sword deep into the side of the vile Musad.

“Down sunk the monster bulk, and press’d the ground;  
The arms and clatt’ring shield on the base body sound.”

At the same moment the burning tower fell in, and with its devouring flames and tottering walls, destroyed the miserable beings it enclosed, the vile and ready instruments of the worthless Musad.

## CHAP. VII.

“And now the crackling flames appear’d on high,  
And driving sparkles danc’d along the sky.  
With Vulcan’s rage the rising winds conspire,  
And near the palace roll the flood of fire.”

AMAZED, the troops on both sides heard the loud crash, that shook the castle to its base, as the tower fell, and beheld the encreased torrent of fire that rushed along the courts. The body of the worthless governor still quivered on the pavement, and his ghastly and distorted visage bore in death the character of his ferocious soul. Alonzo, weary from the combat, was resting on his sword, still near the pillar, and looking round for him who had proved himself so fearless and so interested a friend in the moment of danger. But now there was no time for inquiry, or for thanks; the clattering of horses hoofs was heard across the drawbridge, and by the uncertain glare of the sinking fires, a fine body of troops was seen entering the castle gates. Don Juan, who had remained with his handful of soldiers, now rallied them; those belonging to the governor had almost all fled when he fell. A cavalier in black armour rode with velocity into the castle court; and don Juan and Valasquez instantly recognising him, cried out in a transport of joy—“Welcome, brave don Palayo; come and behold our triumph; the lovely Favilla is safe, and the vile Musad no more.”

Don Palayo (for it was he come to rescue his sister), now breathless with joy, as he had been before with terror, when he saw at a distance the flames from the castle, sprung from his horse, and embracing don Juan, was about to express his gratitude for the succour he had given his beloved sister, when don Juan stopt him short, saying—“Noble don Palayo, your thanks are not due to me; yonder stands the brave prince Alonzo, who has saved Favilla; Musad lies dead at his feet.”

“Alonzo!” cried don Palayo, in surprise; “the prince Alonzo, the nephew of count Julian—impossible! he would not succour Favilla; his part has been to join the enemies of his country and his faith.”

“Oh, noble! oh, brave don Palayo! the first of the Spaniards, the support, the boast of your country, forgive the errors of youth—forgive the faults of which your nature is incapable—forgive the weakness, the intoxication of love. You are not ignorant that the charming Cava, the bosom friend of your sister, was the beloved of his soul, his promised bride. Blinded by love to avenge her wrongs, the brave, the amiable, the excellent Alonzo joined the insidious count Julian. He thought only of hurling the tyrant Rodrigo from his throne—of burying his sword in the bosom of him, the destroyer of his peace—he was guiltless of wishing to enslave his country. The moment he saw the dreadful effects of count Julian’s conduct, he determined to change his own; even on the plains of Xeres he formed this virtuous resolution—he heard with delight and admiration of your great deeds, your patriotism, your martial glory—he has forsaken every thing to follow you, to enlist under your standard, to fight your battles—he has brought what treasure he possessed, to lay it at your feet—Valasquez and I, with a few brave men, have followed his fortunes. It is some time since we quitted Africa; we have taken the most unfrequented paths through these mountains, in the hope of reaching the Asturias in safety, and attaching ourselves to you. Reject him not, Palayo; his heart is noble; he knows not to deceive. Yonder he stands, his sword bathed in the blood of your enemy—Favilla, your beloved sister, by him, and by him alone, preserved from misery worse than death; for this night Musad

was to have made her his wife. Yonder he stands; and though victory sits on his shield, and that he had revenged your wrongs, his modesty is such, the sense he has of his single error so strong, he has not the courage to approach you."

Here don Juan paused, and don Palayo said—"Brave don Juan, certain I may believe your words, I rejoice in my inmost soul at the gallant Alonzo's altered sentiments. I knew his worth, I lamented his errors; but they are past; I bury them in oblivion; and shall open my arms to him, as to a brother."

Alonzo still stood near the pillar; he heard not the conversation that was passing between don Palayo and don Juan, but fearful of a repulse from the noble Palayo, he remained immovable as a statue, his eyes fixt on the ghastly corse before him—his thoughts were wild—Cava mixt with every idea—the melancholy fate of Spain sat heavy on his heart, and he blushed to meet her great defender: but soon the generous Palayo relieved him from this distressing situation; he approached with the kindness of a brother, and, tenderly embracing him, in the most exalted terms, strongly expressed his gratitude for the inestimable service he had done him; and declared the happiness he felt, in hearing his determination to assist him in his endeavours to save Spain from the Infidels.

With reverence, with gratitude, and almost with tears, Alonzo listened to don Palayo. In silence he pressed his hand, and when he was able to articulate, he gave him an account of his sister, and told him what hopes he entertained of the duke Alphonso's being still alive—"But we had too much to do to-day," added Alonzo, "to be able to ascertain the truth."

"My noble master," cried the soldier, approaching Alonzo, to whom he had, with Pedro, given the care of Favilla, "I was ordered by the princess to tell you, that it is the duke Alphonso who is at the shepherd Lopez's cot; he has recovered his speech and senses, and Pedro and I left the lady Favilla with him. She is well and happy."

"Thank you for her being so, my kind friend Alonzo," cried don Palayo; "never while my heart beats shall I forget my obligations to you. But now we can waste no longer time in conversation—it is near daylight—we must quench these smoking ruins, or the flame will communicate itself to the castle."

The two heroes, with don Juan and Valasquez, now busied themselves to assist the soldiers in extinguishing the fires that blazed around them; and a large pit was dug for burying the dead. The body of the governor, with all those that could be collected from the flaming ruins, were consigned to their mother earth; and Alonzo had the comfort to find, that of his little troop but two were killed, though many were wounded; none mortally. Those that wanted care were soon carried to the castle, where their wounds were dressed; and Pedro, with his natural sense and cleverness, assisted in regulating every thing. The castle and the courts were searched, lest any of the enemy might lurk within its walls; but every soul that remained alive belonging to Musad had fled—a bad cause makes cowards.

By the dawn all was quiet. Don Palayo, however, to guard against a surprise, ordered the bridge to be drawn up, the gates closed, and proper centinels placed on the remaining towers.

Weary with the labour of the night, both the troops and their leaders stood in need of refreshment and repose; and our heroes repaired to the great hall, where, during their repast, they talked over the transactions of the night, when don Juan, running out in praise of the skill and coolness that Alonzo had shewn in his combat with Musad, Alonzo smiled, and said—"It is to your friendship and fearless conduct, don Juan, I owe the victory; my sword was shattered to pieces, and you placed one in my hand."

"That I had not the happiness of doing," returned don Juan; "I was at too great a distance to have rendered you any service; and though my eyes were fixt on you, I did not even know till now the danger you must have been in."

"The transaction was so instantaneous, that I scarcely missed my sword," said Alonzo, "though without my invisible friend had replaced it, I should not now sit here: but who was it that saved my life? was it you, Valasquez?"

"Would I had done so," answered Valasquez; "I should glory in the deed."

"Who could have been my good angel then?" asked Alonzo; and seeing the soldier near that had been with Favilla, he called to him to know whose sword it was that had been placed in his hand, and gave it to him to examine.

The man said it was unnecessary to examine it—he well knew the sword—it had served him faithfully many years—it was a famous one made at Toledo, and given him by a friend; "but," cried the soldier, "it has never done a more glorious work than this night; it has saved your noble life, and ended that of the wicked Musad. But I, my prince, had not the honour of putting it into your hand."

"Who did so then?" asked Alonzo.

"It was Pedro: as soon as we had left the princess Favilla in safety at the shepherd's cottage, we returned, with all the expedition we could make, to the cavern; my heart burnt for the battle, and I rather flew than walked. I thought that even my weak efforts might be of use to you, and I most ardently wished to be near you: but all my speed could not outstrip the young shepherd; he rather outran me than lagged behind. We consulted on the best way of getting to our comrades, and determined on entering the castle by the cavern, as we thought entrance at the gate might be disputed. Even in the subterranean passage, we heard the noise of the battle like distant thunder. The falling of the tower made the ground tremble as we passed; and every moment we became more anxious to be at the scene of action. On reaching the vestibule of the castle, we found the noise and tumult of the battle was over; but I distinguished the clashing of swords, and strokes given on a shield; and cried to Pedro, that there was a single combat, and not far distant: like lightning we flew to the halls that led to the portico, where we perceived you defending yourself against the governor. I was hurrying to place myself at your side, when I felt my sword, which was naked in my hand, snatched suddenly from my grasp by Pedro, who flew, fearless of danger, and placed it in yours. He had perceived with his keen eye that you were unarmed; and, thank Heaven, the brave fellow was in time to save so valuable a life."

Here ended the honest soldier, and every person present was charmed with his behaviour, in giving, without the smallest share of envy, the praise to Pedro that was his due.

"What brave fellows these are!" cried don Palayo; then turning to the soldier, he promised amply to reward him for his care of his sister, and the happy news he had brought him of the duke of Biscay.

Alonzo had left the hall; he sought Pedro, and in the warmest manner expressed his sense of the strong attachment he had shewn him. "I never shall have it my power," cried the prince, "to do for you what I wish; but all that can make you happy, Pedro, I will exert myself to effect."

"I wish, I want nothing but to remain in your service; you overrate what I have done; it was only my duty; and the joy I have in seeing you safe, and the vile governor dead, has more than overpaid me for any danger I ran."

The modest worth of Pedro made a great impression on Alonzo and all his friends. Don Palayo, highly pleased with his open countenance, his courage, and the great anxiety he had shewn to relieve his sister from captivity, declared he would

make his fortune; and ordered, that, without separating him from the prince Alonzo, he should be taught all that could fit him for a soldier; “and then,” said he, “I shall by degrees raise you to that rank which I have no doubt you will be worthy to obtain, and, when you have attained, adorn.”

The modest shepherd, unable to utter his thanks, retired happy, and anticipating the bright prospects that opened to his view, vowing to devote his life to Alonzo, don Palayo, and his country.

Our heroes felt now the necessity of a few hours repose. Don Palayo anxiously desired to see his sister; but consulting with his friends, they thought it most prudent to inform her by Pedro of all that had passed at the castle; and that by mid-day she might expect her brother and Alonzo at the cottage. Pedro heard with joy that he was to be the messenger of such good tidings; and now setting him on his way across the mountains, as the day rose above the eastern hills, and finding ourselves nearly as weary as our heroes, for we have not left them a moment during the battle, we shall also draw a curtain round us, and “steep our senses in forgetfulness,” till we are summoned to attend on don Palayo in the hall of the castle.

## CHAP. VIII.

A SHORT repose was sufficient to recruit the strength and spirits of the heroes of the night. On the appearance of don Palayo in the hall, all collected round him, to know from him the situation of the Christians, and the hopes they might entertain of expelling the Moors, who now began to tyrannize over the whole land.

The worthy don Palayo was the only support of his sinking country—he was in possession of the Asturias—he inhabited a town on the coast—his troops, friends, and followers, he placed in every stronghold that he could secure; and even large caverns near Oviedo, served as asylums for the Spaniards. Concealed in the inaccessible mountains of the north, in Gallicia, and Biscay, they depended more on the difficulties the enemy would find in reaching their habitations, than on their own powers of defence. Palayo had mourned the sad fate of the duke of Biscay, whom he loved as a brother, and determined to revenge him; and if not too late, rescue his sister from the hands of Musad. He had made the utmost expedition to reach the ruined castle, where he had been informed Favilla was carried to, after the death of her lover, and the defeat of her escort. Great then was Palayo's joy at finding the princess in safety, and his friend still alive. He proposed to the brave men assembled round him to assist in removing the duke to the castle, where he could be better accommodated than in the shepherd's cottage. "I ardently wish," said don Palayo, "to see my sister; but before I indulge myself in doing so, we must reconnoitre the castle, and give all proper orders, now that we have won it, to prevent a surprise from our enemies."

Every one acceded to the prudence of his determination; and they set out to inspect this most dreary mansion. Don Palayo found it a place of strength, and one that might be of consequence to the Christians; and he instantly gave orders to his followers to put it in the best state of defence in their power. They found, on examination, that the extent, as well as the strength of the building, was great; and its communication with the cavern rendered it a most valuable acquisition.

Don Alonzo informed him of the treasures they had found in the robber's cave, and the resolution they had come to, of putting it into his hands, for the use of his army, and the distressed Christians. Don Palayo, charmed by the disinterested conduct of his new friends, with thanks accepted the donation; and they proceeded to inspect the cavern and its recesses: they then passed to the dungeons and subterraneous parts of the castle, and there found a number of hapless Christians, both men and women, who had been confined there by the merciless governor; and as Ursula, and all those employed under her, had perished in the tower, the poor prisoners must have died in a short time for want of victuals, had not don Palayo thought of examining the dungeons. Orders were instantly given for the release of those unhappy people, and every means taken to restore them to health and peace. Some who had not been long confined, were ready and willing immediately to take up arms in the common cause, and serve under that great leader, don Palayo. The females were soon employed in preparing the different apartments of the castle for the reception of the sister and friend of their deliverer.

Ursula had said truly, that there was much treasure in the castle; a room, well secured, was found full of clothes, coin, jewels, furniture, and an immense quantity of valuables. In the present state of things, it was all consigned to the public stock.

Every one now appeared delighted at the success that had attended our heroes, and every hand was employed to make their present abode secure and comfortable. It

was an ugly and wild country that surrounded the castle; but that very circumstance was favourable to its safety.

Leaving every thing in the train they wished, don Palayo and Alonzo, attended by don Juan, Valasquez, and the happy Pedro, took their way, with some soldiers, through the mountains, to seek Favilla at old Lopez's cottage. When near it, they sent Pedro on, to inform the princess of their approach. Favilla, who anxiously wished to see her brother, and to behold in safety her friend and gallant deliverer, Alonzo, waited not their arrival at the cottage; but soon as she heard from Pedro that they were near, she flew to meet them. Joy beamed on her beautiful countenance; and throwing herself into don Palayo's arms she cried—"My brother, it is unutterable happiness to behold you again—to tell you that Alphonso lives—that his senses have returned—that he knows his Favilla"

Don Palayo pressed her a thousand times to his bosom; and Alonzo approached, to congratulate her on the happy events of the night. When giving him her hand, she said—"It is to you, my dear and gallant deliverer, I owe my present felicity; never, never shall my heart be wanting in gratitude to you; it is most deeply impressed with a sense of its obligations."

Alonzo kissed the hand he held; the friend of Cava was doubly dear to him, and he vowed ever to regard her as his sister.

Pedro had already related to the princess all that had occurred at the castle during the night, and had set her heart at rest for the safety of her friends. The death of Musad, and the reduction of the castle, placed them all in perfect security for the present.

Favilla leading the way, they entered the cottage, where they found the duke Alphonso, though pale and weak, recovering fast. His wounds were none of them mortal; though, from the great loss of blood he had sustained, his state had been most dangerous. The joy he felt on seeing his beloved Favilla and his friends, was almost too much for him. Alonzo he regarded with the truest friendship; and was endeavouring to express his feelings, when don Palayo imposed silence, declaring he would suffer no conversation that could agitate him; that they were come to remove him to the castle, where they should all remain till he was perfectly recovered, and where they should have an opportunity of consulting in what manner they could best endeavour to relieve their unhappy country. Gloomy as the castle was, Favilla now rejoiced to return to it; so true is it, that the mind can make "a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

The old shepherd, a skilful leach to his neighbours in the mountains, was consulted concerning the removal of the duke; and he thinking it might be done with safety, the soldiers made a sort of litter; and having placed the duke on it, the cavalcade, attended by the old shepherd, set out for the castle. The affectionate and tender Favilla would not for a moment leave Alphonso's side, and Alonzo gave her his supporting arm. Don Palayo, who had the most affectionate friendship for the duke, appeared almost as happy as Favilla, and watched every step the soldiers took, fearful of his receiving any injury in his present weak state. The duke was too well beloved by the troops, not to be an object of the greatest interest and attention to every individual.

They all arrived in perfect safety at the castle; the air, and the gentle motion of the litter, having greatly revived the duke, he was immediately placed in a commodious apartment prepared for him; and the old shepherd having succeeded so well in his care of him, he would suffer no one else to dress his wounds.

Great was Favilla's surprise at finding female attendants at the castle; she had heard of the fate of Ursula, and had supposed there was no other woman within the walls. Alonzo explained to her the search that had been made in the dungeons, and the numbers they had found there confined by the vile Musad. The princess lifted up her heart in thankfulness to Heaven for her deliverance, perfectly convinced, that had not Alonzo come to her assistance, she would soon have inhabited the dungeons.

A very few days made a great alteration in every thing in and about the castle. The duke gained strength and spirits every hour; his Favilla never left him, and proved as tender a nurse as she was a delightful companion.

Don Palayo, Alonzo, and his followers, were indefatigable in their attention to their troops, and the strengthening and repairing the castle; and all around wore a new face. It was a stronghold for don Palayo; it had long been the depot of Fernando and his gang; they were so suddenly cut off, that the plunder they had amassed still remained in the castle, even unknown to Musad, for the wily Ursula only knew what it contained.

Many of the cavaliers that were liberated attached themselves to don Palayo, to follow his fortunes; and not a common man deserted him; so that his little army was much encreased by the reduction of the castle. The women were all kindly treated, and offered their liberty, and sufficient to place them in comfort; but they being all Christians, and good Spaniards, preferred the service of the princess Favilla to the danger of falling into the hands of the Moors. She now saw herself, instead of a miserable and unhappy prisoner, restored to her rank, and all those comforts unknown to her for a length of time; and although she disliked the dreary situation of the castle, and wished to get to her brother's more agreeable abode in the Asturias, yet till the duke Alphonso's health was perfectly restored, she thought it the most prudent to remain where they were.—Don Palayo was not idle; he had full employment for his active mind; but every moment he could spare he gave to the duke, who was now eager to talk on the war, and desirous again to be employed in the defence of the Christians.

Favilla anxiously wished to know something of Cava, but the fear of distressing Alonzo, who she saw was in general overwhelmed with melancholy, kept her silent. At length affection prevailed over delicacy, and she received from Alonzo a full account of every thing that respected her friend, from the time she left the court of Toledo, till with Garcia she fled from Africa. At the conclusion of his narrative, Alonzo said, his eyes swimming in tears—"Alas! I am now ignorant what part of the world contains my heart's treasure; that she meant to return to Spain, I have every reason, from the letter she left for me, to believe. I have, however, sought her in vain; and my first inducement to attack this castle was my belief that she was confined within it. I mistook you for her, Favilla; the night I so greatly alarmed you, by abruptly entering your apartment, I own to you my disappointment was severe at not finding Cava; yet, believe me, next to her, you are the being on earth I would most wish to serve."

Favilla said every thing that her grateful and affectionate heart dictated; and the duke of Biscay, who was present at this interesting conversation, again repeated his vows of friendship to Alonzo.

One evening, when the three were together, and Alonzo knew they should not be interrupted for some hours, he requested Favilla to give him an account of what had passed at Toledo, from the time that count Julian had contrived to send him into Italy, that he might be out of the way when he carried Cava to Africa—"You know,"



said the prince, "that at that time I was not allowed to see her, and that I never again returned to Toledo."

"I know too well," answered Favilla, "that it was a woeful hour when we all parted. I then knew none of the secrets of the court, and my thoughts were so much employed on Alphonso, and the hope of his speedy return to Toledo, that a thousand things escaped me which made an impression on others. Minds pre-occupied are bad judges of what is passing round them. I saw not the gloom on count Julian's brow, that I was afterwards told predicted no good to the king; and for a long while I gave no credit to the stories that were every where in circulation. The first thing that gave me any alarm was the uneasiness I perceived in my brother's mind, on his return from that daring visit to the enchanted castle."

Favilla now related to Alonzo all that has been told in the beginning of this little history, and what would be tiresome and unnecessary to repeat.

The princess thus continued—"After this event, the king grew every day more gloomy—his excesses and his violence were every where the subject of execration—it was rumoured in every quarter, that the people would no longer suffer him; and that even the court was full of his bitter enemies. The charming and gentle Egilone left no art untried to bring Rodrigo to reason. She was adored throughout the kingdom; and while the people cursed the tyrant, they blessed her. In secret, the queen suffered a thousand cruelties from the man who had once so fondly loved her; and who, wicked as he was, could not cease to admire her. While her heart was wrung with anguish, a heavenly smile concealed her sad feelings; and disguising the wretched state of her mind, she thought only of restoring her husband to the good opinion of his subjects; but her efforts were in vain. Soon the war broke out—Rodrigo heard in gloomy despair that count Julian was his foe. But to the surprise and the delight of Egilone, the corrupt and enervated Rodrigo shook off his sloth, and appeared also to lay aside his vices. He collected his army—he called on the nobles to assist their king—he addressed them like a hero; and declaring his intention of either saving his kingdom or dying in the field, he left Toledo, followed by an immense army, and with every hope of success. The day of their departure was a miserable one for Spain. You, Alonzo, know much better than I do all that passed on the ill-fated plains of Xeres; but you can have no idea of the horror that assailed us, when many and continued messengers brought to Toledo the dreadful news of the defeat of the Christians, and the Moors success. Though the unhappy queen had severely felt the cold treatment and unkind language of the king, at bidding her farewell, yet she still flattered herself with a return of his love; and when the account was brought to Toledo, that he had found his death in the Guadaleta, a flood of grief overwhelmed the unhappy queen; and she lamented his loss more, much more, than she did her crown and liberty. The first paroxysm of grief had not subsided, when my gallant brother arrived at Toledo; he entered it in haste, attended by a faithful few; all was horror, confusion, and dismay. It was night—I was with the queen in a retired apartment of the palace—she had dismissed her weeping women, and suffered no one to remain with her but me. She had had successive faintings the whole day, and was now seated near an open lattice, for the benefit of cool air, for the night was sultry. A thousand meteors shot across the sky, and the moon seemed to walk in blood. I watched by the queen—deep sighs issued from her bosom; but the lightning's glare passed unheeded; her thoughts were in the field of Xeres, in the Guadaleta; often she uttered the name of Rodrigo, and a deluge of tears followed. The window of the apartment looked towards one of the gates of the town. I watched each passing sound; through the silence of night, my brother's voice struck my ear—hope revived in my bosom, and I endeavoured to

persuade Egilone all was not lost; but don Palayo's entrance banished every flattering vision—pale, fatigued, and in deep affliction, but looking what he is, a hero, he entered alone the queen's apartment. Unable to look up, Egilone hid her face with her hands, and in the most lamentable accents, asked was it true that Rodrigo was no more? My brother, violently agitated, took both her hands in his, crying—'My queen, my friend, my ever-honoured Egilone, this is not a moment to answer you—you must prepare for flight; here you must not, you cannot stay. The good archbishop Urbain—many of your friends—the nobles of your kingdom, are preparing to attend you to a place of safety. We have still many valiant soldiers left, and a number of faithful followers and friends. The mountains of the north will shelter us from the Infidels, till we can again make head against them; and don Palayo will protect you with his life—before morning we must quit Toledo.' Here don Palayo ceased; Egilone had sunk back on her seat, insensible to every thing. It was long before we could restore her to life. Don Palayo was under the necessity of leaving her to my care; he was called upon to prepare for the departure of the troops, and the multitude that wished to escape from certain destruction, should the town be taken. When the queen was recovered from her fainting fit, and restored to some degree of calmness, she sent for don Palayo, desiring to know from him exactly all that had passed in the camp; and when she had heard the whole sad relation, she positively refused for the present to quit Toledo. She said she might perhaps be still of some use there. She could not believe, that should count Julian make himself master of the place, he would treat her but as a queen; nor did she suppose he would suffer the Moors to shew her any indignity.—'Should I,' cried she, 'find at length a necessity for flight, I will undoubtedly follow you, my dear and valued friend. I shall not think myself entirely miserable, till abandoned by don Palayo.'—'That can never happen,' replied my brother, with warmth; 'I should be unworthy to live, Egilone, could I ever abandon you; but, do not delay, I beseech you—trust not count Julian's mercy—put yourself now under my care, and let me have the comfort of placing in safety the two women I love most on earth, my queen and my sister.' All the arguments that could be made use of were of no avail. The queen would not quit Toledo. Father Anselmo had prepared to follow don Palayo, but now determined to share the fortunes of the queen, since she could not be prevailed on to depart. Some ladies also remained with Egilone; others had already fled. I wished not to quit her, but she insisted on my following my brother; I wept, I begged, I besought her not to send me from her; I asked to remain with her even a few days, but she was not to be moved; she herself ordered every thing for my departure, made me the most magnificent presents, and having embraced me a thousand times and prayed for my happy meeting with the duke of Biscay, she made father Anselmo lead me half dead from her apartment; this was the last time I saw my beloved Egilone. Before the sun rose, I was sent with many others, by my brother, under a strong escort, from Toledo towards the north. Don Palayo remained all the day with the queen, spending it in vain endeavours to persuade her to quit so dangerous a situation. At length he bid her a tender adieu, and, with many friends and followers, overtook us on the road. Since that day I never have had the comfort of hearing directly from Egilone; but rumour says, that Musa's son, the gallant Abdalasis, made her his prisoner at Toledo, and that her charms have so captivated him, he has offered her his heart and his throne."

"Dear, amiable Egilone," cried Alonzo (deeply affected by all that Favilla had said), "may you be happy, and if you wed again, meet a husband that will know your worth better than the savage Rodrigo."

Just then don Palayo entering the duke's apartment, the conversation took a different turn; and the agitated Alonzo was not sorry to have the remainder of Favilla's story postponed to another evening. The different passions of his soul were set in motion when he thought on the past—Egilone claimed all his tenderness—the name of Rodrigo roused his fury; and quitting the duke's chamber, he sought to calm his perturbed spirit in a solitary ramble among the rocks that surrounded the castle. "His steps are short; he often stops; he tosses his sinewy arms; he is like a cloud in the desert, varying its form to every blast. The valleys are sad around."

END OF VOL. III.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall Street.

CAVA OF TOLEDO.

A ROMANCE.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

CAVA OF TOLEDO;

or,

The Gothic Princess.

A ROMANCE.

*IN FIVE VOLUMES*

*BY*

AUGUSTA AMELIA STUART,

AUTHOR OF

LUDOVICO'S TALE; THE ENGLISH BROTHERS; EXILE  
OF PORTUGAL, &c. &c.

Fierce wars, and faithful loves,  
And truth severe, in fairy fiction drest.

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## CAVA DE TOLEDO.

### CHAP. I.

IN vain Alonzo endeavoured to recover any degree of calmness; he saw his lost Cava a forlorn wanderer; he knew not what climate gave her shelter; his imagination dwelt on her wrongs, her virtues, and her beauty; "She was within his soul like a fire in secret heath, which awakes at the voice of the blast, and sends its beam abroad." The night was dark and stormy, and in unison with the feelings of the unhappy prince; but the watch of midnight sounded from the castle; at a distance he heard it on the wind; and fearful of giving uneasiness to his friends by his lengthened absence, he retraced his steps, and, on entering the fortress, found a great addition to the strength of don Palayo's forces, by a number of Christians, who had been hid in the surrounding mountains, coming to place themselves under his protection, as soon as they had heard of Musad's defeat.

Every man was now of consequence to don Palayo; and though not at that moment employed in war, they found it necessary and wise to prepare for it; and had full occupation in disciplining the soldiers, and rendering them fit for a field of battle.

The duke of Biscay gained strength every day; his wounds were almost healed: again Favilla's eye sparkled with pleasure, again her cheek crimsoned with health; and as the fond eyes of the duke sought hers, love threw a rosy veil over her snowy bosom, and her modest looks were cast upon the ground. The grateful Alphonso blessed his happy fate, that had brought him from the gates of Death, to bestow on him so perfect a creature as Favilla; and he entreated don Palayo to consent to their union before they left the castle for his residence near Oviedo. "I cannot," said the duke, with ardour, "run any further risk; she must be mine before I again enter a field of battle;" and turning to don Palayo, "Fear not that so much happiness will enervate my arm; no, it will render me invincible against the Moors: who would not try to render himself worthy of such a brother as don Palayo, and such a wife as Favilla?"

"Who," said don Palayo, smiling, and taking the duke's hand, "could ever doubt the courage or the heart of the noble Alphonso? Willingly do I give my sister to your protection; you are worthy of each other."

It was then determined that, in a month from that day, the marriage of the duke and Favilla should take place; and that, after its celebration, they should leave a strong guard at the castle, and remove to don Palayo's residence near the sea coast, on the Bay of Biscay.

Alonzo was present at these arrangements, and, miserable as he was himself, his heart rejoiced in the happiness of his friends. Favilla was endeared to him by every bond of friendship, but most of all by her strong attachment to Cava, whom she daily lamented, and whom she determined to seek, if possible, all over Spain, and try to persuade her to take up her abode with her; and she often declared to Alonzo, could she obtain that wish, no other would remain to her on earth.

Again alone with Favilla and the duke, Alonzo entreated he might be made acquainted with the remainder of their adventures, and how it happened that they were so persecuted by the governor Gion.

“I have now little to relate,” said Favilla, “but that little makes me shudder with horror, for it shews me the dreadful abyss I have escaped: but you, my kind friend, who have saved me from the misery that hung over me, are entitled to know the whole of my sad narration.

“I think our conversation was interrupted where I told you that the good Anselmo led me half dead from the chamber of the queen. My heart indeed was bursting, and I felt almost indifferent to what became of me when I left Toledo. My brother’s foresight had provided for every thing; and, considering the suddenness of our flight, all that left the city were wonderfully well accommodated. The good bishop Urbain was with us, and I experienced from him all the tenderness of a father. We had continued our journey two days before my brother overtook us; he then joined us with a number of troops; and those that remained behind him escorted numbers of the citizens, men, women, and children. Seeing that such a multitude suffered a thousand hardships that I was free from, and that in my flight I had a hope of happiness that none of them had, for I still looked to my union with the duke of Biscay, I grew ashamed of my weakness and my grief; I endeavoured to dry my tears, and suppress unreasonable feelings, and to accept with thankfulness the good that I saw in prospect. I was soon rewarded for my determination, by the opportunities it afforded me of being useful to others; the thousand sweet attentions that a feeling mind bestows on those around them, is sure to bring tenfold pleasure to the human heart. I was a proof of this; for, before our melancholy journey was ended, there were few in our unfortunate company that did not vow an eternal friendship to don Palayo and his sister; and I believe there was not a soldier belonging to us that would not have laid down his life in my defence: indeed,” cried the princess, her voice faltering, and her eyes filling with tears, “the slaughter in the valley, where you, Alphonso, were so sadly wounded, was a strong proof of the attachment of the troops; for many brave men have fallen in my defence, whom I shall for ever lament.”

Here the gentle Favilla was some minutes before she could proceed. Alphonso’s tenderness assuaged her grief; and casting towards him a mingled look of gratitude and affection, she continued her discourse.

“You may suppose, Alonzo, that with such numbers, we travelled slowly towards the north; by degrees, however, these numbers decreased; we were not all destined to reach one spot. The country the most secure from the Moors was marked out as the abode for many; whole families took up their habitation in large caves in the mountains, and many in those large towns and villages where the Moors had not as yet appeared: a settled plan was adopted, or every thing must have been in confusion. Unfortunately for me, Musad, the governor of Gion, pretended a violent friendship for my brother; by birth and in outward shew he was a Christian, in his heart a renegado, and secretly in league with the Moors; for which reason he was left by them governor of a large district. When we were at some distance from his town, he came out to meet us, expressed unbounded joy at don Palayo’s safety, admired his valour, his activity, and declared him above all praise, for his protection of the Christians against their cruel masters.—He then besought my brother to remain some time with him; advised his placing his troops near the town, accepting for ourselves accommodation in his palace, and every assistance in his power to give to the Christians that accompanied us. He deceived the good Urbain by the respect he pretended for religion, and the attention he paid him. Don Palayo, not doubting the sincerity of the man, whose appearance was so plausible, consented to remain some time

in the district of which he was governor; and the deceitful Musad received us into his town and palace, with the shew of the utmost sincerity. I thought him hideous, malignant, and cunning, from the first moment I beheld him; and I confess at times his looks made me tremble; but his politeness was such, and his professions of friendship so great, that I kept my bad opinion of him concealed in my own bosom, not thinking I had a right to speak unkindly of one whose assistance don Palayo hoped might be of the utmost service to the cause of the Christians. After some time, Musad took an opportunity of persuading my brother to go on business, as he said, of the highest importance, to general Tariff; he even held out to him that the Moors might yet be persuaded to quit the country, and quietly give up the conquests they had made, if we could bribe them sufficiently—"For," said Musad, "their tenure of Spain is as yet very uncertain; and there is wanted a wise and brave man to negotiate this business—you, don Palayo, are that man; and you will, if you undertake it, crown yourself with eternal glory, and the Christians will idolize and reverence you as the first of human beings."

"My brother saw not much to hope, notwithstanding all the arguments that Musad made use of; but he considered he should be to blame to neglect any thing that could be of advantage to his country, and determining not to lay down his arms but with a certainty of honourable peace, he would not refuse to negotiate. Taking leave of me and the friends he left behind, he recommended us most strongly to the governor till his return. Many were the assurances that Musad gave him of fidelity to his cause, and eternal friendship; and Palayo left us, perfectly secure with respect to my safety, and the honour of the governor.

"In a few days after his departure, Musad's manners assumed a very different appearance; he lost his distance and respect for me, and treated me with a familiarity and gallantry perfectly disgusting: had he been the first king in the world, and my heart disengaged, he was so odious to me, that I should rather have died than accepted his hand; as it was, you may suppose how miserable I became, when he no longer made a secret of the violent passion he had conceived for me; from the hour he chose to declare it publicly, he allowed me no peace; I was continually intruded on by him; and under the plea of care for my person, I was constantly watched—I could not move without a spy. This conduct enraged me; I remonstrated in the strongest terms; I told him I never could be his; I assured him I was most solemnly engaged to the duke of Biscay; I desired to be left free and at peace. When I mentioned the duke, he put on a most malignant and sarcastic smile; and looking a perfect demon, said—"Lady, if I cannot obtain your love, I will at least have your hand; love lasts the longest that comes after marriage; you must be my wife; when once you are so, I will venture to say you will not repent it: it will be for the good of Spain that we should be united; your brother must think so, for I have written to him on the subject, and shortly expect his answer."

"He ceased; and notwithstanding my bad opinion of him, his great effrontery astonished me; and looking at him with the utmost contempt, I said—"How dare you, Musad, insult me in this manner? know you not that I am of royal blood, and cannot match with you? I am convinced you have not the temerity to write to don Palayo on such a subject."—"Rather suppose," answered he, with the most provoking coolness, "that actuated by love and glory, I have demanded your hand from don Palayo"—"He will rather die than grant it," returned I with indignation. —"We shall soon see," cried the monster; "and I promise you, my fair princess, that the measures I shall take will entirely



depend on the answer I receive from your brother. I beseech you, lady, to be gay; enjoy the pleasures of a palace, in which you shall shortly command, and waste not the time between this and don Palayo's answer in vain regrets; if you weep, your bright eyes will lose their lustre; and to a lady there is no loss like that of beauty; look as you do now, and notwithstanding your disdain, I must ever adore you.' Then seizing my hand, in spite of my endeavours to prevent him, he raised it to his lips. He saw the contempt I held him in; and, though inwardly provoked at it, he from this hour put some constraint on himself; he still surrounded me with spies. In public every attention was paid to my rank; my attendants, though watched as strictly as I was, were still allowed to remain near me. So secure did I feel of my brother's entire disapprobation of the governor's proposal and conduct, that I thought myself silly in having the least uneasiness on that account. I thought it, however, most prudent to let him know my situation; and eluding the vigilance of the spies that surrounded me, I contrived to send him a letter, beseeching him to return as soon as possible, and free me from the odious Musad, who had dared to insult me by an offer of marriage: having sent my letter so as to be certain it was safely delivered, I felt myself more composed.

"I avoided seeing the governor, when it was possible for me to do so; and I endeavoured to amuse myself by planning my future life; and giving the reins to my imagination, I saw myself safely and securely settled in Biscay with Alphonso: think then what my horror must have been, when one morning the detested Musad presented me a letter from don Palayo, while he held one to himself open in his hand. I was going, with a trembling hand, to open my brother's letter, when the insolent Musad prevented me, by saying—'I hope, amiable Favilla, you will no longer frown on my ardent passion, or treat me as you have hitherto done; you will see by the prince don Palayo's letter, he does not like you accuse me of presumption in looking up to you; no, he is too wise to tempt his fate; he accepts my offers as he ought to accept them; he perfectly sees the advantages they hold out to him, and, allow me to say, to you also—assure yourself, my fair Favilla, that, secure of your wise brother's consent to our union, I shall never relinquish my prize. I have waited on you to make known my intentions, and also don Palayo's; and I shall immediately give orders for the most splendid preparations for our nuptials; be satisfied, my queen, they shall be all you could wish.'

"I was mute with terror; he took no notice of my distress, but read aloud don Palayo's letter. It was full of acknowledgments to the vile governor for his care of me; he gave his consent to his union with me; and said, to prove how agreeable the marriage was to him, he must request Musad to appoint the celebration of it for that day month, when he would, if alive, attend in person to see his beloved sister so happily disposed of.

"Exultingly Musad read the letter. My astonishment every moment increased; terror took the place of every other feeling; and without making any answer, I tore open the letter I held in my hand. Alas! its contents agreed exactly with what I had just listened to; and I knew my brother's writing too well to suppose the letters were counterfeit: for some moments I stood like one condemned to execution; then giving a deep groan, I fell senseless to the ground. I remained for a long time insensible to the misery of my situation; when I recovered from the faintings into which I had been thrown, I was so weak and ill, that for some days I looked with pleasure on my approaching end; but the king of terrors does not always attend the call of the unhappy; in spite of what I endured, my health returned, and I was no longer suffered to be alone; Musad had the insolence to

declare, if I did not mix with company as usual, he would be the continual companion of my solitude. This decided me; I again appeared in public, for by doing so could I alone avoid his odious attentions.

“With horror I saw the preparations for my nuptials; and I could not on this occasion reconcile my brother’s present cruelty with his former tenderness. ‘Can he,’ thought I, ‘to favour his ambition, treat me thus? can he sell me to the vile Musad? can he forget his friendship with the duke of Biscay?’ At times my heart rose in anger against this dear brother; at other times I was melted into tears of tenderness, and feared his hopes were desperate respecting the part he had taken. ‘Can he,’ said I, ‘can such a man as Palayo lean on Musad for support? can he be fallen so low as to wish a connexion with him? do my ears and eyes deceive me? is what I have heard a dream, and are the preparations I behold only the visions of a distracted brain?’ Terrified at the near approach of the time I trembled only to think of, I again wrote to my brother, and trusted my letter to one I knew I could confide in.

“I implored don Palayo to consider that I was his sister, once dearly loved by him; that in consenting to Musad’s proposal, he consigned me to eternal misery; and I besought him to fly to my succour, instead of joining with my enemies to oppress and degrade me. I said all I thought could move the heart of my brother; and only wondered, when I had finished my epistle, how it could be necessary for me to say so much. I wept and sighed over it, and consigning it to my friend, I waited with the utmost anxiety for his return; but, alas! no messenger returned—no letter, came; and, if I was to believe Musad, Palayo himself had appointed the celebration of the nuptials for the next day. Never shall I forget my feelings when that morning rose. The dawn announced a glorious day, but to me all was dark and dismal; I loathed the light of the sun, and should have blessed the hand that had put an end to my existence. Towards noon, Musad sent me the most magnificent presents; I did not deign to look on them, and remained in an inner apartment lost in grief. Long I was not suffered to indulge it; an unusual bustle in the palace announced the arrival of don Palayo, and I soon saw him enter my apartment with a cheerful countenance, and followed close by the detestable governor. Much as I loved my brother, his air and manner provoked me; and instead of meeting him with affection, I shrunk from his embrace. He smiled, and carelessly turning to Musad, said—‘My friend, you must excuse a timid beauty, bred in a court, and always indulged. Come,’ added he, taking my unwilling hand, ‘I will have you smile, Favilla; you are fortunate, if you will but think yourself so; in a very short time, you will own to me that you are completely happy.’

“As my brother spoke, he gave me a look that imported much, but that I at the moment did not perfectly understand. Musad almost set me mad, as he seemed to exult in the success of all his schemes; and he looked more assured and insolent than ever. I was silent; my rage, my astonishment, and my disappointment in my brother, took from me the power of speech. For some time they remained in my apartment; and I found, by the conversation that passed, that don Palayo and Musad were to spend the whole of the day together on business, and that I was expected to partake of an evening banquet, that had been ordered in honour of my brother. My faculties were all benumbed; I could only bow my head, as don Palayo desired my appearance at it. He and Musad rose to depart, and the latter, turning to look at something in the saloon, don Palayo, quick as thought, threw a letter close to me on the ground, intimating by his looks it was for me; I had the

presence of mind to place my foot on it till they were out of sight, and then eagerly snatching it from the ground, I read the following words:—‘Dearest Favilla, don Palayo would sooner die than sacrifice you to Musad; but beware of your conduct; appear at the banquet with as little disgust as you can shew, and at midnight admit me to your apartment; at that hour I shall be at the private door nearest the gallery; dismiss your women—our lives are at stake, and we are narrowly watched; I have much to say to you. Alphonso is well, and almost as dear to me as he is to you. Be prudent, and all will yet tend to your happiness.’

“You may judge the effect these few lines had on me; they indeed brought me from the brink of the grave; I could with difficulty admit the delightful hope they inspired; yet I plainly saw my brother intended to prevent the hateful ceremony he had himself appointed to take place the next day; it appeared to me a thing nearly impossible; yet I would rely on his truth—I would hope every thing. Having read the note over a hundred times, and as often fixed my eyes with transport on what he said of Alphonso, I destroyed the paper, that not a vestige of it might remain; and summoning my women, I prepared for the banquet, with a heart, though palpitating and trembling at every sound, yet more at ease than I believed some hours before I should ever find it. During the evening, I acted my part better than I had hoped to do. Don Palayo’s cheerfulness surprised me; but I knew him wise, and was satisfied he had reasons unknown to me for his conduct. At length I was permitted to return to my own apartment; and never did time move so slow as between that and midnight.

“I dismissed my attendants, and hiding the light that burnt on my table, I watched at the private door the sound of don Palayo’s steps. True to his appointment, he came to the moment; he saw my great anxiety by my watching; but whispering silence, he entered the room, and gently closing the door, led me to a seat at a distance from it. ‘How could you think, Favilla,’ cried he, ‘even for a moment, that I could give up your happiness for any earthly consideration? no; on my soul, it is dearer to me than my own; and much as I love you, I would rather see you dead, than sacrificed to the odious Musad: but had I not deceived him with false hopes, you might before this day have been his victim; and I, with many whose lives I am anxious to preserve, would have fallen in your cause.’ Here this dear brother informed me he had received my letters, which he did not dare to answer, as we were beset with spies; that his murder was determined on by Musad, had his consent been refused to the marriage; that a general massacre of the Christians in and about the town would have taken place; and I should have been made his wife by force. Don Palayo having certain information of all this horrible plot, consented, in appearance most willingly, to the governor’s wishes, and himself fixed the day for the nuptials, that he might have a month to prepare a counter-plot, which might assist him and all his friends to escape from a monster, of whose character he was not aware when he entered his district. My brother then assured me, that his troops, and those Christians dispersed through the town and the surrounding country, were all in readiness to fly from the tyrant, if even they were to fight their way; but till he gave the signal, not a man was to stir; ‘that signal,’ said he, ‘must be given tomorrow night, at the hour appointed for the ceremony of your marriage. Musad has fortunately fixed it for the hour of midnight, and a great feast is to precede it. You must appear at this feast in your bridal habit; be cheerful, and fear nothing; seek not to have any conversation with me; and be ready to follow me the moment I seize your hand.’ My brother then rose, embraced me, and, through prudence,

refused to stay another moment in my apartment. 'Be upon your guard, and doubt me not, Favilla;' these were his last words: a dead weight was taken from my heart; and I adored the brother that risked every thing to save me from a wretched fate. I knew not his plans, but I fully relied on his prudence and wisdom; and, for the first time for many weeks, I enjoyed peaceful slumbers.

"The day appointed for my nuptials, and once so dreaded, now beamed upon me without inspiring terror; depending on don Palayo, as he directed, I collected all I had of value, and all the jewels that were not that day to adorn my person, and sent them to the apartments where he resided. He soon came with the governor to pay me a morning visit.

"Musad then informed me, that midnight was the hour appointed to bless him with my hand; that the chapel belonging to his palace was at that moment decorating for the occasion; but long before that happy hour, he would expect me to grace a banquet, where I should receive the homage of those in his court most worthy my notice. I was silent; I could not behold the insolent monster without fear and abhorrence; and involuntarily I stepped back to avoid him. I thought I could perceive a malignant joy in his eye, which seemed to say he would soon be master, and controul me at his pleasure.

"On my continuing silent, my brother answered I should obey his orders. They departed; and soon after I was obliged to prepare for my appearance at the banquet. Towards evening I received a line by a trusty attendant, who waited not for an answer; I opened the paper and read—'Dress yourself with the utmost magnificence; attend the feast at the appointed time, with all the cheerfulness you can assume; fear nothing, all goes well; trust to don Palayo.' These few words were a cordial to my drooping spirits: I did as my kind protector advised, and willingly attended those who were sent to conduct me to the hall, where the insolent and proud Musad played the part of a king, and could not conceal his delight at seeing every one submit to his power.

"I own to you, my friends, that as firm as was my reliance on don Palayo, at times I trembled; and my heart almost died within me, as it presaged a fatal catastrophe. The banquet was long and wearisome; seated between Musad and my brother, I felt myself completely miserable; and as I often turned from the odious attentions of Musad to look at don Palayo, and ask by my eyes what was the meaning of all this, and how it would end, I fancied I saw in his countenance the utmost anxiety, concealed from common observers under the mask of joy. Weary and languid with the scene, I was almost tempted to rise from table, when a look from my brother fixed me to my seat; and he proposed to Musad drinking to my health. Musad accepted the challenge; large goblets of wine were brought, and by don Palayo's orders the trumpets were sounded. Musad, not satisfied with one goblet, called for a second, and drank to the bottom. I saw Palayo's eyes fixed earnestly upon him; in a few minutes he seemed suddenly overcome with the wine he had drank, and my brother, rising and seizing my hand, said aloud—'it was now time to lead me to the chapel.' Musad sat with a stupid stare, and suffered us to quit the hall alone. My brother had fast hold of me, and hurrying me quickly on, I found he was followed by a number of his friends, who were always in attendance on his person. He whispered one near him; they all took a different direction, and he still hurried me towards the chapel. I saw at a distance the lights within, the guards that surrounded the door, and heard music from the interior. I trembling asked where he was leading me? at that moment a violent noise from that part of the palace we had left assailed our ears. I started at the sound, but don Palayo cried—'Fear nothing, my sister, all is well; we must instantly fly, and we

shall soon be beyond the tyrant's power.' By this time we were descending the steps that led into the chapel; a priest met us, and I soon found he was in the confidence of the prince. He threw a dark cloak over my splendid dress, and leading us with the utmost expedition through an aisle lighted only by the faint glimmerings of distant lamps, he opened a trap door, and making us descend a flight of steps, he followed, closing the door most carefully after him, and fastening it on the side we were at. He then took a dark lanthorn from his bosom, and making a motion to us to be silent and follow him, he preceded us with the light; and I hung on my brother's arm, wondering and anxious to escape from the dismal abode (for I perceived we were in the vaults of the chapel, among the mouldering dead), and I must confess my weakness—I was shocked when I beheld, by the pale light I followed, broken coffins and human bones scattered round this melancholy abode of death.

"The vaults were extensive, and we were long in passing them; the air was damp and putrid, and my spirits began to fail, when we happily came to the end of our journey; a grated door admitted a moonbeam to this dreary place, and, as our guide unclosed it, the fresh and cool air brought back my scattered senses; with joy I rushed through the narrow outlet, and found myself in the open country. 'Here you are safe, my prince,' cried the good father; 'and I must accompany you in your flight, for was I to return, certain death would attend me.' Don Palayo assured him he would ever protect him; and leading me forward, we found our attendants waiting with horses ready for us. We all mounted; our guide led the way; and my brother then told me, that in a few hours we should come up with a large party of our friends; that every soul belonging to us had got safely out of Musad's power; and that we were protected by a large body of troops not far distant. 'I would before this have made you acquainted with all my schemes,' said he, 'but a single word dropped in the hearing of a spy might have undone us. I completely deceived the wretch by consenting to his marriage; had I reproved his insolence, and refused his alliance, he would have called the Moors to his assistance, for he is a renegado. My plans you see, Favilla, have been well laid, and, thank Heaven, have succeeded. I have some faithful followers, who have conducted every thing; and not a single domestic belonging to us has been left in Musad's power: the signal for our friends to quit the town was the trumpet that sounded at the banquet. I did not wish to murder the wretch; it would have been a shocking and inglorious deed; I therefore spared his worthless life; but I bribed his cupbearer to give him a strong opiate in his wine; I watched the effect, and when I was certain of its influence, I withdrew you from the hall. He must for many hours submit to the power of the draught; it will not injure him; but his most skilful leech will not be able to awake him for a length of time; and till they do so, no one will think of pursuing don Palayo: and you, my dear Favilla, will, I hope, be soon in a place of safety, under the protection of the duke of Biscay.'

"Here I stopped my brother; I was nearly overcome with joy. 'When? where shall I see Alphonso?' cried I; 'does he know what I have endured?—is he near?—is he coming to my succour?'—'He is near, he is coming to your succour,' replied Palayo; 'I have apprized him of our situation; he flies on the wings of love to protect you; and to-morrow, I trust, we shall meet him on our way.'

"We travelled most part of the night, over mountains and unfrequented roads; towards morning, my brother insisted on my taking some refreshment, and a few hours rest. We had reached a beautiful and retired spot, surrounded with trees; and under their

shade some cloaks were spread, and I was forced by don Palayo to take some repose; he and his followers kept guard while I slept. Relieved from the distress of mind I had so long laboured under, and fatigued with my journey, I instantly fell into the most profound sleep, which lasted till broad day. On awaking, what language can express the happiness I felt on beholding Alphonso near me! I started in transport from the ground; and my heart owned, that a fugitive in a wilderness, the earth my resting-place, the canopy of heaven the only roof that sheltered me, I yet felt a moment of more real happiness than I had ever experienced in the splendid court of Toledo. To be rescued from the power of the odious Musad, and restored to the duke of Biscay, was such perfect bliss as beggars all description."

