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THE  
IRISH GUARDIAN,  
OR,  
*ERRORS OF ECCENTRICITY.*  
VOLUME THE FIRST.

THE  
IRISH GUARDIAN,  
OR,  
ERRORS OF ECCENTRICITY.  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY  
MRS. MACKENZIE.

The dearest friend to me—the kindest man,  
The best conditioned; and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies—and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.  
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

VOL. I.

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1809.

## PREFACE.

AS it is by no means probable that the Author of the following sheets should again resume an occupation, which has formed the amusement (and in some degree the employment) of more than twenty years, she feels herself induced to offer her sincere thanks to a generous public, for their liberal reception of her humble attempts in the literary line; as well as for its forbearance of censure in various points, where candour itself obliges her to confess her many difficiencies. She also owns herself highly indebted to those Reviewers, for whose mild strictures, liberal decisions, and gentle reproofs, she retains a high sense of obligation;—an indulgence the more valuable, from its being awarded to a female, whose confined education, and want of patronage, has often raised difficulties, which an ardent love of writing only could have enabled her, in some measure to conquer: added to which, is the superiority of those contemporaries, whose genius, language, and invention, have left her moderate endeavours quite in the shade; yet, the consideration that if they were not brilliant, they were at least harmless, (and at the worst, they were only what a lambent moon-beam is to the brilliant sun) encouraged her to pursue a path in which *she* had found some pleasure, and her innocent readers no danger.

At the same time, she is well aware that Novel Writers have often, and in some instances too justly afforded much food for the severity of criticism; while Novel Readers have incurred a plentiful share of that opprobrium so indiscriminately bestowed upon this species of entertainment; but who will dare to place the “GOSSIP’S STORY,” “TALE OF THE TIMES,” “INFIDEL FATHER,” “PLAIN SENSE,” or “SARACEN,” with many others equally worthy, in the same predicament with some that might be mentioned? Therefore, while such examples of beautiful writing as the above, are so numerous, they must surely do away much of that prejudice so strongly maintained. But again: it is considered as the lowest of literary pursuits:—granted. Yet, if we are to believe that

Example draws where precept fails,  
And sermons are less read than tales,

If we discover a purity of sentiment, a professed abhorrence of every insinuation, however artfully introduced, that can alarm the rectitude of mind so indispensable in a virtuous female,—a steady adherence to true, not fastidious delicacy, firmness of principle, with an avoidance of every subject which may lead to abstruse and unnecessary points—who shall deem such works unworthy the pen, or perusal of our British Ladies? It is too true, she has heard *all* Novels condemned, by more than one censor, as totally unworthy the perusal of a sensible man; yet, with all due deference be it spoken, *she* has witnessed a conversation supported by two of those fastidious beings, delivered in language that would have disgraced a school boy, and replete with ideas and principles, that no novel writer would dare to intrude on the public.

Respecting her own little efforts to obtain notice, she can venture to claim the suffrage of every lady who may honor them with a perusal; and feels justified in observing, that whatever deficiency may appear in her diction, plots, or taste, no blame

can attach to the principles they inculcate, the sentiments they enforce, or the manners they would recommend. Vice is not arrayed in the garb of seductive loveliness, nor is virtue driven to exert itself beyond the bounds of possibility; and though void of that sort of distress, which arises from amorous disappointments, or impracticable events, she flatters herself that there are traits of character in her humble essays, not wholly uninteresting to a rational reader. Of her "IRISH GUARDIAN," she can only observe, that the errors of his conduct arise from the goodness of his heart; and hopes his characteristic blunders, will give no offence to the generous individuals of a nation to whom they are an honor.

The Author perceives she cannot conclude without paying a feeble tribute of praise to those male writers, who have thought it no degradation of their dignity, as scholars or gentlemen, to relax from their severer studies, and improve and amuse in the form of a novel: as witness, the elegant productions of *Dr. Moore*, *Mr. Dallas*, &c. In the full hope therefore, that a liberal public will not refuse to her honest Hibernian, that tribute so kindly bestowed upon his predecessors,

She presumes to subscribe herself,

Their most grateful and obedient servant,

ANNA MARIA MACKENZIE.

