

1807

Fatal Jealousy; or, Blood Will Have Blood!  
Containing the History of Count Almagro and  
Duke Alphonso; Their Combat in the Dreadful  
Tournament and the Death of the Beautiful  
Bellarmine, Through the Artifice of Sophronia, Her  
Rival

Unknown

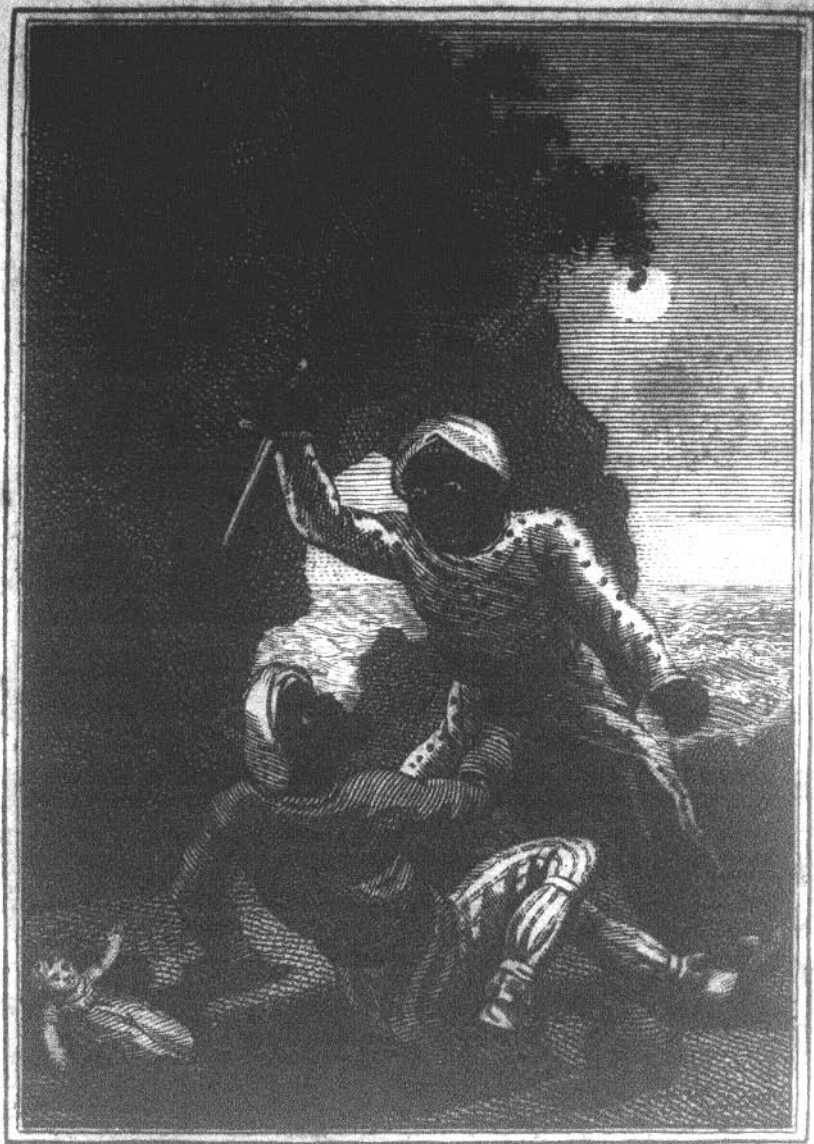
Follow this and additional works at: [https://epublications.marquette.edu/english\\_gothic](https://epublications.marquette.edu/english_gothic)

 Part of the [Literature in English, British Isles Commons](#)

---

**Recommended Citation**

*Fatal Jealousy; or, Blood Will Have Blood! Containing the History of Count Almagro and Duke Alphonso; Their Combat in the Dreadful Tournament and the Death of the Beautiful Bellarmine, Through the Artifice of Sophronia, Her Rival.* London: T. and R. Hughes, 1807.



G. Muller sculp.

*See Page 12*

# FATAL JEALOUSY;

OR,

*BLOOD WILL HAVE BLOOD!*

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF  
COUNT ALMAGRO

AND

DUKE ALPHONSO;

THEIR COMBAT IN THE DREADFUL TOURNAMENT,  
AND THE DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL BELLAR-  
MINE, THROUGH THE ARTIFICE OF  
SOPHRONIA, HER RIVAL.

---

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. AND R. HUGHES, 35, LUDGATE-HILL,  
CORNER OF STATIONERS-COURT.

---

1807.

---

# FATAL JEALOUSY,

&c. &c.

---

THE two armies of the Moors and the Christians were arranged in order of battle, and the fate of Ferdinand, King of Spain, sat brooding over the issue of the sanguinary conflict, when a Moor, of a prodigious bulk and stature, armed from head to foot, and bearing on his helmet a terrible brazen griffin, advanced from the ranks, and challenged to single combat the bravest hero of the Castilian army. The countenance of this Moor was of an iron blackness; over his armour he wore three hyena skins, and fought with a huge brazen-headed javelin, which he wielded with the most graceful ease; insomuch, that, whatever human thing came in contact with it, fell to the earth. For some time had this gigantic warrior proffered to decide the claims of the two nations by individual prowess; but hitherto had no Spaniard dared to face him. At length, the brave Almagro, one of the most powerful and esteemed commanders of the Spanish army, weary of the Moor's insolence, determined to risk his life in the service of his king and country. Having obtained permission of Ferdinand, he advanced to the front of the Spanish line, preceded by a page, bearing his shield and ponderous spear. The trumpets having sounded three times, the combatants sprang to the encounter.—Almagro drew a short cutlass, trusting more to his agility than strength, while the Moor walked round him, as the tiger would round the devoted lamb.—With the first swing of his club-headed javelin Almagro was beaten down, as many a brave soldier had been before: however, he as suddenly sprang up, and, evading the second stroke of this enormous weapon, wounded the Moor deeply in the leg. The tremendous roar the

mained Chief uttered made the distant hills resound; and, suddenly drawing back, that the knob of his spear might act with its perpendicular force, he struck such a blow on the shield of Almagro (then raised over his head) that it was shivered into pieces, and the helmet he wore was beaten into his skull. The Christian hero fell senseless before his antagonist,—the Infidels shouted,—and the Moor had drawn his dagger to bury it in Almagro's catholic blood, when the old African Prince, Razallah, in a commanding tone, ordered the Chief to desist, and the trumpets to sound a parley. He then advanced in the hearing of both armies; and said, "Learn, Spaniards, generosity from the Africans you despise!—I spare the life of this valiant hero, and return him to your king. A Christian knight once preserved my life—and thus I repay the kindness! To-morrow we shall meet as foes;—but yet let us not forget to treat the vanquished as *men*!"—The hostile armies united for once in a loud shout of applause; the beaten hero was carried to the Spanish tent, and the Moorish giant silently stalked off the plain.

When Almagro had recovered from the temporary delirium occasioned by his wound, he felt the most deep chagrin at the disgrace the Spanish cause had endured; and the only consolation he could indulge was, the high terms in which Ferdinand and Razallah, prince of the enemy, had spoken of his courage and address;—nay, he swore mentally that the generous interposition of the latter, if ever an opportunity offered, should not be unrepaid. King Ferdinand honoured this brave officer with the order of Calatrava, which, indeed, brought no emolument with it. Almagro was a daring soldier; his noble ancestors had been humbled by the Moors, and he had sought promotion in the army by hardihood and bravery; he loved his comrades, and they loved him.—They carried him through all that he undertook.—Hence fame and promotion rewarded him; and he became at once the admiration and the envy of his brother officers.

Hitherto had the noble and the gallant Almagro been only the servant of Mars: he had not even thought of beauty, though in the following instance it courted him.—A lady, who had seen Almagro at a tournament, became enamoured of his person, and sent him a note to that effect, notwithstanding she was then courted by a handsome and worthy young officer. Almagro went to the lady, and remonstrated with her; who, disappointed in her love, turned his conduct



so much to his disadvantage, that she involved her former lover in a duel with him. They fought;—the lover was disarmed, and Almagro gave him his life, upon the express condition that he should never challenge any man at the caprice of a disappointed mistress.