"Never," cried Alphonso, interrupting her, "never, my charming Favilla, shall I forget your looks at the moment you awoke; had a doubt ever entered my mind of your affection, it must have vanished when your speaking countenance told the feelings of your constant heart, and infused transport into mine."

Favilla's eyes thanked the duke for his interpretation, and she continued—"The glorious sun now gave light and comfort to the earth, and our guard spread upon the ground some milk and fruits, that they had procured among the mountain shepherds, and, placing ourselves under the shade of the trees, we made a delicious repast. Some of don Palayo's soldiers, who had lingered in the town, now joined us; they informed us that the greatest confusion reigned in the palace; that after we had left the hall, the governor had fallen from his chair, and for some time he was believed to be dead; but his physician being called, pronounced him only in a lethargy, and declared his life was not in the least danger. For some hours we had not been missed, and all was quiet; but when it was found that don Palayo's people had fled, and that neither we nor our attendants were seen in the palace, it was rumoured that my brother had carried me off, to prevent my marriage with the governor; it was also believed, that as soon as Musad should recover from his stupor, he would pursue us.

"Don Palayo now thought it most prudent to commit me to Alphonso's care, attended by some faithful soldiers then with us, for many had joined us, and others came with the duke. It was settled that we should take the most unfrequented roads, and the shortest passes through the mountains, till we reached the residence of don Palayo, who declared his intention of remaining with his followers, and the rest of his troops, and making head against Musad, should he attempt a pursuit. Alphonso and I rose to depart; and no one seemed to doubt our being safe from the danger of an attack on the part of the governor. On bidding us adieu, my brother desired us to preside at his castle, till he should join us there; and he feared it would be some time before he had that satisfaction, as the numbers he had with him would render his march slow, and he believed he would take a circuitous course.

"I would willingly have remained with this excellent brother, but yielded to his better judgment, and sorrowfully bade him farewell.

"Alphonso said every thing to cheer my soul; and we travelled the whole of the day in safety, through solitary wilds and boundless wastes, and saw none of the human race, except now and then a shepherd driving his flock from steep to steep, to seek their scanty food; but with the decline of the sun my terrors returned; and if a hare crossed our path, or a bird fluttered on a blasted tree, I trembled, fearful of seeing the horrible Musad. The soldiers that were with me endeavoured to allay my fears, by assuring me I had

nothing to dread; it was not us the governor would pursue; it was don Palayo, whose route must be known; we had taken indirect and intricate paths, and in all human probability could not be traced. Alas! it was too certain that at the moment we were traced, and that some miserable individual had betrayed us to the governor.

“As soon as the effects of the opium was over, he was made acquainted with what had passed; and, burning with rage and revenge, he ordered out a party to pursue us, offering a great reward to any one who could certainly point out the road we had taken. An unfortunate being, who had for some unknown cause returned to the town, and who had heard don Palayo point out to Alphonso the road we should take, dazzled by the reward he heard proclaimed, was tempted to betray us; and going to the renegado, offered to conduct him before night to where he should find me. Musad was enchanted; he paid the treacherous soldier the gold, and then gave him into the care of his guards till he should perform his promise; then setting himself at the head of some chosen troops, he left don Palayo to pursue his march unmolested, and with the utmost expedition followed Alphonso and me through the mountains. He came up to us in a narrow pass near the valley, where the battle was fought, of which Pedro has already given you the sad account. You know how many brave men perished in my defence, and how near I was to being made the most miserable wretch on earth by losing Alphonso. It would be impossible for me to attempt describing to you, Alonzo, any thing that occurred at that dreadful hour. When I beheld Musad opposed to the duke, I lost all sense of what was passing; and the first thing I remember afterwards, was opening my eyes on the countenance of the disgusting Ursula, in the chamber where you found me; from her I heard that all my attendants were slain, and the duke no more.

“Successive faintings followed this news. The savage Ursula, tired of the trouble I gave her, ordered the guard to chain me to the pillar; then pouring a cordial by force down my throat, she had me lifted on the couch, and there left me for hours to mourn my sad fate, returning once or twice in the day to make me swallow something to support nature. You know that the length of my chain allowed me to move about; but it was heavy, and completely prevented my endeavours to escape; so that the fiend who guarded me, knowing I could not elude her power, was careless of paying me any other attention than just enough to keep me in existence; and to this I owe my present safety; for had she been more frequent in her visits, and discovered you in my apartment, she would have summoned the guard, and we should have been undone.”

“You forget, my dear friend,” said Alonzo, “that what we owe our safety to was the love of the fond Ursula for the robber Fernando; you know, as I glided before her in the vestibule, she took me for his ghost; and affirmed to you that he came nightly to visit her, from the violent passion he had conceived for her while living.”

“Well,” cried the duke, smiling, “if this is the case, we must certainly give Ursula the merit of a constant attachment.”

“Poor wretch,” said Favilla, “she was very hardened; and, I fear, had a very guilty conscience. I wish you could have seen her in all her finery, when she went to sup with the guard, for so extraordinary, hideous, and ridiculous a figure, I never beheld.

“Now, my kind friend, Alonzo, you are acquainted with all that relates to me since we parted at Toledo; and, considering the sad scenes we have gone through, I think it most wonderful that we are here to relate them: what would I not give that you were at this moment as happy as your friend! of this, however, be assured, that don Palayo, the

duke of Biscay, and myself, will do our utmost to render you so; nothing on our part shall be wanting to restore peace to your mind; let us look forward, my friend, to better and happier days.”

Here the gentle Favilla ceased; and Alonzo thanking her for her narration, but chiefly for her tender friendship, declared, that in her society, and in that of the duke of Biscay and don Palayo, he should find every mitigation of his sorrows that was to be found in this world. In such conversations these attached friends spent much of their time, while they remained at their present abode.

Nothing material happened at the castle during the duke’s convalescence. Don Palayo was indefatigable in augmenting his army, and training his troops. Accompanied by Alonzo and some more trusty friends, he reconnoitred the country to a great distance, and formed plans for his future conduct.

At the expiration of a month, he gave his sister to her worthy lover, and for ever secured the duke Alphonso’s friendship, and his assistance in all the schemes he afterwards so fortunately executed; and which, in the course of time, brought about the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

As nothing farther occurred that can interest the reader while our heroes continued at Musad’s castle (now don Palayo’s by right of conquest), wishing the new-married couple all the felicity they can enjoy in a well-assorted marriage, founded on the only true basis for happiness, that of pure and mutual affection, we shall for some time lose sight of them; and, leaving them to divide their hours between love and glory, seek our heroine, whom we left so long since launched on the world of waters, attended by her faithful friend, Garcia, and casting an anxious and tearful eye towards Spain.

Here, however, we must ourselves slacken our sails, and anchor for the night in yon commodious harbour. Morpheus there keeps his court, and will cover us with his broad wings from the dangers of the night: with the morning’s dawn, exhilarated by its balmy breath, we will again unfurl our sails, lift our heavy anchor, and seek the wanderer on the boundless deep,

“Nor leave her in a land no longer seen,  
Where oceans roll, and mountains rise between.”



## CHAP. II.

ARRIVED at this part of my story, I own myself at a loss how to proceed; I have so long resigned my heroine to oblivion, that I almost fear, if my readers are not possessed of the best memory in the world, they will have done the same; and that, fascinated by the graces of Favilla, they will feel less interest for Cava.

But, as in generous bosoms the unhappy always find a friend, I will dismiss my fears; and having rested from the fatigue I suffered in following Alonzo for many weeks from one extremity of Spain to the other, fighting battles, and liberating captives, I will now, borne, I hope, on more fortunate wings than those of Icarus, seek my wanderer in the wide Atlantic; for there, if my memory is true, we parted. Yonder I behold the galley that bears her from the far distant island, the asylum of Alvarez. "She is dim in its sides—the night has covered her beauty—her hair sighs on ocean's wind—her robe streams in dusky wreaths—she is like the faint spirit of Heaven in the midst of his shadowy mist."

From the time that Garcia's galley had left the Canary Islands, favourable winds had filled its sails; cloudless days and starry nights had attended its course; and the joyful pilot shortly found himself in the known track towards the pillars of Hercules. The shores of Africa and of Spain now rose to view; and, while the mariners shouted with joy, don Garcia and Cava, with mournful steps pacing the deck, cast to both shores their anxious and inquiring eyes; but, alas! at the present no information could they hope for of what was passing in either country.

Garcia believed it most prudent to make for the port of Carthagen; there their galley steered, and safely entered. All rejoiced once more to have regained their native land, all but Cava, who dreaded she might never find the father, or the asylum she was come to seek.

Garcia having discharged the crew and sold the vessel, advised Cava to remain for some days where they were, both to rest after their voyage, and to make inquiries respecting the state of the country.

Under a pilgrim's habit, the princess concealed her person and her rank; she also took the precaution of darkening her lovely complexion to nearly the dye of Egypt; and shortening those graceful locks that ornamented her beautiful head, and hung in ringlets on her ivory neck. Her large hat almost concealed her face; and little remained of Cava, to outward appearance, but her majestic air; this no disguise, nor even her own endeavours, could divest her of.

Garcia was indefatigable in seeking information on the state of his country; but his inquiries were useless; nothing was known of count Julian: many Christians had fled; and all he could learn was, that the dominion of the Moors was absolute.

Trembling for his wife and child, he was now as desirous as Cava to reach Toledo; and as soon as they were rested from the fatigues of their voyage, they commenced their journey towards that city.

During their course they were witnesses to sights of woe; and every where the faces of the inhabitants were marked with sorrow. As they approached Toledo, their grief was great at the desolation it presented; its towers were fallen—its gates were prostrate in the dust. The Moors seemed masters of the town; they guarded the ruined battlements; and, as they passed along, they appeared to outnumber the Christians. Cava's heart

swelled in her bosom; her staff could not sustain her tottering limbs, and she leaned on Garcia for support.

They entered the town, silent and in sorrow; they traversed the streets towards the quarter where Garcia's house stood; impatiently he advanced towards the entrance, and was pushing forward, when he was opposed by a young Moor, who asked his business? The terrified Garcia declared his name and quality, both which he had a little while before determined on concealing; and trembling with anxiety and terror, demanded if his wife and child were there? The Moor answered with good nature, and as if he felt his distress—"Christian, they are not here; they left this house in safety some weeks since, on the taking of the town by our brave general Abdalesis, the son of Musa. Your wife retired to the monastery of your saint Issidore; I liked this house, and gave her value for it, with which she seemed well satisfied. I have since heard nothing of her; I hope you may find her well:" then looking earnestly at Garcia, and the poor pilgrim that leaned on him, the Moor added—"Enter, Christians; you seem fatigued; you are welcome to repose and food within these walls. Abdalesis is no tyrant; and those in command under him emulate his bright example, and shew mercy to the conquered. I entreat you to accept my offers."

Garcia gratefully thanked the generous Moor; but excused himself from accepting his hospitality, from his impatience to seek his family.

Cava had been silent; but as they turned from the door, she lifted her fine eyes to the Moor's face, saying—"Kind stranger, know you any thing of count Julian? does he live?"

The Moor, gazing on her, stepped back, struck with her sorrow and her beauty, though in disguise; believing her deeply interested for the count, he would not add to her grief, by telling her his supposed fate; and with hesitation he replied—"Lady, I know not what is become of count Julian; when last I saw him, it was in the plains of Xeres."

A deep sigh expressed the sorrow and disappointment of the pilgrim; and silently bowing to the Moor, she again laid hold on Garcia's arm, and they took the way to the convent. Many were the desolated streets they passed through; many the heaps of ruins over which they trod.

At a distance the royal palace appeared full in view. Cava entreated Garcia to turn from it, and take the way to St. Issidore by a more circuitous path.

"I fear," cried Garcia, "from what I now behold, that that royal palace, once the seat of mighty kings, is now the habitation of Infidels: few are the Christians we meet, and they seem willing to shun us."

"Oh!" cried Cava, stopping, and speaking with energy, "could I but know if the excellent, the charming Egilone still exists—if she and my beloved Favilla still inhabit Toledo—if they are within yon palace—and if the Moors treat them with the respect due to their rank and character."

The princess now appeared doubtful whether she should not retrace her steps, and at the gates of the palace make the wished inquiries for her friends.

"Do not think of approaching the palace," cried Garcia; "recollect you wish not, you cannot, indeed, wish to be known for the daughter of count Julian; it might be fatal to you; neither Christians nor Infidels would, perhaps, shew you mercy: let us hasten to St. Issidore; we shall hear all from the good fathers."

"Garcia, my kind friend, I yield to your cooler judgment; and I submit with humility to the decrees of fate. Once high in rank, surrounded with splendour, possessed

of riches, of all the world could bestow, I have a hundred times passed, with a train of flattering followers, these streets, through which I am now wandering a wretched pilgrim, destitute of parents, of friends, of a home, where I could pass, in safety and without molestation, the short remainder of my miserable life: but Heaven's will be done," she cried. "What passes here below can little effect one whose ardent desire is to quit a world that holds out no comfort."

Garcia mourned the sufferings he had not the power to mitigate; and, in sad silence, they found themselves before the gate of St. Issidore. It was soon opened to them; their outward appearance declared them Christians, and they were instantly admitted. The good and humble fathers of the house came round them; and seeing they were sad and weary, offered refreshment, and all the poverty of their house afforded.

"The world has frowned upon us," said one of the oldest of the fathers; "the Moors have robbed us of every thing of value we possessed; and we have now barely what will support us; but our habitation, our hearts, and our hands, are still open to our distressed Christian brethren; and you, strangers, are welcome to share with us what the goodness of God has left us. We see that you are Christians, mourning over your lost country, and execrating the vile count Julian, who has so wickedly, wantonly, and cruelly, brought destruction on it."

Cava, who had been considering whether she should not discover her real name and quality to the religious of the house of St. Issidore, hearing these words, trembled in every limb; and leaning against the wall for support, she was just fainting, when one of the fathers brought her a cordial, and assisting her to a seat, entreated her to be composed.

Garcia, shocked also at what he had heard, and not wishing to be known for count Julian's friend, intimated to the princess to be silent on the subject; and then requested to know of the good religious, "if the wife of Garcia, who had formerly lived at the court of Toledo, had, with her child, taken refuge in the house of St. Issidore? for, if she was still under the protection of the fathers, he would desire an interview with her, as he had something of importance to communicate respecting her husband."

"She has quitted this asylum long since," replied Turpin, the most ancient of the fathers; "and I have heard that she and her child are with queen Egilone at Seville. She sent us a message some time ago, by a Christian that passed this way; she, poor thing, and her infant, were in health; but her anxiety on her husband's account was great; she knew not what was become of him. I feared she would die of grief while she remained here; though the Infidels had treated her very kindly; (but they were Abdalesis's Moors, and, I suppose, ordered by him to do so, as she was such a friend of the queen's); they paid her for her house; left her what she had of value; and she generously made us a handsome present when she quitted us; and our prayers are offered daily for her, that she may never embrace the Moorish faith."

"That is impossible," cried Garcia, with warmth; "Isabella is too good a Christian ever to change that holy faith for any other."

"I hope so," answered the father, not taking notice of the warmth his words had excited; "but these are dangerous and eventful times; and many innocent Christians have been deluded by the Moors; and it is believed by many that count Julian forsook his faith, or he could not have acted the part he has done."

Here Cava again trembled—was again near fainting; but soon she called forth all her strength of mind; and anxious to know her father's fate, she mildly said to the

monk—"Know you what is become of the count?—where is his abode?—is he accompanied by Moors or Christians?"

"Poor pilgrim," answered Turpin, "what has become of so bad a man can be of little consequence to you, who look so innocent and good yourself. I cannot however satisfy your curiosity; various are the rumours respecting the count, none of them to be depended upon; and we live so secluded within these walls, that he may still be alive, and adding crime to crime, without our hearing it: but you are fatigued and ill, my good child; you must have refreshment and repose. A small abode close to our house receives female pilgrims; there you shall spend the night, while your friend, or perhaps your brother, remains with us."

"He is, indeed, my kind brother," answered Cava, whose heart was lacerated by hearing her father spoken of with such abhorrence. "I entreat you, before we part for the night, to tell me if the good Anselmo still lives?"

"I hope so, my child," replied Turpin; "but we all mourn his absence. He left this house to attend the unhappy queen to Seville, where she went with those of her court, both men and women, who still remained attached to her. Abdalexis had made them his captives; and it was by his order they all followed him to Seville, the place he has chosen for his residence, and where he is absolute king. Anselmo he left at liberty, as he has done all the religious of this house; but the good father, when with tears he bade us all farewell, declared he would follow the queen to the end of the earth, if by so doing he could assist in assuaging her sorrows, or support her in firmly adhering to her religion; for it was believed before they left Toledo, that Abdalexis, struck by her beauty, and enamoured of her virtue, had offered her his hand in marriage, provided she embraced the religion of Mahomet. We have never heard from Anselmo since his departure; but Fame, if she can be credited, says the queen is married, is still a Christian, and has obtained liberty, both of person and conscience, for all her friends and followers; and that these were the terms she made with Abdalexis, before she consented to be his wife."

Here Cava would willingly have made inquiries for Favilla; but fearful of discovering herself, she for the present suppressed the curiosity she soon hoped to gratify; and turning her thoughts to Egilone, she revolved

"The various turns of chance below,  
And now and then a sigh she stole,  
And tears began to flow."

Turpin, seeing the affliction of the pilgrim, besought her, in tender accents, to be comforted; then leading both her and Garcia to the refectory, he insisted on their taking some nourishment; and when their repast was at an end, he led Cava to the house where she was to remain for the night; and recommending her strongly to the care of a female domestic, bid her good-night, blessing her, and beseeching her to turn her thoughts to him who alone can heal the wounds of an afflicted heart; and who, in his own good time, and in a more glorious world, will amply recompense the meek and patient sufferer for all their sorrows here.

All this was said in so pious and so gentle a way, and as if the monk read her very soul, that the princess, softened by what had passed, was near throwing herself at the feet of the religious, declaring who she was, and entreating an asylum in the house of St.

Issidore; but his hatred of her father rushed upon her mind; and again thinking concealment the most prudent, she thanked him, said she would lay his instructions to her heart; and taking his hand, she craved his blessing.

“A thousand times, my child, I give it you!” cried he, laying his hand upon her head; “be ever amiable as you appear to be; and if the world frowns on you, look up to that heaven which your angel face proclaims you made to aspire to; fear nothing in this nether world, my child; death is the end of all things here; and if I judge of you aright, it will bring peace to your soul, and not prove unwelcome. I ask not who you are; the divulging of your secret would avail you nothing, and I indulge not a vain curiosity; but your pilgrim’s weeds cannot conceal from me that your birth is exalted, and your mind great; your countenance has brought the past to my remembrance, too forcibly perhaps, for unavailing is the remembrance of happiness long gone by, and here we must shut out the world. Pursue, my child, that path that will lead you to eternal life, when this transitory one is past. Farewell! may angels watch over your slumbers!”

Saying this, the venerable man, his mild eyes still bent on Cava, withdrew, and left her to repose.

Weariness at length closed her heavy lids, though she long pondered on all she had seen and heard; she believed the monk knew her, though she had not the least recollection of him; but he was father Anselmo’s friend, and might have visited him at the court of Toledo, and been by that means acquainted with the persons of its inhabitants. She lost conjecture in sleep.

On the monk’s return into the monastery, Garcia questioned him much on the present state of Spain; but his communications were unsatisfactory; those religious saw few people, heard little of what was transacting without their walls, and, having been plundered of every thing by the Moors, were now more busily employed to support their own lives than to inspect into the lives of others.

Garcia had the comfort, however, of hearing many particulars of his wife and child, while they remained at the monastery, and was gratified to the utmost at finding the conduct of Isabella had been so exemplary in so trying a situation as hers must have been; he nearly wore out the night in listening to the sad tale of the disasters of his country, and the taking of Toledo.

Having reposed a single day, the wanderers bid adieu to the hospitable fathers, grateful for their generous reception of them, at a time they were so ill able to support themselves.

Cava, sensible of their poverty, and seeing their worth, presented to Turpin, at her departure, a rich jewel of great value, entreating his acceptance of it for his house.

The pious monk started as she placed it in his hand; he knew the jewel; it had belonged to the countess Julian, and before Cava was born, he had been attached to her family, and held in it the place of confessor. Tears rushed to his eyes; the princess stood revealed; the likeness to her mother had struck him when he first saw her; but he respected her wish of secrecy, and attempting to return the jewel, he only said, “Daughter, without this too great mark of your generosity, I shall for ever pray for your temporal and eternal welfare; but I will not accept what you, perhaps, in the course of your pilgrimage, may want to procure you the common necessities of life. Little will suffice me and my brethren; with frugality and our moderate desires, we need not fear want.”

No argument that the worthy father could make use of was sufficient to prevail with Cava to take back her gift. Taking an affectionate leave of Turpin, she hurried through the gate of the monastery, attended by Garcia; and quitting Toledo, they took the road to Seville.

Long and wearisome was their journey, and fruitless their attempts to gain real information on any subject. The Christians were cautious in conversation; the Moors told exaggerated tales. Every thing, however, convinced don Garcia and the princess, that in all quarters the Christians were subdued; every town they passed through was under the dominion of the Infidels; and the old inhabitants who remained appeared more their vassals than their fellow citizens.

At length the wanderers arrived at Seville, and with astonishment beheld the flourishing state of that city. The suburbs and the town itself announced peace, prosperity, and splendour. The Christians and Moors seemed mixed in friendly intercourse; for the generous and brave Abdalesis there kept his court.

On entering the town, don Garcia found a safe asylum for the princess, and instantly flew in search of his wife. He inquired for her at the palace of Abdalesis, and was there informed that Isabella, queen Egilone's favourite attendant, lived with her child and some domestics in a small house contiguous to it; and one of the soldiers off guard offered to conduct him to it—this was the first happy moment the worthy Garcia had known for many months—he accepted the kind offer, and concealing the transport he felt, he joyfully followed the man to his own door; he took the precaution of dismissing the soldier before he desired admittance. He struck with trembling hand upon the door; a domestic appeared, whom he had left at Toledo, and opening the portal with caution, asked what business he had with the lady Isabella? "Do you not know me, Sancho?" cried Garcia, throwing open his cloak.

"I do, my dear master," answered the astonished slave; and, without staying another moment, flew to inform his mistress of her husband's return. Garcia was too impatient to remain behind; with hasty steps he followed his faithful domestic; and in a few moments had the felicity to clasp to his affectionate heart, his amiable Isabella and his lovely boy.

We attempt not to describe the meeting of such faithful lovers, after so long an absence, in such dangerous and eventful times; those who have the felicity of being united to the real object of their affection, if they have ever been long separated, and have suffered during that separation, will be able to paint the scene to themselves, in brighter colours than the most florid language can do.

"They best can paint it, who shall feel it most."

To our unmarried readers of both sexes, we can wish no happier lot, than that they may love like Garcia and Isabella.

When the first transports of joy were a little subsided, and they could converse with any degree of calmness, they informed each other of what had occurred during their separation: the various reports collected by Garcia on his journey through Spain, prevented his surprise at finding that Egilone was united to Abdalesis; that there was not the smallest doubt of the death of count Julian; and that it was caused by the Moors, though in what manner was never exactly ascertained. Garcia had the comfort of finding

his wife was under the protection of the queen, and as happily situated as the present dreadful crisis would admit. Isabella told her husband that Egilone impatiently looked for his return; that she had so interested Abdalesis for him, that he was ready to bestow an employment on him, and allow him all the freedom he could wish. "He is a gentle master," said Isabella; "and in Seville, under the protection of the queen, the Christians live happily."

Don Garcia was grateful for the safety of his family; but a deep-drawn sigh issued from his bosom; for what good man can view the downfall of his native country, without heartfelt sorrow?"

As soon as Garcia made his wife acquainted with the arrival of the princess Cava in Seville, and that she had returned to Spain to ascertain the fate of her father, and also to seek an asylum in a religious house, the amiable Isabella entreated him to bring her to their house; and assure her she should be there attended, with all the duty and affection due to her— "What joy will it be to me," said Isabella, "to behold her once more, and to endeavour at softening her hard fate! I live so retired," added she, "that Cava can reside with us, in perfect security; no one will molest her here; she will find herself, if not happy, yet at peace in the house of a friend."

Garcia, charmed with the amiable character of his wife, and with the feeling she shewed for the wretched princess, joined her in wishing they might be able to prevail upon her to remain with them; yet he doubted the possibility of doing so. He was too well acquainted with human nature, not to know that the wretch who hopes not a mitigation of his woes, flies from them he most loves, feels an anxious wish for change of place, can endure nothing long, and that being stationary renders him still more miserable. In change of scene he hopes relief; in wandering from place to place, he fancies he can leave at least some part of his cares behind him. Alas! he soon finds his mistake; he can neither fly from himself or his sorrows.

This Garcia looked on as the case of the princess, and he despaired of ever seeing her restored to the least degree of happiness; but he united with Isabella in the friendly wish of rendering her every possible service.

Towards the close of evening, he repaired to where he had left her, and conducted her in safety to the house of Isabella. Cava had known her at Toledo, and felt comfort in being received with affection by the wife of Garcia. Isabella was prepared for seeing the princess much altered from what she was when she shone a splendid star at Toledo; but she could scarcely subdue an exclamation of horror when she beheld her, so shocked was she at the change in her appearance; still she looked lovely; but a dark cloud of sorrow hung over that loveliness; her changed complexion, her shortened hair, her pilgrim's habit, would have rendered her unknown to Isabella, had she been presented to her by any one but Garcia.

The prudent Isabella concealed her real feelings, and welcomed the Gothic princess with the affection of a sister. Seeing the state of Cava's mind, she avoided, for some days, as much as she was able to do, any relation of what had passed, or any conversation on the present state of things; and both don Garcia and his wife conceived it best to conceal her father's fate.

Some days had gone over, and though her mind found no relief, her frame was visibly strengthened by repose, and the attention her friends had paid to her health.

A proclamation was now made in Seville, that in six days from that time, Abdalesis, queen Egilone, and the nobles of the court, would sup in public; that the royal palace should be thrown open, and both Moors and Christians admitted to see so splendid a shew. Isabella was ordered to attend the queen.

A strong desire possessed Cava once more to behold Egilone. She rejoiced to hear of her present happiness, and she wished to judge of it with her own eyes, as far as she could do so by her outward appearance. She proposed to Garcia her mixing with the crowd in her pilgrim's habit, which must secure her from being recognised; and Garcia, willing to gratify all her wishes, offered to attend, and watch her at a distance. His return to Spain was not yet announced at the court; and he had scarcely left his own habitation for a moment. The same evening, during their repast, the princess expressed a wish to be informed of all the particulars relative to the marriage of the queen; wondering that she had not, with Favilla, and many other noble ladies, followed don Palayo into the north.

"Alas! my princess," replied Isabella, "few are the minds that are not enervated by luxury; and till the fatal moment arrives that levels a powerful potentate with the dust, they open not their eyes to danger; flattery is near to tell them their downfall is impossible—that empire, power, and command, is still theirs; and at the moment the sceptre is dashed from their hand, they still believe they grasp it. This was the situation of our unhappy queen.

"Don Palayo and his brave followers determined on flying towards the north, and there make a stand. The prince used every argument to persuade the queen to fly with him; they were useless; she would not abandon Toledo. She still looked for succour from those Christians who were either not willing or not able to give it. Toledo was attacked and taken; of course the Christians within its walls were made captives. You already know that I had the good fortune to be received by the fathers of St. Issidore, and escaped bondage. On Abdalesis being left by Musa, his father, governor of Spain, he declared all the prisoners belonged to him by right of war. Among them was the queen; and he commanded her to be brought before him. Egilone, you know, is still young; the delicacy of her complexion, the regularity of her features, her majestic figure, her noble and modest air, still remained; and at that moment she appeared the creature of all others most likely to make an impression on the heart of a young conqueror not insensible to love.\* At first sight, Abdalesis was dazzled with her beauty, which her misfortunes had even served to enhance, and render more interesting. The prince, as he gazed on her, was touched by her sorrow; and, with love springing up in his heart, he inquired, in the most respectful manner, the state of her health.

"The queen, remembering the crown she had worn, and the throne on which she had sat, felt her griefs renewed by the questions of the prince: almost suffocated by her sighs, she could only answer with her tears; these she shed in abundance; and in the eyes of Abdalesis they added new charms to her person.

"He then made use of every winning art to encourage her to speak. At length, raising her swimming eyes from the ground, she said—'What, oh! prince do you wish to know of me?' Then pausing a little, she added, in a feeble, melancholy, but sweet accent—'Are you ignorant of my misfortunes, the noise of which has filled the universe? It would be some consolation to me were my sufferings only known to myself; what doubles them tenfold is, that they are known to the whole world. I was lately a great and

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\* From the History of Spain.



happy queen; my power extended far beyond Spain; multitudes placed their glory in obeying me; but at this hour, oh! wretched and deplorable fate! hurled from my throne, and despoiled of every thing I valued on earth, I find myself numbered among your slaves; and am forced to receive laws from those to whom I ought to give them. My fall is made more dreadful by the height from which I fell. Yet I flatter myself that the Spaniards feel for my deplorable fate, and lament it as truly as they do their own. For you, Abdalexis, if you are sensible to the misfortunes of a sovereign—but can I for a moment doubt it? to do so would be to injure you; for it is the characteristic of great souls and generous hearts to feel for the wretched—rejoice in the elevated and happy situation in which fate has placed you; rejoice to have found an opportunity to mitigate the sorrows of an unhappy queen, whom you behold at your feet. I ask you not to restore to me the crown, of which your father deprived me—I ask not to be placed again on a throne from which I am fallen—I only beseech you to remember that I am a woman, and an unfortunate queen; suffer me not to be treated with indignity or insult; this is the only favour I ask from your great soul, from your known generosity of mind. I belong to you—I am your slave—fate has given me into your power—dispose of me as you will, but allow me the melancholy satisfaction, alone, and in retirement, to weep my sorrows; I entreat, I expect this favour at your hands; I can never repay you; but the remembrance of that mercy you shew me will for ever be impressed upon my heart.’

“These words, from the lips of beauty, interrupted by sighs and tears, and uttered in so soft and plaintive a tone, that no one could hear unmoved, fanned the flame in the heart of the young Moor, that the first sight of the princess had inspired him with. The ardent Abdalexis was no longer master of himself. He looked forward to supreme happiness in an union with Egilone; and he strove not to conceal his passion. From that moment he endeavoured to reconcile his captive to her fate; he used every art to banish her past sorrows from her mind; he gave liberty to all her attendants; he suffered not the least diminution of respect in those who approached her; and, with many others of her former court, I was ordered to attend her at Seville.

“I have myself been the witness of Abdalexis’s passion, and the delicacy of his conduct towards her. He offered her his hand—his heart—his throne. She turned pale—she hesitated—she attempted to speak—her voice was gone. She drew her veil across her wan cheek. She was seated near Abdalexis—she turned from him, and burst into tears. The prince respected her feelings. He did not despair, for he was sensible he could command. I met him in the outer apartment; he stopped, and with a gracious smile desired me to attend the queen, and inform her, he hoped to find her more composed when he paid her his usual evening visit.

“As I entered I saw the agitation of Egilone. She called me to her; she told me all that had passed, and in a mournful accent she cried—‘Isabella, I am a slave; my will is not free. I allow the merits of the mighty Abdalexis; handsome, brave, noble, and good, he offers me his heart; he lays his sceptre at my feet; and yet my heart recoils. He has assisted to enslave my country: and still, oh! Isabella, my dear, though cruel Rodrigo hangs about my heart. I can forget his usage of me, but I cannot forget his vows of love in the days of innocence and happiness. The waters of the Guadaleta have overwhelmed him, but they have not quenched the pure flame in my bosom. I turn my eyes from his faults; I think of him uncorrupted as he once was; and, alas! Isabella, I find no place in this heart for another.’

“I knew not what to answer to the charming queen: in her situation, to marry the Moor, was wisdom; to reject him, the extreme of weakness; and yet that very weakness placed her character in the most amiable light. The fate of the Christians under the government of Abdalexis hung on the queen’s power over him. He was willing to allow them the free exercise of their religion if he espoused her. I represented to her, in the best manner I was able, how much it became her duty to protect them.

“She listened to me with calmness; and when we had discoursed for some time, she ordered me to bring the good father Anselmo to her apartment. He had followed her from Toledo, and devoted himself to her service. His pious exhortations had always a happy and visible effect on Egilone; and he was the only person who seemed to have the power of soothing her grief.”

“Is the good father in Seville?” asked Cava, interrupting Isabella; “may I still hope to place myself under his protection? He, better than any one, is acquainted with the human heart, and knows how to pour balm on the wounds of the afflicted.”

“My princess, the worthy Anselmo is not in Seville; he is lost to those friends that love and that lament him: we know not to what country he has retired.”

This was a sad stroke to Cava; it blasted her best hopes; but not wishing to interrupt the interesting story she was listening to, she was silent, and Isabella proceeded.

“I obeyed the queen; and conducting Anselmo to her presence, I left them, and withdrew to the antichamber: their conference was long; when it ended, the good father went to the palace of Abdalexis, and had as long a conference with the prince; the result of the whole was, that Egilone should be allowed a couple of months to reconcile her mind to the step they wished her to take; and that during that time, Abdalexis should shew the Christians that lenity he had so nobly offered to shew them. The generous prince agreed even to more than the queen desired; and if she could not love him with the ardour she had loved Rodrigo, she could not refuse him a great share of her affection, and all her gratitude and admiration.

“In about three months this amiable pair were united, with the approbation of all the Christians, who so greatly benefited by their marriage. Egilone was a mother to them.

“The ceremony was private, as she absolutely rejected a public exhibition: but the splendour of her coronation was superior to any thing ever seen in Spain; all the brilliant luxury of the East, joined to Gothic magnificence, was displayed on the occasion; and Abdalexis, proud of his beauteous bride, placed, with his own hand, that crown on her head, of which she had so lately been deprived. Anselmo stood near her, and said—‘Heaven has rewarded your virtue; be again the mother of your people.’ The queen answered—‘My kind father, I desire to live no longer than I can be of use to the Christians.’ The exulting Abdalexis then led her to the palace; and from that hour has studied to make her happy.

“She assists at his councils; he does nothing without her advice; and has every honour paid to her that can exalt her in the eyes of the Moors; and could we forget that Infidels are masters of our country, we have nothing to complain of under the government of Abdalexis.”

Here Isabella ceased speaking.

The change in Egilone’s fortune gave real pleasure to her hearer, who now anxiously inquired what had prevented Anselmo’s remaining at the court of Seville?

“I know not,” replied Isabella. “The good father appeared as contented as he could be in such times as these. The queen had been guided by him; had acted in every thing by his advice; he was treated with attention and respect by Abdalesis. All the Christians here, as well as the queen, are allowed the free exercise of their religion; and are only expected not to abuse their liberty. One night Anselmo disappeared; and on entering his apartment a letter was found, directed to the queen: the contents have never transpired. She was much affected on reading it; she wept—she lamented the loss of his society; but she seemed not to have any fears for his health or safety, and soon regained her cheerfulness; no one has since presumed to question her on the subject.”

It was late when Isabella had finished her narration. Cava, overcome by her various feelings, and oppressed by the little hope she now entertained of placing herself under the protection of father Anselmo, was unable longer to converse on topics so near her heart. Bidding farewell for the night to her kind hostess, she sought, in the solitude of her chamber, to calm the perturbation of a mind ever alive to every good and tender feeling of the soul. As she sunk to rest, she breathed a fervent prayer for the permanent felicity of Egilone; and anxiously desired the moment when she might again behold her, though unknown and unacknowledged.

### CHAP. III.

“Bring not her memory to my mind;  
My soul must melt at the remembrance—  
My eyes must have their tears.”

IN the house of Garcia the Gothic princess led a tranquil and sequestered life; his friendship and Isabella's knew no bounds; and their satisfaction was great in being instrumental to her peace.

On the day appointed for the feast which Abdalesis was to give the queen and the court, the morning was ushered in with joy; nothing was thought of in Seville but the splendid entertainment for the evening; and the generous prince, happy himself, wished to bestow happiness on others; and, gratified by the acquiescence of his people in his marriage with a Christian queen, he ordered large sums to be distributed, both to his army and others of his subjects in Seville, including the Christians.

But no cheerful shouts, no festive scenes, brought joy or comfort to the withered heart of Cava. Alone, and in deep contemplation, she passed the morning which was devoted by others to pleasure. She knew how anxiously Garcia and Isabella wished her to remain with them; they had most earnestly entreated her to do so, and had promised to devote every leisure moment to her society. He had also declared, that if she could not be prevailed upon to continue at Seville, he would himself attend her to the north, and place her under the protection of Favilla, who was known to have retired there with her brother.

Cava, grateful for his friendship, listened to all he said, but was determined that she would not avail herself of such an escort, by parting him and his Isabella. She knew he had it now in his power to settle in safety with his family near Egilone; and she was too generous to deprive him of happiness, to render him useful to herself. Much she meditated; many were her schemes; and on nothing had she determined, when she was summoned by Garcia to proceed to the palace. Isabella had been in attendance since the morning.

Crouds surrounded the royal abode. Christians and Moors were mixed in friendly intercourse; and all looked happy. The princess was astonished; she had not yet learned from her own feelings, that the allurements of pleasure can for a while drown sorrow, and cover the face of care with joy. On entering the palace, its splendour surprised her. Although her whole life accustomed to the luxuries of a court, she perceived, that till now she had never seen it in perfection. The refined elegance of the East relieved the heavy magnificence of the Goths. Persia and Syria had supplied the palace of Abdalesis with all its decorations; gold, silver, and precious stones, every where met the eye; purple canopies, richly embroidered, ornamented the apartments; and the numerous lamps that festooned the pillars, surrounded the walls, or hung from the high roof, emitted a delicious perfume, while they filled the apartments with a brightness almost equal to noonday. Passing from room to room, and wondering how in the midst of war and devastation such luxury could be procured, Garcia and Cava entered the grandest and most magnificent hall, where the court was seated at the banquet. Garcia, anxious to give the princess a full view of the queen, led her nearly to the upper end of the saloon. He feared not a discovery; for all nations were there, all in their various habits: and many

pilgrims, as they passed through Seville, had entered, in the hope of seeing a queen who was obtaining so many favours for the Christians. As Cava moved on, her heart palpitated; she wished, yet she dreaded, again to behold one so beloved as Egilone. As Garcia led her, her eyes were cast upon the ground; the splendour of the palace was forgotten; and she almost wished she had not given way to a curiosity which could be of no use. Roused by Garcia, she raised her eyes, and beheld the queen in the most splendid attire, looking more exquisitely beautiful than she had ever seen her. She was seated on the right hand of the noble Moor Abdalesis. Cava saw his fine figure and benevolent countenance; but she had no leisure to examine him; her eyes were fixed immoveably on Egilone.

The queen's looks were pensive; a melancholy and transient smile, that, like the pale meteors of the north, vanished almost as soon as seen, at times passed over her countenance. Abdalesis appeared to address her with passion and tenderness—she to treat him with deference and respect. She watched his looks—was attentive to all he said; her manner, and her mild eyes, plainly shewed her gratitude and admiration.

Cava was deeply contemplating her friend, and endeavouring to read the heart of one whose looks she so well knew how to translate, when Garcia interrupted her contemplation, by asking her if she ever saw any one so beautiful as the Moor who sat by Egilone, and who had been for some time in deep conversation with his wife, who stood near her? How astonished was Cava, when, turning her eyes from the queen, she beheld placed next her, her beloved Zamora! Joy, an unexpected guest, filled her bosom; and she could scarcely suppress an exclamation of pleasure. Garcia saw her agitation, and inquired the cause; she was about to tell him she had found the friend for whose fate he had so often seen her anxious, when, again turning her eyes from Zamora to the queen, she perceived her pale, agitated, with hers fixed in a mournful manner on the poor pilgrim.

Cava shrunk back; was it possible she could be recognised? “How imprudent,” thought she, “have I been, depending on my disguise, to enter these walls to satisfy a vain curiosity, and also a tender friendship! I have, by my appearance, perhaps brought past times to the remembrance of Egilone, and lacerated that bosom whose peace I would willingly purchase with my own.” Retreating, she mixed with the crowd, and lost Garcia. She passed into the second chamber; and, unable to proceed farther, she leaned for support against one of the pillars which surrounded it.

The crowd that filled the hall were all strangers to her; and, occupied by the beauties of the palace, and the pleasures that surrounded them, they cared not if the poor pilgrim had sunk into the earth, for every sense was captivated in the castle of Abdalesis.—“The voice of sprightly mirth arose—the trembling harps of joy were strung;—bards sung the battle of heroes—they sung the heaving breast of love.”

Cava's soul recoiled from war and love; the flute's soft note was discord to her ear; and endeavouring to find a passage through the crowd, she was hastily retreating, when she beheld Isabella coming towards her.—“My princess,” said the faithful Isabella, in a low voice, “if you do not wish to be known to Egilone, you had best retire; she suspects you are here under the habit of a pilgrim. You have not been able to elude the eye of real friendship, such as Egilone bears you. She called me to her, and telling me she had seen either her beloved Cava or her spirit, she ordered me to seek you and bring you to her; assuring you she will look upon it one of the glories of her reign to protect you,

and still treat you as her child. She also bids me say, Abdalexis will shew you the distinction due to a princess of the Gothic race. I am ordered to present you this ring; it was once your gift to the queen. She has always worn it; and she sends it now as a proof of her affection.”

“Isabella,” cried Cava, recovering all her energy of mind, “return to the queen; say you have not found the pilgrim; give back the ring; oh! may she ever wear it for my sake! I dearly love her; I feel all her worth, and all her friendship; but I will not see her; I will no longer embitter a moment of her life. Persuade her, Isabella, that it was an imaginary likeness that struck her. And now leave me; I will hurry to your abode: should you meet Garcia, inform him of my departure.”

There was no time to be lost; Isabella returned to the queen to act as Cava wished; and Cava lingered in the apartments, in the hope of finding Garcia: but Garcia came not; he had wandered in search of her through the extent of the palace.

Soon the princess heard it rumoured among the crowd that the banquet was over, and the court moving that way; fearful of again encountering the eyes of the queen, she retreated to where she could, unseen, behold her as she passed. Abdalexis led the queen; his noble air was rendered still more conspicuous by the splendour of his habit. A conqueror, but not a tyrant, his countenance told his happiness and his success.—“His face was like the plain of the sun when it is bright; no darkness travelled over his brow.”

Egilone’s eye was in search of the pilgrim; and she often spoke earnestly to the prince.

The lovely Zamora, bright as the star of morning, followed the queen. The crescent, as she was wont to wear it, sparkled on her forehead; and the graceful and superb dress of an Eastern queen distinguished her from the Moorish ladies in her train.

“Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,  
And every gem augmented every charm.”

As the splendid train passed near where Cava stood, she looked in vain for Aleanzar; she had neither seen him at the banquet nor in the passing crowd; yet she could not doubt, from Zamora’s appearance at the court of Seville, that he also was there. Zamora’s countenance bespoke peace of mind; and Cava anxiously wished to be acquainted with the fate of so dear a friend. An involuntary sigh rose in her bosom, as she contrasted her present situation with what it once was; and something like despair for a moment overcame the efforts of her reason; her eyes followed the steps of the friends she believed she should never see again; and in an agony of mind she beheld them quit the hall; no longer did she wish to remain there; and, as she had lost every trace of Garcia, she endeavoured to find her way alone out of the palace, and was hurrying from one apartment to another, not knowing where to bend her steps, when she heard a voice behind her say in the Moorish language—“Is it possible that I behold the princess Cava in the disguise of a pilgrim!” and turning round, she saw Zulima, the nurse of Aleanzar, close to her. In the most affectionate manner the Moor expressed both pleasure and concern at meeting her. “What can your dress signify, amiable Cava?” said the good-natured slave; “have you fallen into any new misfortune? can I assist you in your distress? can Aleanzar—can Zamora be of use to you? If they can, they will rejoice to treat you as they would do a sister.”

Cava, though gratified by the kindness of Zulima, was unable to answer her; and, leaning on the generous Moor for support, she burst into tears.

“This is no place to converse in,” cried Zulima; “come with me to my apartments; they are not far distant;” saying this, she seized the hand of the princess, and leading her through another hall, and round a colonnade belonging to the palace, she opened a door that led to her abode.—“Here,” cried she, “we can converse without the fear of interruption; and I must persuade you to let me be the means of restoring you to happiness, by placing you under the protection of those friends who are truly and tenderly attached to you, and who have long lamented not knowing where to trace you, who are so dear to them. We believed, that after you had left Aleanzar’s castle, you had safely reached that of count Julian. On our arrival in Spain, Zamora sent a trusty messenger to Africa, who, she hoped, would bring her every information respecting you; but he returned with the melancholy tidings that you had quitted Africa in the night, and no one knew your destination. Many tears did Zamora shed on this account; how will she rejoice at having found you!”

All that Zulima said was uttered with such volubility, and at the same time with so much good nature, that Cava had no power to interrupt her, and could only answer with her tears.

The old Moor, shocked at seeing her in so forlorn and desolate a state, was proceeding both to comfort her to the best of her power, and to advise her against leading the wandering life she appeared to have chosen, when she was interrupted by a gentle knocking at the chamber door. Cava and she had been seated in the upper part of the room, and completely in shade, for only one lamp from the roof lit the apartment. Zulima rose to see who had so unexpectedly intruded on her; and Cava timidly withdrew into deeper shade. Before Zulima could reach the door, it was gently opened by Zamora, who said—“Zulima, I am come to speak to you, on a subject which you know is ever near my heart. I am miserable about my beloved friend Cava. The queen believes she saw her this night, while we were at the banquet, among the pilgrims, (for many of that wandering tribe were in the hall). Possessed with this belief, and dearly loving the princess, the charming queen has entreated Abdalesis to give orders for a search among all the pilgrims in Seville for my unhappy friend: upon examining those that have just left the palace, she was not of the number; and every one is now convinced the queen only imagined she beheld her: she is, however, so certain of the fact, that I am persuaded she is not deceived. I am as anxious as Egilone can be for the fate of my charming friend; and I have left the court for a moment, to beseech you to assist in the search. If the pilgrim was Cava, she must be in the palace; if you can find her, you know, Zulima, what unfeigned delight both Aleanzar and his Zamora would feel in rendering her life happy.”

Unable to restrain her feelings, Cava, at hearing these words, sprung from where she stood, and throwing herself into Zamora’s arms, was, for some moments, bereft of speech. Zamora pressed her fondly to her bosom.—“Have I indeed recovered you, my angel friend!” she cried; but the Moor, soon aware of the dreadful alteration in the appearance of the princess, burst into tears, and gazed on her with mingled grief and joy, as by turns she clasped her in her arms; and then withdrew a few steps, that she might have a more distinct view of her person; and Zamora’s expressive eyes asked Zulima for an explanation of all that had passed.

Soon Cava was herself able to express her gratitude to Zamora, and her delight at their unhoped-for meeting.

The magnificent dress of the young Moor, which was that of a sultana, and the expression she had made use of when she spoke of Aleanzar, convinced the princess that Zamora was his wife; and she soon had a confirmation of what she wished from the lips of her friend.

Zamora sighed deeply when she saw the sad change in Cava; and she even feared for her senses, beholding her in so strange a dress, and seemingly alone. Zamora now forgot all engagements at the court; seating herself on a sofa, with Cava at her side, she again declared her joy at their reunion; and, when she could speak with calmness, urged the princess to remain with her and Aleanzar, if she did not wish to continue under the protection of the queen, who earnestly desired she should do so.

“No,” replied Cava, with energy, “never will I see Egilone more; I rejoice in her present prosperity; so angelic a being deserves happiness; Cava prays that no future evil may ever assail her. I see the melancholy impression that remains on her beauteous face; but I trust that her own innocence, and Abdalexis’s fondness, will erase every thought of the tyrant that caused her misery.” She then added—“I beseech you, my dear Zamora, to persuade her that her seeing me was ideal; that I am far, far distant from her abode, and intend to enter a religious house. Assure her also (for if you tell her all that passed in Africa, she will see you are acquainted with my heart) that with my last breath I will bless her; and that, till I am no more, her affection to me will be a consolation that nothing else could be.”

Zamora saw the determination of her friend with pain, and the little hope there was of altering her plan for her future life; and believing it best not to urge her farther on the subject at the present, besought an account of all that had befallen her since they parted; and the princess related the whole of her adventures, from the time she left the palace of Aleanzar till that moment, and beguiled Zamora of her tears.

Zulima listened with deep attention and interest, and prayed to Alla to convert the amiable Christian to the faith of Mahomet.

When Cava had ended her narration, she expressed an ardent desire to hear the sequel of Zamora’s history, and what was Aleanzar’s conduct when he returned to his castle, and found she had fled.

Zamora, sweetly smiling, said—“He found me, Cava, in deep affliction for your loss; the pleasure I should have felt at his return was chilled by being deprived of your partaking it; and I sadly accused myself for not having divulged to you a conversation I had with the prince, in which he offered me his hand; I believed, that had I done so, you would no longer have avoided him, and that I should still have enjoyed your delightful society. You are sensible that jealousy had never entered my mind; I allowed your superior merits, and would have been surprised had Aleanzar been blind to them; but you loved him not; your affections were long given to a Christian prince; mine, I need not now blush to own it, were Aleanzar’s from the moment I was conscious of having any to bestow. It is almost impossible to conceal a real passion. Aleanzar, finding you had only friendship to give him, turned his thoughts towards one, dear Cava, less happily endowed by nature with the gifts of mind or person, but one whose very soul was his. Delighted at my own prospects of felicity, conscious that Aleanzar was sincere in his professions of attachment to myself, I looked forward to the freedom it would give you, and the constant



and eternal friendship Aleanzar's conduct would produce: think then what the feelings of both must have been, when, in the moment we wished to make you a partaker of our happiness, we found you had fled!

