



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

families. My office is to promote peace, to heal divisions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their headstrong passions. I forgive your highness's uncharitable apostrophe: I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier prince than Manfred. Harken to him who speaks through my organs. Manfred trembled with rage and shame. Hippolita's countenance declared her astonishment and impatience to know where this would end: her silence more strongly spoke her observance of Manfred.

The Lady Isabella, resumed Jerome, commends herself to both your highnesses; she thanks both for the kindness with which she has been treated in your castle: she deplores the loss of your son, and her own misfortunes in not becoming the daughter of such wise and noble princes, whom she shall always respect as parents; she prays for uninterrupted union and felicity between you: (Manfred's colour changed) but as it is no longer possible for her to be allied to you, she entreats your consent to remain in sanctuary, till she can learn news of her father, or, by the certainty of his death, be at liberty, with the approbation of her guardians, to dispose of herself in suitable marriage.—I shall give no such consent, said the prince, but insist on her return to the castle without delay: I am answerable for her person to her guardians, and will not brook her being in any hands but my own. Your highness

office to be no respecter of persons: you must speak as your duty prescribes: but it is my duty to hear nothing that it pleases not my lord I should hear. Attend the prince to his chamber. I will retire to my oratory, and pray to the blessed virgin to inspire you with her holy counsels, and to restore the heart of my gracious lord to its wonted peace and gentleness. Excellent woman! said the friar—My lord, I attend your pleasure.

Manfred, accompanied by the friar, passed to his own apartment, where shutting the door, I perceive, father, said he, that Isabella has acquainted you with my purpose. Now hear my resolve, and obey. Reasons of state, most urgent reasons, my own and the safety of my people demand that I should have a son. It is in vain to expect an heir from Hippolita. I have made choice of Isabella. You must bring her back: and you must do more. I know the influence you have with Hippolita: her conscience is in your hands. She is, I allow, a faultless woman: her soul is set on heaven, and scorns the little grandeur of this world: you can withdraw her from it entirely. Persuade her to consent to the dissolution of our marriage, and to retire into a monastery: she shall endow one if she will; and she shall have the means of being as liberal to your order, as she or you can wish. Thus you will divert the calamities that are hanging over our heads, and have the merit of saving the principality of Otranto from destruction. You are

E

a prudent man, and though the warmth of my temper betrayed me into some unbecoming expressions, I honour your virtue, and wish to be indebted to you for the repose of my life and the preservation of my family.

The will of heaven be done! said the friar. I am but its worthless instrument. It makes use of my tongue to tell thee, prince, of thy unwarrantable designs. The injuries of the virtuous Hippolita have mounted to the throne of pity. By me thou art reprimanded for thy adulterous intention of repudiating her: by me thou art warned not to pursue the incestuous design on thy contracted daughter. Heaven, that delivered her from thy fury, when the judgments so recently fallen on thy house ought to have inspired thee with other thoughts, will continue to watch over her. Even I, a poor and despised friar, am able to protect her from thy violence—I, sinner as I am, and uncharitably reviled by your highness as an accomplice of I know not what amours, scorn the allurements with which it has pleased thee to attempt mine honesty. I love my order; I honour devout souls: I respect the piety of thy princess—but I will not betray the confidence she reposes in me, nor serve even the cause of religion by foul and sinful compliances—but, forsooth! the welfare of the state depends on your highness having a son! Heaven mocks the shortsighted views of man. But yester morn, whose house was so great, so flourishing as Man-



fred's? where is young Conrad now! My lord, I respect your tears—but I mean not to check them—let them flow, prince! they will weigh more with heaven, toward the welfare of thy subjects, than a marriage, which, founded on lust or policy, could never prosper. The sceptre, which passed from the race of Alfonso to thine, cannot be preserved by a match which the church will never allow. If it is the will of the Most High that Manfred's name must perish, resign yourself, my lord, to its decrees; and thus deserve a crown that can never pass away. Come, my lord, I like this sorrow—let us return to the princess: she is not apprised of your cruel intentions: nor did I mean more than to alarm you. You saw with what gentle patience, with what efforts of love, she heard, she rejected hearing the extent of your guilt. I know she longs to fold you in her arms, and assure you of her unalterable affection.