The heart, however, of our hero was not always to remain impervious to the tender passion. Towards the end of the campaign, Almagro having occasion to attack a Moorish citadel, one of the officers came privately to him, and offered to surrender the town, provided he might select, as his bride, any of the female prisoners whom he should choose. This man, who had been induced to such treachery from the Governor having refused him his daughter, was brought before a council of war, in which, against Almagro's nobler principle, it was determined to accept the conditions. At midnight, with lighted torches concealed in their helmets, the Spanish troops were admitted. Suddenly innumerable flambeaux glared;—victorious shouts were heard in every quarter;—the alarm bells were rung, and the city became a blazing ruin!—Murder, rapine, the shrieks of women and children, followed;—some projected themselves from the turrets on the pointed sabres of the soldiery;—the maidens were violated,—and their fathers murdered in cold blood! Among the Moorish defenders appeared the African giant, like the demon of Destruction!—He fought with savage ferocity, till a ponderous block of stone was hurled from a machine upon him, when he bit the dust, and his fall made the battlements tremble. The son of the Governor sought out the traitor who had betrayed the fortress,—plunged a dagger into his heart,—and then stabbed himself! In the meantime, Almagro stemmed the slaughter wherever he appeared. In his progress to save, he came to a superb mansion, which some soldiers were busily employed in pillaging and setting fire to. The noble inmates of this place had all flown for safety, except a lovely female and her father, who was incapable of moving, from a severe wound he had received. As Almagro advanced, the beautiful stranger knelt, and intreated him to spare her father. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "have mercy upon him, who spared your life;—protect my father—the helpless Razallah!"

Almagro flew to the soldiers—stopped their outrage, and gave instant orders to discontinue farther hostilities. The fair lady then introduced her noble protector to her dying father, who recollected and rejoiced in the circumstance of

having so lately saved the life of this brave and grateful Christian. Almagro replied in the warmest terms of esteem, and pledged his word to execute Razallah's last and dearest inclinations, were they possible. The aged sinking Razallah grasped his hand, and pointed to a casket, which the lovely Almora opened by a secret spring. "Read the contents of that," faltered out the pale lips of the expiring commander; "you will learn why her colour is as fair as the lily.—Oh protect the virgin from the libertine's grasp, and may our holy Prophet bless thee!" Almagro pressed the withered hand of the Prince to his bosom, in token of assent; and the latter, with a smile of satisfaction, reclined his head on Almora's bosom, and expired. She swooned on the body of her parent.

The deep affliction of Almora prevented her, for some time, from placing herself under the care of this manly Christian, whose heart soon bowed to the natural and acquired perfections of the lovely Almora. During the war, he continued her guardian; nor had she one cause to regret her situation, which was softened by the reflection that the Providence, which had bereft her of a fond father, had supplied, in his place, a kind and respectful lover. It was a severe illness which attacked Almagro, that first really taught the Princess to feel the extent of her passion for him; and, when he recovered, he pressed her to accept a hand devoted to her service, and she consented.—No sooner, however, was the marriage known, than the people and the priesthood took an exception to his union with an Infidel, and even threatened to bring him before the inquisition;—but Almagro despised this narrowness of soul, and one day embraced the opportunity when the army was drawn out in a hollow square, to array himself in that armour in which he had fought the Moor, and to challenge, by his herald, any one who should dare to maintain that the virtuous and beautiful Almora was not worthy to be his wife!—No one replied, and Almagro, having severely lashed the bigotry of the priests, summoned his officers around him, and produced the papers Razallah had confided to his care. He then read as follows: first, previously explaining who the lady was whose history they contained, and the means by which they came into his possession.

#### RAZALLAH'S PAPERS.

"Read, O thou son of Mortality, with awe, the following narration! If thou lovest innocence and beauty, and hatest

villany, thou wilt be interested in the fate of my dear Al-mora,—that charming houri, whom my countrymen erroneously believe to be of Moorish nativity.”

One night, when the Demon of Shipwreck stalked on the surface of the deep, I heard the signal guns of nautical distress. I leaped from my couch, manned the boat, and saved five Christians, two of whom, by their looks and conduct, appeared to be lovers. They were however man and wife; the one a renowned chief in Spanish heroism, named Damandos, the other Benvolia. The captive pair were conveyed to one of our sea-ports, and Razallah would have liberated them, but the great Ali Ben saw Benvolia, and claimed her as his right.—I resisted, but the brutal chief, with his ebony banditti, broke into my house at midnight, and tore the wife from her husband!

Some time elapsed before I could entrust any one with the commission of searching for Damandos: at length, Coulah, a brave slave, obtained a footing in Ali Ben's house, and made a friend of the centinel, who watched that dungeon in the Castle of the Forest where the noble Spaniard was confined.—Coulah played on the guitar, sang ballads, and told dismal stories, with all which he amused the centinel, who let him wander through the towers and underground recesses of this ruined building. In one of these, he soon after heard a moan, and pursuing the passage whence the sound came, he beheld, in a stone closet, the horrid living figure of what was once Damandos!—Massy chains fastened his arms, legs, and body to the wall!—Thus left to perish, he looked like one of those awful spectres, which the imagination of Coulah could so easily create.

Coulah informed the wretched prisoner from whom he came, and learned from him the cause of his brutal imprisonment. When first torn from his wife, and brought into the presence of Ali Ben, Damandos siezed the emerald hilted dagger of his oppressor, and darted it with fury at his breast; but the monster, always suspicious of assassination, wore armour under his vest; the dagger point broke, and Damandos was sentenced to perish in the dungeons of Boloback castle, chained to the wall!

In the mean time, all was silent respecting Benvolia; but the spirit of Retribution did not slumber. The Christian slaves, condemned to the row-galleys by the tyrant Ben, and joined by some of the half-converted Moors, formed a con-



spiracy to burn the palace of Ali Ben, to release the unhappy Benvolia, who now drew near the hour of childbirth, and save her with her adored husband. Before however this great plan was ripe for execution, Benvolia was delivered of Almora, who was as suddenly torn from the tender mother, and given to a Mussulman ruffian, to bury alive on the sea-shore. On that night, when the little innocent was to have been murdered, I was seated on the point of a rock, revolving in my mind the mysteries of Providence in suffering such villains as Ali Ben to flourish. The ruffian came at midnight under the crag where I was musing, to dig the helpless baby's grave: I heard its plaintive moan as he flung it into the sandy hole, and, hurling a ponderous stone at the monster, I brought him to the ground—I plunged the dagger, which had served him for a spade, into his breast, and he died with the confession on his lips, that the child was the infant of Damandos!—Having buried the ruffian in a chasm of the rock, I bore the infant home, and soon after introduced it as my own by a Christian female. The unhappy mother, deaf to the savage love of Ali Ben, and threatening his life constantly if her child were not restored, was consigned to the same ruined castle in which her husband was doomed to perish!—Here, oppressed by want and woe, the unhappy mother one night, in a fit of delirium, dashed out her brains against the wall of her room, and left to her ghost and sad remains to tell the awful tale of her death!

In the mean time, and previous to the above dreadful event, Coulah secretly informed Damandos of the conspiracy and of the disappearance of his wife, no one knew whither!—but the husband had learned the dreadful truth from the force of suspicion—he had seen her real but faded form flitting along the mouldering passages of the vaults, bearing a twinkling lamp, and anxiously trying every door as if in search of an outlet!—Suddenly would she start from the spot where she had been seated for some time in abject sorrow, chaunt a stanza of some pious ode, and call wildly on the name of Damandos. Thus passed many a night before he could attract the attention of the wandering spirit to his dungeon: his strength was hardly sufficient to clank his chains, when she came to that remote angle of the subterraneous pile into which her hopes of escape had not till then penetrated: the husband and wife heard each other's voices, but they could not approach—the iron door of the dungeon separated them, and

the haggard figure of the emaciated Damandos was only made visible by the twinkling flame of the lamp, as she held it to the iron grating in the door.—The centinel kept the key of this dungeon, which he entrusted to no one but Coulah, whom he never admitted to penetrate these lonely foundations alone, after Benvolia's imprisonment until that he had secured her in her apartment.—When Coulah's daily visit was ended, he was indifferent to fastening the trap-door of Benvolia's room, conscious that he guarded the portals through which nothing could ascend or enter without his permission.

It was on one of those nights when a horrible crash of thunder preceded by a fire-ball shivered the western turret of the castle, and rent the massy wall to its broad foundation, that the centinel descended at the midnight hour to see if his prisoner's chains had been torn from the wall, or rather if the stone ceiling of his dungeon had not crushed him to atoms!—All was secure, except the disordered ghastly person of Don Damandos's wife, whose pallid cheek was laid against the cold grating, breathing comfort to the dear object within, who could not approach, and was praying that the lightning's vengeance might terminate their sufferings.—Here it was that the centinel detected this unsuspected correspondence, and with a refinement of ferocious brutality he opened the dungeon door, that she might have the more perfect view of her emaciated husband, and then drove her at the point of his sabre back to her apartment, the trap-door of which he swore should be eternally closed upon her!