"Instead of welcoming Aleanzar with smiles at his return, I flew to him in tears, telling him Cava was lost—Cava had left the castle, and I knew not how; that she had departed during the night, and it must have been with her own consent. I then repeated to him the tender leave you had taken of me in the bed-room, and how little, at the moment, I could understand what had so much disturbed you. While I repeated that tender scene, which must be for ever impressed on my memory, tears almost suffocated me; and Aleanzar, softened by them, endeavoured to comfort me at the moment he wanted comfort himself; for he loved and admired you too much to bear your having an ill opinion of him, which he dreaded you would have, from the violence he had been guilty of in carrying you off.—'Yet,' cried Aleanzar, 'could I be so sunk in Cava's opinion that she would not trust to my honour, when I promised her a safe return to her father's castle! Love unreturned must die,' added he, 'but friendship often outlives even treachery; and my friendship to the lovely and unhappy princess will end but with my life. My plighted faith, Zamora, is yours; you merit the first affections of my heart; and your gentle nature will not be offended that I place next you, in that heart, the hapless and too amiable Cava.' And he added, with tenderness—'Alas! she despises Aleanzar; she looks on him as a cruel tyrant, whose solemn assurances she cannot trust; and she had fled, unknown, from her friend, that she may escape from the detested Aleanzar.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Cava, interrupting the sultana, "how unjustly has Aleanzar judged me! how little could he read my heart! I denied him my love, but I felt, and shall ever feel for him, the truest friendship and esteem; the ardent temper of his nation, and the greatness of his power, might excuse the violence of which he was guilty; his conduct to me while I remained in his power was so truly noble, that it soon obliterated all sense of his error; besides, my beloved Zamora, to that violence, which at first I so much deplored, I owe my acquaintance and friendship with you; can I, I ask you, now regret it? no, Zamora, never, never. I beseech, I entreat you, blot out from the remembrance of Aleanzar, all that can distress him on my account. He has not in existence a friend who knows his worth, or values him more than I do. But proceed, dear Zamora; I am impatient to hear the rest of your narration, and I hope you will forgive my interruption."

Zamora pressed the hand she held in hers, and continued—"Aleanzar did not long remain calm; as I wept he grew enraged, and calling for the captain of his guard, demanded sternly what was become of the Gothic princess; that she was missing from the castle; and he must know of her departure. The brave soldier stood unmoved in the presence of his enraged master, and calmly assured him he knew nothing of the princess, or how she had escaped; for no stranger had that night passed the arch, either to enter, or to quit the castle. Convinced of the honour and honesty of his officer, Aleanzar dismissed him without a reprimand; and then musing for some moments, he ordered Zulima to his presence. Zulima entered trembling; she was pale and agitated; and Aleanzar, advancing towards her, said—'I see you are guilty, Zulima; it is you who have deprived us of Cava—who have assisted her to escape; do you not fear the rage of your offended master, and your prince?' Never did I see Aleanzar look more terrible; I trembled for Zulima, convinced of her guilt. Distressed and terrified, she looked earnestly for some moments at Aleanzar, then, recovering her composure, she threw herself in the most humble posture

at his feet, saying—‘My noble, my indulgent master—my child, whom I have nourished at my breast—my prince, whom I revere and honour—I am guilty; I alone have assisted the flight of the princess from this castle; but I had no sinister motive for acting as I did; it was your glory—your honour, I considered. I was sensible you had promised that she should depart in safety; but I knew not how you might repent. I feared those strong passions which rage in the breast of youth, and often subdue the wisest and the best. Cava has left these shores with honour, under the protection of the prince Alonzo, and the domestics of her mother. I loved the princess; I myself parted from her with regret; but it was necessary to the happiness of all that she should be removed; the guilt, or the merit, is only mine; my life is in your hands, Aleanzar—it has ever been devoted to you; and should the anger I see on your brow tempt you to plunge that dagger in the bosom on which your infant form has so often rested, your faithful slave will die contented, and bless the hand that smites her.’ Fearful for Zulima’s life, and terrified at the dark cloud that gathered on the prince’s brow, I gave a faint shriek, and attempted to lay hold on the hand that held his dagger; when throwing it at a distance from him, he turned towards me with a milder countenance, saying—‘You know, Zamora, I am no tyrant;’ then stooping down, he raised the prostrate Zulima from the floor, and seating her trembling form on the nearest sofa, he placed himself at her side, and ordered her, as she valued his future favour, to give him a true and exact account of all that had passed—every word that Cava had uttered—every step that she had taken, in a matter that so nearly concerned us all. Zulima, knowing Aleanzar’s temper as she did, was now certain she had nothing more to fear from his resentment, and recovering her energy of mind, faithfully related every word, and every circumstance that Aleanzar could wish to be acquainted with; and I had soon the happiness of seeing that the prince was satisfied, and the faithful Zulima restored to his affection.

“As you are perfectly acquainted with all she had to relate, a repetition would be useless, and only waste the time that is now so precious to us. I will therefore put an end to a scene that terminated more fortunately than I had dared to expect. Consulting with Aleanzar, we determined on sending a messenger to count Julian’s territory, with letters from us both to you; and he had orders to return as quickly as possible; for Aleanzar was anxious in the extreme to recover your good opinion, and obtain your pardon. My letter was filled with the effusions of my heart, and a faithful account of all that had passed; my fears and anxieties also for your health and peace were not forgotten.”

“Alas!” cried Cava, “I never had the comfort of receiving such precious memorials of a friendship I so truly prize.”

“The messenger,” said Zulima, “has never since appeared, and we know not what has become of him.”

“A few days,” said Zamora, continuing her discourse, “brought an order to Aleanzar to proceed with the troops under his command to Spain, there to join his friend Abdalexis. The prince now proposed to me to accompany him as his wife, if I could bear to live in a country where war was carried on. You cannot doubt, Cava, that I preferred following him to staying in a paradise; and the ceremony of our marriage having taken place, we, in a short time, bid adieu to our enchanting abode, and set sail for Spain. As Aleanzar led me to the galley that waited for us below the castle, we both cast a melancholy look towards the walks we had traced with you; and towards those bowers of roses, where we had so often passed the sultry hours in converse with our lost friend.

“On landing in Spain, we made every inquiry possible concerning you; we also sent a second messenger into Africa: the sad tidings of your having quitted your castle gave us inexpressible grief; but, my beloved Cava, that grief is now turned to joy. I have found you; you must remain with me. Consider Aleanzar as your brother—Zamora as your dear sister; nothing shall be wanting on our part to render your life happy; in our castle, on the coast of Africa, you shall live as sequestered as you please; the free exercise of your religion will solve every objection to your living with Mahometans—I cannot endure to behold you in this disguise; it wounds me to the soul.”

The princess was deeply affected by the tenderness of Zamora; but no argument had power to stagger her determination of seeking the good father Anselmo.

The beautiful Moor then informed her that Aleanzar was not then at Seville; he was gone to Cordova, on a particular mission from Abdalesis.

“A few days will bring him back,” said Zamora, “and his delight will equal mine, at finding you restored to our prayers.”

Cava, sensibly touched by this disinterested friendship, expressed, in glowing language, the feelings of her soul. Zamora’s happy union with Aleanzar gave her heartfelt satisfaction; it obliterated the folly of his conduct towards herself; and she thought and spoke of the prince as if he had been a most beloved brother; and gratified the fond Zamora by her admiration, and her praises of the gallant Moor.

Instead of returning to the court, the sultana remained the greatest part of the night in conversation with her friend, endeavouring to soothe her mind, and give her a distaste to her wandering life. Cava heard with attention all she said, promised to consider her arguments, and soon to inform her of her determination; but she entreated her to keep her being in Seville from the knowledge of the queen. Zamora assured her she would do so. Towards morning, the friends parted with mutual affection, Cava promising, if possible, to return the next night and spend it in Zulima’s apartment.

The old Moor then conducted her to a door in the palace garden, which opened directly on the house occupied by Isabella. Garcia was just entering it as she approached. He had been in search of her till that hour; and was returning to his home, weary and disappointed. Fearful that some accident had detained her in the palace, he now rejoiced to see her in safety, and they entered the house together.

This had been an eventful day to Cava. She had experienced, by turns, grief and joy; the sight of Egilone, and the convincing proofs which she had received that she was still dear to this amiable woman, made a pleasing, though melancholy impression on her mind; the felicity and friendship of Zamora revived her drooping spirit; yet still her heart was sad; she looked on herself as an outcast from the world; she found misery even in the company of those she most loved; and as she stript off her pilgrim’s weeds, in order to take some repose, she looked on them with satisfaction, as they might be said to afford her an asylum while she led a wandering life. “In this garb,” said she, mentally, “I am secure from molestation, and from almost every danger: the person of a pilgrim is sacred in all countries, and to all religions; under this disguise, I can pass in safety through peopled cities, and solitary wilds, free from the vices, cares, and luxuries of a court; I can with security take up my humble abode in the labourer’s cottage, or the shepherd’s hut. I shall be unnoticed, unpitied, but I shall be unknown; and till I can trace the steps of the pious Anselmo, or find protection from my dear Favilla, I wish for nothing so much as to be forgotten by the world.”

With these ideas floating in her mind, she recommended herself to Heaven, and in a soft repose for awhile forgot the world and her sorrows.

“Sleep, kill those beauteous eyes, and give as soft attachment to thy senses, as infants empty of all thought.”

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#### CHAP. IV.

WHEN the charming Moor had bid her friend farewell, she sought her couch, but sleep forsook her; her affectionate heart planned a thousand schemes of happiness, when, again blest with the society she loved, she should trace the many walks of her delightful abode on the shores of Africa. Her vivid imagination placed her on the throne of the caliphs, from whence she and her Aleanzar should dispense favours to the Christians, through the Gothic princess; friendship and love divided the pure heart of Zamora; and when sleep at length closed her beautiful eyes, the same benevolent thoughts and wishes occupied her mind; and delightful visions hovered round her pillow.

The festivities that had taken place at Seville ended only with the dawn; then the gay crowds returned weary to their homes; and till mid-day silence reigned in her streets.

Cava, who had not given much time to repose, beheld from the window of her apartment the deserted town; and as her resolution was taken, she was almost tempted at the moment to bid it farewell for ever; but she had promised Zamora to see her at night. Zulima was to conduct her to the apartment of the sultana, through the garden of the palace. Affection triumphed over her wish to leave Seville; and she determined to give some hours to friendship and Zamora.

When she joined Garcia and Isabella, the latter informed her that the queen, not satisfied by any report that was made, had ordered the strictest search for her through the city.—“Here, I trust, you are safe,” said Garcia; “but I beseech you, my princess, lay aside your pilgrim’s dress; and if you are determined on a religious life, let it be led within the walls of Seville, where you can be under the protection of those who will never, while life is lent to them, forsake you.”

Cava listened attentively to the advice of her friends; but though grateful for it, it weighed little against her first resolution of seeking father Anselmo. She consented, however, to divest herself, for a time, of a dress that might betray her; and Isabella having purchased for her an elegant, but very simple attire, she deposited with care, in her own apartment, those weeds she intended very shortly to resume. Hoping every thing from this willingness to gratify them, Garcia and Isabella were charmed to see her look something like her former self; and although a visible alteration had taken place in her appearance, they flattered themselves her health and beauty, and even her peace of mind, might be restored.

Night came; the faithful Garcia escorted her to the garden door, and Zulima to the apartment of Zamora, who rejoiced at her change of dress, and seeing her again like Cava.

The hours flew in relating to each other thousands of trifles that interest united hearts.

At a late hour the princess rose to depart; a promise was again exacted for another interview; another, and another took place—Cava had not the power to tear herself from her friend.

One evening, Zamora told her, with the utmost delight, that the next day would bless her with the return of Aleanzar—“And I look forward with pleasure,” cried she, “to the surprise and joy he will feel in again beholding our dearest Cava.”

The princess was silent; she could not bear to undeceive her friend, and she suppressed the secret sorrow she felt at knowing that this must be their last interview. She took a tender farewell of Zamora; and fearful of betraying her intention, she checked the starting tear.

The penetration of Zulima was not to be deceived; and as she conducted the unhappy princess through the garden, she questioned her on her intentions, and ventured her advice.

Cava answered not her questions, did not promise to follow her advice; but before she passed the garden-gate, turned towards the Moor, and kindly embracing her, assured her of her gratitude and affection—"I owe you much, dear Zulima," she said as she embraced her; "I shall owe you much more, if you will keep me in the memory of my Zamora and her amiable Aleanzar. Placed at the extremity of the earth, my thoughts, my wishes, and my affections, will reach them; and sweet will the idea be to my sad heart that I am not forgotten."

Zulima could make no reply; for the princess swiftly passed the gate, and was soon within Garcia's walls. The kind Moor returned sorrowful to the palace, and was silent.

Cava entered her apartment, and began seriously to consider her present situation. Aleanzar had once loved her; he had certainly now transferred his affection to the lovely Moor; but men were inconstant—those of his nation particularly so. Zamora had no jealousy; she herself had lost her dazzling beauty; but was it fair to awaken, even in the smallest degree, a spark of love that might lie dormant in the bosom of the prince? No, friendship, honour, every feeling of her heart, forbade it. Of all men next to Alonzo, Aleanzar stood highest in her estimation; she believed she might trust to his heart and his honour; she felt she could pass the rest of her life in more comfort within his palace, than any where in the universe; but fate forbade it; she would not run the risk for worlds of imbittering one moment of Zamora's life; she would never see Aleanzar more. After many plans thought feasible, and then rejected, she determined on leaving Seville with the first dawn, and unknown to a human being: Garcia's attendance she would reject; and therefore feared to inform him of her departure, knowing he would endeavour to prevent it. He and Isabella had treated her as a sister; she could not steal from their house, and leave them in a grief on her account, and in ignorance of her determination. A letter then must be left to calm their fears; the task was difficult; at length she framed one to her satisfaction, in which she besought them not to follow her, as nothing could prevail on her to return to Seville, or to relinquish her search of her father, or the good Anselmo.

Cava's heart was of that mould to feel every kindness, and also to express with ardour the affection she felt for others; and her letter breathed the most perfect friendship for the amiable Isabella and the good Garcia; and to them she delegated the task of reconciling the charming Moor to her departure. Her own mind satisfied by what she had done, and resolved on the part she was about to act, at an early hour in the morning, while all her friends enjoyed the sweets of soft repose, the restless and unhappy princess left Garcia's hospitable roof, never to behold it more. Prudence dictated her concealing her pilgrim's habit till she was beyond the gates of Seville.

Dressed in that which Isabella had procured her, she threw a large black cloak over her person, concealing under it the weeds of the pilgrim. She proceeded with caution through the silent streets; and as crimson streaks of light in the East announced the

coming day, she found herself in safety from pursuit beyond the gates of Seville. Here she paused; and from a rising ground looked back upon the city, still sunk in rest, and silent as the grave: for a time she indulged herself in taking a last look of a spot which contained some of her dearest friends. As the day opened, its early light fell upon the lofty towers and magnificent churches of Seville; and she saw, not only the cross illumined by its beams, but that the golden crescents erected by the Moors glittered also in its first rays; her heart sickened at the sight; and turning her back upon the city, "with wandering steps, and slow," she took her path through a wood, that led to the western shores of the peninsula.

For some hours, absorbed in thought, she pursued the road that lay before her; it was narrow, intricate, and winding; and roused to reflection by weariness and hunger, she began to fear she might lose herself in the mazes of this extensive wood. She cast her eyes around her; she was shrouded by trees, the growth of ages; and the bright beams of the morning sun gave through their thick foliage only a dubious and chequered light. The princess, satisfied that in her wanderings her pilgrim's habit was her best security from insult, and a certain claim for protection, both from Moor and Christian, sought the most retired spot among the trees, and divesting herself of her upper garments, again resumed the pilgrim's weeds and staff. Having rested herself for some moments, she walked on in the direct path, and one that appeared most likely to carry her through the forest; and as she proceeded she listened attentively, in the hope that some human voice might reach her, and direct her to a Christian abode.

Hunger, weariness, and fear, had nearly oppressed her, and almost caused her to repent her rash journey, when infant voices struck her ear; delighted, she followed the sound, and shortly found herself near the skirts of the forest. On its confines, and at some distance, under the shelter of tall cork trees, she perceived a cottage, and the gay group playing before it, whose joyful shouts the winds had carried towards her: as she emerged from the forest, a beautiful and boundless country lay in prospect; and when she considered what an extent her pilgrimage must be before she could reach the Asturias, her courage nearly failed; and she began to think her most prudent plan would be, to enter a religious house at Seville. While she stood irresolute to proceed on her journey, or to return, a wood-cutter crossed her path, and seeing a pilgrim, he kindly gave her the salutation of the morning, and invited her to partake his simple breakfast. The fainting Cava revived at this unexpected succour; and, modestly bowing, thanked the rustic, and followed to his hut. His dress and language proclaimed him a Christian, and every fear vanished.

The little urchins, yet unfit for labour, and who had been amusing themselves with the gambols and sports of children, now left their play, to surround and to admire the beautiful pilgrim; and even the untaught and infant mind owned the power of the resistless Cava.

The cheerful, good-humoured mother of the ruddy group checked their bold examination of the stranger; and believing that the kind reception of a holy pilgrim would draw a blessing on her humble roof, she entreated Cava to excuse the rudeness of her children—to accept what her poverty could give—and for what length of time she pleased, to take shelter in her cottage; the lively and robust rustic, while she spoke, assisted her husband to unload his shoulders from the weight of wood that his industry had hewn that morning in the forest. It was his daily and early labour, necessary to the

support of his family; and the honest woodman, now in the prime of life, with joy devoted himself to toil for those he loved, and in their smiles found a rich reward.

“His children ran to lisp their sire’s return,  
And climb his knees the envied kiss to share.”

Cava, whose birth had placed her at such an immense distance from a cottage, had, till now, looked with compassion on those condemned to lead a life so rude—so poor—so eternally separated from all the luxuries—almost all that appeared to her the comforts of the world. With wonder she now gazed on the woodman, his cheerful wife, and happy children; and confessed to her own heart, that felicity is not confined to the splendour of a court; that the human mind must find it in itself; that if riches cannot give it, poverty has not always the power to banish it; and that the good, the virtuous, and the feeling, will draw it from their own bosoms, and from those unbounded treasures of nature, which a wise, merciful, and all-powerful Being has freely given to all his creatures.

On entering the decent cottage, she was freely offered what it contained; the simple inhabitants pressed her to partake of their morning’s repast; and feared, from the little that sufficed her, that, unaccustomed to their coarse fare, she was unable to satisfy her hunger. Cava assured them it was not so; their excellent milk, their white curds, wild fruits, and honey, made a delicious meal: this was spoken from her heart; her sickly appetite had long failed her, and it was only that morning, in the poor woodman’s cottage, that hunger had given a zest to her repast.

Cava contemplated the happy family around her; greatness, empire, the riches of the world, sunk in her opinion; and she fondly believed, could she choose her station in life, it should be that of mediocrity, where neither thought nor action should be shackled by the vanities or ceremonies of the world.

While the pilgrim mused, the woodman and his wife had full employment in satisfying their own hunger, and gratifying the impatient little tribe that surrounded them.

The princess, oppressed by the extreme heat of the morning, and weary from the exercise of so many hours, took off her large pilgrim’s hat, and placed it on the ground near her. The woodman, who was in the act of distributing some honey to his children, stopped his hand, and gazed earnestly at the princess, then at his wife, whose sprightliness seemed gone, and her eyes filled with tears. Cava saw the look the woodman gave, and the pensive countenance of his wife; she dreaded being recognised, and was silent. The woodman soon resumed his occupation; but his wife asked the pilgrim, as if by chance, from whence she came, and whither she was going? Cava answered without hesitation, that she came from Toledo, and was on a pilgrimage to a particular church in the north of Spain.

When the north of Spain was mentioned, the honest woodman rose agitated from his seat, and walking to the door of his cottage, cried—“There, lady,” pointing his finger towards the north, “there lies that blessed haven for the unfortunate Christians; and there dwells that protecting angel, don Palayo. Nothing, lady, but those helpless beings you see before you, could have prevented my following him to the Asturias; but what could I do with them?”



"You did right," replied the princess, "to remain with your family; and under the Moor Abdalesis, if fame speaks truly of him, the Christians will be protected."

"My poverty, lady, will protect me," returned the wood-cutter; "nothing here can be found to tempt the avarice of princes; they must have slaves and dependants; those useful to them must be let to live; poverty and labour is their security. Unhappy count Julian!" continued the rustic, "you were once my good master, and I lament your faults."

Cava started: the words—"Oh! tell me all that relates to count Julian," quivered on her lips; but she smothered her feelings, and sat silent.

"Did you ever see count Julian, lady?" asked her hostess.

"No; but I have heard much of him; where is he now?"

"I wish, lady, I could answer your question," replied the woman; "he was our lord; this forest and these grounds belonged to him. The cottage he gave my husband, and our daily labour was his; but now we work for the Moor Abdalesis, who has seized on all these domains, since the count is no where to be found."

Cava was near sinking to the earth; she dreaded her father's fate; she dreaded the mention of her own name. She swallowed a little milk that was placed before her, and suppressed her tears. "Am I," thought she, "to be for ever persecuted—never to be left in peace?"

The wood-cutter's wife continued—"The wars were unfortunate for us, lady; we lost an indulgent master; it was a sad thing count Julian joining the Moors, and being so led astray as he was; but they say his friends, the Infidels, forsook him at the last, and that they have hid him somewhere."

"Hid him!" cried Cava, starting from her seat; "they could not dare to treat count Julian ill."

"Power can do any thing," answered the man; "count Julian betrayed us all; I feel glad, lady, you have nothing to grieve for on his account: when you removed your hat from your forehead, you appeared to me to resemble him; I fancied you related to him, but you say you never saw him."

"Notwithstanding," answered Cava, "I lament the fate of the count; as a Christian, he could never mean the Moors to have possession of Spain."

"As a Christian," repeated the man, "he never should have brought them into Spain."

Cava, shocked with this truth, could make no reply. She replaced her hat, concealed her confusion, and then inquired how far it was to the next town; and if there were at present many pilgrims passing through Spain?

"Some there are," answered the wood-cutter; "and to travel in their company, lady, would be your best plan. There is a large town some leagues off; I go there to-morrow; and if you will remain with us till then, I will place you in safety among a company of pilgrims, who, I understand, are going across the Tagus; where their farther journey will be, I know not."

Cava with thanks accepted the kind offer of her rustic host; and finding both mind and body fatigued, willingly remained at the cottage. The wood-cutter returned to his daily labour; his wife was employed in her household cares; and the solitary princess was left to her own sad reflections: yet the day appeared not as long as she expected; the scene around her was new; the business of rural life was passing before her; she saw innocence, peace, and cheerfulness, attend it, even in the midst of war, and the revolution

of empires; and she owed to herself, what before had never entered her imagination, that it is on the peasant, the mechanic, the merchant, that the great and rich depend not only for their luxuries, but for their comforts, and even their sustenance.

The understanding of the princess, enlarged by adversity, presented truth in the place of falshood to her view.

Seated on a rustic bench, under a spreading beech at the entrance of the woodman's cottage, her eye took in the surrounding landscape; and she powerfully felt the delightful influence of nature, when it presents itself robed in light and beauty. The dark woods that waved over her head, contrasted with the rich and smiling vallies that lay before her, gave inimitable charms to the silvan scene. All was peaceful and serene; the winds were hushed—the sun fast sinking in the west:

“And where the valley wound out below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow.”

Cava's mind was lulled into a temporary calm; she rejected well-meant assiduities of her humble hosts; and when evening came, and the honest rustics returned from the labours of the field, she again partook willingly of their homely meal, and induced them to relate to her much that she wished to know concerning Spain.

Her night was undisturbed; and at the dawn of day she rose refreshed and joyfully accepted the woodman's offer of accompanying her to the town where the pilgrims were to assemble. Grateful for the hospitable reception she had met from the poor inhabitants of a lovely cot, she gave, at parting, a handsome present to her wondering hostess, who, dumb with surprise and pleasure, could scarcely articulate her thanks, or call down the blessings she wished to attend the good angel that had showered plenty on her humble abode.

Cava, who wished her charity to fall silent and unseen as the dews of night, hurried down the path that led through the valley, followed by the grateful woodman, pondering on what he had seen, and wondering who his beneficent guest could be.

Nothing worth relating befell the travellers; it was some leagues to the town they were journeying to; and the pilgrim was cheered and supported by her cheerful, happy companion. They met many Moors; some saluted them with civility; others passed by the Christians, as if in triumph, and drew sighs from the breast of the princess. The rustic had nothing to fear, for he had little to lose; and though he showered curses on them when they had passed, his thoughts soon returned to the bosom of his family—to the labours in the forest—and to what trifle he should bring from the town for the entertainment of his infant brood.

Unblessed with liberty under any government, he (except for a moment) cared little who governed Spain; while he enjoyed youth and health, he could sing at his toil, and eat with pleasure the bread he had earned by the sweat of his brow, careless of a coming storm.

Arrived at the town, the woodman sought the pilgrims, and having placed Cava in their company, he bid her farewell, praying the Virgin to protect her. The pride of the Gothic princess was no more; with kindness she stretched her hand to the honest rustic, and sorrowfully bade him adieu. She saw the barriers that pride had erected between the rich and poor were soon demolished by misfortune—that mind alone distinguishes man

from man—that greatness may be reduced to a level with poverty, and, perhaps, receive from it that kindness and assistance it would never have humbled itself to bestow. And this useful lesson was impressed upon her mind—that the truly good are alone the truly great.

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## CHAP. V.

A LARGE company of pilgrims having collected at the town to which the woodman conducted the princess, she found herself in perfect security among them; and her fear of being recognised became less every day. Air, exercise, and the wandering life, which obliged her often to withdraw her thoughts from her misfortunes, was of service to her health; and she was every hour more able to endure those fatigues she had imposed upon herself.

As the pilgrims advanced towards the Tagus, they visited many churches on their way; and often rested for a day, to pay their devotions at some holy shrine, in a more particular manner. The princess carefully interrogated all the religious she conversed with respecting father Anselmo; but no one was able to give her the least satisfaction. Many had never even heard his name; some only knew that he had left the court of Seville, and was not since heard of; and others supposed he had retired to one of the religious houses near Seville or Toledo. Cava, however, was not disheartened in her search; she had heard from Isabella that queen Egilone had dropped a hint of his having fixed his residence in some solitary corner of the western shores of Spain, and north of the Tagus; and there she determined on seeking him.

For many days the pilgrims continued their route towards that river; at length they reached and crossed it. The churches, the monasteries, and all the houses of the Christians, were open to them; and the princess found many among them by whose conversation she was not only pleased, but edified.

Though her beauty was faded, it was still celestial; all were charmed with manners so enchanting—with the dignity of her appearance, which, without exacting, commanded respect from the whole world; and not a single pilgrim in the company but would willingly have suffered hardships in their journey, to have relieved her from toil or weariness. Arrived at a small village, many of the pilgrims took leave, and parted company; but Cava, with some others, determined on resting a few days at the village. Here she made unceasing inquiries for the good Anselmo; and was informed by a monk, passing that way by chance, that the father dwelt some leagues from the village, in a rude and sequestered hermitage; that he had been settled there for months, and was revered as a saint by the people of the country; that he never left his hermitage, but to do acts of charity, to visit the sick or the unfortunate. “He has changed his name,” added the monk; “and, had we not been acquainted at Toledo, he would not have acknowledged himself for the venerable Anselmo.”

Cava, happy at having obtained her ardent wish, entreated the monk to point out the path that led to the hermitage “Holy pilgrim,” replied he, “it is some leagues from hence; the road leads through a wild and barren country; there is also a gloomy forest to pass, and solitary wastes; they are intersected by many roads, and little frequented; one road only leads to the hermitage of the cross, inhabited by the virtuous Anselmo. Was I not on an embassy from my superior, I would willingly attend you to the abode of my friend; but, lady, I beseech you to procure a guide; for the way is long and dreary, and easily missed. Remember it is the hermitage of the cross—peace be with you, lady!”

The monk departed, and Cava returned to her inn to seek a guide; but the day was too far advanced for her to think of leaving the village till the next morning. Her hostess,

who, from her knowledge of the world, guessed by Cava's air and manner that she was no common pilgrim, and supposing she would handsomely pay any guide she might take, assured the princess that her own son, a boy about fourteen, had a perfect knowledge of the road to the hermitage of the cross, and that if she would accept him as her guide, he should attend her there at an early hour in the morning.

The boy appeared modest, humble, and obliging; and Cava, not doubting his being well acquainted with the way, agreed to take him as her escort, and paid his mother well for his trouble. At an early hour the princess and her youthful guide left the village in search of the hermitage: near a league and a half the country presented a most beautiful appearance; their way lay through flowery fields, or through shady groves. The citron and orange loaded the gale with their odours, and the wild music of the woods "added new gladness to the morning air."

The youthful guide (whose heart was light as the atmosphere he breathed) enraptured at the scene, pointed out all its beauties to the princess—told her the name of every hamlet—of every church—and almost of every cottage scattered over the beautiful country they now had in view. Pleased with the intelligence, and the natural fine taste of a creature just emerged from childhood, Cava, in conversing with him, for awhile lost the sense of sorrow, and truly enjoyed her walk. Having travelled for near two leagues, they entered a defile between steep mountains, and bid farewell to the varied landscape, the laughing fields, and shady groves. Mountains, piled on mountains, with deep and dismal valleys, now came in view.

As they continued their course, all appeared dreary, wild, and desolate; sometimes three or four paths met; and Cava imagined her young guide was not always certain which to choose. Emerging from among the rocks, almost a boundless waste presented itself; and no human being, or human habitation, was seen in the wide expanse.

The princess perceived that the boy's gaiety had fled; he often looked round with an anxious eye; seeing him visibly uneasy, she inquired the cause. "Lady," he timidly answered, "I have heard that these mountains are infested by robbers."

"And suppose it is so," said the princess, "what have we to fear? A pilgrim, who has nothing to lose, and is always respected, is certain of travelling unmolested through every civilized country; and surely you have nothing to tempt a robber to use you ill."

"I hope not," answered the boy, smiling, and seeming more assured.

They then traversed the dreary heath in safety, and again got among mountains and valleys; but not so very dismal as those they had left behind.

The path they were now pursuing winded so, and appeared so intricate, that the princess believed they had really mistaken the way: on asking the boy was he certain they were in the right road? hesitating, he owned he did not know; he had never been but once with his mother at the hermitage of the cross; it was some months back; and he did not believe they were now in the road his mother and he had taken.

On hearing this, Cava felt dismayed. The day was on the decline; they were in a wild, uninhabited country, unknowing what path to pursue of the many that lay before them. At a great distance she beheld the gloomy forest, which the monk told her she must pass; this convinced her her little guide was completely ignorant of that part of the country. She paused to consider, in so sad an emergency, what she ought to do. She dreaded the night overtaking her in these wilds; she did not believe them the habitation of man, but she feared the wolves coming down from the mountains at the fall of night. She

looked around, and at some distance on a rising ground, she perceived a verdant spot, surrounded with trees. She had travelled far—she was weary and distressed; she earnestly desired to rest for a little while, and repair her strength and spirits with what her scrip contained. The boy, unused to so long a fast, as anxiously wished for food, and urged her to repair to the only inviting spot they saw around them, and allow him to spread their provisions on the grass. Cava willingly consented to what he proposed; and a short time brought them to the foot of the trees, whose branches made a natural arbour, and spread luxuriantly over the ground: near them ran a clear stream of the purest water. Raising the verdant curtain from the earth, our weary travellers entered the recess, and were astonished to find that the thick trees concealed those within from the view of all that might pass that way, and protected them from the strong evening sun that now oppressed the valley.

Refreshed by the shade of the luxuriant branches that fell around, and by the noise of the rivulet that rolled over its pebbly channel almost at her feet, Cava threw herself on the verdant grass; and the good natured boy, opening the scrip, entreated her to eat some dried fruit and biscuit, which he presented her; he also procured water for her from the spring, before he would satisfy his own hunger; and he endeavoured to cheer her with the hope of soon finding the road they had missed. Cava told him she certainly knew they should have passed through the forest they beheld at a distance.

“It is far off,” said the boy; “you seem weary; if you will remain here, I will run to the skirts of the wood—endeavour to find the road that leads to it, and return to you as quickly as I can. I think,” cried he, starting from the ground where he had been sitting, “I see smoke rising beyond the trees.”

Cava, had she wished it, had now no power to detain him. Persuaded he should find a cottage where the smoke ascended, he flew like lightning over the heath; heard not the princess call to him to return; and was out of sight in a few minutes. Left alone in such a desolate spot, and perfectly ignorant of the country, Cava was startled, and felt dismayed; her first idea was not to wait for the little giddy, imprudent boy, but to retrace her steps to the village she had left. She thought, by making every exertion, she might reach it before the dead of night. She was at least certain of getting into an inhabited country as soon as she could clear the mountains; and as she had accurately observed the way, she was almost sure of not losing herself. Her good nature, and her fear of either distressing her little ignorant guide, should he return and find her gone, or of getting him a beating from his mother, determined her at all hazards to delay her departure for some time.

The little hillock on which she sat was, as we have said, entirely covered with trees, whose thick branches, descending to the very ground, concealed her from any passenger, though she could distinctly view through the quivering leaves all that passed without. She had waited near an hour in anxious expectation of the boy’s return, and her eye sought him in vain in every direction: weary of this uncertainty, she was rising from her verdant seat, had resumed her pilgrim’s staff, and was about to tie on her large hat, when the near sound of human voices gave her extreme alarm. Soon resuming her wonted courage, she smiled at her fears, believing it might be her little guide, with some countrymen who could lead them through the forest.

All was silent for a few minutes, when the sounds came nearer, and heavy footsteps approached. Cava resumed her seat; a secret horror stole over her. The robbers

who infested the mountains might be now in search of some traveller; and Cava, courageous as she wished to appear to her young conductor, now felt there might be danger. She had some gold, and a very great treasure in jewels concealed in her dress; and banditti are too well versed in the arts of travellers in hiding their valuables, not to make very strict search when time is allowed them; and should they find her concealed among the trees, she could expect little mercy at their hands. She shrunk within herself, and scarcely breathed or stirred. Presently two men in deep discourse came in front of the trees, and just under the hillock where the princess sat concealed; they had their backs toward her; and one of them said—"Can you have the cruelty to urge me to a deed that will eternally destroy me? the remainder of my wretched life will be so embittered by it, that I shall hate to live, yet dread to die. If I agree to what you exact, I must give my soul to the enemy of mankind."

Here he crossed his arms on his breast, and hung his head. Cava distinctly heard the words, and sincerely pitied the poor wretch that uttered them, though she knew him not, nor what he alluded to. She could just discern the figures of the men through the trees; but she knew not the voice of him that spoke.

A pause ensued. "Who," said Cava, mentally, "can that monster be, that would urge a wretch to render himself eternally miserable? he must wish him to commit some dreadful deed: perhaps they are the banditti of the mountains, that my little guide seemed to fear; yet what can they seek at this hour, far from the walk of man, and in this inhospitable wild? If these be midnight ruffians, shield me from them, all-gracious Heaven." Her frame shook; and she now became fearful of the boy's return, lest it should discover her.

The stranger who had spoken still seemed in the act of supplication. His companion was perfectly silent. His gigantic figure was bent over a huge staff, that he held with both hands, and stood as if rooted to the ground: his dress was in the fashion of a shepherd's; it was made of the skins of wolves; and a large cap, formed of the same materials, and which nearly covered his visage, was decorated with paws of the animal; they hung from the back part of the head, and gave a terrific appearance to the wearer.

The sun was now fast descending; it threw its yellow light all around, and fell strongly on the trees that sheltered Cava, and on the figures that stood beneath her. Some fearful minutes passed: the princess scarcely breathed; she dreaded the stirring of a leaf, lest it should reveal her secret abode.

Silent, and still as death, she inwardly prayed for the departure of the strangers; when he who had gloomily and silently bent over his huge staff now stood erect, and displayed the majesty of a figure, which neither the savage dress he wore, nor the miseries he had suffered, was able to destroy or to conceal; turning to his trembling companion, he cried—"Is it possible you can refuse obedience to my commands—I, who am still your king—who saved your worthless life when it was forfeited to the laws of your country—I who, in the plenitude of my power, protected and enriched you? You own to me, that in the East you learnt the arts of magic; and you now refuse to make use of that art to satisfy the curiosity of your benefactor—a curiosity that shall be satisfied at every risk. Think you I have so grovelling a soul as inhabits your weak body? Superstition has blinded you—it has no power over me. Believe as I do, that all here is the work of chance—that, as we were nothing before we came into this world, so shall we be nothing after we leave it; behold in me the fearless mortal who thinks thus—who has

enjoyed all the wide universe could give; and who does not yet despair, that chance may once more fix him on his throne, and lay his enemies prostrate at his feet. Meet me," cried Rodrigo, in a voice of thunder, "meet me here in an hour, prepared to answer by your art all the questions I shall please to put to you. I fear not your demons," added he, with a malignant sneer; "Rodrigo would defy them in the jaws of hell; bring them before me; my dagger shall force them to tell me all they can reveal, or that I can wish to know: meet me as I have commanded you, or I resume my gift—your forfeit life." Turning to leave the spot, the princess had a full view of the dreadful Rodrigo.

All that sight of the fabled gorgon produced was now realized in Cava; speechless, stupid, motionless she sat; the blood forsook her cheeks, her lips, and rushed in strong tides to her beating heart; her eyes nearly started from their sockets; and her pale and inanimate form wore the livery of death. No sound escaped her lips; she gazed in mute horror on the receding figure of the king; and when the dreadful vision was removed from her sight, she sunk, fortunately for the preservation of her senses, into a state of perfect insensibility. Stretched on the verdant turf she lay; her feeble hand had dropped her pilgrim's staff; it fell across her bosom; her hat was near her on the grass, and her loosened hair fell over her closed eyes, and almost concealed her horror-struck, yet lovely countenance. The king of terrors seemed to have made a prey of the once-blooming, the once-matchless Cava. Alone, unfriended, in a wild waste, insensible to joy or woe, on the bare earth she lay; the leaden hand of death pressed hard upon her; and soon would her pure soul, disencumbered from its mortal coil, have escaped from this vale of misery, and risen to life in happier regions, had not her little guide returned with a young peasant of his acquaintance, whom he had found in the forest, and who had a perfect knowledge of the road through it which led to the hermitage. The boy perceiving the clump of trees where he had left the supposed pilgrim, rushed on before his companion, and darted towards it with joy sparkling in his countenance, and exulting in his good fortune that led him to find the right road before the night came on. Calling aloud that he had discovered the path through the forest, he raised the branches from the ground, and was in a moment in the recess.

Starting back with horror, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Have the banditti been here? sweet lady, have they killed you?" He looked round fearfully; but perceiving no one, and believing Cava dead, he began to weep bitterly. Entering with such velocity, he had broken a large branch from the tree, under which the princess lay, and a strong ray from the setting sun fell on her livid form; the evening breeze fanned her pale face; and the boy kneeling down by her, imagined she still breathed: starting on his feet, he flew down the hillock, and filling his cap with water, returned in a moment to the recess; he sprinkled some over her face and hands; and hearing the footsteps of the shepherd, his companion, he called aloud to him to come to the assistance of a dying lady. The rustic boy, as good-natured as himself, entered the secret bower; and tearing away the branches of the trees that shaded her, gave air to the expiring Cava: she stirred, she half opened her eyes; her little guide trembled with delight, and gave a joyful shout; it struck her ear; she believed it the appalling voice of Rodrigo; and again shutting her eyes, she fell even into a deeper swoon. The young shepherd now thought her really dead, but proposed bringing her into the open air, and nearer the rivulet; they lifted her light form from the ground, and carrying her from under the trees, laid her near the spring, and plentifully showered the refreshing waters on her face and bosom. She revived—she



looked round—she beheld her guide—she clung to him—she was unable to speak. He told her the robbers were gone, and besought her to be composed. She looked in terror at the stranger; but his countenance was mild and compassionate; she perceived it, for her wandering senses were now returning; the hue of death had left her cheek, and her lips again appeared like opening rosebuds—“Am I safe?” were the first words she addressed to her little guide, who stood in transport near her.

“You are safe, lady,” answered the stranger; “there is no one here but my friend and myself; if you saw banditti, they are by this time far away; and when you are recovered, we will, if you choose it, shew you the shortest way through the forest to the hermitage of the cross.”

Cava listened with attention to the shepherd; she was anxious to fly from the place they were in, for she remembered the dreadful Rodrigo’s words to his companion—“Meet me here in an hour.”

She raised herself on her arm; her eager eyes sought an object they dreaded to meet, even to the distant horizon; but nothing struck her view except the forest; neither bird, beast, or human being, but the two that stood at her side, appeared in the boundless waste. The sun had almost hid its bright head behind the distant mountains, and darkness was gathering round.

“Lady,” cried the stranger boy, “it grows late; the forest is at some distance; when arrived there, the road to the hermitage is long, and in the dark, hard to find: rise, I beseech you, lady, and if you have any strength left, we had best set forward; if you are ill, the holy hermit will soon restore you to health.”

“I am not ill,” returned Cava, making use of all her strength to rise from the ground; but again she was near fainting, as it crossed her mind that there might be a possibility of the king’s return before she could reach the shelter of the forest.

“We must assist her, Carl,” cried her little guide. “Fear not, lady; we can carry you if necessary; but your head is bare; the damp of night will kill you;” then remembering that her pilgrim’s hat lay near her in the recess, he flew to bring it; and soon placing it on her head, he fastened it and her cloak, which he had opened to give her air.

His kindness affected the princess; and her terrors being in some measure appeased, she rose from the ground with renovated strength, and leaning on the shepherd, followed her good-natured guide, who now joyfully led the way.

The young shepherd, who supported the poor pilgrim, perceived that she started at the sound of their feet, and every moment looked fearfully around—“What terrifies you, lady?” asked he; “no harm can now happen to you; you will be safe at the hermitage, before the wolves come down from the mountains; they come not till it is quite dark; and should one by chance appear now, we can protect you; this stick has often driven them from my father’s sheepfold.”

“I fear not the wolves, shepherd,” replied Cava, “but while I was alone in the recess, I was alarmed by the sight of two men in conversation under the trees where I sat; perhaps they were some of the banditti; I took them at first to belong to them.”

“I know of no banditti at present in these parts,” answered Carl; “perhaps you were alarmed by seeing the strange man that often wanders about these wilds; people think him mad; he walks the hills for whole days together, and often for whole nights. He seems in general lost in thought, and very melancholy. His dress is the skins of wolves, for he has slain many since he came into this country. He pays honestly enough for what

he gets from the shepherds; but no one knows his abode; and to say the truth, we all avoid him as well as we can, his looks are so terrible; though I have heard say he is at times very charitable to the poor in the mountains; they give him, however, the name of the savage man."

"Truly have the untutored shepherds denominated you, vile Rodrigo," said the princess to herself. She then demanded of the shepherd who a poor emaciated, sickly figure was, that she had seen in company with the savage man?

"I have seen the man," answered he, "but cannot tell you who he is; he appears to me to be dying, and I know has been for some weeks at a shepherd's cot on the borders of the forest."

"Then," cried Cava, starting as she spoke, and making an effort to free her arm from that of the shepherd, "let us not go towards the forest;" and she appeared ready to fly across the wild.

"Lady," cried the boy, "for the love of the Blessed Virgin, and all the saints, take courage; you are safe; no soul is near; and if there was, what could you fear? we have none of us any thing to tempt robbers; and should we even meet the wild man of the mountains, he never harms the traveller or the shepherd; he himself seems to fly from them, and never wishes to converse with mortal."

Cava replaced her arm within the shepherd's mentally saying, "I would fly from him to the extremity of the earth; I would bury myself beneath it, ten thousand fathoms deep, rather than for one moment endure his sight;" then raising her eyes to heaven, she ardently prayed for its protection against Rodrigo.

Anxiety to pass the forest, and gain the hermitage, gave her fresh strength; and leaning on the shepherd, and attentively listening to every sound, she walked at a quick pace.

Night came on; the hollow wind howled across the desert, and began to shake the trees of the forest; the moon rose, but she waded through dark clouds, and foretold a storm.

Cava looked terrified, and quickened her pace. Again the shepherd encouraged her, promising to lead her through the wood, and to the hermitage, long before the storm came on.—"It will be a hurricane, lady, but not till past midnight; and long before that hour, you will be safely housed with the good hermit; and my friend and I asleep in my father's cot close to his warm hearth. My poor old father will not rest his weary limbs after his hard day's labour, till he sees his sheep collected for the night, and his Carl safe within his peaceful abode."

"Peace belongs to the shepherd—to lowly life," cried Cava, "for unhappy is the head that wears a crown."

These words escaped her; she would have recalled them, but it was too late; the boy looked at her, as if he thought she was deprived of her senses, and asked her was she unhappy?

She answered not his question, but taking a jewel from her bosom, with a sweet smile, she thanked him for his care of her; and placing it in his hand, she desired he would purchase with it more sheep, and a better cot for himself and his father.

The amazed boy, seeing the richness of the jewel, and having the beautiful being that gave it full in view, believed it was some blessed spirit sent by the Virgin to enrich

him, and was ready to throw himself at her feet, to express his gratitude and joy, had she not prevented him, and hurried on.

They had not got far into the wood when the gloom became deeper; few were the stars that twinkled in the firmament; and the moon at intervals only was visible through sable clouds.

Appalled, the princess continued her course, still leaning on the shepherd. She listened to every sound; she feared not the coming storm; Rodrigo only had power to shake her soul. Every step she took she dreaded his crossing her path, and she became deaf to all the shepherd said.

When they had advanced towards the middle of the forest, the sound of a human voice struck on her attentive ear; it was distant, and came only at intervals on the blast. She could not ascertain the voice, but terror rose in her heart; she convulsively grasped the shepherd's arm, and gasped for breath; her little guide was on before—the path was narrow, and he brushed away the briars that might impede her passage: they came to where three roads met; it appeared to be the center of the wood; there was a large opening thinly set with trees, and here a faint light piercing through the branches, chequered the ground.

Cava's keen eye saw through the gloom, in deep perspective, the figure of a man. Her fancy presented the hated and appalling figure of Rodrigo; and instant flight was her determination. Suddenly loosening her hold on the shepherd, like lightning she darted from her astonished guides, down the opposite road from where she beheld the figure. Terror winged her flight; the shepherds pursued her in vain; they called to her to stop—she heard them not; she turned not her eye to see—her ear to listen; she had no fear but that of meeting Rodrigo. She made a thousand windings in the forest; her feet—her hands, were torn by the briars and underwood through which she passed; but she still fled, fearless of every danger but that of falling into the power of the king.

At length, weariness obliged her to stop. She leaned against a tree—she panted for breath—night was silent around—again she listened attentively, and heard no sound, save the whistling of the wind through the forest. She now looked in vain for her guides; they were far distant; she had herself outstripped the winds. She still leaned against the tree. “What,” she cried, “will become of me in this solitude? I shall either be devoured by wolves, die of famine before I can emerge from this labyrinth, or, what is worse than death, be found here by Rodrigo! Give me patience and courage, kind Heaven! My fate is a wayward one, but I will not lose myself in vain complaints; I will preserve my life if possible; but if I cannot live free of Rodrigo, I will die.” She then sought in her bosom for a dagger she had long carried there; she drew it forth, and felt that it was sharp—she again sheathed it, and replaced it in her bosom.

“Almighty Power,” she cried, “forgive me, if dire necessity should compel me to make use of this fatal instrument; thou knowest my heart. I would not willingly hurt the worm that crawls beneath my feet; how then should I start at shedding human blood! alas! I am more likely to turn the dagger against my own life, than to find courage to take that of even the vile Rodrigo.”

Sinking on her knees, she breathed an ardent prayer to be saved, from the crime of even an unwilling murder. “Save me,” cried she, “from the power of the wretch who has been the ruin of my peace in this world; and take me, Almighty Power, take me to regions of eternal bliss, where the innocent in heart shall find favour in thy sight, and

where those who suffer here shall receive blessings a thousand fold; where we shall be free from enemies, and joined to those good and virtuous whom we have loved on earth.”

Alonzo then occupied her thoughts; his name trembled on her lips; and she poured out her soul in fervent prayer for the safety of him she so fondly loved.

Rising from her knees, with a firmer step she walked slowly on, through underwood and the thick branches of overshadowing trees; but no path led her through the wood, nor had she a hope that her guides would now be able to trace her. She wandered near an hour in this labyrinth; sometimes emerging into a gloomy light—sometimes lost in almost total darkness. At length, a faint moonbeam, streaming through the trees, shewed her an immense hill rising before her; its summit was covered with wood, but its base was rocky, and broke into many deep caverns, the entrances to which were overgrown with underwood and briars; one seemed easy of access, and spacious. Cava was weary; and drizzling rain began to fall. The winds growled through the forest; and she dreaded a coming storm. She thought she might securely rest within the cavern till the tempest should pass away. Entering with caution, the princess perceived, by the pale light that shone full on its mouth, that it was then without inhabitant; no trace of human footstep was visible. The cave was spacious; and dark recesses seemed formed in its sides.

As Cava advanced, she started at beholding some embers not quite extinct at its extremity, and a rustic seat placed near them. The skin also of some wild animal, not long torn from its carcase, lay on the ground. Her heart died within her at this sight; and striking her breast in wild despair, she cried—“Heaven assist my flight; this cavern is the abode of man, perhaps the asylum of my fell destroyer; let me meet death in the storm, rather than endure his hated sight.”

With precipitation, panting for breath, and pale as the wan moon that shone upon her visage, she rushed to the entrance of the cave; but soon her steps were rooted to the ground, and her frame stiffened with horror, when the loud voice of Rodrigo came upon the blast, and she heard heavy steps descending the steep. It was now no time to fly—the moment was past—she should meet him at the entrance of the cave—he would know her—he would arrest her flight—she was lost for ever. She drew her dagger from her bosom—she held it naked in her hand—“This,” thought she, “may for a moment protect me; it may entirely free me from his power; yet shall I dare to avoid the ills which Heaven is pleased to shower upon me—venture to rush unbidden into the presence of my Creator? Christianity forbids it: let that pure faith give me courage to seek other means for my preservation, than that of dipping my hands in my own blood, or in that of others.”

With eyes full of despair, yet with a faint ray of hope in her heart, she looked round for some secret spot where she might conceal herself till she could find an opportunity to escape; precious were the moments—the sound of steps descending the rock was heard—the voice was nearer, and more distinct. Rodrigo’s tall figure threw a shade on the mouth of the cavern. As the princess shrunk back at the sight, she discovered a deep recess near where she stood; she instantly availed herself of it, and softly stepping back, was soon within the dark chamber. A fragment of the rock projecting, completely concealed her from the sight of those in the outer cave, but she could distinctly see all that passed. The terrified Cava clung to the rock, or her agitated frame must have sunk to the ground. She drew her dark mantle across her bosom; and

with terror that palsied every limb, and eyes fixed wildly on the cavern's mouth, she watched the approach of Rodrigo.

For some minutes he seemed in angry altercation with the wretch she had seen in the evening; words rose high between them; and for a moment the alarmed princess indulged the hope that they were only passing by the entrance of the cavern. She was deceived: all hope fled her bosom when she beheld the fell king, with his left hand strongly twisted in the wretch's hair, drag him with violence into the cave; while the right held a drawn sword, threatening instant death if he did not obey his orders, and conjure up the spirits of darkness to disclose his fate.