Father, said the prince, you mistake my compunction: true, I honour Hippolita's virtues; I think her a saint; and wish it were for my soul's health, to tie faster the knot that has united us—but, alas! father, you know not the bitterest of my pangs! it is some time that I have had scruples on the legality of our union: Hippolita is related to me in the fourth degree—it is true, we had a dispensation: but I have been informed that she had also been contracted to another. This it is that sits heavy at my heart: to this state of unlawful wedlock, I impute the visitation that has fa-

ples, by setting you at liberty, and indulging you the lawful means of continuing your lineage. In the latter case, if the lady Isabella can be brought to consent — Manfred, who concluded that he had either overreached the good man, or that his first warmth had been but a tribute paid to appearance, was overjoyed at his sudden turn, and repeated the most magnificent promises, if he should succeed by the friar's mediation. The well meaning priest suffered him to deceive himself, fully determined to traverse his views, instead of seconding them.

Since we now understand one another, resumed the prince, I expect, father, that you satisfy me in one point. Who is the youth that I found in the vault? He must have been privy to Isabella's flight: tell me truly: is he her lover? or is he an agent for another's passion? I have often suspected Isabella's indifference to my son: a thousand circumstances crowd on my mind, that confirm that suspicion. She herself was so conscious of it that, while I discoursed her in the gallery, she outran my suspicions, and endeavoured to justify herself from coolness to Conrad. The friar, who knew nothing of the youth, but what he had learned occasionally from the princess, ignorant what was become of him, and not sufficiently reflecting on the impetuosity of Manfred's temper, conceived that it might not be amiss to sow the seeds of jealousy in his mind: they might be turned to some use hereafter, either by pre-

judicing the prince against Isabella, if he persisted in that union; or by diverting his attention to a wrong scent, and employing his thoughts on a visionary intrigue, prevent his engaging in any new pursuit. With this unhappy policy, he answered in a manner to confirm Manfred in the belief of some connection between Isabella and the youth. The prince, whose passions wanted little fuel to throw them into a blaze, fell into a rage at the idea of what the friar suggested. I will fathom to the bottom of this intrigue, cried he, and quitting Jerome abruptly, with a command to remain there till his return, he hastened to the great hall of the castle, and ordered the peasant to be brought before him.

Thou hardened young impostor, said the prince, as soon as he saw the youth; what becomes of thy boasted veracity now? It was Providence, was it, and the light of the moon, that discovered the lock of the trap-door to thee! Tell me, audacious boy, who thou art, and how long thou hast been acquainted with the princess—and take care to answer with less equivocation than thou didst last night, or tortures shall wring the truth from thee. The young man, perceiving that his share in the flight of the princess was discovered, and concluding that any thing he should say could no longer be of service or detriment to her, replied, I am no impostor, my lord, nor have I deserved opprobrious language. I answered to every question your highness put to me last night, with the same veraci-

ver  
to me "

co  
ACT

ty that I shall speak now: and that will not be from fear of your tortures, but because my soul abhors a falsehood. Please to repeat your questions, my lord; I am ready to give you all the satisfaction in my power. You know my questions, replied the prince, and only want time to prepare an evasion. Speak directly: who art thou? and how long hast thou been known to the princess? I am a labourer at the next village, said the peasant; my name is Theodore. The princess found me in the vault last night: before that hour I never was in her presence. I may believe as much or as little as I please of this, said Manfred, but I will hear thy own story, before I examine into the truth of it. Tell me what reason did the princess give thee for making her escape? thy life depends on thy answer. She told me, replied Theodore, that she was on the brink of destruction, and that, if she could not escape from the castle, she was in danger, in a few moments, of being made miserable for ever. And on this slight foundation, on a silly girl's report, said Manfred, thou didst hazard my displeasure? I fear no man's displeasure, said Theodore, when a woman in distress puts herself under my protection. During this examination, Matilda was going to the apartment of Hippolita. At the upper end of the hall, where Manfred sat, was a boarded gallery, with latticed windows, through which Matilda and Bianca were to pass. Hearing her father's voice, and seeing the servants assem-



he. Bear him away into the court yard, said Manfred; I will see his head this instant severed from his body. Matilda fainted at hearing these words. Bianca shrieked, and cried, Help! help! the princess is dead! Manfred started at this ejaculation, and demanded what was the matter! the young peasant, who heard it too, was struck with horror, and asked eagerly the same question; but Manfred ordered him to be hurried into the court, and kept there for execution, till he had informed himself of Bianca's shrieks. When he learned the meaning, he treated it as a womanish panic, and ordering Matilda to be carried to her apartment, he rushed into the court, and calling for one of his guards, bade Theodore kneel down, and prepare to receive the fatal blow.