This horrid event actually took place!—Benvolia, after remaining two days without food, and in total darkness, occasioned by the absence of the guard, was siezed with delirium, and in the wild conceptions of phrenzy, imagining that her prison door was open, she sprang with such fury to rush through it, that her head came in contact with one of the angle-stones of her chamber, and she perished from the dreadful fracture!—Thus she fell a victim to the tyrant, and the only consolation the wretched Damandos felt, when he afterwards saw the broken form of his beloved wife lying dead on the floor, was the hope of revenge, and that she had not died dishonoured!

While these transactions were performing in the castle, the conspiracy was proceeding with strength and silence.—

The time was at length fixed when the bars of Damandos's dungeon should be forced, and he be placed at the head of the conspirators.—The mind of Ben Ali, however, was suspicious, and he sent for a party of troops to a brother despot not far off, and who arrived on the very evening of the insurrection.—Out of respect, and that I might not be criminated in the event, the slaves kept the whole proceedings a secret from me. They forced Bolaback castle, released Damandos from his dungeon, armed him with a tremendous falchion, and immediately he led them to the house of Governor Ben, whither I as swiftly repaired to defend him, as became my duty.—The struggle was bloody;—Damandos fought with fury, and the tyrant Ben, who was equally courageous, headed his party, to meet him. Thrice the desperate Spaniard saw and avoided me; his rage was reserved for the murderer of his wife!—Soon they met on the beach, whither the slaves had cut their way, to get on-board the vessel waiting to receive them.—They assailed each other like tigers;—wounds and dreadful blows were alternately given;—the sword of Damandos broke, and the falchion of Ben Ali was raised to cleave his foe asunder, when the latter, darting his helmeted head into the bosom of his oppressor, beat him down to the earth, placed his knee on his breast, and grasped him by the throat, till his breath ceased to flow, and his dark eye-balls started from their sockets!

Acclamations succeeded, and victory had nearly followed. I was hard pressed, and continued to fight, while many voices called out to me to preserve myself:—still I fought, till the mighty arm of some chieftain darted its sabre at my heart.—Suddenly the blow was averted by a person who sprang before me, received its point to the hilt, and, as he fell at my feet lifeless, exclaimed, “Be a father to my child!” “It is Damandos!” said the man who had inflicted the death wound. His party were appalled, while mine gained fresh courage; during which time the troop joined us, to whom Ben Ali had written for assistance. We now gained the day; the rebellious slaves were killed; and my conduct raised me to the honours I now possess. Since that time, I have brought up Almora with a parental solicitude, have educated her in the religion of her countrymen, and exhort him, into whose hands she may fall, in case of the death of Razallah, to remember, that she is a child of misfortune, and as amiable as female humanity can be!”

RAZALLAH.”

When Almagro had finished the papers of Razallah, the officers gazed with astonishment. Almora was of the Christian faith; and no farther objection could be made to his marriage on the plea of infidelity. The nuptials were celebrated with great pomp; and Almagro, in obtaining the casket with the account of Almora, had also received a considerable portion of wealth, which supplied that neglect he experienced at the conclusion of the war, when he returned to Madrid. His rude manners, as devoid of servility as those of his wife, were not calculated to cut a figure in the courtly ball-room; and hence Almora advised him to retire with his little casket fortune to some fertile tranquil spot, where the stream of life would pass clear and unruffled away.

Almagro was persuaded, and resolved to bury his high notions of family pride in the castle of Glotz, in the province of Andalusia, formerly in the possession of the younger branches of his family. Hither he repaired, and remained with his beloved Almora till her death, which took place in the sixteenth year of Sofronia's age. She was his only daughter, and he had brought her up with notions of family pride similar to his own. Another sentiment, also, she very strongly cherished—not to forgive an offence without inflicting retribution. Accomplished in every respect, she was formed to command, rather than captivate; but, like too many females, her reason was subservient to her passions, and, calculating too strongly upon the inviolable attachment of the man to whom she had dedicated her affections, she could the less bear the existence of a rival in his heart.

Sofronia had just accomplished her seventeenth year, when the king of Spain gave a superb tournament, in celebration of a victory over the Moors, which promised to expel them for ever from his territory. In those ages, the amusements of the great were chiefly divided between the practice of arms and the chase. The principles of knighthood were noble and generous; nor were even the less dignified and plebeian exempted from shewing their splendour on these occasions.—All of respectability were invited to do honour to the tournament, and, by a general display of riches, beauty, pageantry, and knighthood, to render it one of the most superb spectacles of the kind ever witnessed.—Princes, knights, their squires, and nobles, came from the extremities of Spain; and seven days glided away in the various gymnastic exercises of the horse and foot race, the wrestle, the sword, and the lance on horseback, by comba-



tants superbly arrayed in suits of glittering armour, with casques crowned with nodding plumes of feathers, dyed of various hues. Galas and festivity crowned the evening of each brilliant day. The royal tables groaned beneath the load of costly viands, served in vessels of pure gold and silver: the wines mantled to the most beautiful rays of the Bacchanalian gems; and all the grand and melting tones of warlike and amorous instruments were heard near the theatre of glory. Dances beguiled the night, and variety continued the charm, till the senses grew sick of enjoyment, and the fatigued faculties found as much gratification in retiring from the bustling scene, as they had done in entering into it. At length the tournament subsided: every one returned to his usual engagements; and the government turned its attention to new victories and new laws.

Almagro's castle was placed among the Andalusian mountains, near the rocky pinnacle of Mount Paraxa: on the rude point of which did the lovely Sofronia stand at intervals, during three days, earnestly expecting the beloved of her heart, the manly and youthful Alphonso, Duke of Tenedos, to meet her on his return from the tournament. He had been induced to repair to the tournament by Almagro; but he had faithfully promised to return to Sofronia before twelve days had expired. The twelfth day came—the thirteenth and fourteenth—and brought not Alphonso: hence bitter forebodings clouded the mind of the fair maiden; and when she had learned from books that gallant knights often fought desperately at tournaments, and died of their wounds on the field, her imagination pictured his fine form stretched out on a bier; and the roses of her cheeks faded, as the certainty increased that death only could have occasioned his long absence.

Her conclusions, however, were altogether erroneous. Duke Alphonso remained at Madrid perfectly well after the tournament had closed. New scenes and variety had expelled the promise which he had made to return, and even cancelled in his mind the image of Sofronia herself. From day to day he procrastinated his return; till Almagro, who had accompanied him, at length began to be impatient. At one time his horse was lame; and when this excuse no longer served, his invaluable dog Fidelio, he said, had received a kick from a palfry on the last night of the tournament, from which he had not yet recovered. Almagro remonstrated

upon the absurdity of his remaining in a strong place merely for the recovery of a dog; but Alphonso replied, that the faithful creature had once saved his life when a bravo had secreted himself in his garden to murder him, and therefore he and his dog were indivisible. In the mean time, however, Ricardos (his page) came in; and, being questioned by Almagro as to the state of the dog's wound, replied, that no animal could be more full of health and spirits. Almagro now expressed himself angrily at this pretence to delay their return to Sofronia; and as he went out peremptorily said, that he should expect him to set out the following morning.

*Alphonso.* "Talkative boy, I did not want him to know that Fidelio was well. I do not mean to depart to-morrow. I have a strong and bewitching attraction that confines me to this place. Come hither, Ricardos: you cannot but recollect that I have raised you from misery to your present service, nor shall my favour rest here if you are grateful and willing to serve me."

Ricardos replied, that he would be faithful to his master, and swear to be as true a page as a true knight ought to have. Alphonso swore him on his sword to be secret, and then he proceeded.

*Alphonso.* "I should have carried the weight on my heart to the grave, if, Ricardos, I could not have relied on your fidelity. The image of Sofronia has been superseded in my eyes by that of a fairer maiden, with whose residence I am unacquainted. On the first day of the tournament I heard a great confusion behind me, and was suddenly interested in favour of a respectable-looking signior, whom the guard was rudely thrusting at with his halbert, which he skilfully evaded, and had seized from the soldier. The comrades of the latter now rushed forward with sanguinary looks; and were arrested by a beautiful and elegant girl, who sprang before the gentleman in danger, and raising her hands to me, exclaimed, in the most melodious voice I ever heard, "O noble Knight, save, help my father!"

*Ric.* "I did not hear her words, but I noticed the brilliancy of her eyes, emitting rays like those which we have seen from that resplendent star that has so often charmed you in your serenading hours. She embraced your knees, and touched your scarf——"

*Alphonso.* "They shall therefore be sacred to me; and before I quit this place, she shall be Duke Alphonso's."