THE  
IRISH GUARDIAN.

CHAP. I.

*HOSPITALITY.*

DETACHED from the society of mankind by misfortunes which gave to his countenance the cast of misanthropy, a person bearing the name of Favorita, sought refuge from a world he dreaded in the intricate recesses of Cabo Roco, commonly denominated Cintra; a promontory well known to English traders by the appellation of the Rock of Lisbon, situated near the mouth of the Tagus; where he meditated upon those dreadful events which alone could make such a lofty retreat endurable. It is true that from its summit one may command an almost unlimited space, but it is a view that partakes more of the awful and sublime, than the softened features of variegated scenery; now displaying all the horrors of winds and waves; now presenting a tame stillness but seldom enlivened by the distant sail, or nearer vessel; and the far-seen view of that celebrated land-mark Dos Clerigos, comprised the whole variety of his station.

Of the few beings to whom this lonely desert presented a temporary refuge from corroding anxiety, or the justice of their country, there were scarcely any attentive enough either to disturb his repose, or lessen his attachment to retirement, and Favorita wandered about the rocky base or climbed its dangerous acclivities uninterrupted and uncontrolled. Yet although the features of this unhappy recluse bore to an indifferent observer the sullen marks of a heart hardened even to stoical apathy, that heart still glowed with the noblest feelings, and its dictates were guided by melancholy despondency rather than the torpor of despair.

As a proof of the pity which lingered in his aching bosom for his fellow creatures who were suffering more immediately within his power of redress, it was our hermit's constant custom after a storm to visit the shore, in the anxious hope of assisting any one who might chance to escape its effects by gaining the rock; this indeed was a deliverance that rarely occurred, but his want of success was no inducement to Favorita to resign his charitable intentions, and he constantly pursued them. Habituated by general observation to the prognostics of bad weather, he was seldom mistaken in his calculations; and the morning of a sultry day was employed in watching a small vessel, apparently making for Tagus, but impeded by an off-shore wind: He soon perceived her endeavours were fruitless; and, with concern, our hermit beheld a dark halo forming around the sun, which was soon obscured by clouds of a lurid aspect; the waves gradually assumed a turbulent appearance; the winds roared among the cavities of the rock; and the ship now gliding over the edge of a mountainous surge; now lost in the horrid chasm it formed; soon, by encreasing darkness, became totally hidden from his view.

Disturbed and uneasy for the fate of those whose doom seemed inevitable, he returned to his comfortless cabin, determined to revisit the strand with the approaching dawn; though, from all he could conjecture, little else was to be expected, than that mournful task of rendering the last sad offices to some poor creature, who, as the wind

had suddenly shifted, might be driven to shore; but when, in consequence of this resolution, he had risen with haste to examine every place within reach, it appeared too plainly, that both vessel and crew were beyond all human assistance.

Favorita then ascended the highest accessible point of his station, and throwing an anxious eye over the still turbulent deep, felt more strongly convinced of their complete destruction; waves rolling over waves in awful succession; their upper parts tinged with a silvery foam, seemed to threaten death to all who should venture to contend against their violence. Sometimes he fancied a distant sail labouring through opposing seas, and could only lament the fate of those who might be struggling against the ruin they vainly tried to shun: Hopeless then of gratifying his benevolent principle, he slowly descended; but what was his surprise, when upon turning a sharp angle, he beheld in the valley before him, a figure bearing with seeming difficulty the body of a youth, which he gently deposited upon a seat hewn out of the chalky cliff; and who, while contemplating the insensible burthen so lately quitted, discovered a poignant grief; which upon Favorita's hasty approach, broke into outrageous exclamations; and with tears of anguish running down an honest, though rough looking countenance, he begged the stranger's attention to his fainting companion; at the same time applying himself what *he* conceived to be a *certain*, though very ungentle restorative, by shaking the poor creature in a way which denoted no great skill in physical operations; but his attempts proved ineffectual, till a deep sigh which followed the hermit's application of a very powerful volatile, relieved his eager apprehensions; and in a few moments after, the feeble invalid recovered sufficiently to gaze about with a wild unsettled look.