The undaunted youth received the bitter sentence with a resignation that touched every heart but Manfred's. He wished earnestly to know the meaning of the words he had heard relating to the princess; but fearing to exasperate the tyrant more against her, he desisted. The only boon he deigned to ask, was, that he might be permitted to have a confessor, and make his peace with heaven. Manfred, who hoped, by the confessor's means, to come at the youth's history, readily granted his request; and being convinced that father Jerome was now in his interest, he ordered him to be called, and shrieve the prisoner. The holy man, who had little foreseen the catastrophe that his impru-



against him—his blood be upon thy head!  
—It will! it will! said the good man, in an agony of sorrow. Thou and I must never hope to go where this blessed youth is going!—Despatch! said Manfred: I am no more to be moved by the whining of priests than by the shrieks of women.—What! said the youth, is it possible that my fate could have occasioned what I heard! is the princess again in thy power?—Thou dost but remember me of my wrath, said Manfred: prepare thee, for this moment is thy last. The youth, who felt his indignation rise, and who was touched with the sorrow which he saw he had infused into all the spectators, as well as into the friar, suppressed his emotions, and putting off his doublet, and unbuttoning his collar, knelt down to his prayers. As he stooped, his shirt slipped down below his shoulder, and discovered the mark of a bloody arrow. Gracious heaven! cried the holy man, starting, what do I see! It is my child! my Theodore!

The passions that ensued must be conceived; they cannot be painted. The tears of the assistants were suspended by wonder rather than stopped by joy. They seemed to inquire in the eyes of their lord what they ought to feel. Surprise, doubt, tenderness, respect succeeded each other in the countenance of the youth. He received, with modest submission, the effusion of the old man's tears and embraces; yet afraid of giving a loose to hope, and suspecting from what passed, the inflexi-

bility of Manfred's temper, he cast a glance towards the prince, as if to say, canst thou be unmoved at such a scene as this?

Manfred's heart was capable of being touched. He forgot his anger in his astonishment; yet his pride forbade his owning himself affected. He even doubted whether this discovery was not a contrivance of the friar to save the youth. What may this mean? said he: how can he be thy son? Is it consistent with thy profession or reputed sanctity to avow a peasant's offspring for the fruit of thy irregular amours!—Oh God, said the holy man, dost thou question his being mine? could I feel the anguish I do, if I were not his father? Spare him! good prince, spare him! and revile me as thou pleasest.—Spare him! spare him! cried the attendants, for this good man's sake!—Peace! said Manfred, sternly; I must know more, ere I am disposed to pardon.—A saint's bastard may be no saint himself.—Injurious lord! said Theodore, add not insult to cruelty. If I am this venerable man's son, though no prince, as thou art, know, the blood that flows in my veins—Yes, said the friar, interrupting him, his blood is noble; nor is he that abject thing, my lord, you speak him. He is my lawful son; and Sicily can boast of few houses more ancient than that of Falconara—but alas! my lord, what is blood! what is nobility! We are all reptiles, miserable sinful creatures. It is piety alone that can distinguish us from the dust whence we

ing

ing  
 ing  
 ing



sprung, and whither we must return.—  
Truce to your sermon, said Manfred ; you forget you are no longer friar Jerome, but the Count of Falconara. Let me know your history ; you will have time to moralize hereafter, if you should not happen to obtain the grace of that sturdy criminal there.—Mother of God ! said the friar, is it possible my lord can refuse a father the life of his only son, his long-lost child ! Trample me, my lord, scorn, afflict me, accept my life for his, but spare my son !—Thou canst feel, then, said Manfred, what it is to lose an only son ?—a little hour ago thou didst preach up resignation to me : my house, if Fate so pleased, must perish—but the Count of Falconara.—Alas ! my lord, said Jerome, I confess I have offended ; but aggravate not an old man's sufferings ; I boast not of my family, nor think of such vanities—it is nature that pleads for this boy ; it is the memory of the dear woman that bore him—is she, Theodore, is she dead ?—Her soul has long been with the blessed, said Theodore.—Oh ! how cried Jerome, tell me—No—she is happy ! thou art all my care now !—Most dread lord ! will you grant me my poor boy's life.—Return to thy convent, answered Manfred ; conduct the princess hither ; obey me in what else thou knowest ; and I promise thee the life of thy son.—Oh ! my lord, said Jerome, is my honesty the price I must pay for this dear youth's safety ? For me cried Theodore ; let me die a thousand deaths, rather than stain thy conscience.



