

ing skilled in astrol-  
possessing the mar-  
o this expounder of  
r any secret treason

on, and overwhelm-  
ms of the emir, then  
commune with those  
his wisdom. At an  
cell. It was filled  
l circles and various  
and the astrologer  
vered with cabalistic  
gloomy and sinister  
rful portents in the  
nd mystic visions.

! treason is around  
. Beware of Count

all all die! Parents

Julian to attend him  
plunged in affliction  
e count excused him-  
eying the commands  
his adherents. His  
aving sent his family  
rued by the jealous  
e no longer doubted  
ections, and that he  
an attempt, by force  
on. In his fury he  
ws of Bishop Oppas  
cting them of taking  
ate their treachery to  
alate.

o seize upon Count  
hat the count had  
ers, with whom he  
o, among the moun-  
disappointed of his  
the straits to Ceuta,  
and her son.

s part of our legend,

presents a gloomy picture of the countess in the stern fortress to which she had fled for refuge; a picture heightened by supernatural horrors. These latter, the sagacious reader will admit or reject according to the measure of his faith and judgment; always remembering that in dark and eventful times, like those in question, involving the destinies of nations, the downfall of kingdoms, and the crimes of rulers and mighty men, the hand of fate is sometimes strangely visible, and confounds the wisdom of the worldly wise, by intimations and portents above the ordinary course of things. With this proviso, we make no scruple to follow the venerable chronicler in his narration.

Now so it happened, that the Countess Frandina was seated late at night in her chamber in the citadel of Ceuta, which stands on a lofty rock, overlooking the sea. She was revolving in gloomy thought the late disasters of her family, when she heard a mournful noise like that of the sea breeze moaning about the castle walls. Raising her eyes, she beheld her brother, the Bishop Oppas, at the entrance of the chamber. She advanced to embrace him, but he forbade her with a motion of his hand, and she observed that he was ghastly pale, and that his eyes glared as with lambent flames.

"Touch me not, sister," said he, with a mournful voice, "lest thou be consumed by the fire which rages within me. Guard well thy son, for blood-hounds are upon his track. His innocence might have secured him the protection of Heaven, but our crimes have involved him in our common ruin." He ceased to speak and was no longer to be seen. His coming and going were alike without noise, and the door of the chamber remained fast bolted.

On the following morning a messenger arrived with tidings that the Bishop Oppas had been made prisoner in battle by the insurgent Christians of the Asturias, and had died in fetters in a tower of the mountains. The same messenger brought word that the Emir Alahor had put to death several of the friends of Count Julian; had obliged him to fly for his life to a castle in Aragon, and was embarking with a formidable force for Ceuta.

The Countess Frandina, as has already been shown, was of courageous heart, and danger made her desperate. There were fifty Moorish soldiers in the garrison; she feared that they would prove treacherous, and take part with their countrymen. Summoning her officers, therefore, she informed them of their danger, and commanded them to put those Moors to death. The guards sallied forth to obey her orders. Thirty-