Delighted with a consequence which his frantic despair had forbidden him to hope for; the elder stranger poured out, but in very imperfect Portuguese, a confused mixture of thanks, congratulations, and enquiries respecting their benefactor's situation on that desolate spot; to all which, he received the most laconic replies; but when the delicate and graceful youth added *his* modest acknowledgements in the *English* tongue, Favorita betrayed an agitation that apparently exceeded the occasion; and which, he attempted to hide by asking some questions relative to the ship he had seen the preceding day, and to which he imagined they belonged. This observation, which was made also in English, gave much delight to Capt. Derrick, the loquacious sailor, who seemed happy to indulge his turn for frank communication, and after expressing his joy to meet with an *ould Reverendissimo* who could understand him, went on in a brogue peculiar to himself; to say, "that in consequence of some particular business, he had been dispatched to Lisbon, but now indeed, he knew not how to get thither; as he had staid by his ship poor dear *sowl*, till he could *howld* out no longer; and he had brought this faint-hearted milksop to shore upon his back; for the ship was stranded near a part of the Cape, at some distance from their present situation: howsoever, if his reverence could any how look to Charles, why, belike he might find his way to Lisbon by some means or other."

Here his young companion cast a look of anguish towards him, which evidently pleaded for silence; but it was impossible to check the Irishman's volubility, although he might mean to be prudent; but Charles, as he stiled him, expressing a wish to repose a few hours, Favorita advised the Captain to hasten to Lisbon; which he might do in a small vessel appropriated by his brethren to the purpose of fetching such necessities as their secluded spot denied. Derrick seemed struck by this proposal; but declared his inability to procure a comfortable abode for his young friend; adding, that it was true he had been

recommended to a family in that city, but as his employer had mistaken *his* character in giving *him* a commission which none but a rogue could act under, why he could not appear in a light in which no honest Irishman ever yet shone: For sure my dear little countrymen, that is, to say in general, if ever they are guilty of a *bad* action, do it with a *good* intent; so that the consequence, be what it may, can reflect no disgrace upon us at all—at all, honey. Derrick would have proceeded in his unfortunate endeavour to prove that an Hibernian could do no wrong, but Favorita, who had perceived the bitter agony that had settled in Charles's features, interrupted him with a faint congratulation upon his *Amor patriæ*; and then, with a heart fully alive to the tender impression, communicated by the young stranger's visible distress candidly offered him a shelter till Derrick could place him in a better situation. A tear of gratitude marked the acceptance of his favour; but there was an appearance of anguish mixed with horror in his speaking eye, which could not escape our hermit's notice; nor was it lost upon the Captain, who heartily advised him to follow the *ould Reverendissimo*, and mount to his eagle's nest. "Ay, ay, yonder it is, perched upon that little bit of a rock, d'ye see; well, to be *sartain*," added this blunt observer, "I say Charles, to be *sartain* this ancient *Jontlemun* will live an hundred and fifty years, if one may judge by his *ould* youthful countenance; so up to your airy garret, my dear; why, what the *divil* ails you now, sappy?" perceiving his reluctance to follow Favorita, "first pining and whining for shelter, and then hanging back, and looking like a dog that's burnt his ears." "You know my motive," replied the youth, expressively. "Your motive! O, none of this palaver, child; don't *I know* you are unhappy, and *fale* it *visibly*? come, come," (drawing nearer, as the hermit, who perceived a mystery in Charles's manner, had retired to a little distance, to give him an opportunity of speaking his sentiments) "come, I say, cheer up, he is somewhere in Lisbon depend upon it, my pretty dove, and sure now I will not be long absent: But I say (putting on an arch good-humoured smile) what do you think now, of our romantic expedition?"

"Think! O, sir, (bursting into tears) why, that I have indeed undertaken a *romantic* expedition; but it has been with the best design, and thro' *your* persuasions. O, my uncle, on your friendship rests all my earthly dependence; *you*, however, will not desert a woman in distress."