What is it the tyrant would exact of thee? is the princess still safe from his power? protect her, thou venerable old man: and let all the weight of his wrath fall on me. Jerome endeavoured to check the impetuosity of the youth; and ere Manfred could reply, the trampling of horses was heard, and a brazen trumpet, which hung without the gate of the castle, was suddenly sounded. At the same instant the sable plumes on the enchanted helmet, which still remained at the other end of the court, were tempestuously agitated, and nodded thrice, as if bowed by some invisible wearer.

---

### CHAP. III.

MANFRED'S heart misgave him when he beheld the plumage on the miraculous casque shaken in concert with the sounding of the brazen trumpet. Father! said he to Jerome, whom he now ceased to treat as Count of Falconara, what mean these portents? If I have offended—the plumes were shaken with greater violence than before.—Unhappy prince that I am! cried Manfred—Holy father! will you not assist me with your prayers?—My lord, replied Jerome, heaven is no doubt displeased with your mockery of its servants. Submit yourself to the church: and cease to persecute her ministers. Dismiss this innocent youth; and learn to respect the

holy character I wear : Heaven will not be trifled with : you see—the trumpet sounded again. I acknowledge I have been too hasty ; said Manfred.—Father, do you go to the wicket, and command who is at the gate.—Do you grant me the life of Theodore ? replied the friar.—I do, said Manfred ; but inquire who is without !

Jerome, falling on the neck of his son, discharged a flood of tears, that spoke the fulness of his soul. You promised to go to the gate ; said Manfred.—I thought, replied the friar, your highness would excuse my thanking you first in this tribute of my heart. Go, dearest sir, said Theodore, obey the prince : I do not deserve that you should delay his satisfaction for me.

Jerome, inquiring who was without, was answered, A herald.—From whom ? said he. From the Knight of the Gigantic Sabre, said the herald ; and I must speak with the usurper of Otranto. Jerome returned to the prince, and did not fail to repeat the message in the very words it had been uttered. The first sounds struck Manfred with terror ; but when he heard himself styled usurper, his rage rekindled, and all his courage revived. Usurper !—insolent villain ! cried he, who dares to question my title ? Retire, father : this is no business for monks : I will meet this presumptuous man myself. Go to your convent, and prepare the princess's return : your son shall be a hostage for your fidelity ; his life depends on your obedience. Good

blood to the last rightful Lord Alfonzo the good. If thou dost not instantly comply with these just demands, he defies thee to single combat to the last extremity. And so saying, the herald cast down his warder.

And where is this braggart who sends thee? said Manfred. At the distance of a league, said the herald: he comes to make good his lord's claim against thee, as he is a true knight, and thou an usurper and a ravisher.

Injurious as this challenge was, Manfred reflected that it was not his interest to provoke the Marquis. He knew how well founded the claim of Frederick was; nor was this the first time he had heard of it. Frederick's ancestors had assumed the style of Princes of Otranto, from the death of Alfonzo the good, without issue; but Manfred, his father, and grandfather, had been too powerful for the house of Vicenza to dispossess them. Frederick, a martial and amorous young prince, married a beautiful young lady, of whom he was enamoured, and who had died in childbed of Isabella. Her death affected him so much that he had taken the cross, and gone to the Holy Land, where he was wounded, in an engagement against the infidels, made prisoner, and reported to be dead. When the news reached Manfred's ears, he bribed the guardians of the Lady Isabella to deliver her up to him, as a bride for his son Conrad; by which alliance he had proposed to unite the claims of the two houses. This motive, on Conrad's death, had co-operated

F

to make him so suddenly resolve on espousing her himself, and the same reflection determined him now to endeavour at obtaining the consent of Frederick to this marriage. A like policy inspired him with the thought of inviting Frederick's champion into his castle, lest he should be informed of Isabella's flight, which he strictly enjoined his domestics not to disclose to any of the knight's retinue.

Herald, said Manfred, as soon as he had digested these reflections, return to thy master, and tell him, ere we liquidate our differences by the sword, Manfred would hold some converse with him. Bid him welcome to my castle, where, by my faith, as I am a true knight, he shall have courteous reception, and full security for himself and followers. If we cannot adjust our quarrel by amicable means, I swear he shall depart in safety, and shall have full satisfaction, according to the laws of arms; so help me God and his holy Trinity! The herald made three obeisances, and retired.