*Ric.* "Your love is so zealous, Knight, that you forget

she is of mean extraction; that your children will be ignoble, and that by the laws of chivalry, no noble that espouses a citizen's daughter is ever permitted again to enter the lists. But before we proceed farther, I will endeavour to trace out the residence and character of this damsel."

Alphonso was pleased with the earnestness of his page, and little thought that he had a more just conception of the obligations of honour than himself. Alphonso thought it would be prudent to change their residence, and desired Ricardos to remove his travelling equipage to another inn, where his servants could not trace him. Ricardos promised the utmost secrecy; but, on turning round to leave his master, he said, "Noble Knight, as a faithful servant, let me caution you to recollect that the charming Sofronia has your promise of marriage, and you have her whole heart. You are engaged, and no honourable engagement ought to be dishonourably broken. No breach of faith *ought to pass unrevenged!* It is true, she is proud, satirically witty, and selfish; but you were a true knight, and I hope will remain so."

The Duke, displeased with the frankness of Ricardos, bid him then pursue his notions of right, and lay open to Almagro the secret wishes he had been entrusting to him; but the youth rejected with scorn such an intention, and then informed his master, that at the Two Castles, which lay out of the high road, they would be secure from discovery, and that thither he would remove every thing.

When Ricardos was gone, the Duke reasoned upon and approved the sentiments of his page. He debated the question in his own bosom: honour and the tie of conscience stood on one side, supporting Sofronia; on the other, the unknown lovely emblem of innocence and virtue. "Shall I sacrifice," said he, "my happiness to please Almagro, by making his daughter a duchess? I care not for acquisitions of castles and territory: I love not Sofronia, nor shall I esteem the offspring she may bear me. When Almagro persuaded me thereto, it was but a half consent; he placed my hand in her's, and mine trembled as she warmly grasped it. No!—bear my resolution, heaven! the citizen's daughter, or the race of Alphonso shall terminate with me!"

Such was the determination of Alphonso for a few moments; but it was checked by several recollections that had made a strong influence on his mind. He remembered the example of his father, and the dying injunctions he had

given him to subdue his passions. Love and knighthood were at variance. In complying with the former, he should be for ever disgraced in the memoirs of chivalry, and his children be debased. Thus undetermined, he was like a traveller between two roads; he feared to lose sight of either, and would have gladly united them.

Ricardos soon after returned, and conducted his master to the Two Castles, where he gave himself out as a knight just arrived, and intending only to stay a few days at Madrid till he had recovered from his indisposition. The next morning Ricardos was disguised in a pilgrim's habit, and sent to seek for the citizen's daughter. Count Almagro in the mean time departed for his own castle, supposing that the Duke had preceded him thither. After two days search, Ricardos proved unsuccessful, and Alphonso determined to commence the task himself. He found out many satisfactory palliatives for quitting Sofronia, loaded Ricardos with his splenetic dissatisfaction, and even overlooked his dog Fidelio. On the third morning the page rose early, and redoubled his endeavours. He returned before the Duke had risen, rushed into his room, and, pushing aside the curtain, exclaimed, as he displayed a small piece of money, "Behold," said he, "I have received this from a hand as soft as down, and as white as a lily. The lady spoke from behind her veil, and I could swear it was the citizen's daughter. Passing by a cathedral, I saw a fine female form in earnest conversation with a monk. I listened, and, thinking I knew the voice, begged an alms, which she most affably complied with. "Good Pilgrim," said she, "as I forget not you, forget not me in your benedictions!" She departed in a few minutes after with the monk, and I followed her to the house of Sorano, the goldsmith." During this recital, Alphonso could scarcely refrain from the most frantic expressions of joy, and running into the next chamber, he seized his gold chain, and broke it. "This," said he, "I will take to the goldsmith to repair, and in your garb, as a page, Ricardos, I shall introduce myself unsuspected." Ricardos then assisted his master in dressing, and conducted him to the theatre of action, cautioning him not to betray himself.

Miguel Sorano was an eccentric character: his mind was stronger than its cultivation. He was as proficient as the priest-ridden citizen of that day, yet as superstitious as most men. He had, among his uncommon propensities, a profound contempt for chivalry, having suffered from the dis-



honesty of some, and his prowess had been a match for many nobles, who looked down upon his ignoble birth and mechanical occupation with the same eye that a peacock surveys a sparrow. In repeated conversations with Philip Guzman, a neighbouring vintner, he called the nobles drones in the hives, profligates, and consumers of the industrious. He esteemed the assistance of the great, and repaired to the priest for counsel, when certain maxims inherited from his grandfather failed. He believed in omens and spirits, and generally concluded his evenings at the tavern, where Guzman had usually to lead him home. He had two children, Fernando, a monk, and Bellarmine, as lovely as she was chaste and amiable; if she felt a pride, it was at her learning, for she could write and read—high qualifications in those days. An old aunt of Bellarmine's had foretold that she should one day marry a noble knight, and this sentiment she secretly cherished in her mind; she well knew that her rigid father would not tolerate such a thought for a moment; and to prevent the heart of his daughter from being attracted by the advances of any plumed grandee, he selected Philip Guzman, who was a man, as some thought, adorned with every plebeian virtue: indeed, the bigoted goldsmith considered vice as the infallible portion of nobility.

Don Philip Guzman was, however, a man of artifice and insinuation, and even somewhat too supple in his manners for Sorano. Bellarmine and Fernando detested him, and anxiously wished to interrupt the friendship of Sorano for don Philip, lest the aunt's prophecy might fail through a prejudice in favour of the vintner.

Sorano was seated at table, with his family and Philip, when a knock at the door announced the presence of a visitor. Bellarmine rose up by her father's desire, and opened the door. Alphonso instantly recognised the beautiful maiden, and he stood fixed to the spot, speechlessly gazing with delight. The voice of Sorano from the inner chamber, bidding Bellarmine bring the visitor in, recalled the duke to recollection, and he pulled out the gold chain which he said he had brought to be repaired for his master, a noble knight. Instead of shewing the fracture to Sorano, he talked about it to the young lady, till he was interrupted. "I am the goldsmith," said Sorano, "and not my daughter. It shall be done to-morrow. Did you hear? Come for it on the morrow. If you have nothing farther to say, my daugh-

ter shall lead you to the door; for I am sure you can see nothing but her." She then conducted the duke to the door, who threw a thousand tender expressions into his eyes as he passed her, and pressed her arm. Light as the thistle-down, he tripped to the inn, where he and Ricardos had scarcely mingled congratulations on the discovery, before don Guzman made his appearance. Without hesitation he immediately saluted Alphonso, notwithstanding he still remained in his page's dress, as Duke of Tenedos. At first Alphonso and Ricardos denied any knowledge of such a character; but Guzman soon explained that he was not to be persuaded out of the truth of his own conviction; for he was present at the tournament, when a certain grandee had so praised his (Guzman's) wine to Alphonso, while he stood by, that he was induced to make himself known as the vintner. Still, however, Ricardos maintained that Guzman must be in a mistake as to the identity of the person he now asserted to be Duke Alphonso. "Perhaps too it was a dream which passed at don Sorano's house just now!" replied Guzman ironically; "and there may also be no truth in the expected alliance of Duke Alphonso to the noble Sofronia; and, in short, all that I have heard at the banquet at which I have attended may be false. This adventure will be rare news for Sorano and his lovely daughter Bellarmine, to whom I am to be married; and should Almagro hear——"

The speech of Guzman was interrupted by the sudden emotion of the Duke, who finding concealment was no longer possible, unless this busy visitor were put out of the way, hastily drew a dagger, and seizing the vintner by the arm, drove him to the ground, and then presented the brandished weapon to his heart, swearing that though he despised him as a rival, he dreaded him as an informant. Ricardos suddenly precipitated himself between the terrified Guzman and the dagger of his master, and compounded for his life only upon the condition of his renouncing all interest in marrying Bellarmine, and of his faithfully preserving the secret of Duke Alphonso's real situation. Don Guzman, who cared neither for Sorano nor his daughter, but always held that the most should be made of all circumstances, directly conceived that he might turn the affair altogether to his interest, and therefore swore in the most solemn manner, that he would even assist Alphonso in his design, if Bellarmine were his object, and he were well paid for it. "Remember your oath!" exclaimed Al-

she had ten thousand fears lest his exalted situation should come to the knowledge of her father. She wondered at the intimacy which seemed to exist between Alphonso and Guzman, when the latter was his rival: she observed too that the particular distinction he displayed towards him, so contrary to his usual practice, must arise from some cause which she dreaded her father to know. That night her mind was disturbed with dreams, in which Alphonso had the principal share: she saw him clad in princely armour, and beheld herself at a tournament noticed by his attentions, and envied by every other maiden: nor were the slumbers of the lover less employed in worshipping his mistress, and in endeavouring to parry the obstacle which lay in his way to happiness.