"An *Irishman* and *lave* a woman in distress! indeed, honey, and by my *sowl* now, and I won't; *belave* me, child, I never yet saw the *female* who could raise a blush on my *chake*; no, nor the man who could make it look pale; *becase*, why I never did an injury to your sex, or was *afeard* of my own."

"Best of friends!" cried the grateful young creature, who had assumed a masculine dress for a purpose that will gradually unfold itself "I know your goodness; I have experienced the tenderness of a heart impressed with every generous feeling in those points admitted by true delicacy."

"Delicacy! nonsense, all stuff; a word *niver* to be found in a sailor's creed; and so I'll *lave* all that to the fops and the women, d'ye see; and now, good bye? but harkee, don't think too much of that Frederica: By the ghost of my grandfather, things have *niver* gone right since we went to London."

"Cruel Frederico!" responded the wretched Almeria, for that was indeed her feminine appellation, "thus to force me upon this hateful subterfuge; for, O, sir! you, as a man, cannot feel that portion of my misery, which arises from this improper disguise; and the necessity there is for my dependance upon strangers: Who are, and I beseech you to



remember, *must* be ignorant of my story. For the present, I am too well aware of the obligation I am under to accept that good man's offer: Hasten then to procure me, if possible, a more eligible asylum; for indeed the fatigues of the preceding night and day, render me nearly unable to contend with any farther difficulties."

Here she was interrupted by Favorita's approach; who, hastily demanded if the Captain were certain his vessel had not outrid the storm? to this question he received an unconnected, yet voluble, reply; from which, he gathered that Derrick and his companion were the last who quitted her, which they did in a small wherry; the crew having secured the jolly-boat; and, that immediately after their landing, the wherry was beaten to pieces by a terrible surf; but whether the brig went down, he could not tell, as it was impossible to distinguish her in a sea so rough.

A loud shout issuing as it should seem from many voices, completely electrified the impatient Captain; who, darting away, rushed toward the spot which Favorita had just quitted; and in a few minutes again joined them at the head of that crew he never more expected to command.

Rejoiced beyond the power of distinct articulation, he could only shake the hermit's hand, with a roughness scarcely bearable—clasp his trembling friend, somewhat in the *Cornish* style—throw up his hat—vociferate three cheers—and exclaim "she's safe, my little darling is safe! upon my conscience she's a lucky one; there she rides. Come along Alme—I *mane* Charles, come along; all's right again; (seizing his terrified niece, as he stiled her, who dreaded what this effusion of joy might produce) cheer up my girl—O faith and that's a bull now; no matter, girl or boy, all's one for that."

Favorita started at the appellation of *girl*; while Almeria could not restrain an apprehensive tear; which Derrick perceiving, and struck with the blunder he had committed, awkwardly observed, "that his joy in finding his lovely Peggy once more, had made him talk nonsense very *wisely*; adding, why it was only last night the poor creature went to the bottom, and yet, for all that, she is come to her moorings just beyond that turning."

From the boatswain, Favorita received a somewhat clearer account of this mysterious business; importing, that himself and companions had safely weathered the opposite point, from whence he beheld the ship in a perilous situation; but as the wind had veered to almost every part of the compass, it had driven her on to the shore, where she continued till the tide came in; and, owing to another change of the wind, they were enabled to turn her head toward the rock; for they expected to find their commander somewhere thereabouts, as, on their returning on board, neither himself nor Mr. Cleveland could be found; but they had discovered a safe anchorage behind that point which so completely sheltered her from our hermit's most diligent search.

It also appeared, that drawn by the sound of their voices, Favorita discovered several of the men reposing upon his territory; when questioning them upon the subject of the supposed lost vessel, and hinting at Captain Derrick's safety, they immediately followed him to make that worthy being as happy as themselves.

Concerned for the poor agitated creature, who sunk nearly helpless before him, Favorita tenderly entreated the Captain to consider the best means for accommodating his languid companion: Derrick was rather puzzled at the request, but thought it was better for her to stay with the hermit, at least, till he had examined his vessel, and discovered whether she was fit for sailing. To this, she reluctantly consented; and was led by her new

friend to a cavity in the rock; for he thought her strength would be unequal to the performance of a journey, to what he so aptly stiled an eagle's nest.