During this interview, Jerome's mind was agitated by a thousand contrary passions. He trembled for the life of his son, and his first thought was to persuade Isabella to return to the castle. Yet he was scarce less alarmed at the thought of her union with Manfred. He dreaded Hippolyta's unbounded submission to the will of her lord; and though he did not doubt but he could alarm her piety, not to consent to a divorce, if he could get access to her; yet should Manfred discover that the ob-



struction came from him, it might be equally fatal to Theodore. He was impatient to know whence came the herald, who, with so little management, had questioned the title of Manfred; yet he did not dare absent himself from the convent, lest Isabella should leave it, and her flight be imputed to him. He returned disconsolately to the monastery, uncertain on what conduct to resolve. A monk, who met him in the porch, and observed his melancholy air, said, Alas! brother, is it, then, true, that we have lost our excellent Princess Hippolita? The holy man started, and cried, What meanest thou, brother? I came this instant from the castle, and left her in perfect health.—Martelli, replied the other friar, passed by the convent, but a quarter of an hour ago, on his way from the castle, and reported that her highness was dead. All our brethren are gone to the chapel, to pray for her happy transit to a better life, and willed me to wait thy arrival. They know thy holy attachment to that good lady, and are anxious for the affliction it will cause in thee—indeed, we have all reason to weep: she was a mother to our house.—But this life is but a pilgrimage; we must not murmur; we shall all follow her! may our end be like hers.—Good brother, thou dreamest, said Jerome: I tell thee I come from the castle, and left the princess well. Where is the Lady Isabella?—Poor gentlewoman! replied the friar; I told her the sad news, and offered her spiritual comfort; I reminded her of



Manfred, and, if necessary, join their intercession with his for Theodore.

The prince, in the meantime, had passed into the court, and ordered the gates of the castle to be flung open, for the reception of the stranger knight and his train. In a few minutes the cavalcade arrived. First came two harbingers, with wands; next a herald, followed by two pages and two trumpets; then a hundred foot guards: these were attended by as many horse; after them, fifty footmen, clothed in scarlet and black, the colours of the knight, then a led horse: two heralds on each side of a gentleman, on horseback, bearing a banner, with the arms of Vicenza and Otranto quarterly—a circumstance that much offended Manfred;—but he stifled his resentment. Two more pages: the knight's confessor telling his beads: fifty more footmen, clad as before: two knights habited in complete armour, their beavers down, comrades to the principal knight: the esquires of the two knights, carrying their shields and devices: the knight's own esquire: a hundred gentlemen, bearing an enormous sword, and seeming to faint under the weight of it: the knight himself on a chesnut steed, in complete armour, his lance in the rest, his face entirely concealed by his vizor, which was surmounted by a large plume of scarlet and black feathers: fifty foot guards, with drums and trumpets, closed the procession, which wheeled off to the right and left, to make room for the principal knight.



to disarm, but the knight shook his head in token of refusal. Sir Knight, said Manfred, this is not courteous ; but by my good faith I will not cross thee ; nor shalt thou have cause to complain of the Prince of Otranto. No treachery is designed on my part ; I hope none is intended on thine ; here take my gage : [giving him his ring] your friends and you shall enjoy the laws of hospitality. Rest here, until refreshments are brought : I will but give orders for the accommodation of your train, and return to you. The three knights bowed, as accepting his courtesy. Manfred directed the stranger's retinue to be conducted to an adjacent hospital, founded by the princess Hippolita for the reception of pilgrims. As they made the circuit of the court to return towards the gate, the gigantic sword burst from the supporters, and, falling to the ground opposite to the helmet, remained immoveable. Manfred, almost hardened to preternatural appearances, surmounted the shock of this new prodigy ; and, returning to the hall, where by this time the feast was ready, he invited his silent guests to take their places. Manfred, however ill his heart was at ease, endeavoured to inspire the company with mirth. He put several questions to them, but was answered only by signs. They raised their vizors but sufficiently to feed themselves, and that sparingly. Sirs, said the prince, ye are the first guests I ever treated within these walls who scorned to hold any intercourse with me : nor has it oft been customary, I ween,