The miserable man fell at his feet in agony; he besought him to spare him, and not to insist on so dreadful a proof of his gratitude for former kindness.—“My life,” he cried, “oh Rodrigo! is in your power; tempt me not to buy it at so deadly a price. Here me, oh king! and pity me. To you I owed my forfeit life: when I left Spain, I was dissolute—I was abandoned—I had no sense of virtue, or of true religion. Wherever I wandered, I learnt nothing but vice: for gain I denied Christ, and embraced the faith of Mahomet. I traversed many countries, with various fortune; and in the East I formed a friendship with a man gloomy and dark in his manners, but, when once known, his conversation fascinated. His wisdom, and the extent of his knowledge, astonished me; never was I weary in his company. Even the dissolute pleasures I had hitherto followed, I now abandoned to live with him. But he was often absent; in the midst of our most interesting conversations, he would, at times, start from me, and hide himself for days in solitary caverns, and wild woods. I followed him—I discovered his haunts. I did not suffer him to be alone; and I urged him to discover to me the cause of his visible uneasiness. At first he evaded all my inquiries; at length he owned to me that he was deeply skilled in magic, which he had studied many years. He told me, that though he had appeared to lead a happy life, his sufferings had been severe. The demons, at his command, had gratified all his wishes; it had been in his power to transport himself from one country to another in an instant—in the twinkling of an eye. Gold and gems were poured out before him in profusion; all the pleasures of sense were his; the proudest kings, when he appeared at their courts, had offered him their friendship; the first beauties of the world had showered favours on him; his wishes had been unbounded—unbounded had been his gratifications.

“At this declaration I interrupted his discourse, by crying out—‘Oh Theodore! what can you desire, but what you have in your possession? Are you not, at this moment, the first and greatest of human beings? would that I had your wisdom! would that I could controul the spirits of the nether world! I would shake this to atoms, but I would enjoy my power. I would not, like you, fly, gloomy and discontented, to caverns and wild deserts; I would smile for ever—I would ride triumphant from pole to pole, and command the world.’

“Calmly turning towards me, he said—‘And yet you cannot command your own imagination. Alas! my friend, he who abjures religion and virtue can know no peace. Conscience may be laid asleep; but when awoke, it inflicts more deadly pains upon its victim.’”

At these words of the prostrate wretch, Rodrigo groaned; and loosening his hand that was twisted in his hair, he smote his breast; but soon recollecting himself, he rolled his dark eyes round the cavern, and then fixing them on the emaciated figure before him, and still holding his naked sword as if he meant to strike, he ordered him to proceed.

The terrified being was faint and weak, but raising himself upon his knees, he thus continued at his discourse.—“Vile as I was, I laughed at my friend’s harangue on conscience; I declared my disbelief in all religions, though I had assumed that of Mahomet, supposing it of use during my travels in the East. ‘But let me,’ cried I, ‘make acquaintance with your demons; they must be most agreeable companions; I am impatient for their charming society; if they can bestow all you say, they shall be my dearest friends.’ Theodore shook his head; his look was gloomy and perturbed. He avoided me; I pursued him—I conjured him, by our friendship, to teach me his wisdom—to instruct me in the arts of magic. For a long time he resisted my most earnest supplications. I persecuted him; and in an evil hour he complied.

“Oh king! I cannot now describe the dreadful scenes I passed through—the horrors that met my eyes—the hideous demons that day and night presented themselves to my view. I had riches at my command; if I clapped my hands—if I stamped my foot, what I wished for was before me; but presented by beings so hideous, so ghastly, so dreadful, that my firm nerves trembled, and became weak as the bending reed. A deadly sickness overpowered me; and I have often wished for dissolution. I dreaded poison in the costly banquet; I turned in disgust from the blandishments of beauty. To me only were the fiends visible that watched all around; they mocked me in the moment I appeared to enjoy the most. The song of the syren—the soft breathings of the flute—the most melodious concert, was followed by yells that seemed to proceed from hell—that would have appalled the stoutest, and were only heard by me. I wished for Sabeian odours; they came upon the gale; delighted, I inhaled their fragrance; suddenly a stench arose, so dreadful, so sickening, that, overcome with it, I have fainted in the arms of my attendants, who could have no idea what caused my illness.

“I was now in the predicament of my friend; I also hurried at times from the cheerful haunts of men, to caverns and to wilds. I cursed the hour that I had dared to taste of the forbidden fruit; and I seriously began to think of flying secretly from Theodore, and abjuring the magic art; yet I loved—I pitied him. He too suffered, and had unwillingly instructed me in the diabolical arts so well known to himself. While I continued uncertain what to do, I perceived a great alteration in the appearance of my friend; his strength seemed to fail; a deadly paleness at times overspread his fine face, and his sunk eyes had lost their fire: for two or three days I missed him from the town which we inhabited, and had determined on seeking him the next morning, when a strange boy brought me a slip of parchment, on which was written these words:—

‘Come my friend, as soon as possible, to the cavern at the left hand of the wood. I wish to bid you an eternal adieu, and to impress on your mind the last advice that I can ever give you.

THEODORE.’

“Shocked at this sad scrawl, I hurried without delay to the cavern; and found, stretched at full length on its flinty bottom, my unhappy friend. I took his hand—I wept over him: his skin burnt like fire; his eyes were sunk; his face was ghastly; in a hollow voice he cried—‘Behold the end of the wicked! I die, and I despair; fiends wait to receive me. I forsook my God to follow their counsels—to buy their services for the worst

purposes. I repent, but it is too late; I am no longer allowed that time I have made so ill an use of. Take warning, my friend! I am not so lost but I wish to save you. Abjure magic; resist the influence of the evil one; lay it to your heart, that virtue only can render you happy here, or in a world to come. Three days I have passed in prayer—in heartfelt contrition—in deep repentance; for these last twelve hours the spirits of darkness have forsaken me; they quit the cavern with horrid shrieks. A ray of light comes on my parting soul—the true penitent may have found mercy. When I am dead, remove not my body from this cavern; bury me here: and, my friend, swear to me that you will follow my advice, and forsake your evil ways; to be assured of it, will console me in death.’

“In a convulsive manner he pressed my hand; his eyes were fixed—his eloquent tongue was dumb—I hastened to swear what he wished—he again pressed my hand—he raised his to heaven—his lips moved—he smiled, and expired. I sat long by his cold corse—in mute agony I gazed on his face—I thought of the charms of his society—I lamented his faults—I swore to amend my own. I myself dug his grave. All night I laid me down at his feet—all night I wept, and ventured to pray. I rose with the dawn; a dead weight sat on my heart; but no infernal demon had intruded on my sight, and I looked to it as a happy omen. I raised my dead friend in my arms—I kissed his marble cheek; and his face was wet with my tears; I laid him in his grave. I hesitated before I could throw the earth over him—with labour and sorrow I finished my sad work; and when it was at an end, blocking up the cavern with earth and large stones, I took my way to our former abode.

“I entered the desolate apartment of my friend; I seized with fury on all his fatal papers—on all I thought had assisted him in his art; I carried them into a court behind his mansion, and committed them to the flames; they appeared to me a funeral pile to my friend; and by so doing I hoped to save his memory from obloquy. I also devoted all that belonged to myself to the same devouring flames.

“When this task was accomplished, harassed in person and in mind, I took some refreshment, and sought in sleep to forget, for a few hours, my sorrows; it was past mid-day—the weather was sultry—I courted repose, but my sleep was disturbed; and my sad dreams were worse than my waking thoughts. I believed that the dead form of my friend, just as I beheld him a pale corse, stood upright before me, charging me to abandon his diabolical arts, and instantly to fly the town, and even the country we had inhabited. I started from the couch on which I lay, terrified, and feeling myself a guilty wretch. I stared fearfully around—the shades of evening were descending—by the dim light in the chamber, I was assured I saw the ghastly form of Theodore slowly quitting it. A moment sufficed to tell me he had come to warn me of danger. Opening a cabinet in which I had deposited some jewels, I took them from a drawer, and placing them in my bosom, I entered the garden of the house in which we had lived, and unlocking a private door in the wall that led to the mountains, I took my way towards the cottages of some shepherds who, I knew, dwelt a few leagues from the town.

“Before midnight I reached the hut of one whom I had formerly relieved from distress. The poor man lived alone; he had long been asleep when I lifted the latch. He saw me—he rose, lit his fire; at the same moment asking what misfortune had befallen me, that I should make him so late a visit? He seemed shocked at my dejection; and finding me unwilling to speak, he placed some milk before me, and quickly making up a

bed of skins, besought me to rest my weary limbs till morning. I drank the milk; and without speaking, lay down, and fell into a composed slumber.

“The day was far advanced, when the noise the old shepherd made by violently shutting and barricading the door of his cottage, awoke and alarmed me:—‘What is the matter, Pedro?’ I exclaimed, starting from where I lay.—‘My benefactor, I must save you!’ was all the answer he made; but laying hold of my arm, or rather, dragging me along, he pushed me into a cavern where he had confined some goats: while he held me, he pulled a great stone from the mouth with all his force; and when I was within, he rolled the stone into its place, crying—‘Stir not till I come—milk the goats for your support; you will find a vessel in the cave.’

“He suddenly left me. I sat down on a large stone, against which I had hit my foot as I entered. At first I believed myself in total darkness, but by degrees I could distinguish every object round me; some crevices in the rock let in a faint light, which every moment increased. I sat for a time, stupified by the events of the last twenty-four hours; and, had I not dreaded to die, I should have anxiously wished to quit a world which I was weary of; every crime I had been guilty of rose full in my view, and I shed torrents of tears. Hours passed—no shepherd returned: the goats that were confined seemed restless for want of milking. I myself grew faint without nourishment. I then remembered what the old shepherd had said to me; and taking the vessel which I found near the entrance of the cavern, I relieved the poor animals from their burden, and myself from the hunger and thirst which oppressed me. I again sat down upon the stone; deep repentance entered into my heart; and, for the first time I had dared to do it since I had abandoned the Christian faith, I kneeled down, and made the sign of the cross.

“It was now almost night. Before I had risen from my kneeling posture, I heard the good shepherd roll away the stone that secured the cavern.—‘Come, my kind benefactor,’ said the good creature, ‘come now in safety for the night to my cottage; a plentiful meal, and a good bed, await you; your enemies are departed—all danger for the present is past, but for the future I cannot answer.’ ‘What mean you, father?’ I cried, much alarmed, for I felt the bowstring at my neck. ‘Let the future take care of itself,’ returned the shepherd; ‘thank Heaven, you are now safe: leave this melancholy spot to the poor animals I am obliged to confine here during the night, and follow me.’

“He now led the way to his cot, where, as he had said, every thing was prepared for me, with a degree of comfort seldom found in such a place. I sighed deeply as I sat down to his humble, yet hospitable board. I reflected, that the assistance I had once afforded him in his distress was almost the only really good and disinterested action of my life, and how amply was I rewarded! Reflection produced contrition for my crimes; and, thinking how happy I might have been had I followed the path of virtue, instead of the delusive one of vice, I sat down motionless and inanimate at the table provided for me.”

Here Rodrigo, who had till now held his naked sword over his victim, let the point drop—fixed it in the ground, and leaned upon its hilt; his head bent over it, and all the varying passions of his soul were portrayed in his changing countenance—“Do not moralize,” cried the fierce king; “proceed in your story, and be concise, I charge you, for I am impatient to have my commands obeyed.”

Cava trembled in her recess, and almost lost feeling for herself, in her commiseration for the perilous state of the wretched being now in the power of so fell a



tyrant. He, still kneeling before Rodrigo, continued—"I eat, to please the shepherd and support nature; but my heart was sick within me. I then inquired what the danger was that his affection had warded off?"—"Your life," answered he, "was in the utmost danger; you are pursued by the officers of justice; and, had they found you, you would have been sacrificed on the spot. You are accused of murder and robbery, and of practising the arts of magic. It is reported and believed that you have murdered your friend Theodore—hid his body by diabolical arts—entered his house—carried off every thing of value, and burnt what you could not carry away. You were traced to the foot of the mountains; and as you were not to be found, either on the mountain or in this cot, your pursuers, after remaining here for hours, and making a strict search in vain, are returned to the town, convinced you have rendered yourself invisible by your art. They will propagate this belief as a truth; this, my kind benefactor, favours your escape, should you have done any thing you fear bringing to light. I will never give credit to any thing against you; you can neither be a murderer, a magician, or a robber."

"Struck dumb by the simplicity of the worthy old shepherd, and ashamed of the good opinion I so little deserved, I sat for a long time without motion, till I perceived he looked fearfully at me, and I began to fear, should he judge of me as other people did, he might believe his religion, and his duty to the state, obliged him to betray me. I felt the blood rush into my face as I rose from the table, saying—"My good father, I am no murderer; I have lost my friend, but he died a natural death; I buried him as he himself desired; and I deeply lament him. I am no robber; I possess nothing but a few jewels, which I have now about me, and which belonged exclusively to myself. I have nothing of my friend's but this lock of hair, (drawing one from my bosom that I had taken from his head before I laid him in his grave). I burnt nothing in his house, but papers useless to the dead and to the living, what he himself wished destroyed.'" Then turning to the virtuous man who had protected me, I said (not having the confidence before such simple virtue to assert a falsehood)—"Was I a magician, think you I would hide myself in a cavern to avoid my enemies? would I not confound them in a moment, by a word, or even by a look?"

"My voice trembled while I spoke; the honest shepherd penetrated not my thoughts; guiltless himself, he believed me so; and full of gratitude, he would have risked his life to serve me. He proposed my remaining at his cot for some time, to recruit my strength and spirits; but I was desirous to quit the country, and once more to put my foot on Christian ground, there to make atonement for my many crimes.

"At the fall of night I parted from the good shepherd, giving him, much against his will, half the treasure I had about me; he amply replenished a scrip, which he insisted on hanging round my neck; and with tears and prayers he parted with me at the foot of the mountains, from whence he shewed me the nearest way to the next town, where I had determined to abide during the day; and, till I had got an immense distance, to travel only by night.

"When I pressed the hand of the kind old man, I felt my heart wrung with sorrow and remorse; I hurried on, and turning to take a last look of him, I perceived he lingered on the spot till we could no longer discern each other. I then bent my solitary way towards the south. I was alone in the world; no human being had any interest in my fate; I had nothing to love—nothing to look on with pleasure or delight. I cast my eyes inward—there all was guilt, sorrow, and remorse. My life had been one crime; I

determined on devoting the remainder to penitence and tears. Long and weary was my journey: I passed through Syria—I traversed the deserts of Arabia—I crossed the Red Sea, and entered Egypt. I heard of the holy hermits in the deserts of Africa, and I doubled all my efforts to find their abode. I at last succeeded, after two years of toil and misery; sometimes begging my bread—often earning it by the labour of my hands. I found the abode of virtue—I found an asylum for a wretched penitent among these holy men. Here, after dreadful expiations, I was again received into the bosom of the church. I forsook Mahomet, and again proudly carried the cross upon my breast. Ten years I remained in the deserts; every hour my soul grew more calm; I had shut out the world; I was the companion of the virtuous; and, could I have forgotten the part I had acted, should have been happy. My health declined; the great heats of Africa would soon have put a period to my worthless life, had not a kind hermit with whom I dwelt, entreated me to visit Spain for some time, as it was believed a few months residence there would entirely restore my health; and I might then return to the society I so highly valued, better able to fulfil those duties the holy hermits impose upon themselves. The worthy man pointed out the very spot he wished me to inhabit, on the western shores of Spain; assuring me he had business of importance which would call him there in a few months, and we might return to Africa together.

“Knowing this, I consented to quit my blessed asylum, and the virtuous beings that inhabit it; but consented only for a time. Every day, oh king! I look out for this holy hermit; he must soon be here; and, let my health be what it will, if I can crawl the earth, I will return to Africa. Do not, I beseech thee, brave and generous Rodrigo, force me to pollute my soul by arts, the use of which I have long forsworn. Can I tempt the Almighty with impunity? No; rather will I die at your feet, than be the wretch I once was.”

“You shall be the wretch I choose to make you,” cried the fell Rodrigo, again raising his sword; “if you commit a crime, your canting holy hermits, your immaculate monks, will soon absolve and purify your weak soul for the paradise they preach. You shall never return to your deserts, to boast you have conquered the will of the great Rodrigo, and to contrast his faults with the merits of your monks. Call up your imps, if you have the power, and I will question them.”

The miserable man fell lower at the tyrant’s feet; he dreaded death. In the most suppliant manner he entreated compassion—compassion for his soul. He asked for delay—for another hour—another day.

“Impossible,” fiercely answered the king; “before you leave this cavern, you shall gratify my ardent curiosity; or I will fling you from it, a cold corse, to feed the wolves of the mountains, or the birds of prey.”

The sword was now close to the suppliant’s breast; and he, weak mortal, dreading to pass “that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” yielded, with tears and groans, to the wishes of the king; and was about to begin his diabolical incantations, when Rodrigo, seeing him shake in every joint, and turn more deadly pale than he had yet appeared, cried, with a smile of contempt—“Dastard, what fear you? willingly I take all your sin upon my soul. In the enchanted castle I once braved a demon (if such there be), and shall I dread one now? The guilt be mine that you now conjure them to sight; let it fall only on my head.”

“Remember your words, Rodrigo, in the great day of wrath; for then will I confront you with them.”

“Confront me with what you will, coward, in another world, but obey me now in this.”

Tempests raged round the cavern; the rain descended in torrents, and thunder rolled far off. Undismayed, Rodrigo stood and watched the stranger, and all his motions. Blue vapours filled the cave; a slight earthquake seemed to shake the ground, and a small spiral flame rose in the centre. Cava, half dead with terror, fervently prayed that her senses might be spared her, and that she might have the power to escape during a scene which she should fear to look on; then closing her eyes, and rolling her dark mantle round her, she felt for the cross she always carried in her bosom, and pressing it to her lips, she leaned her head upon the rock, trembling at every peal of the loud thunder, that now rolled almost incessantly over the cavern.

## CHAP. VI.

“Arise and say  
For whom yon glittering board is spread—  
For whom prepared yon bridal bed?”

.....

“Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.”

THOUGH the storm raged through the forest, all for a time was silent in the cave. The fire in the centre increased not in circumference, but it rose in height. The unfortunate magician, with a faltering step and mournful countenance, slowly advanced; he stretched his arms towards it, and muttered incantations; the flame parted—it was red as blood—a thick vapour rose—an uncouth form appeared—but an outline only was visible—no features met the view; a peevish and shrill voice cried—“What seekest thou, thou double apostate? force me not to obey you, who discarded me in the deserts of Africa. I deny your power; my masters in the nether world have inflicted double torments on me for your soul’s escape. Begone—I obey you not; but to the king I bow,” cried the shapeless phantom, which now grew in stature, and bent forward from the flame. “Mighty Rodrigo, ’tis thou hast called me from the profound abyss; thou, undaunted king, standest in the place of that ungrateful coward, who abjured the attendant spirit that so long had gratified his every wish. A power I hate, and dare not name, alone protects him from the princes of darkness; but thee, Rodrigo, they are willing to obey; thy dauntless heart is congenial with theirs; and, in the regions from whence I come, thy name is familiar to our ears, and shouts of loud applause attend it through the nether world. Time presses—speak thy wishes, mighty king.”

Astonished, nearly confounded with this address, and almost afraid that there was a Supreme Power, who had now sent a demon to chastise him, Rodrigo recoiled; a ghastly hue overspread his countenance, and he had nearly fled from the cavern to avoid the phantom, when casting his eyes on the wretch he had forced to call it up, he saw him standing with his hands folded on his breast, his eyes fixed on Heaven, with an

expression of the greatest humility, gratitude, and delight; he seemed in the act of prayer. The enraged king lifted his sword with an intention to bury it in his bosom, when the phantom again addressed him:—"Mighty prince, reserve the strength of your arm for a nobler foe."

Rodrigo started—his eye flashed fire—a field of battle—conquest—a recovered crown, rushed on his soul; he stood like a giant in strength, fearless even of the fiends of hell. He called to the phantom—"Give me to see Toledo."

"Look yonder," cried the awful figure, raising its uncouth arm, and pointing to the extremity of the cave, "look, mighty monarch, at thy once-loved capital."

This was uttered in a deep sepulchral voice. Rodrigo turned to the sight. Toledo was before him; its walls were broken down; its gates were in the dust; its towers were fallen; many of its palaces were in flames. His eye sought the royal one; he could behold its innermost chambers; no trace of his family remained; the Moors occupied every part of the building; the whole town seemed full of them.

Sick at the sight, Rodrigo turned away, and Toledo sunk in night. Recovering himself, he cried in a softened accent—"Shew me where dwells my abandoned Egilone—does she survive the desolation of her country?"

"Turn and behold her," said the phantom, in a terrifying accent.

Again Rodrigo raised his eyes—they fell on Seville; here all seemed joy and peace. Moor and Christian walked hand in hand; the town was crowded—joyful shouts were heard—music floated on the gale—the lofty gates of the royal palace were thrown open—the banqueting hall was full in view—Christians and Moors surrounded the table; it appeared as if the world had been ransacked to decorate this abode of pleasure; and, oh! killing sight! at the banquet, exalted on golden thrones, Rodrigo beheld Abdalesis and Egilone; they both wore crowns, and were in bridal habits. All a lover's admiration, and all a husband's fondness, shone in the eyes of the noble Moor; and the lovely Egilone appeared almost a divinity. A cold horror ran through Rodrigo's veins as he gazed upon his wife—the wife whose value he so little knew—whom he had used so ill—so cruelly abandoned. When he beheld her lost to him, and in the arms of another, all her merits rushed upon his soul; she tugged at his heart; and throwing himself on the ground, he tore his hair; he cursed the hour he was born—the world that had deceived him—and then the fiend that had brought this scene to his view.

A laugh, as if in derision, proceeded from the phantom—"Curse not me," it cried, "oh! brave and powerful Rodrigo; I am your lowest slave; I only obeyed the commands of him, the wise and mighty prince who has called me to his side: I will not abandon thee as Egilone has done; I will be near thee in the hour of peril, follow thy steps, and assist thy efforts."

"Of peril!" cried Rodrigo, starting from the ground; "say, shall I again hear the sound of glorious war?—shall I again meet my enemies in the field?"

"Again you shall meet your enemies in the field; mighty king, shall you lift the shield, and draw the sword, and I will not desert you in the battle. I have now answered your questions; dismiss me, Rodrigo, my hour is come; I have other tasks to perform in other regions."

"Spirit, phantom, devil, angel, or by what name you choose to assume, I conjure you," cried Rodrigo, "shew me count Julian's daughter—shew me Cava." While he

spoke, his agitation was so extreme, that his voice became inarticulate, and the name of Cava died upon his lips.

In a shrill angry voice the spirit answered—"Be prudent, king, you touch on forbidden ground; I have no power to obey you in what you demand; dismiss me, if you regard your life."

The king, heedless of the threat of his dreadful friend, and determined to be informed of the fate of the princess, in a loud and authoritative tone demanded—"Was she alive or dead?"

In a voice of fury the phantom answered—"The ground covers her whose fate you seek to know; let her rest in peace, or you meet the grisly king."

A spiteful laugh, succeeded by a horrid yell, and a loud peal of thunder, followed these last words of the phantom. He instantly sunk with the clouds and flame that surrounded his shapeless form, and the cavern was restored to its pristine state.

Cava, who had fainted during the scene that had passed in the cavern, was called to recollection by the loud claps of thunder that rattled over her head; still pressing her cross to her lips, or bosom, she rose softly from the rock, and advanced a few steps towards the mouth of the recess, hoping to fly, now that it was nearly dark in the cave, save when vivid flashes of lightning filled it with a momentary brightness; but soon the princess recoiled with horror, as a sudden flash entering the cavern, shewed the breathless body of the stranger stretched upon the ground. He had silently fallen, unseen by Rodrigo, till the heavenly fire pointed to where he lay. The king, who for some minutes had been surrounded by darkness, could scarcely believe his senses, when he saw at his feet his unfortunate victim. Struck with momentary remorse, he forgot the phantom, he forgot the visions he had seen, and flinging himself on his knees by the inanimate corse, he lamented the cruel treatment he had given him; and the unstable and quick changing nature of Rodrigo, which often fluctuated between virtue and vice, was now softened to pity and remorse; he raised the dead body in his arms, he groaned aloud, he besought his pardon, and impiously called on Heaven to witness his innocence of the murder of his friend.

Cava saw all that passed from where she stood concealed, and exerting the strength of mind and body she was mistress of, she determined to attempt her escape. She hoped, during the violence of Rodrigo's grief, she should be able to quit the cavern unmolested. Drawing her pilgrim's hat as far over her fair forehead as she had the power to do, wrapping her mantle round her, and her dagger naked in her hand, supplicating Heaven to protect her, with a firm step she issued from her dark retreat; and keeping a fixed eye on Rodrigo, for she was to pass near him, she advanced to the outlet of the cavern; the noise she could not avoid making drew the attention of the king; at first he believed the phantom was returned, and he was about to address it; but a sudden stream of light from the full moon just emerged from a dark cloud, surrounding the beautiful figure of Cava as she glided along the pavement, the wondering Rodrigo instantly recognized the well-known lovely form; believed it her ghost come to accuse him of her fate, and to add another horror to the night. The dead body fell from his grasp, and he started from his kneeling posture. Rodrigo's mind was neither influenced by religion or superstition; he believed no god, he feared no devil; and soon recovering his wonted energy (though his frame shook with surprise, doubt and anxiety, the transient idea of its being the ghost of the princess that he beheld hastening towards the mouth of the cavern,

was lost in the hope of finding her a real substance. All the remorse that had seized him, all the tenderness that had filled his heart at the loss of Egilone, vanished in a moment; he rather rejoiced that his hymeneal bands had been torn asunder; he considered himself free; the delusions of the fiend had turned his thoughts to the overthrow of his enemies, to a recovered kingdom, which he would lay at Cava's feet, and never quit her till she consented to be his. All these delightful, vain ideas passed in quick succession through his brain; and he prepared to pursue the princess. He had attempted to seize her mantle, as she swiftly passed near him towards the entrance of the cave, but the dead body lay between them; as Rodrigo stretched over it, the lightning ceased, the moon hid her head behind a cloud, and the cavern became dark as Erebus. The king stumbled; he lay stretched on the body of his unhappy friend; something like fear knocked at his breast; he did not allow it entrance; but strove to disentangle himself, vowing to pursue and conquer. Cava, perceiving her advantage, lost no time in flying from her enemy.

As soon as she had freed herself from the cavern, she plainly discerned a path leading through the wood; she cared not where it conducted her, so it led her from the king; the hurricane was over; the thunder had ceased to roar; but at every moment pale lightning crossed her path, and a small and heavy rain penetrated the thick foliage under which she passed; but fearless of the lightning's glare or the abundant shower, she run with velocity through the windings of the wood, and soon found it a complete labyrinth, and she feared she had got at no great distance from the cave.

She sought a straiter and more direct road; none was visible; and it was quite impossible, should she quit that she had taken, to make her way through the trees and underwood with which she was environed. In deep anguish, but not allowing herself to despair, with a quick and light step she traversed the damp and slippery path before her, lending an attentive ear to every noise. She heard nothing but the rain pattering above her—as she advanced, the hooting of an owl startled her; all the feathered tribe but this bird of night was silent—amid the wood, all had found shelter from the pitiless storm.

"I cannot," said Cava mentally, "be far distant from some building that may protect, may hide me till the morning from the beasts of the forest, and from more savage man. This bird cannot be of ill omen to me; I will hope its cry will for once bear a different interpretation." She still traversed the path—a large opening in the trees gave a lurid light, and she discovered at some distance a large building, seemingly in decay; with hasty step she advanced towards it; with ardent gaze she fixed her eyes on its protecting turrets, for there she hoped to find security from the fiend that harassed her. The bird of night shrieked from the tottering battlements, and seemed to warn her of danger. As she advanced, the night cleared, the moon threw off her dark mantle, and again rode bright in the heavens, attended by her starry train—the loud winds were hushed—the rain had ceased, and the desolate wandering Cava found herself close to the entrance of the ruined castle. A wide hall presented itself; part was lit by the moonbeams, part lay in shade; she ventured in; she crossed half its marble pavement—she stopt, and with careful eyes examining this spacious dilapidated structure, saw no soul was near; and finding a staircase led from each extremity of the hall to the upper apartments, she believed that for the rest of the night she should find security in one of them; and coming to the foot of the stairs on her right hand, she was going to ascend them, when finding them in a perilous state of decay, she turned round to pass to that on the left, which at a distance appeared more firm; scarcely had she done so, when she heard the loud opening of a door, and

from a lower apartment at the extremity of the hall, rushed the haughty Rodrigo, and with rapid strides advanced towards her—terror gave her wings; she now almost flew up the broken stairs she had the moment before been fearful of ascending. The king in full pursuit called on her to stop, as she valued her life. She regarded not life, was she to fall into his power, and continued her flight, till she landed safely on the uppermost step; her light weight, added to her quick motion, had scarcely pressed the dilapidated stairs; they just vibrated under her, but she passed them in safety; and unable to proceed farther, leaned almost breathless on the balustrade. The king, urged by passion, madness and revenge, pursued her; he reached the middle of the staircase, though at every step they shook under his lofty and majestic figure; and just as his wicked and vain hope led him to all he wished, the frail and mouldering structure gave way under his feet, and he was precipitated to the bottom, and thrown far into the middle of the hall, while some of the marble fragments rolled over him, and left him fainting on the pavement, and so severely wounded, he was unable to rise.

Cava, who was flying through the open galleries, nearly hopeless of escape, hearing the crash of the staircase and the groans of the tyrant, ventured to turn round, and saw, with gratitude to Heaven, the entire demolition of the stairs; and stepping forward, she beheld Rodrigo stretched senseless on the pavement below.

This was the moment granted by Heaven for flight; but how could she now descend? where was it possible to find a safe passage from the ruined chambers? Eager to quit the castle, and dreading, should Rodrigo recover from his swoon, he might find some means to reach her, she flew from room to room, and passed through ruined chambers, filled with rubbish, fallen beams, and shattered furniture; she made her way over all, in search of a staircase. She discovered one at the end of a long gallery, and darted towards it with transport. Alas! what was her disappointment when she found, that instead of leading her to the bottom of the building, it wound round the inside of a tower, that was still in some preservation, and must lead her to the battlements!

The princess believing she should be safer there than in the desolated chambers, swiftly ascended the stairs, and perceiving a trap-door open, she hailed it as a good omen; and passing through it, found herself under the broad canopy of heaven, on the top of an old tower. She examined the trap-door; it was in good condition, and had strong bolts; she made use of all her strength to lower and fasten it; she succeeded; and weary and faint, sat down upon the battlements.

It was still night, and she dreaded the dawn of day, lest should the king revive, he might discover her retreat. She looked on the forest as it lay dark beneath her; she trembled, when measuring by her eyes the trees with the lofty tower; she saw how high its battlements rose, and how vain her hope must be of descending from the outside.—“Then I shall die here,” she cried. “Oh! my God, if it be thy will, I am content; but hear the petition of thy servant, and save me from Rodrigo.”

Oppressed in mind, weary from bodily exertion, she leaned for support against the battlements: as she sat resting her wan cheek on her hand, and in silence weeping her hard fortune—

“And listens to a heavy sound,  
That moans the messy turrets round:  
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?

Is it the echo from the rocks?"

she heard a sound; she started from her seat; she looked forward from the battlements—

"'Tis not the wind that swings the oaks;  
'Tis not the echo from the rocks."

Cava distinctly heard human voices beneath the tower: at first her dread of Rodrigo suggested to her to draw back from sight, but she was convinced it was not his voice she heard; and stretching as far over the battlements as she could venture to do, without losing her poize, she beheld, to her unspeakable delight, her little guide, with his friend the young shepherd, at the foot of the tower where she stood. They were in deep discourse, lamenting their having lost her during the storm, and searching all round the dreary mansion, in the hope she might have taken shelter under its ruins.

The princess was now all anxiety to draw their attention. She feared she was too much elevated above them, for her weak voice to be heard below. Her garments were dark, and should they look up, they might not, by the doubtful light, be certain they beheld her whom they sought; they might not think it possible she could reach the battlements; or superstition might, in the minds of the untutored boys, transform her into a spirit of the night, and send them terrified from the ruins.

They now advanced close under the tower where she stood; she called them by their names; they heard her not; her voice, faint from her fatigue, terror and languor, died upon the wind, that at the instant swept round the castle. Wringing her hands in agony, she waved her mantle over the dark walls; and untying her pilgrim's hat, she dropt it just at the feet of her little guide. At first she saw him recoil with surprise as it fell before him; while his less-timid companion, stooping, lifted it from the ground; and finding it belonged to the pilgrim, gave a joyful shout, which was repeated by the boy; they waved it in the air; and looking up, they made signs to the princess, which she did not understand. She again called to them; they appeared not to hear, or listen to her; and soon, to her inexpressible horror, they were out of sight. She again sat down on the cold stone, and covering her face with her hands, she believed herself now completely abandoned by the whole world; and a death-like languor pervaded her frame; the dews of night fell heavy on her bare head; and her loose mantle fluttered in the rising blast. Her soul, as well as her lovely form, was chilled; and she hoped that death would soon put an end to every hope and every fear. From this torpor she was roused by a noise at the trap-door, and a violent effort to break it open—"It is the tyrant," exclaimed she, rising suddenly from her seat; "he shall not enter this last retreat of the wretched, if these hands have power with these fragments to secure the entrance."

Moving with velocity towards the trap-door, she was just about to roll some stones upon it that lay near her, when it was forced open, and there stood before her, not the tyrant, but the young shepherd and her little guide. Too happy for her words to find utterance, she affectionately seized their hands, and burst into tears.

"Fear nothing, dear lady," cried her guide; "we have found you, thank the Virgin; and we will now see you in safety to the hermitage; it is very near."

"Come, lady," said the shepherd, "don't linger here; the savage man lies groaning in the hall; and looks so fierce and terrible, we had best avoid him, if possible."



“Do not let us pass near him,” said the princess; “can you not find another way out of this castle?”

“We certainly shall, dear lady,” answered her guide, looking affectionately at her, and placing on her head her pilgrim’s hat, which she had dropt to him from the battlements; he feared she might suffer from the want of it, and held it exultingly in his hand, as he came upon the tower.

“Lead me, lead me,” said the princess, “from this terrible castle; I am drenched with rain, and half dead with hunger and fatigue.”

“Sweet lady, we know every winding of the old ruin; you shall be beyond it in a few seconds.”

They then hurried her through the trap-door down the narrow stairs she had ascended in such terror, traversed a gallery, and opening a door in it which the princess had not perceived, they passed a flight of steps, which led from the tower into the wood; and from thence took the direct path to the hermitage, leaving Rodrigo to groan unpitied in the distant hall. Cava again leaned on the arms of her rustic and faithful friends, and learned from them, that after she had fled through the forest, they fearing she might be lost in it, die of hunger, or be devoured by the wolves, had determined that the violence of the storm should not force them to quit it till they had found her.—“I should have been a wretch, lady,” said the young shepherd, “had I left you here, and gone home to my father’s cot to sleep in peace, while you, who had been so generous and good to me, might have lost your life in so dreadful a hurricane as we have had to-night. I believe some devil was at work to raise the storm.”

“And so do I too,” said the little guide. “Dear lady, I was afraid a thunderbolt, or a flash of lightning (for I never saw such) might lay your pretty head low; but, thank the saints, we have you safe, and we will deliver you so to the good hermit; and then I will go home with Carl, stay with him to-night, and pray for you till I fall asleep.”

“Sweet boy,” answered the princess, “I earnestly pray you may ever continue good and innocent as you now are. Remember me, my child, when I am far distant; accept this as a memorial of my affection, and the gratitude I feel for your conduct towards me this night;” then drawing from her bosom a rich ruby cross, the one she had pressed to her lips in Rodrigo’s cavern, she hung it, with a gold chain to which it was fastened, round his neck, saying—“Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and when thou art old, he will not depart from thee.”

“Sweet lady,” answered the grateful boy, tears swimming in his eyes, “if ever I am inclined to do wrong, I will think of you; I will look on this cross, and then surely I shall continue good.”

They had now got almost close to the hermitage; it was built on the side of a hill, and almost hid in trees. A faint light streamed through a narrow window, and fell upon a large cross, that was erected before the door. The steps that led to the hermitage were steep: from the entrance you had an extensive view of the country round; and any person who approached it was seen from a great distance.

The young shepherd, as they came to the bottom of the steps, which led winding round the hill, exclaimed—“There is the holy man; I see him at prayers at this lone hour of the night, at the outside of his door, kneeling before the cross.”

“Then farewell, my kind friends,” cried the princess, “I am now safe; you need not ascend the steps; I can make myself known to the hermit; depart, my friends, to your

peaceful homes; while my life is spared, I shall remember you both, with gratitude and affection; to night you have saved my life." She now placed some gold in the hands of each.

The laid hold on her pilgrim's cloak; they kissed it with reverence; they entreated she would allow them to watch all night at the foot of the hill. She would not hear of it, but besought them to return to their cottage; and should they meet him whom they had left in the hall of the castle, she desired they would not give him the smallest information respecting her.

They faithfully promised what she asked: they watched till she had safely ascended the hill, then took their homeward path; and sorrowfully left the lovely being, who had gained, in so short a time, their pity, admiration, and love.

END OF VOL. IV.

Lane, Darling, & Co. Leadenhall-Street.

CAVA OF TOLEDO.

A ROMANCE.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

CAVA OF TOLEDO;

or,

The Gothic Princess.

A ROMANCE.

*IN FIVE VOLUMES*

*BY*

AUGUSTA AMELIA STUART,

AUTHOR OF

LUDOVICO'S TALE; THE ENGLISH BROTHERS; EXILE  
OF PORTUGAL, &c. &c.

Fierce wars, and faithful loves,  
And truth severe, in fairy fiction drest.

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## CAVA DE TOLEDO.

### CHAP. I.

AS my readers may wish to know what became of Rodrigo after the princess had made her escape, we shall not follow her to the hermitage, till we have once more looked into the ruined castle.

When the king fell, with all that remained of the mouldering staircase, into the great hall of the palace, he must have been crushed to death on the spot, had not the ruin, in giving way under him, left him uppermost. Some loose fragments of marble rolling over him, and the violence with which he fell, stunned, and threw him into a state of insensibility, from which he awoke not till the boys who sought Cava heard his groans through the lower apartments, as they wandered over them in search of the princess.

Rodrigo was perfectly restored to animation before he had entirely recovered the use of his faculties. He attempted to rise from the ground; and finding that he could scarcely stir, that he was bruised all over, and that a heavy weight lay on some part of his body, he imagined he was chained down in a dungeon; and loudly cursed the phantom he had seen in the cavern, as the author of his misfortune. Recovering, by degrees, his senses, and having a vague recollection of what had passed, he, in a little while, extricated himself from the stones and rubbish with which he was surrounded; and sitting upon the pavement, he endeavoured to call to mind the events of the night. His ideas often wandered, and he scarcely gave credit to all he had heard and seen. The phantom, its obedience to his will, its promises, its sudden appearance, and as suddenly vanishing, was now incredible. Cava had been declared buried beneath the earth, yet the next moment she had appeared before him in a substantial form; but she had eluded his grasp, at the moment he fancied himself certain of detaining her— “It is mockery all,” cried he;

“I am the sport of fiends— this must be hell.” His eyes were cast wildly round: it was sufficiently light for him to see distinctly every object; and when he recovered the perfect use of his senses, and beheld only the walls of a decayed mansion familiar to him, and through which he had wandered a hundred times, he blushed at his own weakness, and made another effort to rise from the ground, where he still sat, much hurt, and lame from a severe bruise on one of his legs. He was not immediately able to proceed in his search of the princess; but was constrained to lean, for a time, against a mutilated statue, which had once adorned the hall. In this situation he endeavoured to recover his exhausted strength, and to fortify his mind in ill. From the time he had been carried by the waters of the Guadaleta, from the bloody fields of Xeres, and from the vengeful sword of Alonzo, till this night, his bosom had known, at intervals, deep remorse for the base conduct, that had not only brought himself, but his friends, his family, and his kingdom, to ruin. Carried by the course of the river to an immense distance from the hard-fought field, which he had lost, and then deserted, a fisherman found him on its banks at the dead hour of night.

Seeking for some nets, which he had forgotten, on the sands he beheld the body of the unknown king, stiff, cold, and livid. The humane fisherman, making a signal for his sons (who inhabited the same hut) to come down to the river, they were soon at their father’s side, and carrying the dead body, as they believed it, to their cottage, that the next day they might give it Christian burial, one of the young men, laying his hand on the king’s breast, as he assisted in carrying him, imagined that his

heart beat: this was sufficient to induce these good people to interest themselves in rescuing a fellow-Christian from death; and making use of every art, so well known to watermen, for the recovery of persons apparently drowned, after some time they had the satisfaction of perceiving returning animation; and a few hours restored Rodrigo to life, though many days did not suffice to bring him back to reason. Round his neck, and on his arms, he had rare and costly jewels: the water had not forced open the clasps with which they were bound, and this source of wealth still remained to the unfortunate king; for the fishermen seeing them made so secure, never thought of removing them, believing they were something of consequence only to the stranger. They knew nothing of their value, and had they done so, they were too honest to have made any advantage of their knowledge. With these poor people, Rodrigo remained till he was perfectly recovered both in body and mind. His ideas then ran on war; and his ardent wish was, by the strength of his arm, to recover his lost throne, and to drive count Julian and the Moors, distant, far distant from the coasts of Spain. The chaos of his mind presented no settled plan; yet still he flattered himself he should again find friends, and recover his sunk fame and character; and while he was smarting under the iron rod of adversity, and far from the allurements of vice and luxury, leading only the life of a poor fisherman, his good resolutions preponderated. He felt remorse for his crimes, and flattered himself he could reform. Alas! vice had taken too deep root in his heart; and though it had to struggle with some good propensities, unfortunately for the devoted Rodrigo, it triumphed in his bosom.

One of the fisherman's sons, more intelligent and more intrepid than the others, was chosen by the king to bring him accounts of all that it was possible to learn. Breaking up some of the jewels that remained to him, he gave them to the young man, to carry to some town where he could sell them. He ordered him to pass for a merchant, and not spare the jewels, so he could, by their means, procure authentic intelligence respecting the royal army. To prevent any suspicion falling on him, should the fisherman hear of his supposed death, he declared himself, to these unsuspecting people, to have been an attendant on Rodrigo, saying— "That when he had seen the unfortunate king plunge into the river, he had followed him, in the hope of saving his life; but had the grief of seeing his lord and master perish in the Guadaleta, while he was thrown on the banks of the river, and restored to life by their humanity." This story was plausible, and implicitly believed.

The young fisherman set out on his journey; his father's boat carried him far up the river; he was many days collecting news; he was sensible, and gained excellent information on all that Rodrigo wished to know. He sold the jewels to advantage in different towns, and returned to the king, laden with gold and information.

Rodrigo received the gold, wondering that he should find such honesty, humanity, and so many virtues, among men whom he had only looked on as beasts of burden. With the munificence of a king, he rewarded the old fisherman and his sons, for the services they had done him; and having heard the sad history that all was lost, and that don Palayo had withdrawn into the Asturias with the remnant of his army, and those friends, Spaniards and Goths, that were willing to follow him, his heart was near bursting; and suddenly bidding his humble host farewell, with the gold about him which he had retained, he fled beyond the Tagus, and fixed his abode in wild mountains, and savage wastes, on the western shores of Spain.

For some time he had taken up his residence in the cavern where we found him. He purchased his food, as has been told, from the shepherds; he clothed himself in the skins of the wild beasts he slew; they too were his only covering, as he nightly lay stretched on the flinty bottom of his cave. Here wild fancies often occupied his

brain; here he felt remorse for his errors; here he vowed to sin no more; yet here he relapsed into all the crimes he was able to commit. He had shut his ears to the divine truths of the gospel; he had denied his Redeemer. The language of all created things, which declares aloud, from one end to the other of the vast universe, and through the bright concave of heaven, from the rising to the setting sun— “The hand that made us divine,” was unintelligible to him. He stifled every good thought as it rose in his bosom. If ever there was a mind completely wretched, and torn to pieces by the war of good and bad passions, it was Rodrigo’s. Here we leave him for awhile, to ascend with Cava to Anselmo’s hermitage.

Divested of all fear, the princess now, with pensive and slow steps, pursued the path cut out in the rock. As she ascended; the light that glimmered from the lattice served to shew her the good father at his midnight devotions before the cross, and she was unwilling to interrupt too suddenly his pious orgies. She lingered as she approached, and leaning against a tree, she contemplated the man she so truly revered, who had been unto her as a father, who had instilled all good principles into her mind, had watched the dawn of her reason, and given it a right direction. To him she owed the cultivation of her mind and taste. She loved and revered him as a being superior to the rest of mankind. To be again near him, again under his protection, gave her a sensation of delight long unknown to her; and the pure and tender affection of a daughter filled her whole heart. She contemplated the venerable figure before her. She was conscious it was Anselmo, yet his appearance was not what she remembered. His habit was that of a hermit, and a white beard descended to his girdle. A few years, and they sorrowful ones, had weakened and emaciated his frame; and she no longer beheld that noble figure so distinguished at the court of Toledo.

Tears filled the eyes of the princess as she turned them towards Anselmo, and, unable longer to curb her feelings, she sprung forward, and throwing herself on her knees at his side, and lifting her hands to heaven, she cried — “Oh! my God, I thank thee that I am again in safety near this beloved and venerable man.”

Trees overshadowed the spot Anselmo had chosen for his devotions, and the faint light within the hermitage served not to ascertain the form that approached so suddenly, and now knelt beside him. His prayer was interrupted; he heard the well-known voice of the Gothic princess, his beloved Cava; his beads dropt from his trembling hand, and astonishment for a moment kept him mute. Turning his wondering eyes towards her, and believing what he beheld a beautiful vision, he exclaimed— “Have you, my child, descended from your native skies, once more to bless my sight? Have my prayers been heard for you? Are you come to tell me you have finished your earthly pilgrimage, and live with angels, like yourself, in regions of eternal day? For my lost child have my prayers been sent up at early dawn, and at the dead hour of night. You, Cava, have been my earliest and my latest thought.”

Here the princess, starting from her knees, with the fondest expression of filial love, threw her arms round the hermit’s neck, assuring him she was no vision, but his unfortunate Cava, come to claim the protection of her more than father; of him who had been the guide of her infancy, and whom she was now determined never to forsake while life was spared them. This was uttered with as much volubility as sobs and tears would permit.

The old Anselmo, amazed and delighted to see her he looked on as his child, yet not knowing how to account for her appearance alone in such a wilderness, and at such a time of night, had no power to answer her, or to rise from his kneeling posture; but he strained her to his heart, while a shower of tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

The first effusions of both grief and joy subsiding, Anselmo perceived that the princess was drenched in rain, and must have been unsheltered during the late storm. Fearful now of losing the being whom he had often wished in a peaceful grave, he rose, and taking her hand, led her into the hermitage— “You must, my child, divest yourself of these wet weeds, or you will suffer severely,” said the considerate father, shewing her a cell where lay a monk’s dress— “Array yourself in that apparel, while your own is dried.” As he spoke to Cava he gazed at her attentively, and his heart felt bursting. Where was her freshness, her gay air, her resplendent beauty? Gone, lost extinct; yet an angel’s brightness was in her form, an angel’s sanctity, an angel’s sweetness rested on her brow, and gave an inconceivable charm to every look, to every motion. The lily was not paler than her cheek, nor the bending reed more fragile than her form. She appeared a creature of no earthly mould; and Anselmo, turning from her with a tear, thought her, as he then beheld her, the most interesting object the world could produce. But these reflections were interrupted by his anxiety for her health.

She did as he desired; and having disencumbered herself of her wet hat and mantle, she wrapped herself in the monk’s cloak; and loosening the beautiful tresses that were not cut from her lovely head, she sat down near the fire which the hermit had lit, and was now blowing into a brighter flame. Cava smiled; she felt returning peace; she drew still nearer to the rising blaze. Wrapt in her sable garb, she shone like the pale moon when she looks through a dark cloud. Anselmo still fed the fire; and often turning to gaze upon her with the affection of a fond parent, he thought of her wrongs; he struggled to suppress his sighs; he cursed Rodrigo from his inmost soul; he thought of Alonzo; anxious to know his fate, he feared to mention his name; and rising to conceal what passed in his mind, he looked for a few minutes from the door of the hermitage. The night was far advanced; it was almost at odds with morning; all was calm and serene, and foretold a bright day. Anselmo returned into the hermitage, shut his narrow door, and doubly barred it; then placing his little table near the hearth, he spread it with his best store of cheese, of milk, of fruits— “You must be half-starved, my child, in these wilds. This food is homely, but it is wholesome. You will partake it with one who truly loves you, who rejoices over his recovered child; that will add a zest to what I set before you, and I see you want refreshment.”

Cava acknowledged that she did, and, with pleasure, ate heartily of the good hermit’s fare. She believed herself safe in Anselmo’s protection; and, since the hour she last saw him, she had not experienced such ease of mind.

When their little meal was at an end, she gave him a short account of her adventures since she left Toledo. When she came to the relation of what had passed the present night, how she had seen Rodrigo, and been recognized by him, whom she had believed sunk beneath the waters of the Guadaleta, Anselmo turned pale, and trembled; but endeavoured to conceal his alarm from the princess.

It was now late; she wanted repose, and he would not allow her to do more than give him the outlines of her history. He told her she should rest for some hours in the inner cell — “A bed of rushes,” cried he, “must now satisfy you, my poor child; but I will make it as soft and warm as I am able, with some skins that are in the hermitage. In this outer cell I will be your guardian for this night; to-morrow we shall talk of some more fit asylum for you.”

Cava’s grateful heart was expressing her thanks, in the warmest manner, to her venerable friend, when, starting from his seat, in a low voice, he said— “I hear a step.” He opened a wicket, without unbarring his door; having looked through it, he instantly returned to Cava, and, with gentle force, pushing her into the innermost cell,



he desired she would cover herself close with the monk's garments, draw the cowl over her head, and kneel at the altar she saw in front of the cell, and on no account to speak, or move, let her hear what she would—"My child," cried the hermit, "it is the cursed Rodrigo; I see him slowly ascending the hill; he is in the habit of often coming here: be not terrified; he cannot know of your finding an asylum with me. He is ignorant of who I am; and with all his impiety, has some reverence for me, as a hermit long settled here; his penetration, though great, has not pierced this disguise; his visits to me are generally to heal some wound he may have received in pursuing the beasts of the forest. I once saved his wretched life, and in a fit of remorse, he discovered himself to me, and gave me the black history of his crimes and his misfortunes. Alas! I long knew him, and all he could tell me of himself; and though I preached repentance to him, I hoped no success from my endeavours; fatal experience told me what he was, and what he would continue to be. 'The wicked one came, and choaked in him the good seed, and let the tares come up.' But haste, my daughter; kneel at that altar; fear nothing; your prayers, sent up from a perfect heart, will ascend to heaven."