The following morning Bellarmine complained of indisposition, and Alphonso accompanied her for a turn in the park; where they enjoyed a delicious conversation, and the Duke received an assurance of Bellarmine's affection. While they were gone, Sorano, after a speech indicative of his love of plain-dealing, asked Ricardos if he would be his son-in-law; for he had observed his frugality and steadiness with great satisfaction; and he would make him a partner in his business, as he seemed to be but a dependent on his friend, and must therefore know the value of the offer he made him. Ricardos at first was startled; but soon escaped from his awkward situation, by saying, that he could have no objection to such a charming wife, and such an offer, if Sorano had no objection to his being the illegitimate offspring of a noble knight. Sorano turned round short on his heel, muttering, "No, no, not an emperor's son should have my daughter!" and left Ricardos very well pleased at the manner in which he had developed the old man's sentiments, and escaped from the temptation of such an alluring offer. Immediately that his master returned, he informed him of all that had passed; and received his warm thanks for the manner in which he had acted.

Not till the following Sunday could Alphonso obtain a conversation with his mistress; when he knew she would walk in the Venetian grove leading to the palace with Guzman and Fernando. On this occasion he therefore determined to exhibit his bold matchless figure to its utmost advantage. He washed off the paint which disguised his eyebrows and rosy complexion; clad himself at the Two Castles in his armorial undress; and with the golden chain



about his neck, the mark of high birth, courage, and renown, he repaired to the walk. Here Guzman introduced him to Fernando and his sister; who was overwhelmed with love and confusion at the altered mien and appearance of her lover. The artful Guzman then engaged the Monk in conversation, while the beautiful pair seized the opportunity to walk alone together. They conversed till the advance of evening, by which time the enamoured Alphonso, overcome by the charms of his languishing mistress, proposed to her to lay his claim to her hand at the feet of her father, and even renounce his dignities and knighthood if he were inexorable: but Bellarmine, tenderly pressing his hand, intreated that he would not run the risk of making her subject to confinement, and the pain of seeing him incur a dismissal from her father's house. He was replying tenderly to all the objections of the lovely maiden, when Guzman informed him that it was time to return, as the evening was advancing. Bellarmine however intreated that they might prolong their walk a little, to enjoy the mild beams of the rising moon. During this propitious hour, Alphonso drew from the lovely girl a frank avowal of love and constancy; and for the first time he sealed the truth of his own vows upon her coral lips. The deep shade covered the blushes of Bellarmine; and the patches of moonlight at short distances only interrupted the endearments of the lovers. At length it was necessary to part: Alphonso once more pressed Bellarmine to his bosom, and promised to the Monk his services and favour if he would endeavour to soften Sorano's rigid prejudice against knighthood. Fernando soon after became warmly interested in promoting Alphonso's suit: for he thought that his own advancement in the church would be the result of his sister's marriage to the Duke; and he seized an opportunity, when Sorano was taken suddenly ill, to use ghostly influence over his superstitious mind to remove his prejudices against knights and knighthood: but his determination was not to be overcome, and Fernando dared not propose Alphonso to woo Bellarmine in any other character than that of a merchant. Sorano consented to this proposal, and the happy day was appointed as soon as he was recovered. In the intermediate space, often did the heroic minded maiden entreat Alphonso to think of the obloquy he and his family were about to incur by marrying her; but he urged that in her affection he should find a ten-fold recompence. "Then," said Bellarmine, "shall I be doubly blest: first,



in calling thee lord and husband; and again, in triumphing over that haughty beauty the Lady Sofronia!"—"How!" exclaimed Alphonso; "do you know the proud daughter of Ahnagro?"—"Indeed," replied Bellarmine, "at the ball which was given at the tournament celebrated before the last, I remembered to have noticed her by a particular circumstance. She seemed to attract the attention of every knight, and several pressed forward to gaze upon her. As she haughtily walked the room, she dropped her scarf. I was near, and immediately presented it with humble respectfulness. The gaze of the noble visitors was now directed to me, and while a kind of inquiry was heard of who I was, Sofronia snatched away the girdle, and I retired abashed."

Alphonso sighed, and Bellarmine inquired the cause. "Lovely Bellarmine," said he, taking her hand, "I am beloved by the haughty Sofronia: her father pressed me to marry her, and I consented; but then I had not seen you! Shall I not find in your love enjoyments surpassing the privileges of knighthood? I have disguised for your sake every thing but my heart; all I require in return is yours." Bellarmine could only reply by pressing him to her bosom, and, with a warm embrace, she advised their return home before the evening had quite set in. Like all lovers they lingered at every step, till the view of Sorano's door caused their separation.

At length the marriage-day arrived: the dawn arose serene; but as the day advanced thick clouds overspread the horizon, and a dreadful clap of thunder burst over their heads, as Alphonso pronounced the fatal *Yes* at the altar. Sorano considered it as an ill omen, which augured punishment for having married his daughter to one unknown. Bellarmine would have fainted had she not been encouraged by her bride-maids and embraced by her husband. The nuptial blessing was then given; and the storm having soon spent its force, hilarity succeeded to apprehension. A festive banquet at Sorano's expence filled up the hours till night, when a sprightly dance commenced; and at midnight the bride and her lord withdrew amidst the benedictions of their guests.

Scarcely had the visitors departed, and Sorano was thinking of retiring from his bottle, when his ears were saluted with a flourish of martial music, and he beheld a crowd of knights and pages entered the court-yard, richly dressed.

A page in white then exclaimed in an audible voice, "*Health and joy to Alphonso, Duke of Tenedos, and his youthful bride!*" Sorano stood like a statue, till another page advanced, and demanded to speak with the Duke.

"We have no Duke here, my young page!" said Sorano contemptuously. The Knights insisted, and Sorano had given them leave to search, just as Alphonso, who had slipped on a loose dress, came out to inquire the cause of this parade. No sooner was he seen, than the former welcome was repeated from the Knights, accompanied with a loud huzza. In vain did the Duke by his frowns and motions endeavour to suppress their declarations of personal respect. Sorano was not to be any longer duped, but deprecated the Duke as a villain, cursed his daughter and her offspring, and swore the marriage should be undone. Guzman interfered; and upon avowing that he had assisted the Duke in his mercantile disguise, he received a blow from the enraged old man that brought him to the ground. Ricardos next tried to soothe the poor father; but the latter raved of nothing but a separation, or of stifling his rage in his daughter's blood. Suddenly he sprang to the foot of the stairs which led to Bellarmine's chamber; but the Duke seized the poniard of an attendant, and placing himself on the third step, swore that he would make a corpse of the father who would injure his wife. Alphonso, seeing the old man appalled, continued, "I must remain your son, and be Bellarmine's husband! Love for her has induced me to play a false part; but love has not cancelled justice! You abhor knight-hood; and I, to make you and Bellarmine happy, cast it away! In this house will I learn your occupation, and the names of Sorano and Alphonso shall be entwined as goldsmiths and partners in industry!"

A murmur of disapprobation here arose among the knights, which was increased, when Sorano demanded if he would accompany him to the cathedral altar, and swear on the great cross to renounce his dignities, and become a citizen for Bellarmine's sake and her father's peace. Alphonso threw away the dagger, embraced his father-in-law, and said, "Let us go, my father!" He would have proceeded, but the oldest of the knights opposed him; declaring that they would rather stain the ground with his blood, than see him disgrace their order and himself. Alphonso instantly dashed two of them to the earth with each hand, and, seizing one of the weapons which had menaced him, exclaimed,

"This arm shall cleave me a passage to the altar. Come on, Sorano: you shall be convinced that knighthood has not debased my soul!" As the knights made way for him, Sorano cried, "Hold! All shall witness that a citizen's faith shall equal a knight's generosity! I am satisfied without the sacrifice, because my son is willing to make it. Take my Bellarmine: be with her a happy pair, and may I live to be a joyful grandfather!"