gives himself for the nearest of blood to Prince Alfonzo, whose soul God rest! I shall speak to the latter article of your demand first. You must know, your lord knows, that I enjoy the principality of Otranto from my father Don Manuel, as he received it from his father Don Ricardo. Alfonzo their predecessor, dying childless in the Holy Land, bequeathed his estates to my grandfather Don Ricardo, in consideration of his faithful services—the stranger shook his head—Sir Knight, said Manfred, warmly, Ricardo was a valiant and upright man; he was a pious man; witness his munificent foundation of the adjoining church and two convents. He was peculiarly patronized by St. Nicholas—my grandfather was incapable—I say, sir, Don Ricardo was incapable—excuse me, your interruption has disordered me.—I venerate the memory of my grandfather—well! sirs, he held this estate; he held it by his good sword and by the favour of St. Nicholas—so did my father; and so, sirs, will I, come what come will—But Frederick, your lord, is nearest in blood—I have consented to put my title to the issue of the sword—does that imply a vicious title?—I might have asked, where is Frederick your lord? Report speaks him dead in captivity. You say, your actions say, he lives—I question it not—I might, sirs, I might—but I do not. Other princes would bid Frederick take his inheritance by force, if he can: they would not stake their dignity on a single combat: they would not



over! Life itself is so indifferent to me that I accepted your defiance with joy: a good knight cannot go to the grave with more satisfaction than when falling in his vocation: whatever is the will of heaven, I submit; for alas! sirs, I am a man of many sorrows.—Manfred is no object of envy—but, no doubt, you are acquainted with my story. The knight made signs of ignorance, and seemed curious to have Manfred proceed. Is it possible, sirs, continued the prince, that my story should be a secret to you? have you heard nothing relating to me and the Princess Hippolita? They shook their heads.—No! thus then, sirs, it is. You think me ambitious: ambition, alas! is composed of more rugged materials. If I were ambitious, I should not for so many years have been a prey to all the hell of conscientious scruples—But I weary your patience: I will be brief. Know then, that I have long been troubled in mind on my union with the Princess Hippolita.—Oh! sirs, if ye were acquainted with that excellent woman! if ye knew that I adore her like a mistress, and cherish her as a friend—but man was not born for perfect happiness! she shares my scruples, and with her consent I have brought this matter before the church, for we are related within the forbidden degrees. I expect every hour the definitive sentence that must separate us for ever—I am sure you feel for me—I see you do—pardon these tears! The knights gazed on each other, wondering where this would end. Man-

fred continued. The death of my son betiding while my soul was under this anxiety, I thought of nothing but resigning my dominions, and retiring for ever from the sight of mankind. My only difficulty was to fix on a successor, who would be tender of my people, and to dispose of the Lady Isabella, who is dear to me as my own blood. I was willing to restore the line of Alfonza, even in his most distant kindred ; and though, pardon me, I am satisfied it was his will that Ricardo's lineage should take place of his own relations ; yet where was I to search for those relations ? I knew of none but Frederick your lord ; he was a captive to the infidels, or dead ; and were he living, and at home, would he quit the flourishing state of Vicenza, for the inconsiderable principality of Otranto ? If he would not, could I bear the thought of seeing a hard, unfeeling viceroy set over my poor, faithful people ?—for, sirs, I love my people, and, thank heaven, am beloved by them—But ye will ask whither tends this long discourse ? briefly then thus, sirs. Heaven in your arrival seems to point out a remedy for these difficulties and my misfortunes. The Lady Isabella is at liberty ; I shall soon be so—I would submit to any thing for the good of my people—were it not the best, the only way to extinguish the feuds between our families, if I was to take the Lady Isabella to wife ?—you start—but though Hippolita's virtues will ever be dear to me, a prince must not consider himself ; he is born for his people.

rad's death he had placed her in sanctuary, until he could determine how to dispose of her. Jerome, who trembled for his son's life, did not dare contradict this falsehood, but one of his brethren, not under the same anxiety, declared, frankly, that she had fled to their church in the preceding night. The prince in vain endeavoured to stop this discovery, which overwhelmed him with shame and confusion. The principal stranger, amazed at the contradictions he heard, and more than half persuaded that Manfred had secreted the princess, notwithstanding the concern he expressed at her flight, rushing to the door, said Thou traitor prince! Isabella shall be found. Manfred endeavoured to hold him, but the other knights assisting their comrade, he broke from the prince, and hastened into the court, demanding his attendants. Manfred finding it vain to divert him from the pursuit, offered to accompany him, and summoning his attendants, and taking Jerome and some of the friars to guide them, they issued from the castle; Manfred privately giving orders to have the knight's company secured, while to the knight he affected to despatch a messenger to require their assistance.

The company had no sooner quitted the castle, than Matilda, who felt herself deeply interested for the young peasant, since she had seen him condemned to death in the hall, and whose thoughts had been taken up with concerting measures to save him, was informed by some of the female

ha  
en up w  
t, was int

r' was int  
en nb w  
hall' s  
hall,  
en