

**GOMEZ ARIAS; OR, THE  
MOORS OF THE ALPUJARRAS:  
A SPANISH HISTORICAL  
ROMANCE; VOL. III**

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BY

**DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COSÍO.**

IN THREE VOLUMES.

**VOL. III.**

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# GOMEZ ARIAS ;

OR,

## THE MOORS OF THE ALPUJARRAS.

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### CHAPTER I.

Nul ne sut mieux que lui le grand art de séduire ;  
Nul sur ses passions n'eut jamais plus d'empire,  
Et ne sut mieux cacher, sous des dehors trompeurs,  
Des plus vastes demeins les sombres profondeurs.

*Voltaire.*

THE pathetic and heart-rending lamentations of Theodora rung ominous in the ears of Gomez Arias long after he had ceased to hear them ; but as he drew near Granada, and beheld its stately edifices, ambition again dazzled his imagination, and he welcomed the bright images which rose before his view to dispel the gloomy tendency of his present thoughts. The stately turrets of the Alhambra.

enlarging upon his sight, awakened the most flattering ideas in his ardent mind. Proud of the regard with which he was honored by his gracious sovereign, and truly estimating the high connexion he was about to form, he naturally anticipated the most brilliant and honorable career. The last lingering suggestion of remorse, which told him of the cruelty and ingratitude by which he had paved the way to his advancement, now grew less powerful, and conscience, that terrible monitor of the human heart, hushed her enfeebled voice, bribed by the rich prize offered for future silence.

Don Lope secretly applauded the dexterity with which he had extricated himself from all his dilemmas, and rejoiced at having parted with Roque, who now could only be considered as a witness of his crime. By handing him over to the custody of the Moors, he was safely rid of a troublesome servant, whose forwardness in future he must have tolerated as the reward of secrecy. Besides, there was a further probability that the loquacious disposition and impertinent sallies of the valet,



would ultimately draw upon him the ill-humour of some sullen Moor, who, not inclined to relish his jests, might pay with a few inches of a poniard the freedom of his tongue. With regard to Theodora, Don Lope could entertain no fear of her escape, being under the guardianship of one who appeared to be a captive to her charms. Meantime his wedding with Leonor would be celebrated, all his views accomplished, and then if a decree of wayward fate interfered with his flourishing honors, he would already have power to set aside the past, and to make his way clear for the future.

In this pleasing anticipation, Gomez Arias arrived at Granada, and awaited impatiently for the auspicious morning that was to terminate his fears, and crown his fondest desires. Early in the morning, therefore, he flew to the mansion of the Aguilers without changing his dress, and bearing in his appearance all the hurry and derangement of a hasty journey. He found Don Alonso in the apartment of Leonor; but the welcome he received from

the object of his attachment was certainly not given with the warmth of an affianced bride; nor did the countenance of Aguilar betoken any very friendly reception. Don Lope felt this coldness, but he perceived the urgency of sustaining his equality of character, whatever might be the nature of the peril with which he was threatened. Affecting, therefore, not to notice the unsocial cast of their meeting, in a gay and lively tone addressed himself to Leonor—

“My dear Leonor,” he said, “in my impatience to greet you, I may appear guilty of a little indecorum,” looking upon his dress; “but you will, perhaps, on that plea pardon my presenting myself before you in a manner so irregular.”

“Oh, Don Lope,” answered Leonor with a sarcastic smile, “I can forgive you any thing, for my nature has become of late so indulgent, that I find I could pardon offences much graver than a mere breach of manners.”

“Your goodness I never doubted,” replied Gomez Arias; “but methinks you look rather

uneasy; surely you are not indisposed?—the noble Don Alonso too! Nay, has any thing occurred during my short absence to cause your disquietude?”

“Certainly,” returned Leonor coldly, “nothing has happened that *ought* to cause disquietude. But, surely, Don Lope,” she added sarcastically, “your sudden departure, and the summons of our mutual friend Count de Ureña, might have held us in some little anxiety. Moreover, other small circumstances have contributed to cause a transient uneasiness.”

“But you must not,” interposed Don Lope, “suffer yourselves to be discomposed on account of our friend Ureña, for I am happy to say he was considerably better when I left him.”

“Then,” cried Aguilar, “it is as I suspected.”

And rising from his seat with an expression of dark displeasure, without further ceremony he quitted the apartment. Gomez Arias was