Strengthened in mind by the presence and consolation of the monk, Cava meekly bowed her head, and hastened to obey him: completely covering herself with the monk's cloak and cowl, she kneeled down, and leaning her hand upon the altar, she fell into fervent prayer. Anselmo hid her hat and mantle beneath his pallet, and then softly unbarring his little door, to prevent suspicion, he took his lamp and missal, and seating himself near the dying embers, he appeared to read. He was scarcely seated when the latch was lifted, and the Gothic king, lowly bending to enable him to enter the humble dwelling, stood before the monk—"Holy father," cried he, (rising majestic as he spoke, and his large eye taking in all objects that presented themselves in the small chamber,) "I am glad to find I do not disturb your slumbers; you devote those hours to devotion that your age should give to rest; you would receive more benefit from one than from the other."

"Even from my king," answered Anselmo, rising, "I will not listen to impiety. Profane not this humble hermitage, I beseech you, noble Rodrigo, by such language, or you will oblige me to fly it for ever."

"No," replied the fierce king, "that you shall not do, while I have the power to detain you; you are useful to me; and though you are so pious, your discourse always charms me; and sometimes I think you will restore me to days of innocence and peace."

Having said this, the tyrant's countenance instantly changed; a cloud came over it; discontent, horror, and despair, were visible in those eyes that had ever expressed his thoughts; throwing himself along a bench in the cell, he deeply groaned—"I believe," cried he, "all the devils in hell are leagued to render Rodrigo wretched."

"Rather believe," returned the monk, "you are yourself the cause of all you suffer, all you may hereafter suffer; repent of your crimes; devote your future life to Heaven, that you may atone for the past: you have lost an earthly kingdom; it is still in your power to gain a heavenly one."

"What!" cried Rodrigo, starting from his recumbent posture, his eye darting fire, "what folly does your old doating tongue utter? A heavenly kingdom! No, give me the one I have lost; I ask no other; and I shall regain it yet." As he spoke, joy brightened his face, the darkness of his countenance fled; but it was only for an instant; the horrors of the night, the death of his friend, the disappointment he had suffered in his pursuit of Cava, all rushed upon his mind, and again gloom mantled on his brow. In spite of himself, he felt a reverence for the supposed hermit, and he could

not venture to disclose the vile part he had acted during the night; he told him he had fallen from a rock, was severely bruised, and requested him to annoint his wounds.

Cava having given Anselmo some account of the transactions of the night, he was at no loss to penetrate the thoughts of the king. The good monk made no comment on what he had said; but produced his healing balsam, and gently rubbed the bruised parts. While he was thus occupied, a heavy groan proceeded from the inward cell—"What means that groan?" cried Rodrigo.

Anselmo almost lost his presence of mind; the box of ointment was near dropping from his trembling hand; but aware of the consequences of shewing any terror, he calmly answered—"A wretched penitent, an unfortunate monk, now under a most dreadful penance, is at his devotions in my cell; he is at times insane; in pity to him, and convinced of his deep repentance, I have allowed him for a week past to remain with me, and perform his nightly penance beneath this roof. I trust he will soon be received again into his convent. That groan you heard was nothing; he often wrings my heart."

"Let me see him?" said the king, rising, and advancing towards the inner cell.

The hermit laid hold of his arm, saying—"It was sacrilege to disturb any person in the act of penance; save yourself at least this crime, oh king!" Dreading that Cava's terrors might betray her, he felt nearly sinking to the earth, yet still retained his hold on Rodrigo, who, sarcastically smiling, called his piety superstition; and shaking off his weak grasp, advanced towards the cell where the princess was.

Anselmo believed his child was now lost for ever; he smote his breast in agony, and was almost tempted to kneel to the tyrant for mercy, when Rodrigo, having looked into the inner apartment, returned on his steps, saying—"Poor maniac! though I despise his folly, I almost pity him. Of what use can he think it to his soul, to stretch himself for hours on the cold flags before your altar? Does he make that his bed for the night?"

Anselmo's heart was now raised to Heaven in thanksgiving, for the unlooked-for safety of the princess, and he answered Rodrigo—"The unhappy monk is welcome to do penance in my cell; the morning dawns; I shall join his matin prayer."

"Then farewell," cried Rodrigo; "I shall soon see you again, good father; my cavern is become odious to me; no human being can I converse with, in these wilds, but you: sometimes your person seems familiar to me, though I know not where I could have ever seen you. I have much to relate; I have many doubts to solve; you are wise; you, perhaps, too can look into futurity, and tell the miserable Rodrigo for what he is reserved. Oh, hermit! did you but know the transactions of tonight, what I have seen, what I have heard, you would not think it strange were I mad indeed."

"Rodrigo," answered the monk, "retire to rest; your body and your mind require it; try and reconcile yourself to Heaven; you have kicked against it; if not warded off by penitence, by deep contrition for your past heavy crimes, the blow will recoil, and send you to perdition. Frown not, oh king! as a minister of Heaven, I fear not to tell you truths, however they may be unpleasant to your ear, which has sucked in flattery from your birth, that has poisoned your good qualities, and corrupted your heart. The morning comes on apace; I must not neglect my usual hour of prayer; again I entreat you to leave my cell; take with you this balsam for your wounds; do not molest me for the next twenty-four hours; I have devoted them to what even touches my life; therefore, I again beseech thee, oh king! not to molest me. When these hours are past, this hermitage is open to you, and all within it at your disposal."

Anselmo, while he spoke, appeared so dignified, so holy, that even the tyrant felt for him unusual respect; and with a softened countenance, and a gracious

inclination of his head, he received the balsam, saying—"Adieu for the present, holy hermit; you shall not, till the time prescribed, see Rodrigo more; surely you will not afterwards refuse to render my savage life bearable, by giving me that converse that ever fascinates and soothes my soul." He drew towards the door as he spoke, and was soon on the steps that led down the hill.

Anselmo, whose spirit revived as he saw him depart, watched, fearful of his return, till he entered the road that led to the forest—"Alas!" sighed the monk, "how didst thou once, Rodrigo, shine with transcendent brightness! but now how art thou fallen! how lost!" With these words he closed his wicket, and taking his lamp from the little table on which it stood, he entered the inner apartment to bring Cava from her confinement, and quiet her apprehensions both for the present and the future. He perceived that all within was still as death; the princess, stretched along the pavement at the foot of the altar, and entirely shrouded by the cloak and cowl of the monk, looked like one laid out for burial. On the entrance of Anselmo, she neither spoke nor stirred. He, thinking she still dreaded Rodrigo's being near, said, in a joyful tone—"Rise, my child; rise from the cold stones; they have too long been your bed; all is safe; you may venture forth, and take some refreshment before you sleep. Alas!" cried he, struck with apprehension of a fatal catastrophe, as she was still prostrate before him, motionless and silent; "alas! are you gone, my beloved?" He now held the lamp over her; he uncovered her face; he lifted the cloak from her bosom; her hands were crossed over it, and firmly held a crucifix; her eyes were closed; her half-opened lips were of the violet's hue; and her beauteous face and bosom were cold, and white as the driven snow. Anselmo started back as he beheld her, as, half-frantic at the sight, he exclaimed—"Why do I, foolish old man, talk of sleep? my child is gone; this is the sleep of death." He stooped down, he touched her cheek—her hand—"Cold, cold! he cried; then setting down his lamp by the inanimate Cava, he sought, in the outer cell, a cordial, whose efficacy he knew was great. One trembling hand could scarcely pour it into a vessel the other held to receive it. Having at last poured it out, he staggered back to where Cava lay; he again kneeled down, and lifting her lovely head from the ground, he placed it against his bosom, and endeavoured to pour some of the medicine into her mouth; he believed she swallowed it; he thought she stirred. The good and gentle Anselmo was fearful how he alarmed her; life was fleeting; it required much caution not to extinguish the small spark that yet remained; she stirred; she half-opened her eyes; her pulse returned. At intervals a faint colour, mingled with the death-like paleness of her complexion; it came; it fled; with it returned Anselmo's hopes of her life; with it they expired. Again he poured the cordial down her throat; she moved; he took her hand, and felt returning heat: exerting all his strength, while tears of joy fell on her face, he lifted her in his arms, and carrying her into the outer chamber, he laid her softly on his own pallet, and drew it towards the fire, which still burnt on his hearth. The fresh air, the motion, and the cordial the good monk had administered, brought the princess to herself. Her kind protector, drawing a seat close to the pallet on which she lay, watched returning life, and as she opened her eyes, they were fixed on his benevolent countenance; she then looked eagerly round the cell, but did not speak—"Fear nothing my child; we are alone, and shall continue so till I can place you in some sacred asylum."

Cava, who never for a moment doubted the perfect truth of the speaker, smiling, stretched out her hand to him, her look all gratitude, and the first words she uttered were—"My father! my kind protector!"

"Hush! no thanks; the recovery of your strength is necessary to my plan."

Cava raised herself on her arm, and requested the kind monk's assistance to leave her pallet. It was now broad day. Anselmo opened the door of the hermitage; it was opposite to where they sat, and the sweet, fresh morning-air revived the languid frame of the princess. The harmony of the woods saluted her ear, and with the feathered choir, she and her holy guide sent up their morning orisons—"Accept my thanks, oh, Almighty Power!" said the princess, "that all the night had gathered to me of ill, thou hast dispelled, as now the light dispels the dark."

Anselmo felt himself happier than he had been for years; he had saved Cava from destruction, and he flattered himself his old age would now know unexpected comfort. He entreated the princess, after they had taken some refreshment, to rest for a few hours. "I am used to watching, my daughter, and, till you awake, will sit and meditate on what I proposed to you during our repast, to quit this hermitage, and seek an asylum in the convent of St. Anastatius, till your strength is recruited, and we are able to travel northward, where, you tell me, your wishes bend, and where I have long determined on going. I wish not to bring the hated Rodrigo even for a moment to your thoughts; but here, neither you nor I are safe beyond twenty-four hours. Till this night, he had no suspicion who I am; now a vague idea is floating in his brain; he told me my person was familiar to him, but he knew not where he had seen me. This convinces me that my anxiety for you threw me off my guard; and the king is too wily, too penetrating, and too curious, not soon to discover Anselmo under this disguise; he will guess I have concealed you, and he will, if he can, sacrifice us both to his vengeance."

"Let us fly then instantly, father," cried Cava, interrupting Anselmo.

"Not so, my daughter; Rodrigo will not return here till the appointed time; he does not falsify his word; he has no temptation to it in these deserts: I know what he will do. When we are gone, he will take possession of this hermitage; the murder of his unfortunate friend has rendered his cavern disgusting to him<sup>\*</sup>; the situation of this cell is delightful; I shall leave him my hermit's dress, the holy scriptures, and all we do not want in our journey. You in your pilgrim's habit, and I in my own, have nothing to fear on our way to the Asturias. Religious houses, or the cottage of the shepherd, will receive us; we shall find, with little labour, every thing necessary for us; it is only the luxurious that have many and unnatural wants."

Cava obedient to the orders of her venerable friend, did as he wished, and taking possession of his pallet, she fell into a calm and refreshing sleep, while the monk placed his little hermitage in the order he intended to leave it; and, divesting himself of his hermit's dress, he again appeared the monk Anselmo. Sorrow and age had bent his fine figure, had furrowed his cheek, and made it wan; the lustre of his blue eye was dimmed, but it still retained that look of mild benignity, of tender compassion, that told to every beholder he was the true disciple of his Master; for in his benevolent heart reigned only allowance, pity, and love for his fellow-creatures.

While the worthy Anselmo employs himself in his household cares, we shall follow the example of our heroine, and rest from labour, for a little, in the hope of strengthening our mental faculties, to enable us to arrive at our destined goal.

Reader, learn from the compassionate monk to pity the faults you are superior to; and should these pages neither agree with your taste, nor give amusement to a leisure hour, criticise them not too severely; turn not against them the unerring shafts of ridicule, which appals the worst, affrights the best writer; and should this romance

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<sup>\*</sup> History says, Rodrigo retired to a hermitage on the western coast.

drop from your hand while you nod over it, we shall wish you to sink into as sweet, as tranquil, as refreshing a slumber as the beauteous Cava is now enjoying.

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## CHAP. II.

RODRIGO, as we have seen in the last chapter, returned rather unwillingly from the hermitage, and in a gloomy state of mind; corrupted as was his heart, he shuddered to look again on the dead body in his cave; and, unable to return to it, he wandered round the forest till the cottagers arose to their daily labour; then purchasing from them, as he usually did, his sustenance for an allotted time, he returned with it to the ruined castle, where, sitting down on the fragments of the marble staircase, he made his solitary meal. The beautiful progress of increasing light, the early sunbeams that awake Nature from her soft repose, and gladden the whole earth, brought no cheerfulness to the heart of the king; his hunger satisfied, he sat in gloomy silence, contemplating the past, and much his thoughts dwelt on the horrors of the last night; yet still the phantom's assurance, that he should resume the spear and shield, that again he should in battle meet a foe, brightened his gloomy countenance, and revived his almost extinct hope of once more possessing his kingdom. Don Palayo, he believed, would still support his cause—"He is brave," he cried, "he is generous; he now thinks me dead, yet he deserts not the Goths." He then revolved in his mind the expediency of seeking don Palayo, and if he found him faithful, of discovering himself, and calling on those who were once his subjects to arm in his cause. Some hours he spent in these vain plans; the delusions of the fiend had had their full effect, and had entangled him. Cava then occupied his thoughts; was it possible he had really beheld her, or had his sight deceived him with a vain shadow?—"It cannot be," he cried: "how could she have escaped from this castle, had she ever entered it?" He then persuaded himself she might still be within its walls: he rose from where he sat, and consumed hours in a search that afforded him no satisfaction. Weary of himself, and of life, wishing for society, yet unable to enjoy it, he felt himself the most desolate of human beings. In the hermit's conversation only had he found any consolation since he entered these wilds. He often reproved, yet he fascinated the king, who felt the charms of his wisdom and goodness, though unable to follow his precepts. Weary of his fruitless search for the princess, he anxiously wished to return to the hermitage, that he might fully open his heart and plans to the hermit; but the recollection that he had promised not to molest him, or the unfortunate penitent, till a stated time, prevented his immediately gratifying his desire; and laying himself down in an inner chamber of the building, on a bed of rubbish that covered the floor, he endeavoured to give some rest to a weary body; but conscience, that terrible inmate, suffered not his soul to know peace, even in profound sleep.

It was a fortunate circumstance for the princess, that Rodrigo felt that reverence for the hermit that prevented his intrusion, otherwise there would have been an end of flight.

From the time the king had left the hermitage, Anselmo, though willing to quiet Cava's fears, was himself doubtful of Rodrigo's adhering to his promise. He had marked his suspicious eye as he quitted the cell, and his curiosity to know something of the penitent he seemed to despise. Determined not unnecessarily to run the risk of his return, towards mid-day, when he had prepared every thing for their departure, he approached the humble couch, where lay, in sweet and peaceful sleep, the most perfect of her sex. Anselmo stood, for a few moments, like a fond father, in admiration of his child. He then gently touched her, saying—"My child, awake: if you are sufficiently refreshed by your long sleep, we will set out on our journey: all is in readiness for our departure."

The princess willingly obeyed his call; her pilgrim's hat and staff were soon resumed; and with the glad hope in her bosom of never more beholding her dire foe, placing herself, with a cheerful air, at the side of the good monk, they both left the hermitage; and descending the back part of the hill, they were soon beyond the precincts of the forest, and in the road that led to the monastery of St. Anastatius. Delighted at seeing returning health on the cheek of Cava, and also witnessing in her that firm, patient, pious mind, which placed her, if not out of the power of misfortune to overtake, yet out of its power to subdue; in her he beheld the meek and lowly Christian, who, while she feels profoundly her afflictions, murmurs not at the dispensations of Providence, but casts her eye from the clouds and darkness that rest upon this world, to penetrate that bright region where all is harmony, peace and love. The good monk exulted in his child; he had been the guide of her infant years; and he had now the heartfelt satisfaction of a rich harvest, from the fair field he had so carefully cultivated.

They now journeyed safely on, and their way was beguiled by sweet discourse. Cava had told much of her adventures to the good father; but it was in too hurried a manner to give him an exact idea of what had befallen her since they parted at Toledo, and he expressed his wish to learn more exactly her little story. She, knowing the deep interest he took in all that concerned her, was anxious to gratify his wishes; but her ardent desire to know something of count Julian, and the dread of having the fears of his death confirmed, made her hesitate either to enter on her own history at large, or inquire his fate.

Filial affection uppermost in her heart, she timidly asked the monk if he had any certain knowledge of her father's fate? Though convinced he was no more, Anselmo was fearful of confirming the fatal tidings while on their journey, and giving her an evasive answer, he said—"that the rumours respecting the count had been various, and irreconcilable; that his having so suddenly quitted Toledo had prevented his seeing those who could give him authentic information concerning the count; but, my daughter," said he, "we shall not be very long left in ignorance. Don Palayo must have a perfect knowledge of every thing respecting the war, and of every circumstance that has occurred to count Julian; to him we must apply for information: do not terrify yourself with rumours that may have no foundation. If your father exists, he will seek the means of letting you know he does; should he have fallen in the field of battle, you must remember a sparrow does not fall to the ground without the will of your Heavenly Father, and to his decrees you must bow submissive."

Cava looked mournfully at the monk, sighed deeply, and pursued her way in silence. He too was sad; his child's heart was pierced, and he had no power to extract the dart. They had some leagues to travel before they reached the convent of St. Anastatius; but the country was varied and beautiful through which they passed, and they were amply supplied, on their route, with all they could wish for by the Christian peasants, and they learned much concerning don Palayo.

Arrived at the convent, they were most hospitably received by the superior, who was an old friend of Anselmo's. The princess was accommodated in a house belonging to religious females; and Anselmo determined to remain in this asylum some days, to recruit her health and spirits, for the tedious journey that lay before them; and, as yet, they were uncertain in what part of the north they should find the habitation of don Palayo. Rest was absolutely necessary to the poor pilgrim, and her affectionate friend had for her all the consideration of a parent; he concealed from her all that could give her pain; and many were the heart-rending stories that he learned

from the fathers, of the cruelties committed on the Christians by their merciless conquerors.

Having remained ten days at the convent, Anselmo thought they might then safely pursue their journey. Cava also was impatient to do so; she looked with satisfaction to again enjoying the company and conversation of her earliest friend, the amiable and tender Favilla: she banished from her mind, Africa, and Alonzo, to the utmost of her power: limited indeed was that power; for, in spite of all her efforts, she remembered “that such things were, that were most dear.” Painful was the retrospection; and she felt this truth—

“Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.”

The day arrived for their bidding adieu to the hospitable monks of St. Anastatus. The good fathers mourned the loss of such a companion as Anselmo: they had used their utmost endeavours to persuade him to become one of their society. The situation of the convent was enchanting; the building commodious; the order by no means a rigid one, though all it ought to be, and composed of the most excellent, learned, and virtuous men. Anselmo here saw a happy asylum for his old age; but willingly rejected comfort for himself, to protect, support, and watch over his young charge—“Is she not,” said he, mentally, “thrown by Providence on my care? How can I abandon so sweet a creature, when I behold her withering in the blast? If my tender cares cannot restore her to happiness in this life, I may assist to lead her to a better; I may point out to her the blessed country to which she is travelling, and help to wean her soul from all earthly objects that still cling to it, and, arraying it in robes of light, fit her for an inhabitant of that heavenly city at whose gates she almost now knocks.”

Anselmo’s mind wavered not; he gratefully thanked the fathers for their hospitality, and their kind wish of detaining him amongst them; but declared his fixed determination of attending the princess to the Asturias. He met with the applause he deserved for a conduct so disinterested; and with the prayers of the community for their welfare, the monk and pilgrim again resumed their journey towards the north.

Having travelled a few leagues, they found no farther difficulty in ascertaining their route to the abode of don Palayo; every where they heard his praises; he was extolled for his courage, for his many gallant actions with the Moors; but, most of all, for his kindness, his feeling, his humanity for the oppressed Christians; he protected them wherever he had the power to do so; when he could not defend their abodes, he collected them together, distributed his own property among them and their distressed families; and taking their youth, had them instructed in the use of arms; and while he endeavoured to render them good soldiers and patriots, fit to defend their country, and, when fortune should smile, recover what was lost, he supplied all their wants. Spain looked up to him as its guardian angel; and every rustic whom the travellers addressed for information of their way, hearing the name of don Palayo, were loud in his praise, and prayed for ten thousand blessings on such a prince.

“Happy don Palayo!” cried Cava, and her secret wish was that her Alonzo was with him, and could share his glory. Her wan cheek glowed as this wish rose in her bosom; but its pale hue returned, as her imagination pictured him a solitary being in her father’s palace on the shores of Africa, cut off from all he had ever held dear, and mourning, deeply mourning her loss.

Anselmo, whenever he perceived grief swelling in the bosom, or overshadowing the fine countenance of the hapless Cava, used his utmost endeavours



to dissipate the cloud; he talked to her of those peaceful hours she spent with her amiable friends in the Fortunate Islands; of the excellent Garcia; but chiefly of the charming Zamora; and often he entreated her to repeat the story of the lovely Moor, to describe her person, her manners—"Good father," said the princess, "I can find no language to paint the beauty of mind or person of Zamora: her figure is that of an angel; she has a soul of fire, while the softness, the tenderness, the constancy of her nature is unrivalled: this, (drawing a small picture from her bosom,) this is a poor resemblance of my friend; she gave it me while I was in Aleanzar's castle, and I look on it as an invaluable treasure, for never more shall I behold the dear original." As she spoke, a tear dropt on the lovely resemblance of the perfect Zamora.

Anselmo took the picture, and gazing earnestly on it for some time—"Sweet resemblance," (muttered he, in a low voice,) "of your charming mother, why are you not a Christian like her? Why was I doomed, on the coast of Spain, for ever to bid adieu to that dear brother, when, with his lovely child, he sailed for Greece?" Here Anselmo sighed heavily, and a tear dropt also from his eyes on the miniature, on which he still gazed with tenderness.

Cava was amazed: could she believe what she had just heard? was Zamora anything to Anselmo? She was of royal blood, so was the monk; his high birth was well known at the court of Toledo, where his piety, talents, and perfect heart, distinguished him more than his royal lineage.

Anselmo saw her surprise, and, with a smile, returning the picture, said—"Do not wonder at my conduct; that charming countenance has awoke many tender emotions in my bosom—Zamora is my grand-niece; her grandfather was my only brother: in a fatal hour he left his native country, with his angelic daughter, never to return. Sad were our souls at parting—mine prognosticated every ill. As I embraced him, for the last time, my soul was torn in pieces; his lovely child clung to her fond uncle, till the mariners could no longer linger on the sand: she was forced from me; but my strained eyes followed her and my dear brother, while I could descry them on the deck. On the lone shore I wandered till thick darkness overspread the heavens. I listened to the mournful wave that broke at my feet: something told me I should see these dear objects no more." Then turning to the princess—"Not on earth shall I behold them; but sweet is the hope that it will not be long ere I journey to that blessed kingdom they inhabit, where, with joy such as angels feel, they will receive me again into their loved society." Here the monk grew pensive, and the princess walked in silence by his side, unwilling to interrupt those tender feelings which the worthy Anselmo was not stoic enough to be able to suppress.

Their journey was carried on with ease, as they found shelter, for the night, in hamlets, or in scattered cottages, in which the country abounded. During the day, they generally partook of what their scrips afforded, under the shade of trees, or enamelled meadows, by cool streams, which, descending from the mountains, rendered the country through which they passed verdant and fertile.

Cava, desirous to know what had passed at Toledo after the battle of Xeres, and what part Anselmo had taken in the marriage of the queen with Abdalesis, requested he would indulge her with a full account. He, willing to gratify her, and render her journey less tedious, related what we have already heard from Favilla; the queen's distress at the supposed death of Rodrigo, and her refusal to follow don Palayo—"I could," said the monk, "sooner have gone to torture than have left the dear unhappy Egilone at such a time; and her wish was so earnest to remain at Toledo, that she might be informed of every circumstance relative to Rodrigo, that I did not attempt to alter it. I saw that when she parted with Favilla, (which she did, fearing she

might fall into the hands of the Moors,) that to part with life itself would have been less painful to her. All my weak endeavours were employed in her service; I could give her no comfort, except what religion afforded; her pious mind had nothing to learn; it was only necessary for me to join her in prayer; for her excellent understanding, her exemplary conduct, would have taught the wisest. Well as I knew Egilone, never did she appear to me so perfect as under her severest trials. We sent messengers in a thousand directions to ascertain the fate of the king—every messenger returned with the same account—he had divested himself of his robes, his crown, his breastplate, every part of his armour that remained with him when he fled; they were found scattered on the banks of the Guadaleta, and brought back to Toledo; he had been seen to plunge into its waters—to struggle with the torrent, and to sink: there was nothing more to know, no farther trace of him remained. The tale was not varied; a hundred bore witness to the truth of it, and it obtained universal credit. The unhappy queen beheld the cloak, the crown, the armour—she mourned over them, she lamented the fate of the unfortunate king. Every fault vanished; she thought of him, she spoke of him only as he was in his early life, when all admired and loved him; when pernicious counsels and bad men had not perverted one born with good propensities, willing to be virtuous, but led away by the want of firmness to act as he knew was right.”

“Proceed, good father,” interrupted the princess; “I am only anxious to hear of Egilone.”

The monk, angry with himself for having given her a moment’s pain, continued—“I long feared for the life of the queen; and had she wished to follow don Palayo and his little army, her state of health rendered it impossible; she was scarcely able to reach the garden of the palace of an evening, where she was ordered to repair for sake of the fine air, for which it is so famous. Except to repose for a few hours in the night, I never left her; and the good and kind Isabella shared all my labours; she was in constant attendance on the queen, who greatly loved her. During this severe indisposition, the town was taken. I will not affright you with a repetition of the horrors that ensued. We were kindly treated, though all were prisoners. Egilone was still looked on as a princess; she was allowed to remain in her own palace, with her friends and domestics, all unmolested, and their wants generously supplied. At this dreadful crisis, the queen, instead of sinking into despair, recovered her strength of mind, in part her health, and entirely her beauty. A languid look, a timid air, a perfect resignation to her fate, and a mild dignity in her appearance, that seemed to say she was still a queen, that, fallen from a throne, she was yet worthy of the first in the world, gave her such charms, that all who approached her declared the universe contained not such a woman; and the Moors crowded the courts of her palace, that they might catch a glimpse of her, as she entered her gardens, or passed under the colonnades of her palace. The prince Abdalesis heard of her many virtues, and of her beauty; he knew how she was beloved by the Christians; but how a Christian should be so admired by the Moors, he could not comprehend. He came to Toledo; he claimed the prisoners as his own. Tariff chose not to dispute them, and yielded them to the younger hero. You are already acquainted with the impression the first sight of Egilone made on the young and victorious Abdalesis. I was present at the affecting scene; I hoped from it a peaceful retreat for the queen; but I was far from guessing the result. In a short time, it was visible to the whole world, that the deeply-enamoured Abdalesis could not live out of the presence of the princess. She encouraged not his passion; she modestly retired, as much as she was allowed to do, within her own apartments, and saw only the friends that were still left her, and were kindly treated by

the Moorish prince, on her account. I was distinguished from the rest, and received every mark of his consideration. The generous Abdalesis granted me, without hesitation, every favour I asked for the Christians; and at last he condescended to request my assistance in gaining the queen's consent to an union with him. I started at the proposal; I knew she was his slave, and he a Moor, and a Mahometan; I trembled for her fate. Abdalesis fixed on me his penetrating eyes; he read my very heart. I stood before him, confounded and silent. With a generosity and goodness of heart that would have done honour to a Christian, he said—'Anselmo, fear not for your beloved queen; I do not look on her as my property from this hour—she is free, so are you, so are all her friends and domestics. I love Egilone with a real affection—beauteous as she is, I am more captivated by her angelic mind than by her charms; I almost wish myself a Christian, to think as she does: if she will unite her fate with mine, she knows not what power she may obtain; and I declare, that even against the Moors, my own countrymen, will I protect the Christians; all under my government shall have the free exercise of their religion; enjoy their riches unmolested; have all the liberty I can give them; and, in return, I ask only their acquiescence to the regulations I shall make in my government, to perpetuate a friendship between the conquered and the conquerors. They will see their own queen reign over them, and in their turn feel themselves the victors. Good Anselmo, persuade your royal friend to accept for herself and her beloved Christians, what happiness it is in Abdalesis's<sup>\*</sup> power to offer her; be yourself the messenger of good to them, to her, to me.' All this proceeded from the lips of the gallant Abdalesis; so strongly marked with sincerity, and his countenance was expressive of such sweetness, such real goodness of heart, that, considering Egilone's situation, and that of her unfortunate people, who now looked up to her for succour, I blessed Heaven for this happy disposition of the Moor, and with gratitude promised to use all my influence with the queen to accept him for her husband. The struggle was, however, great in my own mind. Could I give the hand of Egilone to an Infidel? Impossible! Yet, how could I by refusing, give her, and all the Christians subject to Abdalesis, back to slavery, and, perhaps, to the rage of a disappointed man, who could now command, yet chose to solicit? I left the presence of Abdalesis, grateful to him, but sorrowful in my heart. I saw the queen; she was startled at the proposal of a second Hymen, and with a Moor. The unworthy Rodrigo still held a place in her heart he did not merit. Long she resisted the entreaties of all around her—of the enamoured Abdalesis: he at length prevailed; gratitude for his conduct towards her—affection for the Christians, determined her acceptance of his hand: she had also a secret hope of drawing him to the true faith. I remained with the queen some months after her marriage: her conduct was that of an angel. The Moor's was exemplary; but generous and noble as he was, I found him as firmly attached to his faith as Egilone was to hers: but their union was unclouded by any misunderstanding. He doated on the lovely queen; and her gratitude wore so much the appearance of love, that it rendered him completely happy. I only, accustomed to Egilone from her infancy, saw all that passed in her constant and tender heart. I was convinced, that, in her retired hours, her thoughts dwelt on the days that were gone by; that she often took a sad review of the years she had spent at Toledo; and that, however she might bestow her esteem on the Moor, and admire his exalted virtues, yet her early love, which she had cherished through all the sad vicissitudes of her life, and of which the cruel Rodrigo was so unworthy, still lingered in her heart, and had fixed its root too deeply ever to be perfectly eradicated. Often have I translated her

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<sup>\*</sup> History tells, Abdalesis was put to death by the caliph for his lenity to the Christians.

looks; often have I watched the suppressed sigh that wrung my soul. But Egilone smiled; the Christians were favoured; they loved her; the Moors admired her, and all was happiness and peace. But my mind was disturbed; I began to think my presence and my conversation brought back ideas to the queen that I wished buried in oblivion. I had done all I had in my power to do for her happiness, and that of her people; and my own was hurt by the life I led. Could I have brought over the Moors to my faith, I would willingly have done it at the expence of life; but I found it a vain expectation. I languished for retirement, and, in my latter days, more time to think of my salvation than I could find in a crowded city. I had heard from a monk of the hermitage where you found me; the beauty of the situation pleased me, as my mind was never gloomy. From my cell I should behold an enchanting landscape. The forest lay between the hermitage and a desolate country, and shut out all that was melancholy or disagreeable in the view. I got my friend to purchase the spot for me; and entrusting Egilone only with my determination, and the place of my retirement, I secretly quitted the court. Many were the tears she shed at parting; and was only reconciled to bidding me farewell, by the assurance of my being ready to attend her call, could I ever render her the smallest service. I, too, deeply suffered at parting; but my consolation was, I left an angel, who wanted no guide to keep her in the right way; and, by removing to a distance, I relieved her mind from many painful thoughts. You, my child, were ever present to my imagination; I could hear nothing of you; and, till I saw you kneeling by my side, I believed you removed from all earthly woe. Arrived at my hermitage, I was charmed with it; and, not wishing to be known for father Anselmo, of Toledo, I procured the dress and beard of a hermit. The innocent country people were my only companions; I endeavoured to be the physician both of their souls and bodies, and they readily assisted me in all my wants. For some months I led a life most agreeable to the turn of my mind; I had time to think, to pray, to contemplate the Almighty in his most beautiful works. From the hill above my dwelling, you beheld the vast expanse that presents itself. There, at early morn, I met the sun issuing from his chambers in the east, rejoicing in his diurnal course, as obeying his great Creator's will; he diffused light and life to the vast universe. There I watched his fading glories, as, sinking in the west, he left the world to silence and to rest. As I beheld his departing beam, as darkness, with her sable wing, covered the face of things, and sat brooding over earth and sea, wrapt in thought, I meditated on life, on death, on a future state. How like that glorious luminary we set forward in our morn of life, rejoicing in our course! yet, not like him obedient, unerring in that track we are directed to pursue. Our evening comes; our glories fade; darkness surrounds us; we sink into the grave; we vanish from the earth; our place is no where to be found; yet, oh! joyful hope! oh! blessed certainty! we also shall again, like the sun, rise to a glorious day; we shall again have our appointed course, on which no darkness shall fall, no night shall come, no temptation shall assail; grief and pain shall be no more: we shall dwell with the righteous, and with Him that liveth for ever; with Him whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light. This, my daughter, is the comfort, the consolation of a good Christian. Let him ponder on those things in the days of affliction, in his often sad pilgrimage on earth, and sorrow will lose its force: he will look beyond the dark gulph: a new Jerusalem, a heavenly city, will present itself: there may be hope to find those virtuous beings he loved on earth, and with joy he will exclaim—'Oh! Death, where is thy sting! Oh! Grave, where is thy victory!'

The monk ceased speaking: all he had uttered penetrated the heart of Cava, and brought comfort to her sad soul: she found herself more resigned to her fate, and flattered herself, could she again enjoy the company of Favilla, her cheerfulness

would return,—A long pause ensued, and then Anselmo resumed his discourse—“I had led, for some months, a quiet, contemplative, but not a gloomy, or morose life, in my hermitage, when, one evening, a shepherd, whom I knew, came to request my assistance for a wounded man, who was now at his cottage, and so much hurt by a fall from one of the rocks, that he was unable to come to the hermitage to have his wounds dressed. I willingly followed the good shepherd, who carried a little basket, with the salves and cordials, I thought, from his description of the wounds, would be necessary for the stranger. On the way, the honest rustic told me, a man had lately come into the country, who had taken up his abode in a cavern on the skirts of the forest; that he conversed very little with any one, and was continually walking about the mountains, and in pursuit of the wolves and other wild beasts; that he killed many, and was, in this respect, of use to the shepherds, who were, at first, afraid of him; but finding him harmless, and only seemingly unhappy, he had the liberty of entering their cottages to buy his food whenever he pleased—‘To-day,’ said the shepherd, ‘he fell from a very high rock, as he aimed a blow at a wild bull, who pursued, and would have killed him, had he not been rescued by a number of the country people, who were travelling together across the mountains; they lifted him from the ground, and brought him to my cot; and I am come to you, good father, as I think, if you should not be able to cure him, you may send his soul to heaven; and I fear it would not go there without you, for he is so horribly afraid to die, and rolls his eyes in so dreadful a manner, when we who are about him say his is as bad as he can be, that I really do believe he has some terrible crime on his head.’ As the shepherd said this, we reached his cottage. On a bed, made of fern, covered with skins, lay a man, seemingly in great agony: as I entered, his back was to me; when I came near, and began to examine his wounds, he raised his head. Astonished at beholding him whom I had believed carried to the ocean by the waters of the Guadaleta, I started back, and dropt from my hands the balsam I had prepared. Fortunately, I soon regained the command of my feelings, and busied myself in dressing the wounds I had been called to heal. I cannot express the horror I experienced at the presence of the king, and the misery I felt, lest he should recognise Anselmo in the hermit who stood by his side. I dreaded his interrogations; I wished not to give him any knowledge of what had passed in his dominions since his flight; I trusted he would never again appear there; and I trembled at the bare idea that the amiable Egilone might, by some fatal chance, learn that he was still in existence. Happily the king knew me not; his wounds were dangerous and painful. Pity mixed with my hatred of him, when I perceived his mind was more lacerated than his body. For some weeks he lay, between life and death, in the shepherd’s hut. With care I watched beside his humble couch. In the hour of pain and sickness, I endeavoured to turn his thoughts to Heaven; I endeavoured in vain: he knew his errors; he lamented them; but repentance was far from him. Weary, and desponding of ever turning him from the commission of evil, should he again have the power to transgress, I absented myself from the hut, and returned only at the proper moments to dress his wounds. In spite of all my resolutions to the contrary, he often drew me into conversations, which, when I reflected on them, only served to prove how useless is wisdom, genius, talents, unaccompanied by rectitude of heart, by not only a propensity to good, but a longing after it, by an abhorrence of evil; and, above all, by that heavenly grace which passeth all understanding, and which alone can lead frail and erring man though the labyrinth of life; can give internal quiet here, or bliss hereafter. Painful were the hours I spent with the king; they filled me with sorrow for his state, for gloomily he rejected my counsels. When he was sufficiently recovered to leave the cottage, he returned to dwell in his own cavern, from whence he paid me

daily visits, with which I often wished to dispense; and I sometimes feared he would at last recollect me; but his thoughts were engaged on other subjects; and instead of making the discovery I dreaded, he revealed himself to the humble hermit. This distressed me beyond measure; for then I had occasion to be for ever on my guard not to betray myself, when the wildness of his grief, or of his passions, has tempted him to lay his whole heart open to my view, and to relate to me transactions I was too well acquainted with, and would willingly have buried in oblivion. Harrassed by his conduct, sensible I could never bring him to a proper sense of religion, I had determined on secretly quitting the hermitage, and retiring to the monks of St. Anastatius, when you, my daughter, appeared before me like a consoling angel, sent as my last comfort in this world; as such I receive you from the hand of Heaven; and where you dwell, there will I abide, till the last vital spark is extinguished.”

Grateful for the fatherly affection of the monk, and feeling the blessing of such a friend, and such a spiritual guide, Cava, with a look that shewed all she wished to express, pressed the good monk’s hand first to her lips, and then to her heart. Her silence was more eloquent than words, and she anxiously avoided any farther conversation concerning the king. The princess felt not the length of her journey, nor one wearisome moment in the company of Anselmo. His conversation tended to lighten all her woes, to reconcile her to the decrees of Heaven, and carry her thoughts beyond the confined limits of this world.

One day, while they sat, during the sultry noon, under the refreshing shade of spreading trees, (enjoying the sound of waters falling at some distance from a rock, sparkling in the sunbeams, and throwing round, as from a prism, a thousand bright and quick varying colours,) a young monk, of the order of St. Issidore, greeting Anselmo, entreated to be informed of the most direct road to the Tagus, which he knew he must cross before he could reach the place of his destination? With his usual politeness, the good Anselmo gave him the information he wanted; and seeing the young man appear weary, desired he would sit down by him on the grass, and partake the frugal meal he and the pilgrim his companion had prepared for themselves. The scrip had been emptied, and the contents, by Cava’s care, spread nicely on the verdent carpet where they sat; but the beauty of the scenery around them had so occupied them, that the call of hunger was forgotten till the stranger approached, who appeared to want refreshment. He accepted, with thankfulness, the kind offer; and, during their repast, told them he was travelling to the south of Spain, on business from don Palayo. Desirous to know all he could learn, Anselmo put many questions to the young monk, who gave him a tolerably exact account of all that had happened, in the carrying off and rescue of Favilla. Cava listened, with the utmost attention, to all the young monk related; but neither she nor Anselmo could get any information who were the actors on this occasion; for the monk knew not the name of a single person, but don Palayo and Favilla. Cava sincerely rejoiced at her loved friend’s escape from prison; she praised, and blessed the brave unknown, who had had the glory of releasing the charming Favilla from the monster that detained her—“Why,” said she, mentally, “was not Alonzo there to perform an act so worthy of him, as that of rescuing, at the hazard of his own life, my dearest friend? Happy, fortunate cavalier! on his account I envy your renown, yet I feel my heart will ever be bound to you for this service.”

Having made an end of their repast, they bade adieu to the stranger, and pursued the road to Oviedo, which they hoped to reach in three or four days, when Anselmo perceived that Cava’s strength failed, that she appeared much exhausted, and was obliged to lean on him for support. Alarmed at the idea of real illness, he saw,

with satisfaction, a village at a short distance; and assisting and cheering his weary companion by his kind and comfortable words, he got her to the village, where, fortunately, they found an inn, famous for the accommodation of travellers; and Anselmo determined on remaining there some days, till the princess should be able to continue her journey with more ease to herself. Having prepared a cordial for her, he committed her to the care of their attentive hostess, and insisted on her seeking repose. Cava, though she earnestly wished to reach the habitation of don Palayo, and again to embrace her earliest friend Favilla, was too much indisposed to follow her own inclinations, or to counteract any scheme the good father should propose. Her strength of body was not equal to that of her mind; she yielded to the wishes of her friend, and consented to remain at the village. Her indisposition continued for some days, and confined her to her apartment.

The village at which our travellers stopped was about ten or twelve leagues from the castle inhabited by don Palayo—a large Gothic building, near the sea-coast, well fortified, and in the neighbourhood of deep caverns, and recesses in the mountains, which served for places of safety to many families that had fled into that part of the kingdom, from the Moors. Here, also, was deposited great part of the riches of Spain, which the Christians had secured in their flight. Villages, hamlets, and single cottages, were scattered over the face of the country. The fugitives erected dwellings for themselves, wherever it was possible to procure materials; and Spaniards and Goths flocked daily to the standard of don Palayo.

At the time that Cava fell sick at the village, don Palayo was preparing, with the duke Alphonso and Favilla, to leave the castle in the mountains, and return to his more cheerful abode on the coast. A sufficient garrison was left at the old fortress, to protect that part of the country; and, at the same time, Alonzo was sent, with a detachment of troops, to the assistance of a town attacked by the Moors. Don Palayo, with his friends, and the remainder of his little army, arrived near the village, which was in his route, before Anselmo thought it safe for Cava to set forward on her journey. It was towards evening when don Palayo halted at the village to take some refreshment. All were desirous of beholding the brave prince; and not a single person in the town remained within their walls, when it was known that their protector, the man from whom they hoped so much, was near. The princess Cava had that day left her chamber, and was sitting in an inner apartment of the inn, which opened on a flower-garden, the perfume and fresh air of which was grateful to her. Anselmo, who watched her with the fondness of a parent, was charmed with the amendment in her health, and was amusing her with the history of one of the friendly monks of St. Anastatius, when, hearing joyful shouts, and trampling of horses, he went to the door of the inn to see what so much delighted the crowd. The troops were now in sight, and he immediately distinguished them for Christians. In a few minutes he saw don Palayo, with the duke Alphonso and Favilla, advancing towards the inn. The good Anselmo was nearly overcome with the sudden appearance of those he so dearly loved; when don Palayo, perceiving him, threw himself from his horse, that he might embrace and welcome him. Favilla, who had never heard of him since he led her from the queen's apartment at Toledo, feared he had fallen in the attack on the town; and when she saw the good father she so revered, at only the distance of a few paces, her joy was so great, she could be of no assistance to herself; and the duke, seeing her agitation, and her eyes fixed with filial affection on the venerable Anselmo, lifted her from her steed, and almost carried her to where the monk stood—"My child!" "My good, kind father!" was all they could utter. Anselmo clasped the dear Favilla in his

arms, weeping over her tears of joy, and blessing the hour that had restored her to him, and in which he saw her so happy.

The duke Alphonso also rejoiced to see the monk; but his lovely wife, and the amiable character she now appeared in, chiefly occupied his thoughts:—

“O’er her fair form his eyes in transport roll,  
And bless a beauty with so soft a soul.”

The crowd augmenting, don Palayo, taking his sister and the monk by the hand, proposed entering the house.

Anselmo, fearful of the effect their too sudden appearance might have on his poor pilgrim, now only in a convalescent state, hesitated, saying—“Allow me first, don Palayo, to prepare one for your reception who is dear to you all, and now within this house; but in too weak a state not to have her health endangered by too sudden joy.”

“Who is it?” cried Favilla, with the most tender impatience: “it must be Egilone, or Cava.”

Without farther consideration, and before any one could prevent her, she flew into the inn, and was almost instantly in the apartment leading to where Cava sat. The princess believed the monk was returned, and expected him to enter every moment. Soon Favilla’s voice reached her; she heard it with astonishment and joy; she half-rose from her seat, but she was powerless, and again sunk into it; she panted for breath; the door opened; Favilla rushed to where she saw her beloved friend, and started at the change in her appearance; the joy that beamed on her face, as she sprung into the apartment, was changed to an expression of mournful pleasure; she still advanced, and throwing herself on Cava’s neck, she pressed her to her heart with expressions of the tenderest friendship—“Cava, we shall again live like sisters; we have met to part no more.”

The princess endeavoured to answer her; she found it impossible; the struggle in her mind was great; and, throwing her arms round Favilla, she laid her head upon her bosom, and burst into tears. Anselmo entered; he was witness to this affecting scene; he felt relieved at seeing Cava weep, assured that it would relieve her oppressed heart, and prevent her suffering from the violent agitation she had undergone. The good father returned to don Palayo and the duke, advising that the friends might be left to themselves for some time—“Let them,” said he, “unburden their hearts to each other. Under the protection of the amiable Favilla, my hapless Cava, I trust, will find repose. What pillow like the bosom of a friend?”

Desirous as was don Palayo and Alphonso to see the long-lost Cava, they acquiesced in Anselmo’s opinion, and agreed not to intrude on her till the next morning, when they hoped she would be in a state of mind sufficiently calm to receive such true friends as they were, and to accept their protection for her future life.

The good monk, having informed the princess that she should be left alone with Favilla for the rest of the night, returned to don Palayo and the duke, and spent the greatest part of it in relating to them the different events of which we have informed our readers; and in learning from them, to his great astonishment, their adventures; the dangers Favilla had escaped, and the return of Alonzo from Africa; his having joined the standard of don Palayo, and being the happy instrument of Favilla’s release from the monster Musad. The pious monk crossed himself, and raised his heart in thankfulness to Heaven, for these wonderful and fortunate events. Anselmo, in relating his own adventures, and those of the Gothic princess, had carefully avoided



naming Rodrigo; he and Cava had determined to confine the knowledge of his being in existence to themselves alone; they hoped he would never forsake the savage life he had so long adopted; they prayed never to hear of him, or to see him more; they dreaded lest Egilone should have the slightest idea that he lived; they knew the misery it would entail upon her, and they determined on eternal silence respecting the unfortunate king.

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### CHAP. III.

“Oh, thou most injur’d, utter thy complaint!  
Give words to anger, and to sorrow tears!”

THE night was far spent before don Palayo and Alphonso would suffer the good father Anselmo to retire to rest: they had too much to ask, too much to hear, to take any note of time. Don Palayo, desirous of attaching to himself such a friend, such a character as the monk, gave him the most pressing invitation to remain at his court, where he hoped the Gothic princess would also fix her residence.

Favilla had remained with her friend; and, shocked as she was at the change in her appearance, she suppressed her own feelings, to soften the pangs she was sensible the princess endured at this meeting. For some time her tears flowed in silence; but the gentle Favilla, who well knew the delicate texture of Cava’s mind, drew her into the most confidential conversation. By degrees unburdening her whole soul, she allowed Favilla to read all her thoughts; and informed her of every transaction of her life, since she bid her farewell in the court of Toledo, one secret only excepted, that Rodrigo was still in existence. She shrunk from acknowledging the sad truth even to herself; and recoiled with horror from the bare idea, as it obtruded itself on her recollection.

Having exerted all her powers to sooth the sorrows of her friend, to draw her attention to at least a peaceful future, the sweet Favilla forced her to seek repose; avowing her determination of being her companion for the night, that she might, at an early hour, enter on the recital of her own adventures since they parted. Unwilling to agitate too violently the heart of the princess, by mentioning Alonzo, and giving her to understand he was so near, she feigned weariness herself; and having ordered a couch to be prepared for her in Cava’s apartment—“I shall leave my brother and Alphonso to take care of the good Anselmo,” said she, smiling. “You, my beloved Cava, shall be my care for this night; you shall find me the best physician in the world; I bring you the cordial of true friendship; it will, I hope, prove its infallibility, by soon restoring your exhausted frame to health, and to its pristine beauty, and your dear heart to peace. To-morrow you must lay aside these pilgrim’s weeds, and accompany us to my brother’s castle; though it wants the magnificence of Toledo, it will be endeared to us by the liberty and security we shall enjoy within its walls. You, Cava, we shall look on as its most precious treasure. From this white hour I hope every good. The friend of my early days is restored to me; I estimate the blessing, Cava, as I ought to do: and, if possible, I will force you to be happy.”

“Beloved Favilla! words are a poor return for your friendship; but you, who know me from infancy, will not doubt the gratitude I feel for your undiminished friendship. You have been the meditation, Favilla, of my secret hours—Heaven has heard my prayer. We meet again: I do not wish to withdraw myself from you, Favilla; but a cloister, in your neighbourhood, must be the abode of Cava.”

Favilla, unwilling to give the princess any uneasiness, by disagreeing with her on so serious a subject, only said, that to-morrow they would converse more largely on many matters they could not touch on at the present hour; she wished her unhappy friend peaceful slumbers; and she herself appeared to rest, although her thoughts were occupied in devising some means of rendering life more tolerable to the princess, and of turning her thoughts from her own distresses, into that channel in which all who loved her wished them to flow.

The wakeful Favilla perceived with pleasure that Cava slept. Her slumbers were not only tranquil, but appeared to produce agreeable visions; and Favilla heard her own name and Alonzo's repeated in the tenderest and most affecting manner. Here, for a little, we shall leave her—

“While sleep, that sometimes shuts up Sorrow's eye,  
Steals her awhile from her own company.”