He extended his arms, and they were filled by Alphonso, while all the noble spectators shouted for joy, and the music flourished. To complete the scene of reconciliation there wanted but Bellarmine, who now descended to the spot, and exclaimed, "Embrace me also, O my father!" She had awaited the issue of the developement in dreadful anxiety, and could no longer resist throwing herself at her father's feet. Sorano that day made the knights and their retinue remain with him, and gave a banquet suited to the dignity of his guests. Guzman was one of them, and not a little proud of his treachery, which had brought this happy event about; for it was he who had disclosed the secret of Alphonso's disguise and marriage to one of his knight-companions, whence the news was soon circulated, and they had repaired early the following morning to Sorano's to congratulate the Duke on the nuptial event.

Report soon brought the news of Alphonso's marriage to the castle of Almagro in the Andalusian mountains. The vindictive passions of Sofronia broke forth with raging fury. Deprived at once of the leading feature in her love for Alphonso, the hope of becoming a duchess, and supplanted by a base-born citizen's daughter, she flew to her father, mocked in terms of severe irony his knowledge of physiognomy, which had traced so many virtues and fidelity in the blue eyes and Grecian nose of the Duke; reminded him, when he seemed to receive the news with a mixture of chagrin and indifference, that, as Alphonso had publicly worn her colour and her favours, and had openly avowed that she was his betrothed mistress, there was but one line of conduct to adopt by which the ignominy could be removed from the ancient and ennobled blood of the Almagros—this was *Revenge!*

"Well spoken!" vociferated Almagro: "but with this distinction: "for the honour of our house, but not because he has deceived you, will I draw the bloody sword! In public combat would I gloriously fall rather than ignobly live!"

—"Away with the motive!" exclaimed the malignant tongue of Sofronia: "Make Bellarmine a widow, and Sofronia will be greater than an empress." They then separated, and Almagro went to exercise himself in warlike amusements.

At Madrid, when it was known to Sorano that his son-in-law was the knight who had rescued him from the fury of the guards at the last tournament, he became still more attached to him. After a stay of several happy weeks at Madrid, Sorano resigned his business, and departed with Duke Alphonso and the lovely Duchess for his castle at Alladolid.

On that day which proclaimed the joyful entry of Duke Alphonso into his paternal castle, did Almagro arrive at the camp of the King of Spain; where, as it was the duty of the order, he challenged Alphonso as a false knight, and the perjurer of his word to a lady of high descent, beauty, and accomplishment. The king ordered the Duke to answer this charge on a certain day: indeed Alphonso had expected this issue of the business, and was determined to abide by its consequences if his plea in replication were not admitted. This stated that "not he but Count Almagro had laid his hand on that of Sofronia, and that he had agreed to accept the maid when he was heated with wine: hence the promise he had made, never having been since renewed, was not obtained fairly, and therefore could not in justice be binding." This plea, however, in some measure true, was not admitted, and the decision was now to be placed in the hands of God at a bloody tournament! This pleased Sofronia, and distressed Alphonso; not indeed from his personal fears, but that his sword must be raised against Count Almagro, his friend and former preserver in many battles. He felt too yet more deeply for his dear Bellarmine, for whose sake he requested the king would appoint the combat for the next day, that he might himself be the first to bear to his consort the news of his safety and of his victory.

Privately did Alphonso depart, with many a tender but unsuspecting embrace from Bellarmine of her husband's portentous absence. He arrived with Ricardos at the camp, which was arranged for a decision of this nature. In the centre was the King's throne, and below it the chief judge of the combat. An upright lance stood before him, on which was suspended a sword, a shield, and a branch of wil-



low. Other seats were placed around for the civil and military officers, and on two coffins, clothed in black, sat two priests, as confessors, if either of the duellists were mortally wounded. The whole place was surrounded by a chevaux-de-frize.

Almagro and Alphonso having returned from mass, now entered the lists completely armed. The judge having proclaimed that the victor should have a safe conduct home, and the vanquished be honourably buried, the herald next proceeded to declare that the combatants were entitled to appeal to the Bloody Tribunal, being both born true knights, bearing armorial honours, and never having disgraced their order. The lists were then declared opened, and the herald demanded of Alphonso, Duke of Tenedos, the motive of his appearance there in arms. The latter having boldly declared that he was falsely accused of breaking his faith to the Lady Sofronia, and pledged his honour and life to God for the truth of his assertion; the herald turned to Count Almagro, who laid his charge against Duke Alphonso, and concluded, by throwing himself upon God for the success of his cause. The herald then, according to the custom of those superstitious days, severally called upon the knights, by their styles and titles, to lay their forefingers upon the cross of his sword, and swear thrice that they had not made use of any enchantments, amulets, or magical spells. This being complied with, the pages of the two knights delivered their swords to them, and they placed themselves in hostile readiness. The herald now, for the last time, commanded silence; while the supreme judge ordered one of the superintendants to strike thrice with the willow wand on the shield and helmet as the signal for the combat to begin. He then in an audible voice recommended the righteous to the protection of the Almighty, and the eager multitude, pressing close round the outer railing, re-echoed the same sentiment.

The first blow given, after various dextrous movements, was from the sword of Alphonso: he struck over the shield of his antagonist, down the right arm, and severed the piece that protected his neck. The force of the blow made the Count recoil; but he suddenly aimed a decisive blow on the head of Alphonso, which the latter received on his shield, and repaid by making a side-spring, in which he drove his sword under the left arm-pit so deep into the shoulder, that the blood ran in torrents down Almagro's armour. "Hold!"

cried the Duke, "enough of blood is spilt!"—The people shouted; but Sofronia, who was seated incognito on a private seat, filled the air with her shrieks and lamentations. Almagro was enraged at the applause of the multitude, and, regardless of danger, made a feint, which his antagonist guarded on his right side, and before he could shift his shield, Almagro planted such a mighty blow on the breast-plate of the Duke, that it was severed, his sword entered the flesh, and the blood dyed his armour.—The anguish of the wound, and the shouts of Sofronia cancelled all farther pity in the soul of Alphonso; he parried a second blow, and driving his shield-arm full against the body of his enemy, the latter staggered, and before he could recover himself, the sword of death had cut through the neck piece, and the head of the Count lay upon his shoulder, as if severed by the executioner.—He fell, the multitude shouted, for they were plebeians, and loved Alphonso: the wretched Sofronia sprang to her father, and in a wild phrenzy tore him from the embrace of Alphonso, who in vain called upon him to pronounce the word *pardon*, as his lips closed for ever!

The pages placed the corpse on the bier, and the beautiful form of Sophronia, motionless and insensible, was laid beside that of her parent, and while this mournful spectacle proceeded to the inn, the judge pronounced the noble knight Alphonso innocent by the laws of arms and the decision of heaven!—The multitude joined in loud plaudits, and all were happy but he who had gained the victory!—He cursed the bloody tournament, himself, and the world, and rushed from the camp with his faithful Ricardos; who, after his master's wound had been dressed, persuaded him to return to his castle at Alladolid.

Report, with all its variations, had travelled faster than Alphonso. It was stated that the Duke had killed his enemy; that *he* in turn had been assassinated by the bravos of Sofronia in his way home; and that she was also in full march with her vassals to attack the castle, and put every one to the sword. Serano disclosed this incautiously to Bellarmine, who was about to rush wildly from the castle, to ascertain the truth of her lord's fate, when a slow and solemn cavalcade was seen approaching over the distant hills.—All wept, thinking it was the body of their master approaching, till the loud barking, running, and gay appearance of the hound Fidelio, Alphonso's constant and affectionate compa-

nion, pronounced that nothing fatal could have happened to his master. Shortly after Alphonso entered the gates in a carriage, supported by Ricardos, and Bellarmine fainted with joy as her husband opened the door of her chamber.

Alphonso now related the proceedings at the bloody combat, the death of Almagro, and that the decision of heaven had repelled the contract with Sofronia, and declared Bellarmine to be his. Serano smote his breast, and rose in haste.—“The laws of knighthood,” said he, “may acquit you,—may call this honour!—The laws of humanity call it murder!—Alas! my daughter is the wife of one who has destroyed his fellow-creature in cold blood for a trifling mistake. Adieu!—this castle shall not contain me!—the ghost of Almagro shall not flit before my eyes! No;—Serano will return to his forge, and be a warning to all fathers not to marry their daughters to knights and cut-throats!” He then departed on horseback, nor could all the tears and intreaties of his daughter move him to reside under the same roof with Alphonso.

Alphonso's wound soon amended, but not all the blandishments of his affectionate wife, nor the gaieties which she introduced at the castle, could prevent the conscience of her husband from being at times sensibly affected by the death of Almagro; and he considered it as the punishment of his perfidy and murder of his friend, when his fond expectation of being a father was destroyed by the event of his wife being delivered of a lifeless son.—To be childless wounded him deeply: he had no offspring to ennoble, to perpetrate his name, or close his eyes in dying: he was careless about life, for he thought the curse of God followed him. He neglected home for the savage amusement of the chase, in which sport, his faithful dog became dearer to him than ever. He still loved his wife, but her presence always brought more painful recollection than pleasure.