In this recess, which had formerly belonged to a hermit, she found a tolerable couch formed out of some rough boards, and covered with a sort of long grass: The place, though open in front, was free from damp; and with due gratitude to her entertainer, she seated herself upon the homely receptacle. He then left her, but soon returned with grapes, bread, and a small flask of wine: She looked up, as he attentively surveyed her features, and perceived a tear moisten his cheek; Almeria also wept, but she could not at that moment ascertain the stimulus which provoked that sign of sorrow.

"You weep my child," said Favorita, "and no wonder, your situation is productive of those tears; but you will again rejoice with those you love. While I,—nay look not so piercingly tender, those humid eyes, that soft impressive gaze, reminds me of an angel; recalls to my imagination scenes which ought never to be repeated; but you will pardon the effusions of a distempered mind, adieu, repose in safety: I will be your guardian while you sleep, and till your friend returns, this humble cavern shall afford a comfortable shelter."

"My thanks, benevolent stranger," returned Almeria, "are not adequate to such generous attentions; a higher power, (and she meekly lifted her hands) will ratify the charitable deed, and reward it. I can only pray, that peace and resignation may shed their balm upon a heart, which, like my own, seems a prey to untold grief."

"Ha!" cried the hermit, (catching her hand, and fixing a wild empassioned look upon her languid countenance) "can *you*, a youth at such an age, have cause for sorrow?" but, suddenly recollecting himself, "sacred be it! for if like *my* distress, it can neither be relieved, or even soothed; *I* would not tear the painful secret from thy bosom."

He then quitted the recess, followed by her eye, till the jutting of a craggy point prevented a longer view of his plain brown garment, venerable beard, and snowy locks. If Favorita had discovered such strong emotion while contemplating features which seemed to strike him with horror, Almeria in the bending yet dignified form, the stern glance, and solemn manners of this stranger, found equal reason for wonder and curiosity; and her heart acknowledged an impulse in his favour, which reason and prudence strove to destroy. Even her reluctance to accept his protection had given way to this new sentiment, and while she partook of the welcome refreshment he had procured, that sentiment acquired additional strength. Indeed her present asylum was not devoid of inducements for gratitude. A total calm had succeeded the hurricane. A sight of the sparkling surf which rolled gently inwards, and contrasted by its pure tincture the deep green that appeared beyond in a long perspective view, with the balmy air which cooled and invigorated her wearied limbs, were advantages by no means to be neglected; and while she contemplated and enjoyed them with apparent satisfaction, her ear was struck by the soft and tinkling strains of a guitar: astonished beyond description she listened with trembling delight, till convinced by its proximity that her unknown friend was the musician; the perturbation it excited was so far allayed, that she listened with sweet composure to the following lines, sung in a fine soprano voice; the melody, strength, and softness of which, appeared more adapted to the middle age, than the debility and ancient appearance of that mysterious being:

To the lily's soft tint, once the rich blushing rose,

United its bloom, to adorn  
The fair face of my love; but her elegant mind  
Display'd more than the beauties of morn:  
Those charms which nor sun-beams nor sickness could  
fade,  
Depicted the mind of my innocent maid;  
Yet she died, and I lost my dear innocent maid.  
To think how I lov'd her, how ardent I burn'd,  
Does but heighten extravagant grief;  
And to say with what truth that fond love was return'd,  
Forbids ev'ry hope of relief:  
Since each moment the tribute of anguish is paid,  
To the mem'ry of her, my dear innocent maid:  
Ah she died! and I lost my sweet angel,  
My innocent maid.

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## CHAP. II.

### CONTRASTS.

A SOLEMN pause succeeded the ceasing cadence of an air calculated to excite the most affecting ideas: There was a path in Favorita's voice which created sensations of a peculiar tendency in Almeria's bosom. She listened, but the delirium of those touching feelings was no longer encouraged; heavy sighs, and, half stifled groans, now broke on her ear; but the hermit appeared not: Nay, she could hear his stealing steps as he departed from a sort of niche in the rock, near her temporary habitation, which seem to be shut out from society.