It was but a few hours of rest that was granted to the inhabitants of the village, or of the inn. The sound of a distant trumpet roused don Palayo and Alphonso before the rising of the sun. The prince, a watchful general, was ever prepared to combat the Infidels, or receive the flying Christians, as a father would receive his children. He and Alphonso, mounting their horses, instantly rode to the skirts of the village, to ascertain the cause of this early alarm. They soon encountered a cavalier, attended by some horsemen, and bringing an account from Alonzo, that he had certain information that Alcama, a Moorish general, had orders to march against don Palayo; that he was now in great force at Cordova, and was hastening all his warlike preparations to enter the Asturias; that the number of the Moors was immense; and that many unworthy Christians, with the vile Oppas, archbishop of Seville, had joined his standard; that Oppas's excuse for such conduct was, his wish for peace with the Moors; and as he was of the blood-royal, and related to don Palayo, he hoped, by force of argument or entreaties, to persuade the prince to lay down his arms, give up his pretensions to the kingdom, and accept the advantageous terms the Moorish chiefs were willing to offer to him, and the Christians who had fled into the north of Spain. The cavalier had alit from his horse, more respectfully to deliver his melancholy message to the prince—“Brave cavalier!” answered the undaunted don Palayo, “I see, by your harassed appearance, the haste with which you have performed your journey, and that you are distressed at the news you bring. Be not so, brave warrior, (for I recollect you well, and how gallantly you fought in the fatal battle of Xeres); I do not look on the news my friend Alonzo sends me as disastrous. Let the Moors come! They shall see that the Lord of Hosts fights for Israel. My only grief is, that there is still found in Spain worthless and degenerate Christians, who attach themselves to the cause of the Infidels, to preserve their riches, and their wretched lives; and that, at their head, they should have placed my corrupt kinsman, the archbishop of Seville. I am ashamed to give so sacred a title to a man more properly named an arch-fiend. His vile family have ruined Spain. Happy would it have been for this unfortunate country, had the family of Witiza perished in the cradle. What is the life of man without honour and without virtue? But, my brave and excellent countrymen,” continued don Palayo, turning to the multitude that now surrounded him, “let us not be dismayed. We have every thing to hope from the justice of our cause; from the union of our hearts; from the support we shall feel in that true religion we profess, which, I trust, my friends, we shall not only profess, but practise. Then, if we conquer, (as my mind tells me we shall,) we are fit to live, and to set a pattern of virtue and true patriotism to our posterity. If we die in so good a cause, we die with honour. Our names will be revered to the latest ages, wherever the Christian name shall be known; and we shall be led by angels to receive a crown of never-fading glory, in those blessed regions, the wished for home of all true and pious Christians.

“This, however, is a trying time, my friends; we must act, not talk. Every man in the north of Spain must now consider himself of the utmost importance; he must put on his buckler; he must grasp his shield, not to lay it down till the Infidels fly

before us, till they leave us freedom, and our mountains; then shall we turn our warlike instruments into plough-shares and pruning hooks; the shepherd shall safely inhabit our cultivated vallies, and our barren mountains shall rejoice and sing; they are now our protection. At a future day, with what transport, with what enthusiasm shall we traverse their stupendous heights, and wander through their wild scenery! shewing, to a coming generation, every spot that our gallant deeds shall render celebrated. When we wish to form our youth for the camp, or for the council, we shall point out the spot where fell such a hero, while he stopped the progress of thousands of the enemy; or where another, more fortunate, surprised the Infidels, slaughtered numbers, and pursued their flying troops even to the gates of their walled towns: these must be the lessons we give our sons, if we are to continue a kingdom, if Spain is again to resume her place among the nations."

"And she shall again wield her lost sceptre after a time; after a contest, dreadful, but certainly successful for the Christians, shall the Infidels return into their own land, by the way that they came," cried a voice, mild, but impressive and enthusiastic.

Don Palayo turned round to see who spoke. Father Anselmo was close to him; his eyes and hands were stretched to Heaven; his prayers were for his country, and he appeared what he was, a saint upon earth.

Loud shouts now proceeded from the crowd; they applauded their wise and brave prince; all wished to follow him to battle, and declared he only was fit to govern Spain.

Palayo, a true patriot, desired power only as it might enable him to serve his country; to serve her, he wished to reign; to serve her, he was willing to die; the love of his native land, her honour, her liberty, sat nearest his heart. Followed, and applauded by all, he returned into the village, to regulate, with the duke Alphonso and the good Anselmo, his present plan of action. He had long expected the step the Infidels had taken. To terrify him was beyond their power; and with his band of heroes, he was prepared to conquer, or to die.

Before the prince could return to the inn, the alarm had reached the apartment where Cava and her friend Favilla reposed. They soon learned that a cavalier had arrived, with news from Alonzo, from the borders of the Asturias. This was the first moment that Cava had heard the name of Alonzo. She started, turned pale; but soon a deep blush overspread her charming face; and her eyes, swimming in tears, were fixed on her friend, tacitly soliciting an explanation of what she heard. She wished to ask—"Has Alonzo left Africa? Is it possible he should be so near, and acting under don Palayo?" In vain she essayed to speak; her agitation became great; and Favilla, judging from her appearance, the extreme distress of her mind, with the utmost tenderness, besought her to calm her fears, for she had a story to tell that could not fail to give her infinite delight, as it would place Alonzo's conduct in a point of view the most amiable in the world. Cava breathed freer, though she was still severely agitated; her anxious eye looked wildly round, for she secretly wished, yet dreaded to see Alonzo.

Favilla, not noticing the varying passions that shook the soul of her friend, led her gently to a seat; and, placing herself by her side, clasped her hands in hers, while she gave her an accurate account of all Alonzo had done and suffered, to rescue her from the power of the governor Musad—"That perfect, that incomparable lover!" cried Favilla, "who had sought you, Cava, through Spain, believed it was you whom the cruel governor had confined; he would have passed the gates of death to have released you: but I should be ungrateful in the extreme to the dear, worthy Alonzo, if I

did not declare to you, that when he discovered his mistake, and found me, instead of her he most loved on earth, friendship reigned as powerfully in his breast as love had done. Only for Alonzo, my fate would have been the most wretched. Disappointed as he was in his expectation of rescuing you, he never forsook me; exposed his life for my sake; nay, for a time, neglected you, to serve your friend."

"Worthy, dear, noble Alonzo!" cried Cava, (throwing herself into Favilla's arms,) "how well he knows the heart of the unhappy Cava! he felt he could lay no stronger obligation on me, than by restoring you to happiness. My beloved friend, how do I rejoice to see you the wife of Alphonso! Yes, Favilla, this heart of mine, that is ever steeped in tears of blood for my own miserable fate, is at this moment joyful at what I hear. I glory in my Alonzo; for what can give greater gratification to a woman that has a heart, than being the chosen and sole object of affection to a man, in every respect so perfect as Alonzo? Conscious I am this object to him, secure of passing my life with you, Favilla, I feel a peace of mind I have not felt for years. Allow my wayward temper, Favilla, to have its course; permit me to live as retired as I chuse; and you will soon perceive the happy effects that a tranquil life will have both on my health and spirits. I shall hear from you every thing that befalls Alonzo; I will not see him; but he shall be the subject of our conversation; and, through you, we shall converse with each other; by so doing, we shall avoid many painful meetings. He will think of me as one far distant; I shall think only of him, and spend my solitary hours in prayers for his glory and his peace of mind." Here Cava's eyes were brightened with an expression of joy almost celestial; a soft smile diffused itself over her pale features, still exquisitely lovely; laying her hand on Favilla's arm, she said, "Believe me, I am as happy as it is possible for me to be while I remain on earth."

Favilla, inwardly grieved at seeing that what her poor friend called happiness was fixed despair, felt that it was to another world she looked for peace; and, from the delicacy of her worn-out beauteous frame, she feared she should not long have to perform for her those tender offices of friendship so dear to both.

These melancholy reflections of the amiable Favilla were interrupted by the return of don Palayo and his friends. Anselmo knocked at the door of the apartment, with a message from the prince. He was anxious to know how the fair friends had passed the night; and requested permission, for himself and the duke, to pay their compliments to the Gothic princess. Anselmo said—"Don Palayo had something to communicate, and time was precious."

Cava had not a moment for reflection; she could not refuse to see the prince; and Favilla, saying she would return with her brother and the duke, left the apartment.

The poor pilgrim was obliged, for some time, to remain alone, and she employed it to summon all her courage to meet don Palayo. He soon entered with the duke and Favilla; and, notwithstanding the latter had represented to her brother and husband the altered appearance and the melancholy of her friend, they were ill-prepared to see her the lovely ruin she now was. She still wore her pilgrim's dress; and as don Palayo approached, she threw herself at his feet, and besought him, with a shower of tears, to forgive her, if possible, the woes she had brought (though innocently) on their common country—"I know," cried she, "my dear, unhappy father is no more; none of you will tell me the sad truth, although none deny it. I, alas! have been the cause of his death. Do not curse me, don Palayo, for the misfortunes I have brought on Spain; I too shall soon lie down in the dust, and gladly shall I resign a life that has been so fatal to all I love."

Don Palayo hastened to raise her from the ground, and tenderly embracing her, he said—"Cease, dearest Cava, to accuse yourself of the crimes of others; not your

own have weighed you down. Shake off this melancholy, I beseech you; you are with those that tenderly love you, and share in all your feelings. While this arm can wield a sword, it will protect you: do not dwell upon the past; console yourself for count Julian's doubtful fate. Here is one who will be a father to you—the good Anselmo; here is the duke of Biscay and myself; we will be your brothers; and your long-tried and esteemed Favilla will place the duties of friendship in her heart next those of love. Spain shall yet have a joyful day, my princess, and then shall we see you smile.” He again tenderly embraced her; she leaned, weeping, on his shoulder; while the duke Alphonso, unable to utter a word, so greatly was he affected at seeing her, took her hand, and affectionately pressing it in his, raised it to his lips.

Don Palayo, sensible that this sort of agitation was productive of no good, and might materially injure the health of the princess, told Favilla he wished her and Cava to prepare for a journey to his castle, where he hoped they would remain in the most perfect security. “The Infidels are in force,” said he, “and threaten us in our mountains; but we fear them not. Your warlike duke, Favilla, and our brave Alonzo, will assist me to drive them from this asylum of the Christians; all will shortly be prepared for their reception, and before noon I shall be ready to attend you to the coast. In my castle, I trust you will not hear the din of arms; but that every messenger I send you shall carry the tidings you wish to receive. When I am obliged to quit the castle, I shall leave a faithful guard for your protection, and father Anselmo will watch over your safety.”

The prince now entreated they would partake with him of some refreshments before they left the village; and, before he withdrew, hinted to Favilla his wish that Cava would resume her own habit.

The princess, willing to gratify such friends to the utmost of her power, consented to throw off her pilgrim's weeds, and was soon habited like her friend. As she entered the breakfast-room with Favilla, every eye was turned towards her. She was not the gay, animated, brilliant Cava they had known at Toledo; all that was gone; but she was a creature composed, in appearance, of such fine materials, so delicate, so fragile, so sylphlike, that you almost expected to see her dissolve into thin air. She had chosen, from Favilla's wardrobe, the most simple dress; it was snowy white, and completely enveloped, without concealing the symmetry and grace of the elegant form it clothed. Her fine eyes had exchanged their dazzling lustre for that meek, expressive, patient, melancholy look that penetrated to the very soul; they told all her heart suffered, and how she struggled to conceal those sufferings. At intervals, the palest tints of the rose illumined her face, and gave brilliancy to her languid eye; but it soon faded from her cheek; it was transient as the meteors of the north, and only served to shew the ravages that grief had made. Her silken hair, now free from the confinement of her pilgrim's hat, fell in abundance on her neck of snow, and on her polished forehead. From a ruby chain, thrown round that lovely neck, hung a picture of Alonzo; but it was concealed from view, and under her robe she placed it next her trembling, palpitating heart, and there did she enshrine a relic dearer to her than worlds.

Amazed at the appearance of the princess, as she entered the apartment, don Palayo and Alphonso gazed at her with wonder, and then at each other. A spirit from the realms of light could not have looked more celestial. Sighs rose in their bosoms, as they thought how soon they should lose sight of her on earth; and don Palayo's earnest wish was, to render the short time she had to remain with them as happy as was in his power. He talked to her cheerfully; spoke of the delight he had in again beholding her; in being able to give her protection and shelter in his own castle; he

recounted with enthusiasm the gallant actions of the brave Alonzo, and his weighty obligations to him on his sister's account. Cava threw a timid and delighted glance on don Palayo, as he spoke in such high terms of Alonzo; and she could, unwearied, have listened to him, "from morn till dewy eve."

The cavalier who had come from the army was now refreshed, and joined the group. He was to return immediately to Alonzo; and don Palayo was desirous he should see the Gothic princess, and be able to give his friend the heartfelt satisfaction that she whom he had so long and so anxiously sought, was in safety, and under his protection. The cavalier had never seen count Julian's daughter; he detested the count for his base conduct towards Spain; and had never felt the smallest interest for Cava. On the first view, his heart was changed; he was fascinated by those powerful charms that the whole world acknowledged; he thought her as near an angel as any one on earth could be; and ceased to wonder at the unalterable love she had inspired in the breast of the prince Alonzo; he soon retired with don Palayo and the duke, and the friends prepared for their journey towards the coast.

As soon as don Palayo had dispatched his messengers, and regulated the motions of his little army, attended by some troops, he proceeded with his friends to his own castle; it was not more than a day's journey from the village, and their route was by no means a disagreeable one, as the country was much diversified, and a thousand beautiful and romantic scenes presented themselves, which, as if by enchantment, (on emerging from a wood, or descending from a mountain,) changed to the wildest views in nature. Here stupendous rocks, with scarcely a tree to clothe their barren sides, and huge cataracts rolling over them, and even at a distance stunning the fearful traveller, gave an idea of a desolate region, unfit for the habitation of man. There a gloomy forest, spreading over a vast tract, threw its dark shadows on the valley beneath, and infected with melancholy, or filled with awe, the heart of the solitary passenger. As don Palayo and his company passed these wilds, he rejoiced in their savage appearance, in their huge caverns, in their almost impenetrable forests; and pointing to them as they journeyed on, he cried—"There is our protection, our barrier against the Infidels. As the children of Israel, when they were thrust out of Egypt, found shelter in the wilderness, so have we found it in these wilds; and here shall we conquer the Philistines that come up against us."

All heartily joined their prayers, that don Palayo's hopes might be fulfilled; and their hours passing in sweet discourse, they felt no fatigue.

Favilla was happy in her recovered friend. Cava, whose thoughts were continually wandering to Alonzo, looked on the dark woods without perceiving their gloom; on the barren rock, without seeing its wildness; but not even the occupied mind of Cava could remain insensible to the beauties of the country that lay before them, as they emerged from a defile between two steep mountains, that appeared to have been torn asunder by a convulsion of nature. Having cleared this pass, they beheld with wonder an extent of country beautiful beyond description, and bounded by the sea. The coast was broken into numberless romantic bays; some had their sides shaded with trees, and the white sails of ships were seen through their foliage. Part of the coast rose in steep cliffs, which hung terrific over the broad ocean, that at full tide bellowed through their dark caverns. Cultivated grounds, shady groves, silver streams that rolled their clear waters to the sea, and fertilized, in their course, this smiling country, with numerous habitations scattered over the hills, and through the vallies, gave an unspeakable cheerfulness to the scene. Favilla was as much a stranger to this part of Spain as Cava; they both enjoyed the enchanting landscape. Don Palayo saw it with pleasure, and pointing to where lay his castle at a distance, and close to the sea,

he cried—"Yonder is the temple of Liberty; there I delight to think she has fixed her seat. When driven from the rest of Spain, my friends, we shall enjoy, within our mountains, her sweet society; and, feeling the blessings of freedom as we ought, resign, without a sigh, those luxuries we must now exchange for a simple and rural life. Pomp and ostentation are not compatible with our present state. I should blush to spend in folly the riches that, properly distributed, may save from misery thousands of the poor Christians, who are constantly flying into the north, and seeking the protection of don Palayo—greater will be my satisfaction in seeing them free and happy, than our proudest kings have ever felt in contemplating their wealth and power."

All present extolled their brave and virtuous leader, and tacitly confessed the path of virtue was the most certain road to happiness.

The white turrets of the castle now rose to view; the western sun still lingered on its towers, and fully displayed the beauty of this Gothic mansion. It stood on an eminence, and covered a vast tract of ground; it was almost impregnable; could contain great numbers within its walls, and was well provided with every necessary to sustain a long siege. It fronted the sea, and behind it rose a venerable wood, the growth of ages: it gave shelter to the castle, and infinite beauty to the prospect.

Cava and Favilla, who had no idea of so charming an asylum, felt impatient to reach the castle. On a nearer approach, don Palayo's signal was made, and answered from the battlements; and, in a short time, a hundred of his soldiers, headed by two of his bravest cavaliers, issued from the gates to meet him, and welcome his return. All knew Favilla, and all rejoiced at her safety. The Gothic princess was received with the honours due to her rank; and, conducted by don Palayo, they entered the castle. Here nothing but the magnificent castle indicated royalty; all was comfort and simplicity; no form, no state; temperance and sobriety presided at the table of don Palayo; his time and his thoughts were given to counsel and to war; he appeared more as the father of his people than their governor. No one applied to him for succour in vain; nor was there a Christian in the Asturias that would have refused to risk his life for don Palayo. On arriving at his castle, he regulated every thing for the comfort and convenience of his guests. Favilla and the princess had the most cheerful and convenient apartments: all that could gratify was appropriated to their use. The good father Anselmo was not forgotten by don Palayo. For some days the fair friends enjoyed but little of the company of either the prince or the duke Alphonso; they were busily employed in preparations for war; and Alonzo failed not to send them daily intelligence respecting the Infidels. Favilla and Cava devoted their hours to each other; they had much to hear, and much to tell. Favilla anxiously wished to see the lovely Zamora—smiling, she declared—"Had she been in Cava's place, she should certainly have fallen in love with Aleanzar."

But soon her gaiety forsook her; their conversation turned on Egilone, and with tears they mourned her lost to them for ever.

With tender solicitude Favilla watched her friend; and saw, with silent joy, that the fond attention of her friends, the certainty of a secure abode, with the pious conversation of father Anselmo, had restored Cava's mind to a great degree of tranquillity, and her health to an infinitely better state than it appeared to be in when they found her at the village.

Day succeeded day; the Moors were either not prepared to enter the Asturias, or chose, for a time, to delay their operations against the Christians. Don Palayo relaxed not in his watchfulness; and the fair friends employed their hours in innocent



amusements, and in acts of benevolence and charity towards all who claimed their assistance, or were worthy of it.

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#### CHAP. IV.

ALTHOUGH unwilling to leave the company of don Palayo and his amiable friends, yet we must, since time and place are in our power, return to the west, and trace the steps of the wretched Rodrigo, as, like an evil spirit, he wandered over the ruined castle, and through the tangled paths of the gloomy forest by which it was encompassed, waiting for the hour he could visit the hermit, without breaking in on his devotions, or forfeiting his own promise—"Stately was the king; but his soul was dark! dark as the troubled face of the moon when it fortells the storms!"—hoping to calm, in a degree, those terrible passions that, like so many fiends, gave him no peace by night or day. At the setting of the sun, he turned his steps towards the hermitage: constrained to pass the cavern where lay his dead friend, he felt a bitter pang, and the fear of a future judgment thrilled with horror through his frame. This feeling was but momentary; his evil genius preponderated; he cast repentance far behind him; and called all the powers of sophistry to his aid, to confirm him in the atheism he had adopted, to enable him to sin without fear; but he experienced the fate of evil-doers. Conscience, that tremendous monitor, could not be silenced; her voice thundered in his ears; she conjured up a thousand gloomy spectres to affright him even in the noonday; and in vain did Rodrigo resist her overwhelming power. Anselmo's converse only gave a momentary respite to his inward pangs; when he talked of repentant sinners, of the mercy that would hereafter be extended even to the worst, if, with deep contrition, they sought it from an all-merciful and benificent Creator, who wished not the destruction of those who came into being by his great bidding, who desires not the death of a sinner, but only that he should return from his evil ways, and repent him of the past; when Anselmo, with his fascinating eloquence, placed these great truths before the king; when he exhorted him to consider eternity, and not to confine his views to this miserable life, and the leading of a few years in vices that sunk man beneath a brute; when Anselmo talked thus—"when truths divine came mended from his tongue," Rodrigo listened attentively; what he heard was uncontrovertible, and his proud, vitiated mind was lost in astonishment, that a poor hermit, secluded from the world, and, in appearance, one of its meanest inhabitants, should (though out of his power to convince) yet charm the attention, and overawe the mind of a king. But whatever impression Anselmo's words produced was only transient; the sound had scarcely died away, when no trace remained in the marble heart of Rodrigo. Pained, but not convinced, he often left the hermitage angry, and with a haughty step, while gloomy despair marked his haggard face; yet would he as often return, with a calm, unruffled countenance, and earnestly solicit the converse of the monk.

Anselmo still continuing his disguise, endeavoured, though in vain, to draw him from evil. As a frail human being, he pitied him, and bewailed his errors; as his king, he respected him; as his near relation, he felt, that although affection for such a character was impossible, yet that affinity in blood claimed its rights; and he found himself more deeply interested for him, than he could ever be for one of another kindred.

On ascending the hill that led to the hermitage, all was silent around, and Rodrigo saw not the hermit (as was usual with him at the decline of day) seated without his little habitation, under the shade of orange trees that grew close to it; from this spot he was accustomed to watch the last rays of the departing sun, as this glorious luminary, consigning half the globe to the repose that weary nature wants,

sunk in the western main, and rose on other nations, diffusing light, and life, and comfort to all created beings. Here Anselmo meditated, and offered up his evening hymn. Here the king expected to find him; but his seat was vacant; the door of his little hermitage was closed; and the impatient Rodrigo felt displeased that the poor penitent he had seen in the cell should occupy the hermit's time, which his proud heart persuaded him would be so much better employed if given to him; and he tacitly cursed the religion of the hermit, and called it ridiculous superstition; yet, awed by his virtue, he did not dare to break in on his devotions; and seating himself on the bench that was so often occupied by Anselmo, he also turned his eyes towards the glorious lamp of day, now shedding his last vivid rays over the heavens, and the broad ocean, whose placid waves reflected every beam, and whose scarcely undulating waters glittered (as the eye rested on them) with a thousand varying hues; but Rodrigo's eye dwelt not with delight on so magnificent a scene—"On it his grieved look he fixes sad, for conscience wakes despair; awakes the bitter memory of what he was." In stupid gaze he sat, and his bewildered mind threw a dark veil over a prospect that would have raised a pure heart from earth to heaven, full of praise and thanksgiving, for the unnumbered gratifications granted to man, by that Almighty Power, who disdained not to create so beautiful a world for his sole use and pleasure. Alas! to the sinner, to him that makes an ill use of his great Maker's gifts, the disenchanted earth loses its lustre, and becomes a barren desert; his darkened senses feel no gratification in the loveliest works of nature; and his contracted view extends not beyond the gloomy grave, where eternal sleep is his brightest hope. Such was the state of the lost Rodrigo's mind, and long had he sat in dreadful thought, unconscious of the coming night, deaf to the howlings of the wolves from the mountains, or to the loud hootings of the screech-owls from the forest, the sign of future woe. At length, awakened from his deathlike stupor, he started from his seat; the landscape had faded from before him, and darkness overshadowed the world; still all was silent in the hermitage. Rodrigo turned round; he approached the door; he knocked, no answer was returned—for a few moments he was patient; at length he lifted the latch. The cell was deserted; with a few steps the king traversed it; neither hermit nor suffering penitent was there; he was astonished at this desertion; he called aloud; the echo only of his voice returned; by the dim light that entered at the casement, he saw the hermitage was in perfect order; the hermit's lamp was on a little table where it used to stand. The king struck a light, and as soon as the lamp blazed, he examined the outer and inner cells, where he found both the habit of a monk, and the hermit's dress which Anselmo was accustomed to wear. Angry at not meeting him whose conversation gave some relaxation to his gloomy mind, and helped to render his days less wretched, it occurred to him, that the hermit was gone with his young penitent to some monastery, to make his peace with his superior. Smiling with contempt as this idea crossed his mind, he wondered how superstition could shackle the exalted understanding of the hermit—"And yet," said he, mentally, "how peaceful seems the mind of this man, while mine is a chaos where every warring passion meets, and knows no calm!" Here, as often happened, deep groans unwillingly escaped him. For some time he stood at the entrance of the cell, as if in expectation of the hermit's return: finding it long delayed, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning coming on, with so much violence as even to awe his hardened soul, he closed the door of the hermitage, determining to remain there during the night: stretching himself on the pallet of the hermit, he soon slept; but his was not the sleep that visited the good Anselmo's eyes when stretched on the same spot; a future heaven opened on his pure soul. Rodrigo's slumbers were not those of a heart at ease, or satisfied with itself. He now imagined himself at

Toledo again, the lord of thousands, and rendering thousands miserable. The fatal field of Xeres, the pursuit of Alonzo, the Guadaleta, the fisher's hut, followed in quick succession; the cavern where lay the murdered Goth, all that the phantom had displayed before him, again blasted his mental sight; and during his agitated slumbers, large drops of sweat rolled over his contracted brow. Lastly, he beheld, at an immense distance, the forms of Alonzo and Cava; they seemed to stand lightly on fleecy clouds tinged with gold; their hands were joined; laurel covered the bright forehead of Alonzo, and myrtle crowned the beauteous head of the Gothic princess; her form was not of earth; joy sparkled on her dazzling countenance, and her eyes were fixed on an opening cloud to which Alonzo pointed—"Ha!" cried the king, starting from his uneasy couch, "am I never to know peace! sleeping or waking, am I the sport of demons! Yet," added he, "yet, fool that I am, do I give credit to the visions of the night; mere empty nothings; unreal mockeries. Yet how contradictory is all I hear and see! Did not the spirit in the cavern, if spirit he really was, tell me that Cava was no more? Fancy then presented her form; I pursued it; it vanished from my sight; she faded into air; my search for her was fruitless; had she been within the walls of the castle, she could not have escaped me; is not the vision of this night as false? Oh! cursed Alonzo, why come you to my dreams!" The perturbed spirit of the king would not allow him farther rest—"Now night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast, and brightly shone Aurora's harbinger."

Throwing open the door of the hermitage, Rodrigo burst from it, and till broad day appeared in the east, he paced, with unquiet step, the summit of the hill; still the expected hermit returned not, and the king determined on occupying his abode till he appeared. Nightly visited by harassing dreams, though stretched upon the pallet of a saint, he felt that to him every place became obnoxious; for though he might change his habitation, he could not fly from himself; yet still the hermitage was a less dreary abode than the ruined castle. As he was accustomed to do, he, during the day, pursued the wild beasts of the forest, or hunted the flying deer upon the hills; and at evening returned, sad and forlorn, to Anselmo's cell. For a length of time this was the dreary life that Rodrigo led. Solitude and meditation worked no reformation in him; and the characters of his savage nature were now deeply stamped in that face, which, while the mind that gave it animation was free from the stains of guilt, all looked on with delight. One evening, as he sat before the hermitage, he perceived a monk ascending the path that led to it. Glad at the return of the hermit, (for he supposed the stranger to be him,) he rose to meet him; but soon he perceived his mistake; a much younger man saluted him. Rodrigo had not yet lost the manners of a court, and, though vexed at his disappointment, he received the stranger with civility; and asking him into the hermitage, spread some provisions before him; and seeing him weary, offered him the accommodation of the inner cell for the night. The tired traveller gladly accepted the courteous offer of the king, ignorant to whom he was obliged. The monk was about thirty; learned, of easy manners, and had lived in the great world. Miserable as was the king, the conversation of a human being, with manners and an education not inferior to his own, was, at the moment, a source of unexpected pleasure. Finding the stranger possessed a knowledge of all now transacting throughout Spain, and that his temper was communicative, the king questioned him much; and the monk, in the integrity of his heart, spoke truths that often stabbed him to the soul, though disguising his real feelings, with a greedy ear he listened to all he said. Hours had fled, shortened in their course by the conversation of the stranger, when he, first pausing and looking round, and then at the savage dress in which Rodrigo was clothed, the contrast of his manners and apparel strongly striking him, he questioned

in his turn, and asked the king who he was, and how he came to inhabit Anselmo's hermitage?

Starting at the sound of a name once so familiar to him, Rodrigo, silent as to who he was, instantly demanded what Anselmo the stranger meant?

"What Anselmo," cried the monk, with ardour, "can be spoken of in Spain, but one? the great, the virtuous, the excellent Anselmo, cousin to the vicious and unfortunate Rodrigo—Anselmo, who, living at the court of Toledo, essayed, as much as was in his power, to stop the tide of corruption; who deeply mourned the wickedness of the king; and when angry Heaven punished his crimes, remained the friend, the support and comforter of his unhappy, innocent, abandoned queen."

Here deep sighs rose in the breast of the king, and leaning his burning cheek on his hand, he dared not meet the stranger's eyes, who, thinking he was thus afflicted for the woes of others, continued—"Some time since, I met this worthy Anselmo in the mountains of Asturias; I could not mistake his venerable figure, though time and grief have had their usual effect on him."

"Met Anselmo in the mountains of Asturias?" replied Rodrigo, raising his head, and looking earnestly at the monk; "it is impossible; he is long since numbered with the dead; you must have mistaken some other for him. It was an ancient hermit that last inhabited this cell; he is away on some business to his convent, and here I wait his return. Till your youthful air shewed me my mistake, as you ascended the hill, I took you for the holy man, and went forward to meet you."

"I am not mistaken in what I assert," answered the stranger; "father Anselmo, the pious monk of Toledo, the cousin to the unfortunate and guilty Rodrigo, the friend of the queen, did, for months, inhabit this hermitage; he has left it to seek the hope of Spain, the great and good Palayo. I met him on his journey, and remained with him some hours, partaking of his simple fare; I passed the heat of noon under the shade of some walnut-trees, in conversation with him and a most lovely pilgrim, who accompanies him in his journey; she appeared to me too delicate for this world, and more an angel of light than a mere mortal."

"A pilgrim did you say?" cried the fierce king, starting from his seat, and his countenance changing from red to pale; "tell me who this pilgrim is? let me hear her name? describe her to me? I am cheated, I am fooled, I am every way deceived!" cried he, gnashing his teeth, and stamping with violence on the ground.

The stranger, appalled at his conduct, and believing him insane, gently answered, that—"he knew not the name of the pilgrim, nor had he dared to ask; but this he knew, Anselmo was conducting her to the north, to place her under the protection of don Palayo and his sister, the beautiful Favilla, with whom he understood she had been educated, in the royal palace at Toledo."

"This is too much!" exclaimed Rodrigo, striking his clenched hand on his forehead, and stamping still more violently on the ground; "the old wizard and the young hypocrite have escaped me! It was Anselmo then who counterfeited the hermit! It was Cava, in the lying habit of a monk, I saw stretched along the cell! but your deceit shall not avail you; ye shall pay me homage. I am still your king," cried he, rushing from the hermitage; "and ample vengeance will I take on both." With swift steps he descended the hill, and darting into the thickest gloom of the forest, he gave the day to meditate the working of ill; he burnt with rage against Anselmo, and with an anxious desire to get Cava again into his power. Many and various were his plans; a thousand were thought feasible, and then rejected. Night overtook him; still undetermined on his future actions, he again sought the hermitage; the calls of hunger

were imperious, and he hoped, before morning, to mature some mischievous scheme, that might gratify his passion and revenge.

When the king returned to the hermitage, the monk was gone; he believed he had encountered a lunatic, and had no suspicion of the rank of him whom he looked on with compassion, for his mental infirmities.

Leaving Rodrigo to the company of his own bad thoughts, we shall turn to the contemplation of more amiable objects, and first seek Alonzo on the confines of Palayo's territory, where, with indefatigable labour, he watched the motions of the Moors.

## CHAP. V.

AT this time the commotion throughout Spain was at the height; the south, and the interior of the country, was overrun by the Moors; they were everywhere triumphant; yet they lived in continual alarm, lest the Christians should one day throw off their yoke; and the perseverance and acknowledged abilities and valour of the prince don Palayo, filled them with apprehension for the safety of their new empire; and they were now collecting in numbers at Cordova, to turn their arms against the defender of his country. Alonzo, with an army of a few thousand Christians, devoted to their native land, and to their religion, protected the north; continually skirmished with the enemy; always came off victorious; and moved with such celerity, that the Infidels never knew his station, or where to encounter him. With an ardent desire to obliterate from the minds of men the error love had drawn him into, (when count Julian betrayed his country, to gratify his revenge,) the brave Alonzo now sought honour in the jaws of death. Self was as nothing to him; he was prodigal of life; he dealt death around him, and always withdrew, unhurt, from the field; the arrows aimed at him fell short of their mark; the best-tempered sword was shattered on his shield. He knew that her he loved was in safety; that she was surrounded by friends dear to her heart; friends also dear to him. To signalize himself against the Infidels; to obtain the approbation and applause of Cava, was the felicity he looked to on earth. Patient and indefatigable, he harassed the Moors; was acquainted with their secret plans; often frustrated their schemes, and always gave don Palayo the truest information. Cava heard his praises every hour, and from every tongue, and her heart exulted in the fame of her hero.

Don Palayo's castle, though a very strong fortification, had nothing gloomy in its appearance. The enchanting sea-view, the wild and romantic rocks that rose on different parts of the coast, and whose beetling cliffs seemed to hang in air over the rolling deep, gave a sublime grandeur to the scene; while the beautiful woods that here and there encircled the base of the mountains, the peaceful vallies that lay between, and the sandy beech glittering in the sunbeams, with the many-coloured pebbles that enriched the coast, pleased and charmed the taste, that preferred the beauties of nature to the decorations of art.

From the battlements of the castle, you looked, with surprise and wonder, on the magnificent and wide-extended landscape. On a closer view, wandering by the "hoarse-resounding main," or through vallies that might rival Tempe, where, under the shade of the far-spreading beech, its distant murmurs were scarcely heard, or heard but as the zephyr's sigh—

"Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody,"

hardened must the mind be that felt not the soft influence, calculated to fill the unsophisticated heart with delight, and with that sweet serenity, that heavenly tranquillity, so little known, so little understood, so little felt, by those for ever occupied amid the busy scenes of life. Cava and Favilla were real lovers of nature, and much of their time was spent without the castle. Here, secure from the Moors, they could wander through these romantic scenes, fearless of molestation. All within the Asturias were the subjects and friends of don Palayo, and the fair inmates of the castle would have found a defender in every rustic they met, had any danger been near. Favilla saw, with secret pleasure, that the health of the princess had improved since their meeting. Quiet, more security and peace of mind than she had long enjoyed, added to the fame of Alonzo, had brought back faint roses to her cheek, and chased languor from her countenance: for a time her alarming complaints subsided; Death, pointing his dart at some happier object, left the suffering Cava a longer date.

The amiable Favilla gratified her friend in leaving her unmolested by entreaties or advice. Cava felt the delicacy she was treated with; found herself as retired in the castle, and as much secluded from the world she wished not to join, as she could have been in a convent; and for the present her scheme of entering one was abandoned.

Don Palayo, ever attentive to religion, had one of the finest chapels in Spain within his castle; it was in the north wing, and opened to the country on the side of the sea. At a short distance from the castle were some natural caverns in the rocks, fitted up by the prince for the accommodation of many poor monks, who had fled from the Moors, and supported by the bounty of don Palayo, were allowed the constant use of the chapel for their devotions; here the Gothic princess spent many hours in the day; here, morning and evening, she was constant in her attendance on the service of the church, accompanied by the good Anselmo; here, at the lone hour of midnight, when all in the fortress, save the careful watchmen on the towers, were enjoying profound repose, would Cava softly steal from her apartments, and traversing the long Gothic galleries and halls that lay between them and the chapel, spend some of the hours of night before the altar, preparing her pure soul for that heaven towards which her every thought pointed. One of the rooms she inhabited opened on a balcony which overlooked the lower battlements of the castle, and gave an exquisite view of the distant landscape; this was a favourite spot, frequented towards evening by the princess and Favilla. From hence they could always perceive the approach of don Palayo and the duke Alphonso, while at some distance from the castle, as after the fatigues of the day, in disciplining their little army, and regulating their movements, they returned wearied in body, yet full of hope, and animated by the truest patriotism, to defend their cause to the last gasp. Often when Favilla had retired for the night, Cava—

———“Who loved and blest  
The hour of silence and of rest;  
On the high turret, sitting lone,  
Would wake at times the lute’s soft tone;  
Her golden hair stream’d free from band,  
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,  
Her bright eyes sought the west afar,  
For lovers love the western star.”

Here her moments passed, if not happily, yet in that soft tranquillity, that depriving the mind of energy, leaves it little to hope or to fear. Months had passed; don Palayo had had, at different times, many engagements with the Moors, or rather skirmishes, for no regular battle had been fought. Now things took a more decided and serious turn. Messengers were constantly arriving from Alonzo, to prepare don Palayo for a general attack. At length it was announced that an embassy from the Moors, with the archbishop of Seville at their head, was on their way to the Asturias. Don Palayo ordered them to be stopped on the confines; he would not suffer their nearer approach; and he and the duke of Biscay, not willing to give offence to the unworthy Christians, who had, either willingly or by force, joined the Moors, declared their intention of meeting the man they despised, at a place appointed for the security of both parties, to hear what he had to offer on the part of the Moors, and the degenerate Christians, that they might publicly declare to the whole world their determination, while they could lift a spear, or draw a sword, to defend their liberty, and the true religion; and never to submit to the galling yoke of the Infidels, who would soon break through every treaty, and when they had the power, would, from the nature both of their religion and government, trample on the civil and religious laws of the Christians.

With a large body of cavalry, and a number of brave knights, don Palayo and his kinsman, with all the splendour their situation would admit of, taking leave of their friends in the castle, and recommending to Anselmo, and the brave soldiers that remained, the care of all within the walls, at the rising of the sun, sallied forth in gallant trim to meet the Moorish embassy, with their degenerate countryman at its head. Don Palayo's hopes were sanguine of detaching Oppas from the Moors, and even of using him as an instrument against them; he could not believe that he had sold himself to work iniquity; the attachment he had formerly felt for him, and his consanguinity, blinded the brave prince, and gave his judgment a wrong bias, what seldom occurred to don Palayo. The duke Alphonso, who was better acquainted with the dark side of Oppas's character, had no hope of any advantage in this meeting, though he saw it was not possible to avoid it; and he felt that the interview was only a prelude to perhaps a decisive battle. With the utmost anxiety in his heart, he bade farewell to his adored Favilla and her friend. How might the hours be filled till they met again! rose in his mind; and as he thought of bloody fields, and the death of heroes, he stifled the feelings of his heart, suppressed the words he was about to utter, and with a warrior's firmness, gracefully saluting his friends, he and don Palayo mounted their impatient steeds, and were soon beyond the castle walls, where hundreds had crowded to view the departure of the princes, and to pray that their return might bring peace and liberty to their country. Cava and Favilla repaired to the turret, from whence they could trace their road to a vast distance; they leaned upon the battlements; they spoke not; their eyes, full of tears, followed the heroes; a brother and a husband filled the whole soul of the tender Favilla. Cava sent her mournful thoughts to Alonzo's camp, and endeavoured to conceal, even from herself, the fond wish that he too might return to the castle with don Palayo and Alphonso. At the moment, she felt how ineffectual is reason to chain the affections of the human heart; a deep blush suffused her face at the conviction that love in her bosom was still unconquered; she started at the truth; but religion whispered to her pure mind, to her was the exclusive power given to hush to peace every human passion; and suddenly quitting the turret, she took the way to the chapel, where she found the good monk Anselmo at the high altar, surrounded by all the religious in the castle and its environs, to offer up prayers for the speedy and safe return of the princes. Cava was not the least ardent in her petitions, and hoped—



“Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned.”

## CHAP. VI.

“And hush’d in grim repose expects his evening prey.”

IN this crisis of affairs, much anxiety was felt by all ranks in the north of Spain. The people sighed for peace; brave as they were, they trembled for their hapless families, when they considered the multitude of Moors in arms against them; and an honourable grave was the ultimate hope of those whose weakness of nature or constitution, rendered them unfit for public warfare, or unable to sustain the shock of the times.

Don Palayo and the duke dispatched a daily account to the princesses and Anselmo, of all they wished them to be acquainted with. In some days they had the satisfaction of knowing that the march of the warriors had been free from molestation. What small bands of straggling Moors they had met, either fled with precipitation, or fell by the hands of the Goths; and a few revolving suns must bring them to a conference with Oppas.

Don Palayo, in the highest terms, extolled the prince Alonzo, declaring that to him was owing the present security of his castle; by his wisdom and valour, he protected the Asturias, as Minerva covered with her aegis her favourites in the plains of Troy—“What may not Spain look to from such a man,” said Palayo, “in a more advanced age, when his early years are covered with glory! Fame has not laid down her trumpet; it has carried Alonzo’s name to the shores of Andalusia, and wafted it from thence to Africa, which now threatens us with more of her swarthy bands, who will receive the charge of bringing to the feet of the caliph the renowned young prince Alonzo.”

Fears for his life, transport at his success, diffused tears and smiles over the fair face of the Gothic princess, as she read don Palayo’s praises of the young hero. There was also another passage in his epistle, which shook her fame, and to which her heart vibrated. It ran thus—“My gallant friend the brave, constant Alonzo, must shortly be at no great distance from our castle; I hear of some Moors, who have secured a strong mountains, from which they must be dislodged; it is a service of danger and of glory; who so fit for this service as Alonzo? Should his success be immediate, and I think it will, when he heads the brave band now under his command, on his return to me, he must necessarily pass beneath the castle-walls; should he have a moment to devote to the friends they contain, surely his reception must be what will make him happy. You, Favilla, will throw open the gates to your protector, to him to whom you owe your present felicity. Your brother knows your grateful heart too well, not to be certain of the deep interest it takes in the future happiness of Alonzo. Use your influence, my sister, with the charming Cava, that she may not drive to absolute despair, one so worthy, so constant, so dear to us all.”

Don Palayo had time to add but little more; and Favilla receiving the letter from her friend without a comment, and perceiving her agitation at the moment, postponed for a time urging her on a subject of so much delicacy; and leaving her to

those tender feelings that appeared to her to have their full force, she withdrew, to give orders, should Alonzo arrive at the castle, to throw wide its gates, and receive him with all the honours due to his rank and his fame. Restless, not knowing what to hope or fear; one moment rejoicing at the bare idea of again being blessed with the sight of Alonzo; at another, wishing to fly to the extremity of the earth to avoid him, Cava, believing that the pure air of heaven would calm her spirits, and invigorate her trembling frame, left the castle, and passing through the chapel to gain the sea-shore, she perceived Anselmo at some distance; and willing to have the company of the good monk, whose sweet converse was ever balm to her wounded mind, stepped forward to ask him to be her guide among the rocks, when, finding him deeply engaged with a poor old monk, bending under the weight of years, and almost double, unwilling to interrupt a conversation that perhaps concerned the salvation of the poor decrepid wretch she saw, the gentle Cava, turning aside, took her lonely path towards the sea, where, seating herself on a projecting rock, she endeavoured to recover that tranquillity she had so long struggled to regain, and which was now interrupted by don Palayo's letter. Her eyes were fixed upon the waves, as they broke upon the shore; scarcely a zephyr fanned the deep; a distant galley seemed to rest on the blue wave; all around was a perfect calm; the agitation of the princess subsided; her pulse ceased to flutter; her heart to struggle, as if it wished to forsake its lovely mansion. She reflected on the virtues of Alonzo, and something like happiness filled her bosom—"In short advances thus the dying tide, beats for awhile against the shelving strand, still by degrees retiring, and at last within the bosom of the main subsides."

Long had Cava been seated on the rock, long had her eye rested on the ocean, scarcely conscious that she looked not on vacancy, so entirely was she absorbed by the loved idea of Alonzo. When she left Africa, she believed she had taken her last look; in vain had she fled; she had traversed sea and land; his affection had pursued her; fate had now approximated them, and proved the vanity of human efforts, when opposed to its decrees. To receive Alonzo as a brother, would give her all the happiness she could enjoy. To the voice of love she was deaf; her affrighted soul shrunk from it. The princess was desirous of conversing, for some moments, with father Anselmo. He knew every thought of her heart, and had, in his nature, that delicacy of feeling that approved her conduct: from him she intended to solicit his interference with Favilla, never to name Alonzo to her but as a friend, for only in such a light would she receive him, should he arrive at the castle. She raised her eyes, and saw the father at some distance, still in company with the aged monk, who, on perceiving her, took leave of Anselmo, and retiring with slow and painful steps, was soon lost to sight, among the rocks which were filled with the caverns fitted up as so many cells, by the order of don Palayo, for the poor monks. Anselmo approached the princess; pleasure shone in his mild countenance; he too had seen the messenger, and read Palayo's letter—"My child," cried he, as he advanced towards Cava, "I rejoice with you; my heart finds comfort when any thing brings peace to yours."

Cava, taking the good father's hand, entered on the subject nearest her heart. Anselmo promised all she desired, and convinced her, that, much as Favilla owed Alonzo, she would rather appear ungrateful to him, than give her a moment's distress—"I was ungenerous to doubt it, returned the princess; "but my friend must forgive a creature so worn out with sorrow, that she sees, perhaps, nothing as it is, and fears danger from all who approach her."

"Give not way to such uneasy thoughts," replied the monk; "suspicion is the bane of life; they who harbour it want no other ill. I was seeking you in the chapel, with a message from your tender friend Favilla, when the miserable man you saw in

conversation arrested my steps; and till I had listened to his melancholy tale, given him some spiritual comfort, and promised to visit him in his cell, I could not leave him a complete prey to his gloomy imagination and his woe."

"Poor old wretch! if he has been guilty of any sin that sits heavy on his soul, how I pity him!" said Cava; "how fortunate, father, to have lit on such a guide as you! He seems on the verge of the grave; may he lie down in peace!"

"May your pious wishes be answered, my child! To-morrow I shall know more of this unfortunate, mysterious being; if I mistake not, whatever his sins or sorrows may have been, he now suffers under a derangement of mind. For many days I have observed him among the monks in the chapel; I spoke to him often; but, till this evening, he turned from me, and maintained a sullen silence, drawing his cowl more over his withered visage, and which, to me, appeared pale as death; he is bent with years, yet his form is not ignoble; he will not, he says, at present divulge his name or quality; curses often escape his lips; he showers them on the Moors, by whom, he says, he is, in old age, reduced to poverty, and is deprived of every earthly blessing. My business is to preach patience to him, and point his views beyond the narrow limits of this world; would I could be of use to his soul! I have my fears," said Anselmo, shaking his head; "his language, at this late moment of his life, is not that of a penitent; disgust, bitterness, and chagrin, mark every sentence."

Cava and Anselmo, now walking towards the castle, passed near one of the caverns almost close to the sea; they beheld the decrepid stranger seated at the entrance; his elbows on his knees, and his head, nearly enveloped in his monk's cowl, rested on his hands; his ear first gave intimation of their approach; with pain and difficulty he seemed to rise from his place to salute them; he spoke not; but, turning his back, slowly entered his cell—"Poor wretch!" cried the princess, "I fear we have disturbed his meditations;" then entering on topics more interesting to her, she proceeded with Anselmo to the castle, where she found the kind Favilla ready to devote her life to her peace of mind. The grateful Cava was conscious of the blessings she enjoyed in friendship, and mentally owned her life was not a blank.

Day followed day, and left the inhabitants of the castle in much uncertainty. No regular messenger came from don Palayo; the arrival of Alonzo was hourly expected; he was known not to have passed the fortress; but he sent no tidings; and rumours were abroad of many skirmishes, and of a great victory, by Alonzo's taking a strong hold in the mountains possessed by the Moors. A stranger also brought an account to the castle, that the truce with don Palayo was at an end, Oppas having withdrawn in a rage, vowing vengeance against the prince, and, in the place of his crosier, wielding the sword: but all these were rumours only, and not to be relied on, though they served to agitate and perplex all whose country or religion were dear to them.

The weather was now delightful; the sea-breeze operated like a charm on the spirits and health of the fair friends; and the excellent Anselmo, who looked on both as his children, and watched them with the tenderness of a parent, drew them every evening from the castle, where, on the sea-shore, or wandering among the beautiful rocks on the coast, they could inhale a purer air than the fortress afforded; and where their anxious minds, busied in the contemplation of the great works of their Creator, might lose, for a time at least, that excess of hope and fear that agitated their gentle bosoms, when the dangers of those they so dearly loved, and the present precarious state of their country, only occupied their thoughts. Anselmo, ever interested in the cause of the true religion, took these moments to impress its value on the minds of his fair pupils, raising their views from earth to heaven; he pointed out the folly of fixing

them solely in this lower sphere, which was no resting-place, the abode only of a moment, the country through which the happiest never passed, unmolested by grief and pain. He moderated their fears, repressed too extravagant hope, and recommended a pious acquiescence in their appointed fate—a fate depending on the will of that Power who can never err; who is slow to wrath, and merciful in all he does. The princesses listened attentively to their virtuous preceptor; his discourse was pleasant to their ears, and consoling to their hearts. Still the rumours already mentioned were brought from many parts of the country; still they remained without any certain intelligence from don Palayo—Alonzo came not—Cava looked from the battlements on the surrounding country; her eye stretched far and wide; no human figure resembling Alonzo was discerned, and, unconsciously, she repeated—“Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? why is he so long in coming?” Blushing at her own weakness, she left the tower, and sought Favilla; she met her coming towards her apartment with the good monk, to invite her to join them in a walk upon the shore; this was just what the princess wished, to fly from thought, to forget her sorrows in the conversation of such friends; and to shorten the heavy hours, by any innocent means, was her endeavour. Having first performed their evening devotions in the chapel, the good monk, with his adopted children, left the castle, and turned their steps towards the shore, attracted by the splendid scene presented to their view. The sun’s orb was now visible to the naked eye; it seemed itself on fire; and the heavens spread, like a curtain (flaming with scarlet and gold), over the vast expanse of waters, communicated to every rolling wave its light and colours—“Glorious are thy works, Father of Light and Life,” cried Cava, as she ascended a rock, from whence the prospect was most sublime. Led on by the beauty of the evening and the scenery, they wandered far from the castle, over wild and picturesque rocks, and saw beneath them, lying to the west, a beautiful little bay; one side was sheltered by a headland, the base of which was skirted by a wood; in many places the spreading foliage hung over the waves, and formed a delicious and shady walk close to the ocean. As they looked upon the bay from the rock they had ascended, they perceived a small boat, drawn close to the shore, and fastened, by a strong rope, to one of the trees; the boat was untenanted, and Favilla said, if it belonged to fishermen, she wished to find them near, as she should like extremely to row along the shore in so calm an evening.

Cava sighed; at that moment her thoughts had left Spain; they were with Zamora, in Aleanzar’s magnificent castle, and she smiled when the fishing-boat brought to her remembrance his splendid galley—“Yet here,” thought she, “on this uncultivated shore, I enjoy the first blessing of life—sweet liberty. In the delicious gardens of Aleanzar, I was a prisoner, and restraint poisoned every enjoyment.”