In the mean time, Sofronia lived like a nun in her late father's castle, brooding over revenge, and seldom quitting it. Guzman had been prohibited from entering Alladolid castle, for Alphonso suspected him of carrying what passed in it to Sofronia; but nevertheless Alphonso promised to settle on him a pension. As the mind of Alphonso took a more ferocious turn, he gave frequent tournaments, and it was in one of these that his former wound was re-opened by a strange knight, who tilted so full against the Duke, that he was nearly unhorsed, and much hurt. He now observed

that the crest of the stranger was the same as Almagro's; and he eagerly exclaimed, "Speak, who are you?"—"Count Almagro, of Andalusia!" was the reply, and in a moment after, the horsemen had galloped from the course, taking the road that led to Sofronia's castle.—Alphonso was astonished, uncertain if it were not the ghost of Almagro. He mentioned this opinion to his wife with a degree of confidence, and it obtruded itself into his sleep.—She complained to him, that in his last night's slumber, he had violently grasped her in his powerful arm, and vociferated, "Almagro, thou mayest haunt, but cannot hurt me!"—She told him this, but it only served to cherish the sentiment in him, that *blood would have blood!*—In vain did Bellarmine reason upon the necessity of, and the honour he had displayed in, the fatal combat, and remonstrate that no spirit ever actually could contend with him in ponderous armour.—The vision of the bloody combat constantly returned at night, and Almagro never ceased to rise again after the fatal blow, and renew the fight, while Sofronia tore the air with shrieks for revenge!

About this period, arrived Bellarmine's brother, Fernando, to take leave of his brother-in-law and sister. To raise himself to fame, he preached violently in-favour of the crusades, and having enlisted under the banner of the pope, several thousands zealots in the cause of rescuing Jerusalem from the infidels, he was appointed their military commander. He earnestly recommended to the Duke, as his conscience seemed burthened, to engage in the holy war, and by this penance wipe away his sin. The project pleased him, and during the preparations for it, his wife was delivered of a second dead child. This added still farther to his indifference to life, and even prevented his journey to Palestine; for, furiously engaging a wild boar in the forest, the animal by a sudden spring tore him from his horse, and had darted his tusks into his throat, when the hound, Fidelio, caught the beast by the snout, and held fast till Ricardos dispatched him. Thus, while Alphonso lay ill of his wound, and tenderly nursed by Bellarmine, the above army of saints marched forward, enduring famine and the sword. No sooner had Alphonso recovered, than he resolved to join them. In the fever which had visited him in his illness, he constantly raved of the duty of fighting in the holy war, as the only means of appeasing the ghost of Almagro; and the same sentiment troubled his repose at night, now he was re



covered. At length, having dispatched his vassals forward, the day of departure arrived; and, filled with a jealous fear of his wife's fidelity, and to put her in constant mind of her conjugal duty, he gave her this remarkable charge. "Beloved," said he, "you know that I esteem this servant, my hound, Fidelio, next to yourself.—Twice has he saved my life, and still shall he be the guardian of my absent rights.—Remember, I shall consider your chastity and his preservation as inseparable. Tremble, if he be not safe when I return. Farewell, and believe it is the spirit of Almagro which tears me from thee, my dear Bellarmine!"—She fainted in the arms of her attendants, and, seizing a kiss from her pale lips, he rode off, followed by Ricardos.

From the day of Almagro's death, Sofronia had maintained a confidential spy in the castle of Alladolid; whence it naturally followed that the singular pledge of Bellarmine's fidelity, in the safe keeping of Fidelio, was directly made known to Sofronia. The spy received an order in return to steal the hound, but he was so much attached to his mistress's person, she so seldom quitted the castle, and he was placed so strictly under the guardianship of two of her most faithful domestics, who constantly fed him, that it was next to impossible to effect his caption. This scheme failing, fortunately for Sofronia's purpose arrived at her castle a young monk, artful and insinuating, who soon perceived, in the confessions of the young lady, that some secret laboured in her breast. Without disclosing the motive, Sofronia informed him that her sole happiness lay in obtaining possession of a dog, once dear to her father, and which was now in the castle of Alladolid; this desire she strengthened, by also offering to accompany it with promotion and reward. The monk accordingly departed under such strong inducements, and took up his residence as a pilgrim in a monastery, near the castle of Alladolid. It was not long before he obtained a footing in the castle, for Bellarmine felt pity for the piety of one who seemed zealous in promoting the holy war, and who prayed at every turn for the safe return of those on their way to support it. The monk saw Fidelio, heard the history of him, and very soon penetrated the weak sides of Martin and Silva, his two keepers. They were equally timid and convinced of the existence of omens, ghosts, and supernatural appearances,—a sufficient ground for the crafty priest to work upon. Martin one evening beheld a light appear and disappear, as he stood at his cham-

ber window, at the base of a ruined watch tower, that lay at a short distance from the castle. He mentioned it to Silva, and to their astonishment they observed this phenomenon during two nights, and on the three following it changed to a pale blue flame. This augured, they agreed, no common circumstance, and they flew to the monk to ask his solution of the appearance. He hesitated not to say that some hidden treasure was probably buried there, but he supposed it was probably guarded by some evil spirit; he would, nevertheless, repair to the hermit in the forest, to ask his advice—as there could not be a doubt, as they had been favoured so successively with the view of the lights, that it must be meant for them. He took advantage of this supposed visit to the hermit to go to Sofronia, whom he instructed to send some servants about midnight, two days after, to the base of the ruined tower, to lie in wait for and secure Fidelio. He then returned to the castle of Alladolid, and informed the inquisitive Silva and Martin that the hermit had spoken in enigmatical terms of the living creature which was to explore the treasure, but he concluded from the fidelity, temperance, and the double guardianship he was placed under, that it would apply to no animal so well as Fidelio. The two domestics were easily persuaded. They repaired at midnight by a secret subterranean passage to the base of the ruined tower, leading Fidelio by a strong cord that had been thrice dipped in holy water. Alas! this precaution did not avail. They were seized by the emissaries of Sofronia, bound, and gagged. In this manner Fidelio readily followed them to the castle of Andalusia, where they were thrown into a dungeon, and left to perish. The hound was caressed as the dearest friend of Sofronia, and the monk received an ample reward. Fidelio's disappearance dismayed all the inhabitants at Alladolid, and particularly Bellarmine, who conceived that the preservation of this favourite hound was inseparably connected with the possession of her lord's love. The first step she took to effect his recovery, was to erect a tent where several cross roads met, and placing the exact picture of the dog over its entrance, she left an address there, to intreat that every knight would seek for Fidelio, and kindly bring him to the castle of Alladolid. The news of this transaction soon reached the ears of Sofronia, whose vengeful mind immediately resolved to take advantage of the circumstance to perfect her revenge, as she had learned that Alphonso

lay not many leagues distant, detained by a severe fall from his horse.

To interest the passing knights more powerfully to aid in the search of Fidelio, the lovely Bellarmine went herself to the tent. On the first day no one came; but, on the second, arrived a young knight in silver armour, and crested with a heart pierced by a dagger, with the motto, "Dying, not dead."—He stopped, and the interest he seemed to take in the picture, induced Bellarmine to invite the knight to hear her story:—she related the motives which pressed her to take this step, described Fidelio exactly, and mentioned her suspicion that the animal was somewhere detained in confinement.—The knight started, and said it appeared highly probable. Bellarmine invoked him either by his love for his mistress or his wife, to think on her tears, and her husband's peace. The knight then faithfully promised, and Bellarmine tied a rich scarf round his arm as a token of remembrance, when the noble youth, with a sweet salute, rode on.—Other knights also came during the three days Bellarmine remained in the tent, to each of whom she gave some present, to render them mindful of her earnest solicitation.