This indeed, was not considered by her as an evil; for totally overcome with lassitude and depending upon her new guardian's promise of protection, she submitted to the demands of imperious nature, and sunk into an unquiet repose. How long our poor heroine continued in a state of mental torpor, might be ascertained by the darkness, which on her suddenly awaking, conveyed a sort of terror to her heart;—but how was this terror encreased, when in the next instant she perceived a figure holding up a lamp to her bosom with one hand, while the other grasped a valuable miniature which was suspended by a ribband. A thousand confused fears now rushed to her mind, as she viewed the countenance and action of Favorita, for he it was who thus rudely forfeited the rights of hospitality by intruding on her privacy. His countenance was wild, even ghastly. His attempt to tear the picture away was so abrupt, so fierce, and so unlike the gentleness of his former conduct, that Almeria began to suppose her very life in danger; at least she dreaded a discovery of her sex, which would probably follow, as the collar of her shirt had been loosened by this intemperate attack; but starting from the couch and flinging herself upon her knees, she besought him to respect his promise of guarding her from every violence. "Say but," he cried in a convulsed terrific voice, "Say wretched youth, whose picture is that you wear so near your heart?" "Mine, rude man, mine!" she replied; a momentary gleam of courage animating her soul. "It is dearer to me than existence itself. It is the solace of my lonely hours. It is, O it is," and she burst into tears;—"the last, last consolation, my fate has left me," and she clasped it with an energy which seemed to mock his attempts to get it from her.—"Keep off," she resumed, "approach me not;—my life is in your power, but this dear resemblance, never." "*Your* life," repeated Favorita, shuddering as it appeared, at his own temerity;—"and has *my* unguarded impetuosity given rise to such an apprehension? Perish the idea."—He then paced the cell with wild disordered steps, muttering at intervals, reflections upon his rashness;—when suddenly turning to her. "I see," said he, "you still dread my violence, but fear not. Return to your couch, it yet wants some hours to morning; rest in the sure confidence that you shall not again be disturbed;—but ah! that portrait. Would you but trust it for one moment to my care; at least inform me if the original (for I cannot be mistaken in those features) is a relative of yours?"—"I can do neither sir;—yet this much I will declare, that to *you* the original never could be interesting. The glimpse you obtained misleads imagination, and throws an erroneous light upon what fancy paints as real." "Fancy," exclaimed Favorita. "Oh, that I were indeed mislead by her;—that

deceived by the rainbow-colouring of her mimic illusions, I had no real foundation for such a hoard of anguish.

“Youth,” and he fixed a settled gaze upon her varying countenance,—“didst thou know my motives for this outrage—couldst thou trace on my heart the source of;—but wherefore this appeal, say only that I am forgiven for an action which nothing short of those motives can excuse, and I will retire immediately.”

“I do pardon you, sir,” replied Almeria, who felt comparatively happy in the possession of her own secret; for it was plain that Favorita mistrusted not her sex, “and trust *you* also will excuse a tenacity which perhaps can plead equally powerful motives for its support.”

Dissatisfied and reluctant, the hermit, after placing his lamp upon a lodge in the cavity, slowly retired, leaving Almeria a prey to sensations that threatened to produce despair. The opinion she had encouraged of Favorita’s rectitude, had no longer any support; nor could she depend even for safety, upon one whose actions and words were tinctured with insanity.—The same reason which induced his untimely visit, might again operate to produce still more dreadful consequences, and that portrait taken by force which she held so sacred.—“No, thou tenderly beloved,” addressing the miniature of a handsome youth; “never shalt thou quit this bosom while life trembles within its precincts.”

She then committed it to its usual situation, and endeavouring to collect her fortitude, began to arrange, if possible, a scheme, the completion of which, should convey her for ever beyond the sight or power of Favorita; yet to reach the main land without assistance, she knew was impossible. Even to wait till day-light, would produce only the certainty of being prevented in her design by him, who in other circumstances, could have obviated every difficulty;—however, after a fervent ejaculation to heaven for its guidance of her devious steps, she ventured to the shore undisturbed by aught but her reasonable apprehensions.