They had now descended the rocks, and were preparing to cross the little bay, that, under the shade of the trees, they might enjoy a cool walk, without shutting out the view of the tranquil ocean that rolled its placid waves almost at their feet, when Anselmo, perceiving a large galley at some distance, pointed it out to his companions; they stopped to ascertain its course, and were soon convinced it was making towards the shore, and designed entering the bay. At first, it was at too great a distance to discern the objects on board; the winds were hushed, and it made but little way—“From whence comes this galley?” cried Anselmo, fearful of its being filled with Moors. Cava thought of Alonzo; Favilla, of Alphonso and her brother; reason soon suggested they could not arrive by sea: that cavaliers were on board was certain, for although the galley was still far from the shore, men were seen moving to and fro, and spears and shields glittered in the rays of the setting sun.

Uncertain whether the galley contained friends or enemies, Anselmo believed it most prudent to return to the castle, and proposed doing so to his fair companions; their opinions coincided with his, and they immediately quitted the shore, intending to retrace their steps, when a loud whistle startled them. Anselmo turned round at the noise, and was surprised to see none but the poor old monk, who, emerging from his cavern among the rocks, was following them with as much haste as his bent form and tottering limbs would allow of. Anselmo stopped till he came near, and then demanded, had he heard that shrill whistle, and from whence he thought it proceeded?

"I know not, good father, from whence came the sound; I believe from among the rocks; some shepherds, perhaps, seeking, at sunset, their stray sheep; I think, if my dim eyes deceive me not, they are yonder on the hill above the bay."

As he spoke, Anselmo saw three men running along the summit of the rocks, and making to where the boat lay moored in the bay. Supposing them country people, and their business of no consequence to him, he followed the princesses, who had continued their walk towards the castle. What was the good Anselmo's astonishment and horror, at beholding the decrepid monk throw, with violence, to the ground, the staff on which his weak form had leaned, for support, and rising from his bending posture, stately as a mountain oak, yet active as the whirlwind of the desert, pursue and seize with his strong arm the shrieking Cava!

Anselmo was petrified with horror; Favilla ran towards him; her hands clasped in agony; speech she had none; her strained eyes were fixed on the gigantic figure, who was now endeavouring to envelop, in his dark robe, the senseless Cava, for she had fainted at the moment she was seized. Anselmo lifted his hands to Heaven; from thence only could he look for succour. Again a loud whistle; it proceeded from the monk, and horrid ideas rushed into Anselmo's mind; he saw the villain was carrying the princess towards the boat. Favilla, now roused by the state of her friend, and the fear of losing her, lost all sense of danger for herself, and with the swiftness of an arrow, pursued, with loud and continued cries, the wretch who was carrying her away. He heeded her not; but kept on his steady pace towards that part of the bay where the boat was now getting ready for sea, by the men whom Anselmo had seen cross the mountain. But the villain had not time to reach it, before his course was interrupted by a cavalier, who, at full gallop, rode round a projecting rock, and hearing the loud shrieks of a woman, and seeing her in pursuit of a monk who was carrying off another, he called aloud to the monster to relinquish his prey, or he would nail him with his javelin to the earth. It was in vain for the monk to hesitate; the cavalier, in complete armour, was near him; and alighting from his steed to chastise him, the monk instantly laid the princess, to all appearance dead, upon the ground; and stripping himself of his long monkish habit and cowl, the stately form of Rodrigo, in complete armour, his plumed crest rising as he removed the cowl, stood before the amazed, but undaunted Alonzo—"Thanks to the waters of the Guadaleta, that has given thee to my sword, thou devil in a human shape!" exclaimed the prince. "Heaven pursues thee, thou guilty wretch; its vengeance will not sleep!"

"Talk not of Heaven, thou coward!" returned the king; "thou wouldst have attacked an unarmed man; come on, thou stripling; I defy thee; I fight for Cava!"

"I for vengeance," answered the prince. "Death only can decide the combat."

"Then it must be thine!" cried Rodrigo, while a ghastly smile spread over his dark face; "for I am fated again in fields of slaughter to lift the spear and shield."

Alonzo disdained a longer parley, and the combat commenced.

Anselmo and Favilla had now got to the spot where Cava lay; amazed, they saw the transformation of the monk. Anselmo recognised Rodrigo; but neither he or

the princess guessed that Alonzo was his opponent; their present anxiety was to get Cava conveyed to the castle, for only there could she be in safety; they perceived returning animation; and, in order to prevent her being acquainted with what was passing, they used their utmost endeavours to carry her between them to the fortress. The spot they were now in was at a distance from the castle, and it was in vain to expect help from thence till they should get within view of it, or meet some of the peasants, to send and alarm the guard. Terrified at the clashing of the swords, which Favilla distinctly heard, she had scarcely strength to assist the monk in carrying their precious burden. Fortunately they had not proceeded far, when they met some country people, who willingly offered their assistance to carry the still senseless Cava to the castle, and also to give the alarm of foes in the vicinity. Favilla followed her friend; Anselmo returned to the combatants, ready, if they fell, to assist in making their peace with Heaven. Bravely he beheld the field contested; dreadful was the conflict; Alonzo trusted his just cause to Heaven. Love—hatred of the base Rodrigo—just vengeance for the wrongs of Cava, nerved his youthful arm; he was brave, active, and wary; but he had to combat with one well-used to single combat. Rodrigo had once been deemed almost invincible; he had long been idle, but he had not forgot the use of arms; he stood mighty in his strength, determined on conquest, even at the price of honour. Should his hated foe equal him in valour, or in skill, he trusted to treachery to decide the day; and the hope of future empire, which had taken possession of his mind, now gave strength to his arm, and vigour to his frame.

Anselmo, at some distance, sent up his earnest prayers for the stranger's safety, and his success against the tyrant. Had he but known it was the gallant and good Alonzo who was engaged with the fierce king, he himself would scarcely have survived the combat; as it was, every stroke of Rodrigo's sword struck terror to his heart; and many were the loud strokes that fell on the young prince's shield. Long and doubtful was the conflict. Rodrigo was rash, but powerful; and Alonzo found it difficult to defend himself against his desperate foe. The prince kept his keen eye upon him, wheeled as he wheeled, and for a time held the fell tyrant at bay, who, dreading the arrival of troops from the castle before he could overpower the prince, aimed a desperate blow at his helmet, hoping to have cleft his head in twain. Alonzo, perceiving his danger, sprung aside quick as thought, and the king's sword meeting nothing to resist its weight, came with force nearly to the sand, and in spite of Rodrigo's efforts to recover his poise, dragged him almost to the ground. This was the moment for the prince; darting forward, he impressed a deep wound on the shoulder of his enemy, who, though writhing with pain, stood erect, and covering himself with his shield, the battle became more fierce. Alonzo remained unwounded; he was more active than the king. True valour, not rage, was his. Rodrigo panted for breath; he retreated a few paces: the prince came on, and striking at his visor, it fell to the ground, and he received a large gash in his forehead. The enraged king, still retreating, applied the whistle he had before made use of to his mouth, and instantly three ruffians rushed from the boat lying in the bay; they were armed with clubs, and placing themselves at Rodrigo's side, obliged Alonzo to draw back. The prince now waged unequal war; and had not Heaven sent him aid, it had been to him a fatal combat.

The galley which Anselmo and his fair companions had seen at some distance, had now come to land. Two warriors, in complete armour, leaped upon the beach; and seeing so unequal a contest, hastened to place themselves on the side of Alonzo, who was now pressed hard by Rodrigo's ruffians. The cavaliers advancing towards them with their pointed spears, a different combat ensued. Again the king and Alonzo met,

again they fought; and Rodrigo, pressed hard by the prince, and, to all appearance, wearied, called out for mercy. Alonzo hesitated; it was but for a moment. His noble heart recoiled at destroying a prostrate foe; and he cried to the worthless Rodrigo—“Live; and, if you can, repent of your vast crimes. Even to revenge the injuries you have done me, I cannot send your base soul to perdition, or strike the wretch that asks for mercy!”

Saying this, the gallant Alonzo dropped the point of his sword to the earth, and Rodrigo, seeing it was no longer lifted against him, sprung forward, and struck a dagger, which he drew from his side, into the bosom of the prince; his excellent breastplate broke the force of the blow; and Alonzo, quick as lightning, recovering his sword, plunged it into the side of his treacherous antagonist, who fell prostrate to the ground. The ruffians fled at the sight; but the new-arrived cavaliers pursuing them, secured one, whom they bound with ropes, in order to have him conveyed to the castle. Having secured the villain, they returned to Alonzo, who now stood with his eyes intently fixed on the fallen king; he had unloosed his helmet, and thrown it on the sand; and the prince was instantly recognised by Garcia, one of the cavaliers just landed. Surprised and delighted at this unexpected happy meeting, they affectionately embraced; and Garcia blessed the hour that brought him to the assistance of the gallant Alonzo.

Anselmo now approached the scene of action, overjoyed at the safety and glory of the prince; he still felt a pang for the fate of the miserable Rodrigo, and proposed carrying him to the castle, where his wounds might be examined. Ever noble, ever generous, Alonzo offered his assistance, willing to give his enemy a chance for life.

Anselmo kneeled by the dying king, who now writhed in agony on the sand. The pious monk besought him to think on Heaven, to repent his crimes, and join him in prayer for mercy; he raised the cross before his eyes, he called to him to look on it, and acknowledge who died to save his soul. Rodrigo cast a fierce and haggard look on the monk, and turned from him. Again the monk entreated, wept at his obstinacy, and conjured him not to die with so many unrepented crimes upon his head. The wretched king, exerting all his strength, cried—“Are you too a juggler, and leagued with that foul spirit that deluded and deceived me? Your promises of Heaven may be as false as his empire here—Begone,” said he, sternly, to the monk; “begone, you can deceive me no longer.”

“I never deceived you, Rodrigo,” mildly returned the good father; “had you followed my counsel, had you attended to my earnest prayers, you would still have been the beloved monarch of Spain, you would have fulfilled the promise of your youth. Kneeling, I beseech you to have mercy on yourself, to avow your Christian faith, and implore the mercy of Him whom the penitent never implores in vain.”

“It is too late,” returned the king, his voice growing weaker, and his agonies increasing. “Leave me, Anselmo; suffer me to believe there is no future world, but that all is dark, and quiet for ever, in the grave: repentance would come too late.” A deep groan followed, and in trembling accents he continued—“I almost wish, Anselmo, I had not forsaken the path of virtue. The wish is now vain; vice and virtue were balanced in my bosom; my evil genius triumphed, and the lost Rodrigo cannot now repent. But, Anselmo,” cried he, turning his dying eyes on the monk, “here, at my heart,” (pressing his hand upon his bosom,) “I feel my queen, my Egilone, and the wrongs of Cava.”

Again the monk, in a supplicating attitude, raised the cross before the sinner’s eyes. Enraged at his perseverance, the king, with a strength often seen at the last close of life, raising himself on his elbow, caught hold of the sword which had still

remained in the wound, and drawing it with violence from his body, he fell back, and instantly expired. The excellent Anselmo shed a pious tear over his unfortunate and guilty kinsman, and beckoning towards him the cavaliers, who, through reverence for the religious ceremonies they believed were passing, had withdrawn to a distance, he pointed to the dead monarch, unable to utter a word. Even Alonzo mourned. Garcia condemned, yet pitied; and the stranger who had landed with him, taking his helmet off, approached the corse. The stranger was Alvarez, so unjustly banished, and now returned from the Fortunate Islands to his beloved country, to join don Palayo against the Moors. He beheld his enemy laid low; he was too amiable to triumph, or insult the dead; but in all humility he offered his thanks to Heaven for his restoration in safety to his native land.

The prince Alonzo and his friends now held a consultation on what should be done with the body of the king. Alonzo, whose mind was noble, proposed carrying him to the castle, and interring him as a king. Anselmo interposed; he pointed out the danger of such a step—"You know not," said he, "the effect this sight may have upon the people. His crimes have made him detested. Not all our influence may be able to preserve his miserable remains from insult. We will carry him to the cell he has for some time inhabited, where he cruelly watched to do mischief, that the goodness of Providence has defeated. The poor monks shall pay due honours to his remains. I will see myself that he is privately interred; but let no stone mark his grave; let not the Goths know where he rests; let them still think he lies beneath the Guadaleta; and let us ourselves cease to mention his name."

All praised the wisdom of the monk; all agreed in his prudent determination; and Anselmo, having collected some of the poor monks, gave the body in charge to them, to convey to the cavern.

Fearful of any latent mischief, Anselmo advised putting the ruffian they had taken into the boat that belonged to him, and insist on his instant departure by sea, as admitting him into the castle might be attended with danger. It was determined, however, first to examine him respecting his connexion with the king, and finding from him what were Rodrigo's plans. The wretch was brought forward, and ordered, on pain of death, to disclose all he knew. Falling on his knees, he begged his life, vowing he would speak nothing but the truth. He said he had, some years since, been a domestic in the royal palace at Toledo, and particularly employed about the person of the king; that after the defeat at Xeres, and Rodrigo's flight, he, with many more of his household, were obliged to seek their bread in different parts of Spain, and often among the Moors; that, in his wanderings, he had stopped at Seville; that the charming queen seeing him by chance one day, and recollecting he had been a favourite with her former lord, (whom she believed, as did every other person in Spain, had been drowned in the Guadaleta,) she had ordered him into her presence, and kindly offered him her protection, and a situation at the court of Seville.

"Though this offer was most advantageous," said the man, "I feared to accept it. I hated the Moors, and doubted my royal mistress being able to protect me, in case of any unfortunate dispute. I had loved the king, and was sorry to see her married to a Moor, though a good and brave one; and as I saw her colour change, and tears roll down her cheek, at the mention of Rodrigo, I did not give credit to the happiness she was said to enjoy, and I left Seville. In wandering on the western shores, I chanced to light on a hermitage, beautifully situated on the side of a hill. I was weary, and wanted food; and believing all hermits must be charitable, I ascended the path to the little dwelling, to beg a night's lodging, and some refreshment. As I begged with humility, the hermit, who was sitting in an obscure part of the cell, nodded assent; and I



entering, reposed my weary limbs on the first seat I came to. The hermit, seeing me much exhausted, rose to place some viands before me. My eyes were bent upon the ground, and I took no heed of his movements, till I heard a well-known voice exclaim—‘Gabriel, is it possible I behold you? I believed you had fallen by my side in the fatal plains of Xeres.’ I started at the voice, and raising my eyes, imagined that the spirit of my king stood before me. I was about to fly from the hermitage—‘Fear me not,’ said he; ‘I am Rodrigo; not dead, as you fancy, but alive, and rejoiced to recover a faithful servant.’ Overcome with joy, I fell at his feet, and expressed the transport I felt. His great soul was moved; he gave me his hand, and bid me rest for the night; that, in the morning, he had much to ask, much to say, and much to command. Happy at this meeting, I did as I was ordered; and when I had taken some refreshment, I laid me down to sleep in the inner cell. In vain I sought repose. Rodrigo lived, it was true; but in what a way! cut off from the whole world, deserted by every friend, lost to himself and others. His strange dress, his altered appearance struck me. He had lost all his attractions, the sweetness of his countenance was gone, his look was wild and savage, and his quick change of colour, from red to ashy pale, denoted the violent passions that governed all his actions; but to me he was still a gracious king; and from that hour I devoted myself to his service, even to the danger of my soul and body. During the night, I often heard the king rise, and pace his narrow cell with hurried step. As he slept, he groaned—spoke of Toledo—and called on Egilone to hear, and to forgive him. I judged that his heart was sorrowful. The morning came; I rose, and passed quietly to the outside of the hermitage, and sat me down. Soon the king appeared; the alteration in his countenance struck me more forcibly. He questioned me on the state of Spain: I told him all I knew. He touched upon the marriage of his queen. His eyes shot fire. I told him I had been at Seville; I told him the charming conduct of the queen; I ventured to say how she mourned his loss, and how little credit I gave to her present happiness. His face became sad, his furious passions were appeased, and he mildly answered—‘Poor Egilone, you have suffered enough from me; may you still believe I am no more! Your truth deserved a better fate; but never again shall Rodrigo mar your peace.’ After a pause, he told me he was going a long journey, that I must accompany him, and, without inquiring into his schemes, blindly follow his directions. If I consented to this, he would for ever be my friend; if not, he requested I would the next day depart in peace, and promise never to mention him to human being, but leave him to his fate, in the hermitage where I had found him. I threw myself on my knees before him; I swore to follow him to the extremity of the world, and to act with a blind obedience to his wishes. He raised me from the ground, saying, he would rely on my faith, and yet reward it. ‘Power and empire shall yet be mine,’ cried he, rising, and pacing the terrace with his former majestic gait. I started; I feared he was deranged; but I was silent. For some days he was gloomy and thoughtful: at last he gave me gold, and ordered me to go to the first town where I could procure a complete suit of armour that would fit him, as he intended undertaking an adventure in which he might have to encounter many foes. He gave me the strictest charge to chuse him a well-tempered sword and dagger, and also to bring with me a complete monk’s dress, with a cowl capacious enough to cover his helmet; that in the hermitage he had found much too small. I asked no questions; but returned, in a short time, with the armour and the monk’s habit. Joy sparkled in his eyes as I carried the coat of mail, and the weapons I had purchased, into the cell. With transport he threw aside his savage dress. Again he shone in arms; and drawing the sword from the scabbard, he examined, and felt its point, exclaiming—‘You have executed my orders well. I take it as an earnest of your future deeds. I am myself

again: these base weeds shall never more conceal the king.' Awed by his majestic port, I ventured not a single question respecting his intentions. All day he sat in armour; often he drew the sword, then smiling, and talking to himself, returned it to the scabbard. Towards evening, he directed me to bring him something to appease his hunger; I obeyed, and he invited me to partake the viands. As the sun went down, he threw over this armour the monk's dress I had purchased, and desired I should make use of the one he had found in the cell—'We must pass,' said Rodrigo, smiling contemptuously, 'for some of those saint-like hypocrites, those lazy drones, that, wandering through the world, live in idleness on the labour of others, and persuade them they shall be rewarded for their charity in an unseen and unknown region, invisible to all eyes but those of the holy canters.'

"I confess," said the prisoner, "I started at so profane a speech; but the king was armed; he appeared so fierce, that I trembled at his look, and was silent. We soon left the hermitage, and he took the road to the Asturias. Still he kept his intentions secret; and when, after a long journey, we came near the castle, he charged me to appear only as a poor monk. On application to the good father Anselmo, one of the caverns in the rocks was appointed for our residence; and my astonishment was great, when I beheld Rodrigo counterfeited a decrepid old man, just on the verge of the grave. Had I not seen the transformation, I should have been completely deceived. Except to converse with father Anselmo on the shore, in the dusk of the evening, or to pay his devotions in the chapel, he seldom left the cavern. He was often gloomy and disturbed; and calling me to him one day, he said—'I shall soon return into the western part of Spain; but I will not go by land. Do you procure me a boat to carry us there; moor it in yonder little harbour, and hire two stout rustics, who understand the management of it, to carry it where I please. I have discovered that a friend I love is unwillingly detained in yonder fortress; by stratagem I must release that friend. Inform me when you have secured the boat and the men; you must then conceal yourselves among the rocks. When you hear a loud whistle, appear on their summit, that I may be certain you are there; but throw aside your monkish garb. At a second whistle, loosen, and prepare the boat for my reception. Should you hear a third, you will know that I am in want of assistance; and if you continue faithful to me, and serve me as you have done, you will then fly to my succour.'

"I did all that Rodrigo commanded; these two days the boat and the men I had hired have been in waiting; but, till this evening, we had no signal from the king. You cavaliers are acquainted with every thing that has since passed. I knew nothing of my royal master's motives for what he did. I believed I was acting the part of a good subject and servant, still to devote myself to his cause. His errors, as well as his misfortunes, grieved me, but neither could make me a traitor."

"Loose the prisoner," cried the gallant Alonzo; "he has committed no crime, and has a merit that few can boast—faith and duty to fallen majesty."

All approved the merciful sentence of Alonzo, and Gabriel was instantly released. Grateful for the consideration shewn him, he threw himself at the feet of the cavaliers, and entreated to be received as a soldier into the Christian camp, which was readily granted; and he was allowed to attend the body of his royal master till interment took place.

## CHAP. VII.

HAVING removed the dead body of the King, Anselmo proposed proceeding to the castle; and Alonzo, miserable till he knew the situation of his beloved Cava, invited Garcia and don Alvarez to accompany him. The cavaliers declared their willingness to attend him, as soon as their families, who were in the galley, had landed. Alonzo, surprised and happy at meeting so unexpectedly with Garcia, expressed his wish of knowing how he lost sight of Cava, to whom he was attached with so true a friendship?

"I lost not sight of her willingly," replied Garcia; "she left Seville unknown to my wife and me: but our history, since we parted with you in Africa, is long. Don Alvarez also has a share in it, and at a leisure hour, my prince, you shall know it all. Suffer me, now that you are in safety, to accompany Alvarez to the galley, that we may bring our friends on shore. We are all devoted to you, to don Palayo, and the cause of Spain. We bring with us those whose sight will cheer the heart of the Gothic princess."

Anselmo said the castle should be thrown open to receive such valued friends, and that he would return to it, to announce their coming.

At this moment, troops from the fortress were seen moving with celerity round the rocks towards the bay, sent by Favilla to the assistance of Alonzo. Their leader rejoiced to find assistance was now unnecessary; and assured the prince that every soldier in the fortress was impatient to receive him within its walls, that they might shew him the high sense they had of his bravery and merit.

Alonzo was awake to glory; but his soul was unsatisfied till he knew that Cava was recovered from the faintings into which she was thrown, when seized upon by the cruel Rodrigo.

"I assisted," said the soldier, "to carry the princess into the castle, and even to her apartment. She is restored to sense, is calm, and I left the lady Favilla with her; of her care and tenderness you may be well assured. Will you permit me, noble Alonzo, to return to her with the welcome account of your safety?"

The prince besought him to do so, saying, "he should soon attend the lady Favilla himself."

The troops returned to the castle, and Alonzo proceeded to the beach, where he had the pleasure of finding, just landed, Isabella, the wife of Garcia, one whom he well knew, and loved. Garcia informed him of the time he and Cava had passed with Alvarez and his consort in the Fortunate Islands, and of their extreme kindness to the princess. Nothing more was wanting to render them dear to Alonzo; and this delighted and happy group, with their smiling infants, followed him to the castle. At Alonzo's approach the trumpets sounded, the battlements were covered with troops, the gates were thrown open, and thronged with a multitude, all rejoicing in the sight of a prince who had, with such unparalleled bravery, defended their frontiers, and so often defeated their hated foes.

Favilla, her cheek flushed with joy, and her eyes moist with tears, received her deliverer with open arms, and sisterly affection—"Oh!" cried she, "dear Alonzo! what dangers you have encountered since we parted in the gloomy abode from whence your friendship rescued me! My heart followed you in fields of battle; willingly would I have shared your danger, as you had shared mine."

Delighted at again beholding the sister of his affections, Alonzo pressed her to his heart. Garcia and Isabella were truly welcome to Favilla; nor were Alvarez and his Fulvia, though scarcely remembered, received with less cordiality.

The castle resounded with joy; but Alonzo's heart was sad. He saw not Cava; she alone came not to welcome him.

Favilla perceived his disappointment, and wishing to soften it, told him, that at present the spirits of her friend were too much exhausted, and terror had given her health too severe a shock, to allow of her being able to appear—"To-morrow, Alonzo, she will see and thank you."

"To-morrow, Favilla!" replied the prince; "to-morrow, alas! what may to-morrow bring! If Cava treats me thus, I have no wish to live!"

"Brave Alonzo! live for us all; live a blessing to your country; live for Cava!"

"Will she join in that desire, Favilla?"

"She must, she shall!" returned the kind Favilla. "Permit her to act as she wishes. For to-night, partake with me, and all Palayo's friends who are now in the castle, of a banquet that has been prepared for you, and trust to time for the accomplishment of your wishes."

Alonzo silently acquiesced in what he could not alter, and retired to divest himself of his armour, and take some moments of repose before he met the duchess of Biscay, and her friends, at the feast. He had brought letters from her brother and her husband, which he had delivered to her; but they were full only of comfort, and did not disclose the chief reason of Alonzo's return to the fortress.

The kind Favilla flew to the apartments of her friend; she poured into her ear all that could give her delight; and obtained from her a promise that she would the next morning see Alonzo. This being arranged, she informed the princess of the arrival of her tried and dear friends, Garcia and don Alvarez, with their whole families. Cava had scarcely ever been sensible of such real happiness, and her impatience was great to behold them once more; but for that night, Favilla would only allow of the introduction of Isabella and Fulvia; and Cava was under the necessity, from her weak state, of submitting to be regulated by her prudent friend. True and sincere was the delight she felt at being restored to the society of two women so worthy of her friendship, and from whom she had received such unexampled kindness. At first the friends were mute with pleasure; tears only spoke their feelings. At length the power of language was restored, and their affectionate hearts overflowed with the tenderest friendship; and Isabella and Fulvia were summoned to the hall where the feast was held, before they had been able to give any account of themselves to Cava, or to hear any of her adventures since they parted. All the cavaliers within the fortress were assembled to do honour to Alonzo, and attend Favilla's summons to the banquet. All were gay and happy. Delicacy prevented the mention of Rodrigo's name; they gave his memory to oblivion.

Favilla's beauty, fascinating manners, and that goodness that discovered itself in every word and action, gained all hearts; and even Alonzo allowed, that, next to Cava, she was the most perfect creature on earth. Anselmo refused not to partake of the pleasures of the night, and endeavoured to forget the melancholy scene he had just witnessed. He blessed Heaven that Rodrigo was no more, yet was deeply grieved at his dying without atonement for his crimes; but the good father was thankful that those beings he most loved would now have nothing to fear from so dangerous an enemy.

The violent agitation of Cava's mind had greatly subsided. Shocking as is even the death of an enemy, she felt that Rodrigo's was a blessing to all connected with

him, and that it freed herself from those dreadful terrors which must have been her lot while he existed. Ever pious, as soon as she was left to herself, her first thought was, while the crowd partook of the feast, to lift up her heart in thanksgiving at the foot of the altar, for her own security, and the safety of Alonzo. All believed her retired to rest, and she waited till she was certain that her friends were assembled in the hall, before she left her apartments to take her way to the chapel, where, for hours, it was one of her greatest gratifications to wander through its long-drawn aisles, or, seated on the base of a monument, (dedicated to greatness, or to beauty now no more,) hold converse with her own soul, and while she contemplated the vain representations that surrounded her, of those long mouldered beneath them in the dust, she received with humility the lesson it impressed—"That man is but a shadow; that here is all vanity; and that for any lasting blessing, we must look to that country where pain and grief are no more, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary be at rest."

The feast had been prolonged to a late hour. Favilla, with her female friends, had retired, when the loud blowing of a horn was heard without the gates; and soon a messenger from don Palayo entered the hall, and presented letters to Alonzo. The messenger was the faithful Pedro; his joy at seeing his beloved master was not to be suppressed, for he had heard, without the gates, of his combat with the unfortunate king. But Pedro was weary; he had made exertions almost beyond human strength, to arrive at the castle.

Alonzo saw, by the expression of his faithful servant's countenance, that all was not well, and suddenly tearing open his dispatches, in haste he perused them. He was agitated, but not dismayed, and starting from his seat, he cried—"My brave companions in arms, now, I hope, is the glorious moment arrived for us, and for Spain. These letters are from don Palayo and the duke of Biscay. To-morrow, at sunset, the truce is at an end. Oppas has failed to deceive the brave Palayo: this infamous man is returned to the Moorish camp, vowing vengeance against us all. The number of our foes is scarcely to be counted; that of the faithful Christians few. We must hasten to join don Palayo, with every brave man that will follow our standard, and we must depart as speedily as possible. A moment lost may be the destruction of our friends. We must trust these walls to our old men and our women. We can best defend them on the borders of the Asturias, or on our mountains; it is from thence we can annoy the foe."

All the heroes in the hall (and there were many) rose, and drawing their glittering swords, gathered round Alonzo, vowing to devote their lives to him, to don Palayo, and their country; entreating Alonzo to lead them instantly to where they should meet their honoured chief, their future king.

"My friends," returned the prince, "we cannot depart too soon; the gallant Palayo already stands in need of our assistance; let us fly to his succour."

Shouts of applause resounded through the hall; and when those generous effusions had, in a degree, subsided, Alonzo pointed out to every leader what his business must be, and dispatched them in various directions, to collect not only the force within the fortress, but every man willing to carry a spear and shield, that they could meet with in the surrounding country. He declared his own intention of setting forward with his veteran forces at the rising of the sun, as don Palayo's letters had directed; and with the utmost quickness and judgment, he noted down the different route each leader was to take, and the different places appointed for their meeting. He praised, he encouraged all that surrounded him. His brave example stimulated every heart—"They smiled at the fair blooming face of the hero; but they knew death was in his hands."

As this gallant assembly broke up, again reiterated shouts of applause burst from every warrior. Alonzo gave his hand to all, before they departed on their several duties. He detained with him don Alvarez and Garcia, appointing them situations near his own person, and placing them in the number of his best friends; he shewed them the letters he had received, and consulted on the surest means of strengthening don Palayo's army. Orders were now given for their departure at the dawn. How to inform Favilla and Cava of their designs, was a matter of serious consideration to the prince; and Alvarez and Garcia had the same anxiety respecting their beloved consorts.

The kind father Anselmo interposed, and took upon him to announce their departure to those dear objects—"They will soon reconcile their minds," said he, "to what is for your honour; your glory must be theirs; your fame will be even dearer to them than your lives; and, at such a moment as this, is any man fit to live who does not prefer the recovery of Spain, and the preservation of his religion, to all that could be granted to him beneath the sun?"

It was now agreed not to disturb the repose of any of the females within the castle; and to Anselmo the care was given of objects so inseparably dear; and the good monk only bid the warriors farewell, to meet them at the gates at the hour appointed for their departure. Till sunrise their time was precious, and fully occupied.

Alonzo remained last in the hall; every noble guest was gone, and with them his apparent cheerfulness had departed, though his undaunted courage never failed. He mused, as he traversed the saloon, on his unfortunate life; every wish of his heart was frustrated. Anxiety once more to behold her he so fondly loved had alone brought him to the castle; before he entered the gates, he had avenged her wrongs; he had freed her for ever from her worst foe; yet she avoided his sight, she denied him the smallest return for his constant love; and he must now depart from the castle, without one tender regard, one word that he could, in the midst of danger, reflect on with comfort—"Yet," said he, mentally, "I will not quit the abode of Cava without imploring from Heaven consolation, peace, and blessing, for her who regards not either my love or sufferings."

Leaving the hall, he passed towards the chapel. The lamps in the galleries that led to it were not yet extinguished; the doors were always open to the interior of the palace, and a lamp, day and night, burnt on the altar. With a melancholy air Alonzo entered, and slowly paced the great aisle, till, stopping before the high altar, he crossed his arms on his breast, and kneeling, with the utmost devotion, he seemed to be intent in prayer; then raising his eyes to Heaven, he cried aloud—"Father of Mercy, whatever thou ordainest for me, be it to remain longer a wretched wanderer in this world, bereft of all that could give me happiness, or gloriously to fall, fighting, for my bleeding country against the enemies of our holy religion—whatever thou ordainest must be best, and right; to it I willingly, nay joyfully submit; but hear! oh, hear me! in every moment of her life, protect the hapless Cava; spare her innocent soul future sorrow; suffer her, whatever becomes of me, to think with calmness on my fate, and to look, as I do, for the union of spirits in that blessed kingdom where no foe shall have power to molest thy servants, whose shepherd thou art, oh Lord! to lead them forth beside the waters of comfort."

Alonzo rose; he looked around; he, who was bravest of the brave, was impressed with awe, in this holy place. He stood by the monument of a Gothic hero long laid at peace; a marble figure was stretched upon the tomb; it was in complete armour; a sword lay at his side; one hand pressed a cross to his bosom, the other was raised in prayer to Heaven. Alonzo drew nearer; he perceived that the figure was noble; the visor of his helmet was up; the face represented was beautiful, and in the

bloom of youth; a crown encircled the helmet, and a sceptre was at his feet. Struck with the youth and beauty of the figure, Alonzo wished to read the inscription on the tomb; and all the lamps being extinguished, save what burned on the altar, he stepped back, and with reverence, taking one from thence, returned to the tomb.

“Tho’ fitful was its lustre, pale and wan,  
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man,”

yet it was steady enough to allow of the prince’s reading, at intervals, the inscription on the monument. With pleasure he perused the character of him who lay beneath. He had been one of the first kings of the Goths; his short life was crowned with glory and honour, and he died in the field of battle; but before his death he had converted thousands to Christianity. A whole year his people mourned his loss, and his example was held out to future kings—“Thou art my ancestor,” cried Alonzo aloud, “and I am proud of thy virtues.” Then placing the lamp on the tomb, and for awhile contemplating the figure that adorned it, he added—“I can never merit a place with thee; yet, should I fall as thou didst, I should wish to lay by thy sacred dust.”

These words had scarcely passed the lips of Alonzo, when he heard a deep sigh near him. He listened; it was repeated, and seemed to issue from the tomb. He again raised the lamp; no soul was visible. Certain that some one was near him in the chapel, after a few minutes’ hesitation, during which no sound was heard, he slowly walked round the monument, and, to his inexpressible surprise, saw Cava sitting on its base. Her knees supported her elbows, her hands covered her face, and tears fell from her eyes in abundance on the pavement. In any other situation, Alonzo would have flown to her feet, and poured out the affection of his heart. Here reverence for the place, and a holy awe, checked his first emotions; and placing the lamp again on the marble, with respect he advanced towards the princess, saying—“Dearest Cava! though to see you even for a moment before I am necessitated to leave the castle, is a blessing from Heaven I little hoped, yet I dread what your health may suffer from the air of night, and the damp of the chapel. Allow me to lead you to the castle. I beseech you, if pity enters your heart for the sufferings of those who love you, be not for ever thus afflicted. Terror is over, Cava; you have nothing now to dread.”

“Every thing!” cried the princess, raising her streaming eyes to his face; “every thing for those I love most on earth. Are you not going, by sunrise, to join don Palayo? are you not doomed to encounter a foe of ten thousand times the strength of the unfortunate Christians? I heard the shouts from the hall; I heard two of the soldiers, as they passed by the chapel, and stopped without the door, consult on what was to be done before your departure. Oh, Alonzo!” she cried, her voice almost extinct from sobs, “Cava’s days and nights shall be spent in prayers for you; her affection, her gratitude can know no bounds.” She rose from where she sat, and turning her eyes from the prince, she walked down one of the aisles towards the door of the chapel that led to the hall of the castle.

A mournful pleasure struck to the soul of Alonzo; he asked himself, was he awake? and he almost believed he had seen a vision, as his eye rested on the white drapery that he now faintly beheld floating, as Cava passed through the long dim aisle. Alonzo replaced the lamp upon the altar and followed the princess, desirous to have some moments’ conversation, could her persuade her to grant it. The high painted windows gave a dim and solemn light, just sufficient to point the path Cava had taken. He joined her near the termination of the aisle, and close to the great

window of the chapel. Without speaking he took her hand to conduct her to the hall; her soul was softened, and was sad; she withdrew it not. At the instant

“The moonbeam kiss’d the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.”

Cava’s eyes were fixed upon the ground; she saw the sanguine hue; pale with terror, she started, and withdrawing her hand—“Alonzo!” she cried, “fate separates us. After this night I shall see you no more!”

“The gloom of the chapel oppresses your spirits, my Cava,” said the prince, again taking the hand she had withdrawn; “let me lead you from it; the hall is still lit. Allow me, Cava, for a few moments, to enjoy that converse, for which, at a distance from you, my soul has often sickened.”

The princess only answered by her tears. He led her from the chapel to the hall; it was empty, but still bright with the lights that hung from the lofty ceiling. Alonzo placed her on a seat; she trembled so, she was unable to stand. He sat near her; he had not let go her hand, it trembled in his; but it was cold, and almost lifeless. It was long since he had seen her; the gloomy light of the chapel could give him no idea of her appearance; now the blaze of the torches still burning in the hall, served to give a full and complete view of the princess to the terrified Alonzo. All hope died as he gazed; she appeared to him to have passed the bounds of mortality; so delicate, so fragile, so weak her form, he feared to stir or speak, lest the fair vision should dissolve in air.

Cava perceived the impression made on him, and summoning all her strength of mind, she said—“Alonzo, at what are you alarmed? is it at perceiving that my pilgrimage here is nearly finished? You must not grieve at what comforts me; I have lived long enough; I feel that now I can, without embarrassment or distress, thank you for your unbounded love, for your good opinion, which affords me more joy than any thing else on earth could do.”

Alonzo threw himself at her feet; he seized her hands; he pressed them to his lips—“And must I lose you?” he cried, “thou most angelic of human beings! at the moment I find you all I wish, that you give credit to my perfect love, that you tacitly avow your own—and must I lose you!” starting from the ground, and striking his hand with violence on his forehead; then turning tenderly towards her, he cried—“Will you not live, Cava? will you not live for your Alonzo, who loves as never man loved woman—who would not exchange you for an angel of Paradise—who, in your death, will die ten thousand times, who cannot, will not remain behind you?”

“Alas!” said Cava, rising from her seat, and gently laying hold on his arm, “will you imbitter the few days I have to live by this violence? is this the pious prince Alonzo? is this he whom I heard this moment in the chapel, wish to emulate his great ancestor at whose tomb I sat? has all your acquiescence in the will of an Almighty Power vanished, on your quitting the sacred abode? do you rebel, because He who has created knows the hour to call the creature to himself? Alonzo, if you wish to resemble that saint at whose tomb we met, be patient and resigned. He too was unfortunate in love; he lost an adored wife by the hand of a ruffian; he revenged her death; but his misfortunes rendered him not ungrateful for those blessings he was allowed to enjoy. His future life was spent in the cause of his country, and in the exercise of religion; and his example brought many back from error. He and his beloved now sleep together in the silent tomb; and every night, since I heard their story, have I spent an hour in prayer on the spot you found me.”



“Oh Cava! in every thing superior to every other being!” cried the prince, again kneeling at her feet, “in all I will obey you; your word shall be my law; I read your soul; I know your heart; I doubt not that Alonzo dwells within it; I will force my rebel spirit to be content with this. Cava, in an hour I depart for a field of battle; I will not conceal from you that it must be a dreadful one; I will hope the best, and that we may meet again. I ask two favours of you, Cava; grant them, and you will send Alonzo, with spirit, and renovated strength, to fight the Moors. You give me no answer Cava. I will, however, trust your love and honour. Should I return unhurt, and victorious from the camp, will you promise not to seclude yourself from my sight, not to retire to a monastery to avoid me, but give me your company and your sweet converse, as Favilla would do? I ask no more; time and your own heart shall do the rest. My second request is, that, should I fall, (start not, my love, at such a supposition,) that you will have me buried in the young prince’s tomb where I met you this night; and will you, my Cava, consent, when you are called from this earthly mansion, to repose in that monument that will contain such faithful lovers?”

“Most willingly, Alonzo, I consent to your request; to me the closing scene will be truly welcome, in the certainty of resting eternally with thee.”

Alonzo had now satisfied his fond heart, and obtained all he dared hope; still an hour was allowed him before it was necessary to meet the troops at the gate of the fortress. He spent that hour with Cava; in that short space he heard her adventures, from the time she left Africa till that moment; and he told of his own history what was unknown to Favilla, and of which she of course was ignorant. This hour was worth an age to the lovers, yet its flight was rapid. The lights in the hall grew faint; Cava first perceived it, and looking towards one of the great windows, the ruddy streaks of morn were visible in the east. Without speaking, she mournfully pointed it out to the prince. The signal for departure was now made at the gate of the castle; Cava turned pale at the sound. The spirit of a hero flushed Alonzo’s cheek, and the warlike summons animated his soul. Seizing the hand of the princess, he cried—“I am called, my love;” and taking a fond embrace, which she was unable to resist, he desired to lead her through the galleries, that he might leave her in safety near her own apartment. Her lovely face was covered with tears; the beating of her heart was visible through the foldings of the robe that covered it; her trembling hand was fondly clasped by Alonzo; and to support her almost sinking frame, he threw his arm round her waist as he led her towards the door of the hall, gazing with love, pity, and admiration, on the angelic figure he supported. As they advanced towards the foot of the staircase, they were met by the good Anselmo—“I come to seek you, Alonzo,” he cried; “all your friends attend you; the signal is given; I will conduct my child to her apartment, and follow you to the gate, that I may bless you ere you depart.”

Alonzo, without speaking, raised Cava’s hand to his lips, and then placing it in that of the monk, rushed from the spot.

Cava cast a mournful look on her departing hero; then drawing her veil over her face, she let Anselmo conduct her in silence to her chamber. He was too well acquainted with the human heart, to attempt, at such a moment, to give consolation, and only saying—“My daughter, if you find it possible, seek repose; you stand much in need of it,” He closed the door of Cava’s apartment, and followed the prince and his friends to the gates of the castle, where, having given the warriors his blessing, and taken an affectionate leave of all, he saw them depart, at the head of a most gallant body of troops, determined to contest Spain with the Moors. He watched their course while his aged eyes could follow them, and then withdrew to the chapel, there to offer up his prayers before the altar, for their success, and the restoration of Spain.

Animated by the hope of conquest, Alonzo and his friends rode with speed from the castle, and endeavoured to stifle the sorrow that oppressed their hearts for the sad necessity of leaving the dearest objects of their affections within its walls, so desolate and forlorn; but every step which carried them nearer to don Palayo, and the scene of action, lessened their regrets, and filled them with an invincible courage fatal to the Moors.

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## CHAP. VIII.

Ere the ruddy sun be set  
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,  
Blade with clattering buckler meet,  
Hawberk crash, and helmet ring.  
(Weave the crimson web of war)  
Let us go, and let us fly,  
Where our friends the conflict share,  
Where they triumph, where they die.  
They whom once the desert beach  
Pent within its bleak domain,  
Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
O'er the plenty of the plain.  
Hail the task, and hail the hands!  
Songs of joy and triumph sing!  
Joy to the victorious bands!  
Triumph to the younger king!  
Horror covers all the heath,  
Clouds of carnage blot the sun,  
Sisters, weave the web of death;  
Sisters, cease—the work is done.

GRAY.

ANSELMO was not the only person in the castle that anxiously watched the departure of the troops. Cava had not followed the good father's advice by retiring to rest. Soon as the door of her chamber was closed, the princess passed on to the turret, from whence she had a full view of all those assembled in the courts below. Unwilling to be seen, she placed herself behind the battlements; there, as the beams of the rising sun illumined the spot where her hero stood, she at leisure contemplated his graceful and gallant figure, his noble and expressive countenance, that commanding mien, declaring his high birth, but so softened by the sweetness of his disposition and manners, that all were ready to devote themselves to his service, and willingly looked to him as their chief—"Who," thought the princess, "can compare with Alonzo? how distinguished he looks among the heroes that surround him!"

Her heart exulted in the thought, and was sensible of delight, though the moment of departure approached. While the troops were collecting, she often perceived Alonzo's eyes directed to her apartments, and she believed she could discover, even at the distance she was at, the anxiety and agitation of his countenance. Soon all was ready; the trumpet gave the signal; Cava trembled at the sound:—

"Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear,  
She gaz'd upon the leaders round,  
And dark and sad each warrior frown'd"

Though grieved to forsake their consorts and their children, yet they panted to meet the Moors; and never had Spain sent braver troops, or heroes of more undaunted courage, to the field, than on that day. All but Alonzo were now past the gate; Cava's eye rested only on him, as he lingered for a moment behind his friends; turning

towards the turret which he knew belonged to her apartment, and raising the visor of his helmet, he bowed, and saluted with his sword, as if he had seen her. She had no power longer to conceal herself; she rushed to the edge of the battlement, and snatching off a white veil that concealed her beauteous face, with a gesture expressive of the fondest affection, she threw it to him from the ramparts. The enraptured prince caught the snowy prize as it fell, and kissing it several times, he rolled it round his arm; and again saluting her, galloped through the gate, and in a few minutes overtook his friends. A dark forest, through which their road lay, soon hid them from the sight of the princess, who watched with eager eyes the sudden flash of the glittering armour, as a thinner foliage sometimes gave it to her view. She listened to the last strains of martial music; and when it no longer was heard upon the wind, she was unable to suppress her tears; and flying from the turret to her chamber, she flung herself on her couch, and gave full vent to her sorrow.

Eager to do all that heroes could do to save their country, the patriot band, with the prince Alonzo at their head, made a forced march; and in every village and town through which they passed, all the males fit to carry arms followed their standard. Not only towns, but the caverns in the mountains, sent many a brave soldier to assist in the great work of preventing the north of Spain being overrun by the Moors. It was at present the only refuge for the Christians, and they trusted to Heaven and don Palayo for protection. All day the troops marched, halting only to snatch a hasty meal, or, by a few minutes' rest, to render themselves, and their horses, better able to endure the labour of so long a march, certain to terminate in a battle with the enemy. Night came on; the moon rose not till late; and Alonzo gave orders for the troops to remain some hours at the next town, where they could be well supplied with every sort of refreshment, and take some repose. The soldiers, brave as their leader, would have continued their march without interruption, careless of their own sufferings, would he have allowed it; and under the necessity of obeying, they besought him not to spare them; that they were ready and willing to follow him, on the most desperate service. He assured them that don Palayo should be made acquainted with their merit, and would amply reward every man who should distinguish himself in the ensuing combat. Arrived at the town, the prince saw his little army safely lodged, and then joined his gallant friends. While partaking of some refreshment with them, he declared his determination of entrusting to their care the troops under his command, entreating them to conduct their future march, as it was his intention to set out, attended only by Pedro, for don Palayo's camp, that he might before morning be able to give him an accurate account of the succour he brought him.

"I wish also," said the prince, "to be of service to that brave man, in any way he may deem it necessary to employ me. We have much to do, my friends. The Moors, I am well informed, are in great force, and they are not to be despised as warriors."

Don Juan, Garcia, and the noble Alvarez, did not refuse the command allotted to them by the prince; but they objected to his risking his person, in a country where straggling parties of the Moors might surprise, and either destroy, or take him captive. Garcia anxiously wished to accompany him; but he would not hear of detaching him from the troops; and saying it would require the steady care of such cavaliers as those he now confided in, to conduct his little army to the place of their destination, he mounted his steed; and having bid farewell to his gallant friends, with Pedro, he took the safest paths to where he knew don Palayo was stationed, and anxiously watched Alonzo's return.

All night, the prince and Pedro pursued their course unwearied. Their horses were tried, and good; they often forsook the great road, and made their way over rugged mountains, through deep defiles, and almost impenetrable forests. The night had been clear and bright; and except when passing through dark woods, they had a distinct view of the country round. An universal silence reigned; every habitation was closed; and the prince passed over mountain, hill, and dale, unmolested. Morning was now at odds with night; the stars hid their bright heads, as light glimmered in the east; and Alonzo, knowing he was within a very few leagues of where don Palayo lay, had slackened his speed, in pity to a favourite horse on which he was mounted. He and Pedro were skirting the foot of a mountain, and conversing on all that had passed at the castle the few hours they had remained there, when they were surprised by some large stones rolling from the steep, and falling directly in the path they were pursuing, and just before their steeds. They heard the clattering of arms, accompanied by loud shouts; and suddenly seven or eight men rushed down upon them from the mountain, attempting to stop their course, and seize their horses by the bridles. A Christian appeared to be their leader; the rest were Moors. The undaunted Alonzo, not dismayed by their numbers, cut at them with his broad-sword when they attempted to seize his bridle. Pedro was not less courageous; and watching that the enemy did not get behind them, with their good falchions they kept the Moors and their leader at bay. One of the Infidels, who had pushed more forward than the rest, received a deadly wound from the prince, and fell beneath his horse's feet.

Enraged, their leader approached, crying—"Alonzo, your courage will avail you nothing; yield to numbers, or I will lay you dead at my feet, as the Moor now lies at yours. I come from Oppas, to detach you, if possible, from the cause of don Palayo, to bring you to him a friend, as you are a near kinsman, or to wash out the shame of your desertion in your blood."

"Villain!" exclaimed the prince, "I now know you well, the friend of the miserable, apostate Oppas, and the abettor of all his wicked schemes. My heart revolts at your crimes. Never again will I acknowledge my affinity to Oppas; he forsakes his God, and joins himself to Infidels. Let him repose his trust in false gods; he will call when there are none to reply. I fight under the banner of the cross, with the proud hope of vanquishing her enemies."

Still more enraged at Alonzo's speech, the worthless Christian sprung forward, and, assisted by the Moors, assailed both him and Pedro with the utmost violence. Pedro fought well, and with the greatest bravery. Careless of his own person, he endeavoured to prevent their surrounding Alonzo; and he succeeded in severely wounding two of the Moors. Every sword was now turned towards Alonzo. He perceived one of the Infidels had seized his bridle, and with the quickness of lightning, he severed his arm from his body. This rendered the rest more furious; and their leader encouraging them with the hope of victory, he himself, with the fury of a fiend, attacked the prince. Alonzo now fearing his horse would be killed under him, and willing to save the animal, who had carried him safely through many a bloody field, instantly leaped from him to the ground, and placing his back against a projecting rock, parried, with the utmost skill, the swords of the assassins. His arm was slightly wounded in the conflict; but, at the very moment the wretch who assailed him thought himself sure of victory, the prince laid him dead at his feet. The Moors that remained unhurt, terrified at the loss of their leader, fled with the utmost precipitation.

Alonzo saw himself master of the field of battle, and had the comfort of finding Pedro unhurt, and his steed in perfect safety.

“Let us not remain here, my noble master,” cried Pedro; “more villains may be lurking in this melancholy mountain. Allow me to bind your arm, and let us depart.”

The prince acknowledged the prudence of his servant, and prepared to follow his advice—“We must,” said he, “search this prostrate wretch. He may have papers of consequence about him.”

They soon found many letters from Oppas, respecting the war. Alonzo secured them; and taking from his head his bloody helmet, he fastened it with his sword to his saddle-bow; and vaulting into his seat, he and Pedro rode with full speed from the mountain, and before the sun had got above the horizon, were within sight of don Palayo’s camp. On a nearer approach, the sentinels knew the prince by his black plumes, and his steed, white as the mountain-snow, his mane and tail, bright chestnut, and a dark star on his forehead. He seemed proud of his rider, and the bloody trophies he carried, and pranced, and snorted loudly as he approached the camp. The rumour of Alonzo’s return spread instantly through it. He was received with shouts of applause, and all were anxious to know from whom he had taken the spoils now pending from his saddle: but Alonzo stopped not till he met don Palayo, who, being made acquainted with his return by the shouts of the soldiers, came joyfully from his tent to meet him. The prince dismounting, and pointing to the bloody helmet, gave him the satisfaction of knowing that the wretch on whom Oppas depended for the execution of his infernal schemes was no more. He also delivered the letters he had found on Ramirez, and retired with don Palayo to his tent. Much was developed of the intentions and plans of the enemy in those letters; and don Palayo acknowledged, with pleasure and gratitude, the vast consequence Alonzo was of to his cause.