Sofronia's information respecting the hurt of Alphonso was correct. He thought himself well enough on the fourth day to pursue his journey, but on the previous evening arrived two knights, who put up at the same inn.—One was the knight of the bleeding heart; the other bore a griffin on his shield. Duke Alphonso and Ricardos, when the strangers were disarmed, thought they somewhere recollected the manly scarred features of the bleeding-heart cavalier; but yet their memory was imperfect. The Griffin-knight appeared more lively than the other, though he was aged; and, in the course of a general conversation with Alphonso, he severely lashed the inconstancy of the fair sex. The Duke listened, and, upon questioning him if he spoke from his own experience, the Griffin-knight proceeded by way of illustration to give him the following history of himself: "Though fifty years old, I lately was weak enough to be married. I was recommended to a young lady, of whose mild and dove-like virtues every one spoke with delight. In two years time, I found that all is not gold which glitters; and, resolved to consult an old hermit, who possessed a great knowledge of mysterious influences, upon my wife's fidelity, I repaired to him. He gave me a root to

steep in her sleeping draught at night, and if I were what I dreaded to be, I was to be changed to a cuckoo. When I came back, she asked me the reason of my journey with such tenderness, that she drew the secret from me. At first she reproached me; but soon, to shew me her character was pure, she herself inserted the root, and drank it off. Early in the morning, my faithful spouse rose before me, and in a few hours returned to awaken me, when a large cuckoo, as she opened the curtains, fluttered against her. This was foretold by the hermit, and is, no doubt, a sufficient proof of her incontinence." The knight of the bleeding-heart observed that this was not a complete certainty of her crime, and that he thought the Spanish women were patterns of conjugal fidelity; "an instance of which," continued he, "we met with on the road, in a lady of great beauty, who engaged me by a valuable present taken from her person, to look every where for a dog, named Fidelio, whom her husband esteemed above all things, and considered as the pledge of his wife's fidelity." Alphonso here eagerly interrupted the knight, to demand the particular marks of the dog, as well as the name of the lady, which were no sooner related, than he exclaimed violently, "Yes, it must be she!"—The Bleeding-heart knight now observed that he seemed to take a particular interest in the Duchess of Tenedos, which drew from Alphonso a false confession, that she was his brother's wife, who had left this dog with her during his journey to Palestine, considering its safety as the pledge of his wife's fidelity. The Griffin-knight observed that she had told the same story so them, but with an arch smile on her countenance, that made him suspect her sincerity. Alphonso remarked that she might indeed be faithless, but no advantage could follow her losing the dog. "None," replied the Bleeding knight, "but the opportunity of fixing a tent on the roads, to solace her loss with the sight of those valiant knights, to whom she could tell the pretty tale;—perhaps Fidelio was lost to get rid of her guards in the castle, or to enable her to range about the country, sheltered under this excuse; but, after all, may not the dog have been stolen from her?—Yet, even in this case, it was neglectful of her to lose that which was so much prized, since the animal and her honour were to be inseparable. As a proof that she wished to save appearances, and recover Fidelio, she presented me with this purple scarf, and bound it round my arm!"



Alphonso turned pale as he handled the scarf, and inwardly said, "'Tis the same I gave her last birth-day!—Perfidious woman, it is now the property of a lover, whom accident has thrown in her way!" In an embarrassed manner, Alphonso now took leave of the two knights, promising to see them in the morning. No sooner was he gone, than Sofronia, who was actually disguised as the knight of the Bleeding-heart, and the Griffin-knight, who acted under her direction, agreed that, now Alphonso's jealousy was excited, nothing could better promote it, than to shew him the dog, and talk of the happiness which Bellarmine was to grant the knight upon his producing the animal. Foreseeing the consequence, they retired well pleased to rest, and hailing the gratification of a complete revenge upon Bellarmine and her husband.

The repose of the Duke was disturbed through the night; he thought he saw the bleeding forms of Count Almagro and Bellarmine stand before him: the ghost of Almagro called out that she was guilty, but yet over her head floated a banner of the whitest silk, bearing the words, "Bellarmine is innocent!"—While the Duke was thus agitated, the servants of Sofronia lay at another inn, having Fidelio under their particular charge, and before the dawn of the following morning, they conducted him to their mistress, without Ricardos having a suspicion of what had been done. Early after breakfast the next day, Sofronia requested the attendance of the Duke of Tenedos, as she had many important communications to make to him.

Alphonso obeyed the summons, and after he had seated himself, Sofronia said, "Valiant knight, you behold in me a favourite son of fortune:—I before informed you that the matchless Bellarmine had promised me a reward of the most tender kind, if I could re-place her lord's favourite hound in her possession.—Chance has this morning given me a title to her smiles, for Fidelio has been found by one of my servants."

Scarcely had she done speaking, when the Griffin-knight led in the dog, who no sooner beheld the Duke, than he uttered a cry of joy, and rushed affectionately upon his master. The emotions of Alphonso were visible in his countenance, as he exclaimed, "What, did she indeed promise you her favours!"—"Most certainly she did!" replied Sofronia, the knight of the Bleeding heart. "Behold!" vociferated the Duke, "I can no longer conceal my identity!

—I am Alphonso, Duke of Tenedos, the husband of Bellarmine; and, if you are an honourable knight, you will permit me the use of your armour, your horse, and military attire." Sofronia politely consented, and ordering her armour to be brought in, the Duke was soon arrayed in it, and in less than an hour the three knights were on their way to Alladolid, the residence of Bellarmine. All the way the Duke spoke but little, and regarded no other object than the scarf which decorated his arm. His companions rather fanned than extinguished his agitation, which they continued till the following morning, when the lofty towers of the castle of Alladolid came in view. The convent bell was then ringing, the sound of which penetrated deep into the soul of Alphonso, who thought it tolled the knell of death to his perfidious wife.

When they came to the last turn, before approaching the castle, Sofronia's page was sent to the Duchess to say, that the knight of the Bleeding heart was at the pavilion, and had brought joyful news of Fidelio. Bellarmine returned an immediate answer that she would meet the knight there, and, directly after the draw-bridge was let down, with a small retinue she passed over the moat. In the mean time, Sofronia, the Griffin-knight, and Ricardos, concealed themselves behind a thicket. At the first glance of the well-known armour of the knight of the Bleeding heart, bearing her scarf, and at the caresses of Fidelio, she threw herself upon the neck of Alphonso, exclaiming, "Welcome, welcome! a thousand times welcome to Bellarmine, your eternal debtor!" "Perish a thousand times, thou vile adul-tress!" vociferated the Duke, gnashing his teeth, and rolling his eyes, as he spurned her from his knees, and pinned the pale form of Bellarmine to the earth with his sharp-pointed falchion!

The servants rushed upon him, but he appalled them by throwing up his beaver, and exclaiming "Away! It is I!—Alphonso has only punished the guilty!"

Sofronia, seeing her revenge so far complete, now rode up, and, having wiped off the paint which had disfigured her countenance, whispered to the Duke, "Look at me, Alphonso!—Look at Sofronia, whom you deserted for a maid of ignoble birth!—Your wife is innocent—and I am avenged!" While the petrified Alphonso stood mute with conflicting passions, Sofronia suddenly spurred her horse, and disappeared from the sanguinary scene with the Griffin-

knight. "Wretch that I am!" exclaimed Alphonso, "I am too late awake to the artifice of Sofronia!"—As he said this, he knelt over the bleeding body, and drew the weapon from her bosom to plunge it into his own heart. The affectionate Bellarmine, even in the grasp of death, wrested it from his hand, and threw it away; faintly articulating, "I die happy, since you are convinced of my innocence!—Take my blessing and my last embrace, for you are blameless!"—Her head then sank down, and her eyes closed for ever!

The Duke, after surveying his deceased wife with a wild stare, sprang to that side where lay the sword, but which Ricardos conveyed away.—He then dashed his form to the earth, exclaiming, "Base Alphonso!—Innocent Bellarmine!"—Ricardos, now roused from his stupor, caused his master to be seized and bound, that he might not commit suicide, —never quitting his side, except to attend the funeral of the unfortunate Bellarmine. Poor Sorano, when he heard the unhappy exit of his beloved daughter, soon pined away the remnant of his life, and was buried in the same grave with her.—Sofronia became the wife of the Griffin-knight, but her connubial days were unhappy, and her husband's jealousy was the torment of her life. The unhappy Duke lived one year after the murder of his wife in a state of insanity, and died on the same day she perished.—During the last three days indeed his reason returned, in which time he divided his estates between the abbot of the monastery in which his wife was buried, and his faithful Ricardos; he desired to be placed by her side, and that Fidelio, when dead, should lie at his feet, with a monumental inscription over them, relating their unfortunate story. These requests were carried into execution by Ricardos, as with the death of Duke Alphonso his name had become extinct. Such was the end of this heroic duke, whose excess of passion led him into the very height of crime, and which cannot be better expressed than in his dying words, "O Almagro, thy blood has demanded blood!—O Alphonso, thy fatal jealousy has murdered thy wife and thyself!—They sleep in peace,—may heaven let me share in their eternal rest!"

F I N I S.