It was perfectly calm, no sounds broke on the sober silence, save from the advancing and retreating restless surf. With a trembling heart, she contemplated the vast expanse so lately agitated by furious winds, now scarcely in motion, and the lucid heavens illumined by innumerable stars; then raising her fearful eye to the overhanging rock, almost fancied, she beheld the eccentric hermit, placed upon a jutting point, and bending over to catch a view of his terrified guest; but the illusion soon vanished, and Almeria was convinced he was ignorant of her absence, and proceeded to the spot which he had mentioned, as containing a boat appropriated to the use of himself and brethren.

Scarcely had she reached a small Cove, described by Favorita as he passed it while conveying her to the recess, when a rustling noise aroused her fears to an agonizing degree. Uncertain whether it arose from the Cove, she dared not advance, and to retreat was equally dangerous.

Again the dissonant sounds came on the air, which she thought resembled those of a captured wild beast. While the approach of dawn gave new force to her terrors, Almeria determined to hazard every thing rather than return to her cell, and cautiously advancing, she discovered with new sensations, a human figure extended upon his back in the boat, whose uncomfortable position had produced those sonorous sounds, and occasioned the cause of her alarm. As the dawn strengthened, she was enabled to make a remark that revived her hopes of escaping; for it was evident the sleeper belonged to the vessel, and

was either waiting for fresh orders, or had been prevented from returning to Lisbon, by the sudden approach of night.

To awake him, and endeavour by a considerable bribe to gain his confidence, was Almeria's first idea; but totally ignorant of the country language, how was she to make her purpose known?—When happily, for the success of her plan, he hastily awoke, and starting up, began to make arrangements for putting to sea. This was an unexpected and pleasing circumstance, and it only remained for her to disclose her intention of going with him. As soon as his business was nearly completed, she timidly advanced, and holding up a moidore, pointed to the quarter to which she guessed he was bound. Devoid of all curiosity respecting her appearance at such an hour, and in such a spot, he only endeavoured to understand her meaning, which after some difficulty he accomplished, and seizing the money, with avidity he launched his boat in the water, and after placing his mysterious passenger at the stern, hoisted sail, and was soon out of sight of that part of the rock.

But Almeria's terrors were by no means subsided. A total stranger to Lisbon, its language, people or customs, how was she to discover Captain Derrick, since all description would be useless, unless she could apply to the English factory, most of whom resided in different quarters of the city, and she was landed at Bellem, before the confusion of her mind would permit her to adopt a feasible plan. From her boatman no lights could be obtained, nor were the market women, who were now passing upon their Boriqua's, at all likely to assist her. True, the appearance of a beautiful youth, pale, languid, and evidently a stranger to the country, clad in an English naval uniform, excited curiosity in those uncouth females, but that was all. They gazed, laughed and talked; yet as Almeria could not understand either their words or actions, those marks of attention were of little use;—nay, they added in a degree to her difficulties, by shewing the inutility of an application to a Portuguese native, and a hopelessness of relief from such a source, gave new terrors to her situation. Tears of bitter anguish poured along her faded cheek as she slowly passed the silent village; whose inhabitants, too indolent to take advantage of a lovely morning, were yet invisible. The prospect of fields, burnt up by a July sun, and scantily varied by several vineyards, could boast but few charms to attract an inhabitant of a more temperate clime, by Almeria they were totally neglected; who, sinking upon a stone that rested near the foot of a cross, encouraged a state of mind, to which insensibility would have been a relief;—when lifting up her swollen eyes towards a magnificent building at some paces distant, she perceived several Cavaliers advancing from it; when an eager desire of making them understand her signs, induced her to arise, and with a downcast look and palpitating heart, she ventured to approach the group.

If Almeria's appearance had attracted the notice of the insensible and ignorant market folks, it did more for her with the Cavaliers, whose earnest looks she had already excited, and whose serviceable pity she was solicitous to obtain; but when one of them addressed her in tolerable English, her joy prevented immediate utterance, and the tears which fell upon his hand as she respectfully accepted it, made a strong interest for the gentle midshipman in his worthy bosom.