When it was known in the camp that Ramirez was dead, all blessed the hand that had given the blow, and rid the Christians of so treacherous, and villainous a foe.

Alonzo was now informed that the Moors were not so near as had been believed; that, for some unknown cause, they had delayed their march, and their attack on the Christians; and that Oppas seemed still desirous of negotiating. Don Palayo had, however, refused to hear any overtures from him, and had assured him, that any ambassador of his should be treated as a spy, the moment he appeared. In this state Alonzo found the camp of don Palayo, and rejoiced that the Moors had been so inactive, certain that the succours he brought would now have time, after their severe march, to recover their strength and spirits, before it would be necessary to call them into action.

Don Palayo, charmed with the success of his friend in collecting the brave soldiers and gallant warriors now on their way to his camp, made it soon known to his own troops; and spent the day with Alonzo, in arranging their plans against the Moors; and knowing, from Oppas’s letters (which they carefully perused) the secret movements of the Infidels, don Palayo, during the day, placed numbers of his men in ambush, in the defiles and caverns of the mountains through which the Moors were to pass. Finding they were not to be attacked till the next day, food and arms were distributed to the ambushed troops, with strict orders to remain perfectly quiet, with one trusty centinel only on guard, and that one relieved every hour. Don Palayo could repose the utmost confidence in every leader in his army, and felt no apprehension of infidelity or mistake; and retiring to his tent with Alonzo, and a few tried friends, he heard with wonder the death of Rodrigo, and his concealment near his castle. He rejoiced that the world was rid of such a man, while he lamented that a nature once good, should, by being raised to the height of power, and by giving the rein to his passions, be changed to that of a fiend—“Alas!” cried don Palayo, “little do princes consider what an influence their least actions have on the public mind; their virtues

might save thousands from falling into vice; their vices not only sink them to a level with the worst of men, but they draw after them multitudes, who would not have ventured on a vicious course, but for the example held out by those who rule them. What an object of admiration to the world is a virtuous prince! With what an eye of pity, contempt, and disdain, does it look on one, who, forgetting his exalted station, and the example it is his duty to hold out to his people, thinks only of his own personal gratifications, and finds those gratifications degrade both mind and body!"

Thus reasoned these two virtuous princes; and Alonzo viewed with delight the brave Palayo, whom he now considered as the great protector of Spain, and of the Christian faith; and he saw with pleasure the enthusiasm of the people and the troops in his favour. The amiable Alonzo acknowledged his merit, wished him his future king, and felt no envy at the thought, though he himself stood nearer to the throne of the Gothic kings.

The duke Alphonso, anxious to hear tidings of his Favilla, hung on Alonzo's speech, as he told of the banquet she had given to him, the nobles, and newly-arrived guests; and praised her beauty, her graceful deportment, her courage, and patriotism, joined to the most delicate and feminine mind; and both Alphonso and don Palayo rejoiced she had so agreeable an addition to her society, in the consorts of Garcia and don Alvarez.

"I know my sister's great soul," cried don Palayo; "she will ever act as her brother would wish her to do. Misfortune draws forth her perfections. I would trust my dearest interests to her care. Fear not, Alonzo, but she will comfort and support the lovely Cava. She has a perfect friendship for you, Alonzo, and will leave nothing neglected to make you happy."

Here Alonzo had no time to reply; shouts of joy, and a great bustle in the camp, told that their friends were near; and don Palayo, accompanied by all his heroes, left the tent to receive and welcome their brave countrymen, who, after so long and severe a march, stood in need of rest. With transport, don Palayo met Alvarez and Garcia; they were well known to him, and well beloved. He had believed Alvarez dead, as was propagated by the cruel Rodrigo; and tears of joy now stood in his eyes, as he beheld him warm in life, and scarcely altered by the lapse of years. Cheerfulness now diffused itself over the tented field; every soldier welcomed his fellow-soldier; and all were anxious for the accommodation of Alonzo's troops. That it was the eve of a battle, seemed to be forgotten, or, if remembered, it was only thought of as a prelude to certain victory. The veteran soldiers told their battles over; the youthful ones compared don Palayo and Alonzo with ancient heroes, and snatched laurels from the heads of the departed, to place them on theirs. The jest, the song went round, and none damped their native courage, believing the next sun was the last they might behold.

Don Palayo's tent was not less cheerful than that of the common soldier. The guests assembled there carefully concealed their finer feelings, suppressed the fond sigh, as their thoughts glanced on their native home, and the objects of their dearest affections rose full to view. To-morrow was their fate; numbers were against them; they had also skill and courage to combat, for the Moors were wise and brave. Their good sense placed every thing in its true light; but their courage and patriotism overcame all obstacles, even sunk them to nothing; and, till night, they rendered each moment useful to the morrow. They gave, in their different tents, the dark hours to repose—

"And slept until the dawning beam

Purpled the mountain and the stream.”

While Somnus sheds his poppies over the tented field, we are inclined to bid farewell, at least for some time, to “the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,” and see what is transacting in don Palayo’s castle, where we left the peaceful inhabitants, all but Anselmo and the Gothic princess, unconscious of the departure of Alonzo and the garrison. No balmy slumbers fell on the eyes of Cava. Soon rising from her restless couch, and perceiving the growing light, she again turned her steps towards the turret, to view the spot where stood Alonzo, when he discovered her on the battlements. She now leaned from them; the court below was silent and solitary; one centinel only was on guard, and with slow and measured step he paced the terrace, and seemed to mourn the departure of his fellow-soldiers, casting many an eager look towards the road they had taken, as if he regretted not following them to a hard-fought field, and felt indignant at the security he himself was forced to enjoy.

“Poor soldier!” said Cava, mentally, “your heart is in unison with mine. Glory carries your wishes to don Palayo’s camp; affection, the wretched Cava’s. Treacherous love, how omnipotent is thy power! How weak the resistance a heart so lost as mine can oppose to thy tyrannic sway! I yield, oh love, to thy power! I cannot banish Alonzo’s image from my heart. I will cherish it there, till the blood that now flows through it is chilled by the hand of death; that neither honour nor delicacy forbids.” A deep sigh followed, and the princess, unwilling to give way to a softness she felt would overcome her, rose, and was retiring from the turret, when she saw father Anselmo in the courts below, going the rounds of the castle, and issuing orders for the day.

He beckoned to the princess, and she descended to the court—“My child,” he cried, “I see you have not slept; your thoughts have taken a long journey. May they, like the dove from the ark of Noah, return in peace!” Then looking at her, with the pity and affection of a father—“Do not, my child, do not, I beseech you, agitate, by your fears, that tender heart, and that frail form, beyond their bearing. Alonzo may return in safety, or he and our brave troops may be defeated, and made slaves to the Moors. We are all in the hands of our heavenly Father; he created us; he can protect, and he can destroy. Submission is our part. We came into this life to suffer and to bear; and happy, blessed is the being who ends a virtuous life with honour; then is he a subject for praise, for envy; and only that human passions and human weakness suffers not our reason to act, we should rather rejoice at the death of the perfect, than wish them a longer pilgrimage. I know, my daughter, your upright mind and how little it is necessary for me to preach to one I consider as almost a saint; yet I will say, Cava, I hope to see you act a noble part, to the last hour I shall witness. Your life, though short, has been a melancholy one; but you rise superior to your fate, and I, my child, glory in it! With you, Cava, will end every worldly hope and fear, in the breast of your aged preceptor; and should he have the misfortune to lose you, a monastery shuts him for ever from every thing on earth.” The monk paused; he felt unable to proceed; he had long feared for the life of her he looked on as his child, and he also trembled for the Christian army, and the fate of his friends.

Cava was incapable of making a reply; she took the good father’s hand, and pressed it to her lips; then covering her streaming eyes with her veil, she retired into the castle. On entering it, she found that Favilla and her other friends had just been made acquainted with the transactions of the night; she hastened to relieve them from suspense, and to give them all the information in her power; and the charming Favilla, who ever forgot herself in her wish to be useful to others, now comforted all, and



augured every thing fortunate and happy, from the justness of their cause, the bravery of their troops, and the skill and conduct of her noble brother. Cava's heart revived; she smiled through her tears, and joined her friend in endeavouring to reconcile Fulvia and Isabella to the sudden departure of their consorts; and the charming duchess of Biscay, whose guests they were, devised every possible method of amusing them, and rendering the castle an agreeable asylum. Anselmo seconded Favilla's endeavours. Their earliest and latest care was to attend the chapel in solemn procession, and offer their prayers and vows for the success of the Christians, and the safety of those they loved. The rest of the day was devoted to exercise, to the duties attendant on their situation in the castle, and to the care of every helpless individual within its walls. Favilla was a protecting angel to all within her influence; and employed the monks, to whom her brother had given an asylum, to watch over the Christians of the surrounding country, and relieve their wants.

The country, for leagues round the fortress, was beautiful, wild, and romantic. The season was fine; and with Anselmo for their guide, and a few guards from the castle to attend them for protection, the lovely females that now graced it spent most of their evenings on the sea-shore, or under the shelter of lofty trees, profusely scattered over the country, sat in sweet converse, relating to each other the different adventures they had met with in their chequered lives. Each had endured many reverses of fortune, and all had much to relate—Fulvia the least, yet her story deeply interested. A young and gentle being, landed, with her husband and two domestics only, on a savage island, lamenting the dear country and friends she had lost, and dreading the people she was among, rendered her, in the beginning of her story, an object of compassion to all who heard her; but how did they admire her, when they heard what her employments were in this unknown land! consoling her husband for his wrongs; soothing his wounded pride, and comforting him with the hope of a termination of his sorrows; watching, with unceasing care, the child Heaven had given her in this wild region; and partaking, even with her mourning domestics, the toil that, in a happier situation, would have been only theirs. Nor was this admirable woman's cares confined to her own family; to civilize all around her, and to teach to docile minds the great truths of the gospel, was her delight; and no conqueror could find the happiness in subduing a kingdom, that she felt in leading a soul to Heaven; and Fulvia appeared almost divine, as she wept at the remembrance of those beings she had spent so many years with, and so much time in fostering their virtues, rooting out their bad habits, and instructing them in divine truths. Little Alvarez, who was always by Cava's side, (for the intelligent child recollected her the moment he again beheld her, and it was with difficulty he could be brought to leave her for a moment,) was not an idle listener. His infantine remarks, on all that was new to him, his fond remembrance of many individuals of whom his mother spoke, or his little timid disapprobation, was interesting to our group; and time, though it passed slowly in their opinion, was neither heavy nor unoccupied.

The first night, on their return from their evening excursion to the castle, they were agreeably surprised to find a messenger from Alonzo. He had sent a swift-footed rustic to inform Favilla how rapidly his troops had marched for many leagues, assuring her that all was well; that the interior of the country appeared to be unmolested. He besought her, and all within the castle, to lay aside their fears, and only to expect them to return victorious. Such a mark of attention delighted every individual; and they were loud in the praises of a prince, who, in the midst of danger, forgot not what was due to friendship. Unusual serenity found place in every bosom. Some days passed; their occupations were the same; and a messenger was certain to

arrive at the close of day. Now one came more accustomed to a camp than those already sent; he came from don Palayo, and brought letters from him and the duke Alphonso. They gave an account of the arrival of Alonzo at the camp; his danger on the road from the vile emissary of Oppas; his success, and safety. Neither don Palayo nor the duke of Biscay were niggards of their praise; they spoke of Alonzo in the highest terms, and thought their eulogiums too poor. Favilla had the messenger brought before her. Anselmo questioned him on all that had passed; and the trembling Cava heard, with delight and terror, the danger, the success, and the praises of her hero. The happy account received from the camp infused spirit and hope into the breasts of the females. With prudence and discretion, the messenger replied to their various questions; and reserved for Anselmo's private ear all the doubt and danger of the present warfare, with some instructions from Palayo for the protection of the castle, in case of any fatal event. From all but Anselmo was concealed the day on which a battle with the Moors was expected. He confined the knowledge within his own bosom; and dismissing the messenger, he returned to the camp.

Nothing now was talked of in the castle, but the valour and good fortune of the prince Alonzo. Hope reigned in every breast. Cava's eyes brightened, and a tinge of health spread itself over her delicate features. The day following, as they issued from the fortress to take their evening ramble, she led them towards the wood through which any express sent from the camp must pass before he reached the castle; and finding a delicious spot on the skirts of the forest, that commanded the road to a great distance, they sat them down, and again, in turn, took up the thread of their extraordinary adventures. The good news they had received from those they loved exhilarated their spirits almost to the pitch of joy. Anselmo, notwithstanding his fears, was carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and in his turn disclosed much of his early life. He was of royal blood; and the ladies gaily asked him, how he came to seclude himself from the world, and the delights of a court, even in youth? for though he lived much in private with queen Egilone, and some friends he highly esteemed at Toledo, he seldom joined their parties of pleasure; and his chief happiness was instructing the young people, of both sexes, who were educated in the palace.

Anselmo for some moments was silent; he hung his head, and a tear trembled in his eyes; then raising it gently, he fixed it on Cava, and a faint blush passed over his pale face—"Alas!" cried he, "had we no other proof of the immortality of the soul than our own feelings, a wise man could scarcely have a doubt on the subject. The body grows old, and decays, as years pass away; with them is its strength ever on the wing; but the mind, while the faculties are unimpaired, knows no change. The feelings of a sensible heart are the same in age as in youth; the power of gratifying them is gone, but still they remain; and our greatest pleasure arises from the remembrance of our best days, when all was charming to us, and we made the happiness of others. You ask me, my children, why I quitted the world? It is true I resigned its gaities, which had ceased to please me; but I still continued to live with some dear to my heart, which early looked only to friendship for its solace here. Love had destroyed its peace. Bred in the court of Witiza, I knew your mother, Cava, from her childhood. As her kinsman, I had a free intercourse with her. I saw her opening beauty with wonder; but, well acquainted with her mind, I often thought that the exquisite loveliness of her form was but a faint emblem of the saint within. Long I believed that admiration of such a mind, and such a face, was all I felt; but thrown often into her company, and much distinguished by her, I soon discovered the real state of my heart. Too fondly in love not to be fearful and timid, I often fled in terror at her approach, often felt that I must have almost appeared to her an idiot. Sometimes I imagined she wondered at my

conduct, and was distressed by it. With softness and delicacy she entreated me to make known to her any secret sorrow that oppressed me, and I madly believed her eyes told me I was not indifferent to her; still I doubted—hesitated—was silent. At length she became more reserved, and I more unhappy. In an antichamber belonging to the state-rooms of the palace, she one day surprised me in a pensive attitude. My eyes suffused with tears, I saw her not till she was close to me. Laying her hand on my arm, she said—‘Dear Anselmo, what affects you thus? tell me, I beseech you; you have no truer friend on earth than I am.’ I lifted my eyes to hers; I was enchanted with their expression; a warm blush tinged her face and neck. I was just going to throw myself at her feet, and acknowledge that she was the cause of all I appeared to suffer, and of my altered conduct; I was going to entreat her to banish me for ever from her presence, or give me the delightful hope of having made some impression on her heart. I was prevented by the approach of the court. The doors were suddenly thrown open, and the king appeared. He soon beckoned me to him, and gave me instantly a secret commission to execute at some distance from Toledo. My absence was to continue for a length of time, and the business was of too much consequence to admit a moment’s delay. I was ordered to depart in less than an hour. This was known in the circle. I bowed to the king, received his last commands, and with a heavy heart was about to leave the room. I looked towards your mother, Cava; she smiled, bid me farewell with little embarrassment, and yet I thought her eyes followed me. I know not how I made my journey; I only remember that when I returned to Toledo, I had executed my commission so as to gratify and please the king, and to receive his public thanks. He then said—‘I am glad your return has been to-day, that to-morrow you may be present at your cousin’s marriage.’—‘What marriage?’ cried I, with quickness. The king replied—‘Your cousin, the princess’s marriage with count Julian.’—‘With count Julian! impossible!’ I answered, not knowing what I said. Here all presence of mind forsook me; I grew sick; my head turned round, and I fell into the arms of one of the nobles of the court, who stood near. My illness was attributed to the fatigue I had undergone, and I was conveyed, in a state of insensibility, to my chamber. A violent fever succeeded; long was my life despaired of; but youth, and a good constitution, restored me to health. The courtiers, employed in seeking their own aggrandizement, and enjoying the pleasures of a court, paid little attention to the sick and melancholy favourite of the king, (for such I was); they would rather have seen me laid in my grave, than again near Witiza, whom I ever endeavoured to draw from ill. I perceived, on my recovery, that he was changed, and looked on my advice as ill-timed; he was prejudiced against me by the courtiers, who had dived into my heart, and poisoned the ear of the king. They persuaded him, had he not married his sister to count Julian, I should have gained her affection, and then endeavoured to supplant him in the kingdom. I knew not this till I had long left the court. It was not disappointed ambition that caused my seclusion; it was disappointed love. Whether your mother, Cava, had felt more for me than friendship, I never knew; I wished not to know; I wished not to see her more. She had been fatal to my peace; in vain I endeavoured to banish her from my mind; she clung to my heart; I almost remembered every word I had heard her utter; her idea forsook me not in sleep; I only awoke to think of her. I had not been informed of the particulars of her marriage; I wished not to be acquainted with them; for of whom could I ask without betraying my secret? for I thought my attachment to her unsuspected. One only friend saw the struggle in my soul, and anxious to give me relief, entered on the subject of count Julian’s marriage with the princess—‘I wish not,’ he cried, ‘to probe too deeply a wound that I fear time even will not heal; yet, as I trust unreturned love may be

extinguished, I will speak of this passion that consumes you; I will venture to tell you even an unwelcome truth. If the princess ever looked upon you in a more tender light than that of a friend and kinsman, her affection evaporated in your absence. It is most certain she gave her willing hand to count Julian. You are acquainted with the graces, the eloquence, and the winning manners of the count. Under the most polished exterior, he hides an ambitious, daring, and restless soul; and, perhaps, one day, all Spain may rue the choice the princess has made.' Pardon me, Cava," said the monk, "I repeat the words of my friend. I make myself no comment on the count's temper or conduct."

Cava sighed; she knew too well how fatal he had been to Spain; and secret sorrow for the share she herself had in the dreadful catastrophe dyed her cheek with crimson, and then left it pale as the lily, that lifts its white head above the stream, and then droops upon its surface.

Anselmo continued—"Having once given ear to what my friend said, I became desirous of knowing the truth, and ventured to ask in what manner the count was received at the court, and how the princess conducted herself at my departure? He assured me the princess spoke of me without embarrassment; expressed her wish for my return before her nuptials took place; and that, from the day count Julian appeared, she seemed captivated by his manners; and never, for a moment, hesitated in giving her consent to the marriage, when proposed by the king; and that, as soon as the ceremony was over, they left Toledo for Africa.

"This was enough for me; I found I had either never been beloved, or that the heart of the princess was capable of a sudden change; and I endeavoured, to the utmost of my power, to banish her from my thoughts. I found the effort vain; and, on the plea of ill health, I retired from the court. I applied myself to study, and I lost much of my melancholy, while I turned the page of history, or conversed with the sages of antiquity. I found the world was the same, from the earliest times to the present age. I saw that virtue only gave a man peace at the last; and knowing the growing vices of the court of Witiza, and that to draw the king from his evil ways was now beyond human power, I determined on a religious life. The few friends I had entreated me to give up a scheme adopted in haste, and so little likely to make me happy, as I was so young, and of so lively a disposition—'Early or late,' cried I, 'the road that leads to eternal happiness is what a wise man ought to pursue. I resign the vices and folly of the world; but not the society of those beings I respect and love.' Not to tire you, my fair friends, with too tedious an account of myself, I will pass over much of my life. It is enough to say, I took the cowl. I lived retired, but not absolutely secluded. Rodrigo and Egilone were on the throne of the Goths, before I ever again, Cava, beheld your mother. She started when she saw me in the habit I wore; she stretched her hand to me, saying—'My friend——' Tears rushed to her eyes; she could utter no more.

"Count Julian approached; he accosted me with a smile, declaring the countess had made him well acquainted with me; he had long wished to assure me of his esteem; that, if I would pass into Africa, I should live in his palace, and be treated as a brother. I own, Cava, that at that moment my eye glanced towards the countess. I fancied she was distressed—confused—the lovely colours of her face varied. I withdrew my eyes, and was about to thank the count, and refuse his generous offer, when you, Cava, an infant of four years old, rushed, with the playful wildness of a child, into the apartment. You liked not my black habit, and clung to your mother—'We are come from Africa,' said she, (recovering her presence of mind, and smiling as an angel would smile) 'at the command of our kind friends, Rodrigo and Egilone,

to leave this our treasure under their protection. I cannot,' continued the countess, 'deny to my child the advantages of education she will here receive.' Then turning towards me, 'May I,' she cried, while a deep blush, such as I had seen in the antichamber of Witiza's palace, covered her face, 'may I hope you will remember she is the child of your earliest friend? guard her as you would your own; watch over her mind; be a father to her when we are far distant, when seas roll between me and my treasure.'

"The countess, then raising you in her arms, kissed you, and giving you to count Julian, desired him to place you in mine. I stood petrified; I gazed at the countess—at you—at count Julian. With a grace all his own, he placed you in my arms. I expected you, Cava, to have shrunk from me; but reconciled to my dark habit, or not noticing it, you threw your soft arms round my neck, and pressed your cherub mouth to my cheek. I was no longer master of my own feelings; I strained you to my bosom, and the warm tears fell on your infant face. I need not tell you that from that hour you were as dear to me, as if I had a natural right to call you daughter. To my great joy, this scene was of short duration. Rodrigo and Egilone entered the saloon, and count Julian gaily told them he had lost his little girl; she would soon be fonder of a monk than of him. I cannot, my friends, give you the smallest idea of the impression made on my mind by what had passed. All my affection revived; I fought against it; and while the count and countess remained at Toledo, I sought his company, and avoided hers. I never, for one moment, conversed in private with her; and after she left Toledo, I never saw her more. Long did the thorn she had planted in my heart rankle there; but time, and a sense of duty and religion, extracted it. You, Cava and Favilla, have been the prop and comfort of my old age. One consolation I had through my melancholy life—I believed the countess happy. The count adored her, and I have heard she was no less fondly attached to him. If she ever guessed at my hapless love, I am convinced she pitied it, though she could not return it. Though disappointment and sorrow have been my lot, I repine not; it has saved me from vice and folly. I beseech you, my children, to keep in mind, that those misfortunes which mend the heart, and open the path to heaven, in the end prove the greatest blessings; and often better is it to go into the house of mourning than the house of joy."

Here ceased the good father Anselmo. All loved, admired, and pitied him, and looked with admiration on a heart so pure, so true, and so resigned. Little was spoken; they returned almost in silence to the castle. Cava attached herself to Anselmo's side; and placing her arm within his, in a soft and tender accent, at times, during their walk, expressed her sense of his paternal affection, and her gratitude for his unceasing care.

Cava had not yet heard from Isabella what passed at Seville after she had stolen from the house of Garcia; and the next evening, when they met, she requested Isabella to tell her in what state she had left her friends at Seville, and how the queen could be persuaded to part with her—"She herself wished my departure," replied Isabella; "her watchful attention to the Christians is unabated. Garcia and I partook largely of her bounty, and Abdalesis was scarcely less kind. But sad rumours are abroad; it is reported that Musa and Tariff are both fallen under the displeasure of the caliph, who is made to believe they have deceived him, and secreted much of the wealth plundered from the Christians. The caliph dreads the power of the son of Musa, and wishes to withdraw him from Spain, and from his Christian wife. He fears that Abdalesis may throw off his yoke, join the Christians, and keep Spain. The queen, fearing, should a storm burst over her head, that it might be fatal to her friends, has ordered many to leave her, at least for the present. It was in vain to combat her wishes. A galley was fitted out, at her expence, to carry us to the north; she ordered

every thing we had of value on board, and added most liberally to our riches. At our last interview, she said—‘I know that the dear unhappy Cava is now in safety with my loved Favilla and don Palayo. I saw her in the hall, Isabella; I was not deceived. I doubt not but affection for Egilone brought her there. Tell her I shall love her to my latest hour; tell her I send you and Garcia to comfort and support her; tell her I never shall forget her pilgrim’s weeds, her lovely, melancholy countenance.’

“Sweet Egilone,” interrupted Cava, “how perfect, how angelic is your mind!”

“I cannot,” resumed Isabella, “describe our parting—few were the words we exchanged; the queen hung upon my neck in tears, and Abdalesis alone had power to comfort her. As we approached the beach, we were met by Alvarez, just landed. Garcia rejoiced to see him, and soon informed him they had met only to part. Hearing our destination, Alvarez declared his intention of accompanying us; he had come to Spain merely to join don Palayo, and had pointed his course towards Seville, to make himself acquainted with the state of the country; he entreated us to delay our voyage one day, that he might cause every thing belonging to him to be removed on board our vessel. We gladly delayed, to have such companions on our voyage, and to bring such succour to don Palayo. I would not, however, return to the palace; I could not again encounter the grief and tenderness of the queen. That day sufficed to regulate our voyage, and the next saw us, with a fair wind, off the coast. You know how happily and fortunately we all reached this shore.”

“But you give me no account,” said the impatient Cava, “of my charming friend Zamora. Is she still at Seville?”

“No,” answered Isabella, “she and Aleanzar soon returned to Africa. Till she left Seville, I saw her every day; her greatest pleasure was talking of you; tears fell from her eyes at your name; she and her Aleanzar often wished you would inhabit with them their beautiful castle on the coast of Africa, which was formerly embellished for your reception. Aleanzar, at taking his last leave, charged me to assure you, his affection for you was now that of a brother; that he adored his Zamora; that her friendship for you, her perfect confidence in him, was a charm that bound him to her for ever—‘I shall love Zamora,’ said he, ‘with unabated affection, to the last hour of my life. Tell Cava this; I am certain she can hear nothing that can give her more real satisfaction.’

“This charming couple landed safely at their own palace. The caliph approves his son’s marriage, and has sent Zamora the most magnificent presents; and has declared his intention of making Aleanzar governor of Africa, in the room of Musa, who, I have already said, is in disgrace.”

Here Isabella ended her narrative, and left Cava’s mind more at ease than it had long been. How sweet, how consoling to a true heart is the remembrance of absent friends! Distance of time and place blot out all faults, all weaknesses, in those we love. We remember only their tenderness, and long affection for us; their agreeable or amiable qualities. Every thing that could darken the picture is lost in shade; their virtues blaze as the noon-day; and we lament that we cannot, with the force of spirit, fly to enjoy that loved society, the recollection of which, even at the remotest parts of the earth, can give our hearts to feel with such keen sensibility, the highest pleasure, and the severest pain.

Oh, Love! oh, Friendship! what mighty, what magic power is thine! when thou canst smooth the most rugged path of life, and gild our latest hour!

Brilliant was the morning of the tenth day from the departure of the troops. At an early hour, the anxious inhabitants of the castle were assembled in the chapel, to implore the God of battles to give success to the Christian host. No messenger had

arrived the preceding day from don Palayo; and with palpitating hearts they listened, during their early matins, for the expected signal at the gate. None was heard, and the service ended. The morning opening with such splendour, tempted them beyond the walls of the

fortress—"Our repast," said the monk, "will be more delicious, if we partake it under the shade of yon tall trees, fanned by the balmy breath of morn, than in the chambers of the castle. Can their richest canopies cope with the bright canopy of heaven? Can perfumes, scattered round them by the hand of man, equal what salutes our senses, as, reclined on yon flowery bank, we press the violet, the cowslip, and all the sweet and lowly children of the vale, and breathe the fragrance wafted on every breeze from the healthy mountains, and the wild shrubs scattered by the hand of Nature over the hills and valleys of this rude, but beautiful country?"

All approving the proposal of Anselmo, the duchess gave immediate orders for their early banquet in the open air; and Cava rejoiced that the spot was chosen, from whence they could, at a great distance, discover the approach of a messenger from the camp.

The sun had just risen in glory above the eastern mountains; Nature shook off her trance, vocal, like Memnon's statue, to the rising day; sad Phylomela only slept; and those whose souls are not entirely tuned to notes of woe, might think her place was well supplied, by lark, by blackbird, and by thrush, "who now sang out their merry roundelay." Hope animated every bosom. Even Anselmo presaged good tidings; and Cava smiled. The friends assembled knew no disguise; free and unrestrained was their converse. No bad passions, no wild desires had place in their bosoms. A free communication of thought and sentiment rendered even those days of uncertainty and anxiety not undelightful. Much had the relation of their separate adventures occupied and interested their minds; it had drawn their thoughts from their own individual misfortunes; pointed out that truth often forgotten while happiness lasts, that an exemption from sorrow is not the lot of mortals, and that the dignity of man is best supported, by yielding, with submission and humility, to those griefs imposed by Heaven. The mind, conscious of its own rectitude, is lightened of half its sorrows, and soars, on the wings of Hope, to those sublime regions where sorrow shall be wiped from every eye. The mind of the Gothic princess was in this state. She had lost much of her melancholy, and, at times, something like pleasure beamed from her eye, and diffused its glow over her lily cheek; for long had the roses, that once bloomed so fresh, forsaken it. Not instantly had they disappeared; by degrees the canker-worm of grief and love had destroyed their beauty; their glowing colours faded slowly; a paler and a paler hue succeeded, till all was vanished; and the chaste moon was not so pale or cold as her wan cheek. Ever an object of the deepest interest to the friends by whom she was surrounded, they saw with delight that their beloved Cava was animated, was almost cheerful; her eye rested not on the ground; it seemed to look with pleasure on the beautiful scenery surrounding the spot they occupied. The woodland melody, which was now ascending, in notes of early praise and thanksgiving, to the gates of heaven, appeared to wrap her soul. Her animated looks were cast around, on mountain, hill, and dale, to the broad ocean, and the winding shore. Anselmo perceived the pleasure those sublime objects gave her; he knew her feelings; he knew the exquisite taste with which Nature had endowed her; but never having heard her express delight at any thing, since he parted with her at Toledo, he felt, at seeing the animation of her countenance, as if he had received her from the tomb. He fondly hoped, even against his judgement, that the sparkling of her eye, the flash of her cheek, was the return of health. He looked earnestly at her; tears of joy

stood in his eye. She perceived it; she smiled—"You wonder at me, my good father. I wonder at myself; for this morning, I feel awakened to new life; my spirits are less oppressed, and I enjoy this beauteous scene. I looked, perhaps, with unwonted earnestness upon it. In some instances, it reminded me of the castle of Aleanzar, on the shores of Africa. The scene here is ruder, wilder, yet still there is a resemblance; and any thing that brings to memory my Zamora and her Aleanzar, must give me a sensible pleasure."

"Cava," cried the duchess of Biscay, "I have heard you speak a thousand times of these delightful Moors; and you have told me much of Aleanzar's castle; but I have never regularly heard all that passed there during your stay. You must now gratify me, by telling me all and every thing you can tell of the wizard, the witch, and the enchanted castle. I sincerely hope I may hear something of Zamora that I can find fault with, for I know she supplanted me in your heart; but it must have been witchcraft; and I dare say we shall yet hear of her being carried away in a whirlwind. I hope she will not come sailing in a nutshell to our shores."

"Favilla, I never knew you unjust before," answered Cava, smiling. "Could galley, nutshell, or what conveyance your fancy can suggest, bring the charming Zamora here, you, Favilla, would soon love her yourself, and own how much she merits to be admired by the whole world. As to your jealousy, I laugh at it. You can never doubt how dear you are to your earliest friend."

"Never," cried the duchess, raising the hand which had been laid on hers to her lips. "Be well, Cava, be happy; and Favilla will have nothing to sigh for."

Cava pressed the hand she held; for a little she was silent, when, resuming her cheerfulness, she said—"Willingly, my friends, will I wander with you over this wizard's castle (as Favilla calls Aleanzar,) and through his enchanted groves; and I think you will be astonished how I stepped over the circle." Raising her eyes, which beamed with the tenderest affection, she added—"You all know that, to free me from the power of the Moor, Alonzo came, attended only by one friend, to the gardens of Aleanzar, surrounded as they were by innumerable guards. Grateful am I to Heaven he did not then encounter the danger he so bravely sought; but that his precious life has been spared, to fight for his country, and assist the noble don Palayo in the support of the oppressed Christians." Here she paused, blushed; but soon recovering herself, proceeded to give Anselmo, and her fair auditors, an account of the palace, the gardens of Aleanzar, and Zamora, not forgetting the kind Zulima, and the interesting story of Zamora's Christian mother.

"May the charming Zamora one day become a Christian!" cried the good monk, crossing himself, and sending up a prayer for Zamora. Three hours of the morning had been spent in this interesting narration. Cava had captivated all her hearers; they could, unwearied, have listened to her till Night had drawn her dark curtain round them; but as the sun had reached his highest noon, the sound of horses' hoofs was heard at a distance. The tale was at an end. Every ear was attentive. As the ground rose or sunk, so rose or sunk the sound—"It is certainly the gallop of a horse I hear," cried Anselmo; "but neither horse or rider are yet visible."

"Surely it must be a soldier from the camp," said the agitated Favilla, starting from where she sat, and clasping her hands together in a sort of agony—"My husband! my brother!" The duchess looked round; Isabella and Fulvia were pale, were motionless; tears rolled down their cheeks. Cava gasped for breath; but calmly rising from the ground on which she had been sitting, she fixed her eyes on the most distant point of view which the road to the camp presented. The sound now grew more distinct, and the clattering hoof was heard—"I see the horseman," cried Cava; "he is



fleet as the wind; he must soon be here." She panted for breath, she leaned against a tree. Father Anselmo flew to support her; his beads were in his hands; his prayers were on his lips.

"The soldier carries a green branch on his helmet," said Fulvia, as she sunk half-fainting on the grass.

"Then we are victorious!" exclaimed Favilla; "we are victorious, Cava!"

The horseman was now near; he was galloping, with the utmost speed, towards the castle; but seeing the duchess, he threw himself from his weary steed at her feet, and presenting her the laurels from his cap, he cried, nearly exhausted, and with a faint accent—"We are victorious! we have won the day! our king, the great Palayo, has routed the Moors! The prince Alonzo has saved don Palayo's life. The brave Alonzo is——"

Here his words failed; he fell, fainting, on the ground. All surrounded him; all were eager to hear the conclusion of the sentence. Was the duke Alphonso, was Garcia, was Alvarez, was don Juan safe? No answer was returned—the fatigued soldier appeared to be dead.

"What of Alonzo—what of Alonzo has he left untold?" cried Cava, endeavouring to raise the soldier's head, while Anselmo brought water from a spring. In vain were all their efforts to bring him to himself; his eyes were closed, his hands clenched, and his limbs stiff. The monk drew a horn from his belt; he blew it loud. The soldiers heard it on the battlements; they flew from the fortress, with transport received the news of victory, and carried off their fainting companion in triumph.

The duchess sent a faithful domestic to watch his returning senses, and bring her an account of what he said.

Calmness was now banished from our little circle. They knew the Christians were victorious; they congratulated each other; they looked at the laurel crown lying at Favilla's feet; they acknowledged the mercies of Heaven. In these laurels they beheld their safety, and yet they mourned; they hung their heads. Who might have fallen! One moment they were joyful, the next was terror, uncertainty, bodings of ill; yet victory was sure, and the sunshine of hope spread itself over every bosom.

The last words of the fainting soldier sunk deep in Cava's heart. Alonzo had saved the life of don Palayo—that was joy in the extreme—"Alonzo is——What had the soldier more to say? Would he had finished the sentence!" cried she wringing her hands, almost in an agony of despair—"Oh merciful Heaven! was the next word he would have uttered freighted with joy, or loaded with the heavy weight of grief? but my Alonzo has triumphed; his course has been glorious, and shall not Cava hold his honour dearer than his life?"

The same words, the same hopes, the same fears and lamentations, were a thousand times repeated by the fair group. Anselmo in vain made use of all his wisdom, of all his eloquence, to calm their fears, and raise their hopes. Victory was certain, and those who fell, fell nobly, and regretted by the country—"They are saints in heaven," said the monk; but what rhetoric has influence on the truly attached and tender heart, in the hour of doubt, of terror, and suspense? Reason then loses her hold, even on the virtuous and the wise; they listen not to her calm dictates; the language of the heart is only heard.

Anselmo, while acting the part of comforter, felt an internal agitation, which his best efforts could scarcely conceal. He too was fearful that the unfinished sentence imported ill; he hastened to the castle; he visited the soldier; he was still insensible. There could be no farther intelligence gleaned from him. The good monk returned to his charge. No tidings yet. Minutes were numbered for hours. They believed that the

sun stood still in the firmament. Anselmo proposed returning to the castle, and there waiting the arrival of don Palayo. He talked to the winds. Those gentle females, by whom he was so honoured, so revered, who, in any other situation, would have been obedient to the smallest wish of the holy man, were now obstinate in their own opinion; their feet were rooted to where they stood; their eyes bent in eager expectation, almost in frantic wildness, on the pathway down the distant hill from whence they could first descry the troops. Silence had long prevailed. Every sense was sharpened, and feeling amounted to agony. Cava first descried the warriors, as a mist on the distant mountain. Cava was first awake to the sound of warlike music, that floated on the breeze; it was far distant, and came but at intervals. Now every moment gave birth to stronger hopes and fears. The fair cheek was blanched with terror, or dyed with the bright flash of hope, as these passions rose alternate in the bosom. The heroes had descended the mountain; they were hid from sight, in passing a winding valley at its base. Again they emerged from a thick wood, and rose to nearer view upon a nearer hill; the noonday sun flamed bright upon their armour. Again martial sounds were heard—

“Now seems it far, and now a’ near,  
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;  
Now seems the mountain side to sweep,  
Now faintly dies in valley deep.”

At times, loud and warlike were the sounds; but often was it interrupted by notes too plaintive, too melancholy to accord with the shouts of victory that were echoed from the surrounding hills—“What are we to understand from this?” exclaimed the Gothic princess, while she clung, trembling, to the arm of the monk; “the sound of woe mixes with the triumphant shouts of the soldiers. Anselmo, solve my doubts; speak to me, Anselmo. Anselmo, tell me what do these sad sounds forebode?”

The monk was unable to answer the terrified Cava; he looked mournfully at her; he well knew the lamentations for the dying, or the dead, and a cold chill spread over his frame.

A single horseman now came thundering over the plain; he, like the soldier, was crowned with laurel; he alit; it was don Juan; grief hung on his brow, though in joyful accents he exclaimed—“Victory, victory! the Christians have defeated the Moors! Their general, and the vile Oppas also, are no more. We left them dead upon the field of battle. The people have proclaimed the brave Palayo king. The Christians have conquered ten times their number. From our caverns we issued on the Moors; they fled; they fell before us. The Lord of hosts was with us. The God of the Christians gave us strength in the hour of peril. We returned with glory from the pursuit; and our soldiers trampled to atoms the body of the vile Oppas: no trace of him now remains. Don Palayo, returning alone from the pursuit of the flying Moors, was surrounded by a large body of the enemy, who, for that purpose, had lain in ambush in a wood. The troops from a distance beheld the attack. We knew our brave leader by his plume. Don Alvarez, Garcia, and myself, calling to our friends, flew across the plain to save him, or die with him. He was already safe—the brave, the generous, the truly good and heroic prince Alonzo, seeing his danger, and caring not for his own life, could he save his friend, calling to the soldiers near to follow him, pierced through the thickest of the enemy; he felled them at every stroke, and his single arm slew many, before the Christians could in any way assist him. On coming up, they

finished what his valour had begun, and left only a few Moors, who fled, to tell the story. The noble Palayo was unhurt. A stroke of a sabre had loosened his helmet; it had fallen at his side. He had thrown his spear and shield upon the ground, and was, when we reached the spot, supporting in his arms his beloved and gallant deliverer. We crowned them both with laurels."

Cava shrieked; she leaned heavily on father Anselmo—"Don Juan, you are a messenger of woe. Alonzo is wounded—is dead—tell me that it is so—kill me at once! Let me not die a lingering death! Sufficiently long have my sufferings been! Let them end here! In pity, don Juan, conceal nothing from me; unfold the whole horrid truth; say that you are bringing Alonzo lifeless to the castle; and let this wearied, this lacerated, this overcharged heart, burst at once!"

All now gathered round the miserable Cava. Joy for the victory, for their own happier fortune, was no more; tears gushed from every eye, and the kind and compassionate don Juan assured her the prince was not dead. Looking tenderly at her, he said—"I will not deceive you, my princess; he is wounded, badly wounded; but he lives. The soldiers carry him; their movement is slow; and Palayo, though returning in triumph and a king, will not quit his friend an instant, so that the march is tedious; but a little while, lady, and you will see your hero. Lose not all hope, I beseech you; lose not your presence of mind. A skilful leech, and care, may do much. Alonzo may yet be restored to you, his friends, and the world."

"Never," cried Cava; "his knell is rung. I know too well the funeral dirge, amid your shouts of triumph—but I am calm, I am satisfied, I am resigned. My pilgrimage is nearly at an end; my life has run its sad course. Alonzo, we shall sink to rest together!" With these words she fainted in the arms of the monk; he believed her departing, and prayed over her. Favilla was distracted; they laid her on the verdant carpet; they fanned her wan visage, beautiful to the last. Favilla knelt by her side, assisted by Fulvia and Isabella; she made use of every restorative to call back the fleeting spirit; tears of the fondest friendship and affection were shed over her; they bedewed her face, they fell on her cold hands.

The army was now fast approaching; songs of triumph and of woe, and applauding shouts, again loaded the gale, again assailed every ear but Cava's. She was now alike insensible to worldly joy, or worldly sorrow; and the woeful Anselmo believed it right no longer to delay the ceremony of the church for the dying, when loud shouts, proclaiming don Palayo king, were returned from the battlements of the castle, and echoed from every mountain round. So loud a peal awoke the unhappy Cava from her trance; and opening her eyes, she raised herself on her arm, and asked Favilla—"Was her brother near? I must see him," cried she, "before Death lays his cold, but welcome hand upon me; I would tell him how I rejoice in his success, in his deserved greatness. I would tell him my last moments are comforted, by knowing that he owes his life to the valour and the friendship of my Alonzo. Favilla, Isabella, Fulvia, weep not so; remember me, talk of me when I am gone, love me still; but rejoice that the wretched mourner is at peace. Isabella, if you ever see Zamora and Egilone more, tell them they were not forgotten on the verge of the tomb—in death they were still dear. Father Anselmo, my parent, my protector, dear as a father to a fond child, it is my last request, that you waste not the remainder of your days in the gloom of a convent, because your child has gone before you. No, continue with my beloved Favilla; watch still over her happiness; give her, added to the affection you bear her, all you have ever borne for me. Give your sage advice to don Palayo; the wisest want a friend. He is now a king; his walk is dangerous: be you his staff, his prop, while Heaven spares you. Anselmo, one thing more," and she grasped the hand

of the sorrowing monk, and raised it to her lips—"Place me by the side of my hero, in the tomb of the young Gothic king, at which we kneeled last night: I told you then, that before Alonzo left the castle, he had marked the spot: there visit me, my friends; and if a spirit is permitted to watch over earthly beings, Cava's will hover round you. Another shout! Raise me, oh raise me, Favilla! I have still strength left to meet my beloved, to tell him, I trust he will seek me in the realms of light; lead me towards him, Favilla; my weak eyes see the glittering armour, the plumed crests of our heroes; they are not far off; lead me to them, my Favilla."

The troops were now approaching in a slow and solemn march, little according with their shouts of triumph. Fatigue and sorrow was impressed on every brow, for many of their brave comrades had fallen in the glorious field, and they beheld their favourite Alonzo on the confines of the grave. A troop preceded don Palayo, loudly proclaiming his victory, and his election as king—"Long may the brave and worthy Palayo live to govern the Christians he has protected!" was heard from every battalion, and joyfully repeated from the walls of the castle.

Don Palayo, borne on the shields of the soldiers, crowned with laurels, and surrounded by his friends and the chief leaders of the army, was now in sight. Careless of his honours, and almost forgetting his glory, his eyes were fixed on Alonzo, borne beside him on a litter that the soldiers had made with the branches of trees, and covered with their cloaks. Gently they carried the dying prince; yet might he have been mistaken for the conqueror, for his placid countenance expressed no anguish; he smiled in the arms of death, and looked with delight on the hero for whose life he willingly relinquished his own. The soldiers had crowned him also with laurels, and proclaimed his great actions in the field. A few paces only was it possible to conduct the Gothic princess towards the warriors; she was again near sinking into Anselmo's arms. The battalion divided; she caught a glimpse of Alonzo, supported by the soldiers, as they brought him towards the castle.

Don Palayo, perceiving the friends who were coming to meet them, leaped to the ground, and flew to embrace his sister, who was already strained to the bosom of her fond husband—"We pay too dearly for our victory, Favilla," cried the new monarch; "our loved, our lamented Alonzo will not live to rejoice in the laurels he has won."

A thousand varying passions shook the bosoms of all assembled. The intoxication of a wonderful and recent victory, the security of freedom for themselves and families, and the triumph of their religion, raised their joy to so enthusiastic a pitch, that it effaced for a time the remembrance of their past afflictions, and their grief for their brave companions, now left cold on the glorious and sanguine field, where they had so bravely fought, so nobly fallen. But as the youthful hero, the gallant Alonzo, was brought forward in all the pride of conquest, and though wounded to death, yet struggling with the king of terrors, to take one fond, one last adieu of her he had through life adored, the song of triumph ceased; lamentation filled the air; and even the rough soldier wept. Alonzo only smiled; love gave a transient lustre to his languid eye. He entreated those friends that carried him to set down the litter, and pointed to the spot where Favilla and the monk were supporting the fainting Cava: he was obeyed.

Pedro, his heart wrung with anguish, had never, for a moment, relinquished his station at the side of his beloved master. He watched his every motion; he marked his eager eye; and assisted the soldiers to place the litter almost at Cava's feet.

The princess, as if the sight of Alonzo had arrested her fleeting spirit in the moment of its departure, was suddenly roused from the lethargy she was falling into;

and gazing, horror-struck, at the pale countenance of her lover, in a frenzy of despair, threw herself on her knees at his side—"Alonzo, is it thus we meet! is the miserable Cava doomed never to know one white hour! My poor heart, my Alonzo, would have overflowed with delight—would in transport have yielded its last sigh, had you returned from battle unhurt, as you are victorious. You are crowned with glory, my Alonzo, and my soul exults in it; yet still a woman's weakness hangs about me; and even for a moment to endure your loss with patience, is beyond my power." Here, suffocated by sobs and tears, she was unable to proceed; and the prince, raising himself on his arm, and clasping her hands in his feeble grasp, besought her to be calm.

"Imbitter not my last moments, my angelic Cava," he cried, "by this extreme distress; rather be comforted that fate has given us to finish our course together. When we parted at the castle, my soul sickened at the length of days I might be doomed to inhabit this earth without you. As my eyes rested on that lovely form, whose image is engraven on my heart, I almost dreaded its instant dissolution. When from the battlements of the fortress you blessed my sight, honour could scarcely draw me to the field, so much I dreaded I should see your angel face no more:—but, my Cava," he continued, in broken accents, "Heaven has been kind; again I behold you; we meet in an hour of joy and triumph; the Christians are victorious; don Palayo, their shield, their protector, their king, is safe; and I die a glorious death. Cava, we go together; hand in hand we enter paradise."

Cava, who had hid her face in her robe to conceal from Alonzo the violent agitation of her mind, now raised her eyes, and saw that his wounds were bound up with the veil she had thrown him from the battlements. A strong burst of grief overcame her, and she sunk upon the ground. All now approached; they believed her dead; but Anselmo assuring them she still breathed, Alonzo consented to be carried to the castle, where they were conveying the princess. Favilla's heart and attentions were divided between her friend and her deliverer; she mourned Alonzo as a brother; and administering all the consolation in her power, while Fulvia and Isabella followed the senseless Cava, she placed herself by Alonzo's litter; and though oppressed by the deepest woe, she struggled with her feelings to comfort the dying prince. The melancholy procession shortly reached the castle; it entered its walls. The heroes were received with shouts of applause—with sudden bursts of grief. A triumphal arch had been erected in haste, under which the conquerors were to pass. The great hall of the castle was thrown open for their reception, adorned with the trophies of their former gallant actions. Here the sad procession rested; here Alonzo perceived that Cava, still insensible, lay on the bosom of Isabella, and that the pious monk was in the act of prayer. Favilla, starting from the side of the prince, flew to her friend; she threw herself on her knees before her, and wept aloud.

"My child," cried Anselmo, "disturb not by your grief the departure of that pure soul, which, now taking its flight, and leaving all worldly cares behind, is about to enter the regions of the blessed." As he spoke, Cava was numbered with the dead.

Slowly the good Anselmo approached Alonzo, to give him also his last blessing.

"Holy father," cried the prince, "your looks speak what your tongue refuses to utter; fear not to tell me my Cava is no more. I will not linger behind her. Farewell, my friends. Anselmo, remember the tomb of my pious ancestor, and lay us by his side." Here his voice failed; he gave his hand to don Palayo, to every weeping friend by whom he was surrounded. His dying eyes were turned on Favilla. Drowned in tears, she approached him; he beckoned to her to come still nearer; she leaned over

him; he grasped her hand, and endeavoured to carry it to his lips. She received his last sigh, and, in mute sorrow, all hung over the departed hero.

For many days the castle of don Palayo was a scene of woe. The new monarch allowed no rejoicing for their victory till the last honours had been paid (with all the pomp his present state would admit) to the gallant Alonzo, and the lovely Cava.

Time softened the sorrow of their friends, and memory still renewed sincere, but gentle grief. Anselmo attended to the dying wishes of the princess, and remained, during the rest of his life, near don Palayo and Favilla. Alvarez, Garcia, don Juan, and their families, settled in the Asturias, under the protection of the prince. Pedro he retained about his person.

Garcia, in the course of time, made a voyage to Syria, where he found Aleanzar the reigning caliph. He and the charming Zamora received him as a brother; heard from him the death of Cava, and gave many tears to her memory. Favilla was repaid for all her past sufferings by the constant affection of the amiable duke of Biscay; she treated Fulvia and Isabella as sisters, and their loved Cava still lived in their hearts. Don Palayo reigned many years an honour to his country, and revered by the Spaniards; and the resistance he made to the Moors, during his whole life, in the course of years led to their final destruction.

FINIS.

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