

father could divert him, even for a moment, from the gloomy subject of his thoughts. The proofs of affection everywhere lavished upon him sometimes drew a faint smile to his lips; but alas! it was soon replaced by tears, and the hapless youth relapsed into that silent lethargy which generally succeeds the violent paroxysms of grief.

All day long he kept wandering around the house, like a perturbed spirit vainly seeking rest; and often in the dead of night, deep groans were heard to proceed from his apartment.

Don Fernando watched incessantly over the progress of his son's disease. The features of the youth gradually changed, and the faculties of his mind began to fail perceptibly. Nothing could any longer break in on the dull monotony of his thoughts; sometimes, when the evening shades were falling, he would glide like a phantom amongst the garden trees, in search of perfect solitude and a free indulgence of his grief.

This had been going on some time, when one day the Count de Monte-Calvo asked his son to assist with him at the requiem service about to be performed for the repose of the soul of Don Alonzo d'Aguilar.

As we have elsewhere said, this illustrious chief had been buried on the Sierra Bermeja, by order of El Feri. After the pacification of the kingdom, the Moors, who alone knew the place of his sepulture, made it known to the ministers of Isabella, who had the body immediately exhumed and conveyed to Granada, thence to Cordova, to be placed in the tomb of his ancestors.

When the funeral train entered the city of Granada, when the Christians beheld the coffin which contained the remains of