Recovered to a sense of her awkward situation, Almeria gave a brief account of her landing at Cabo Roco; describing *as* briefly, her reception by the hermit, Captain Derrick's confidence in him, *his* hasty departure, and her successful attempt to leave the rock in quest of that blunt, but friendly relative. At the mention of Favorita, the Cavalier

assumed an air of tender melancholy; observing, that he had been more unfortunate than criminal; and yet there were circumstances in his history which countenanced the world's neglect, even their contempt. "You know him, then," demanded Almeria, forgetful at that moment of her own strong claim to the stranger's assistance. "I *do*," he replied, "but sacred be those sorrows which I am not at liberty to communicate; for yourself young Sennor, I can only say, my endeavours to contribute to your ease, shall be exerted to the utmost; only declare how they may be best directed.

"I belong to yonder noble mansion. My brethren (pointing to his companions, who had walked to a respectful distance) are like myself, indebted to his Portuguese Majesty, whom we have served with fidelity and bravery, for a comfortable support in that building, where we are empowered to receive and entertain any friend who may oblige us with their company;—now if you are disposed to accept of an asylum there till we can discover your uncle, I can promise better accommodation than the unhappy hermit could afford."—Almeria recollected her confidence in the hermit, and was silent; yet this proposal carried an air of sincerity, and certain comfort in it which Favorita's, she thought, had truly wanted.

"I see you hesitate my friend," said the generous Portuguese, "but believe me you will be perfectly safe; I venerate the English; I honor their invincible navy;—nay," and a sigh escaped him. "I am half an Englishman myself;—fear not then." An exclamation from Almeria, who darted towards the group of Cavaliers, astonished her benefactor, and interrupted his panegyric; but when he saw her return, led by Captain Derrick, he evinced tokens of the sincerest pleasure.

The honest sailor, with his usual unreserve, began to question his delighted niece respecting her strange departure from the *ould Reverendissimo*, as he chose to stile him, and before she could answer, described the comforts of a residence he had just secured for her, in consequence of which he was hastening to fetch her from the rock.

The poor girl would have waved the subject by presenting the Cavalier to him, and repeating the friendly offer he had so recently made, but to her utter dismay he ridiculed her nicety, in a way so pointed, respecting her flight from Favorita, that it gave her character as a man the cast of effeminacy; or what was still worse, might create suspicions of a disguise of which he was heartily weary;—however, observing her significant looks, he added,—“Well, well, don't I know how it is? Ould Methusalem did not like solitude and a companion, and thought it very hard d'ye see, that he couldn't be alone when there was *nobody* with him; or may be you was afear'd that \*\*\*\*\* but a word to the wise—so come away Almy—Charles I *mane*—come away; and as to you Sennor, for I take you to be one of our *native farreners*, Oh let me but see you along side my lovely Peggy, and I warrant we'll drink to the honor of little England; ay, and Ireland too, and the land we live on till \*\*\*\*. O Honey,” interrupting himself, “I could tell you such things about this little girl,—tho—” “Girl,” repeated the amazed gentleman, who felt a sensation equal to that of Favorita upon a similar occasion. “Girl, ay, girl's companion, faith now and you don't understand me; for Charles, though I say it, is as pretty a companion for the girls;—but what signify's boggling at a word—we Irish *gontlemin* are apt to blunder a little but no matter for the head if the heart be right.”

Highly as Captain Derrick rated his talents as a wit, or his abilities as a retainer of secrets, the veteran officer, unable to keep his visible muscles in order, saw in Almeria's expressive features, and the confused, but droll countenance of her friend, a confirmation

of those suspicions his unhappy bull had excited;—however, recovering that gravity of *mien* which had been so forcibly attacked, he felicitated them upon this happy meeting, and after renewing his serviceable invitation, which was extended to Derrick, whose native good humour made its way to the generous heart, he joined his company in their morning peregrination.

During our Irishman's short walk to the apartments he had taken for Almeria, he submitted pretty quietly to those remonstrances, which she ventured to press upon him, and which were mixed with bitter reflections upon her own conduct, in adopting an appearance that subjected her so continually through his disregard to propriety, to perpetual terror; "and now," supplicated she, holding up her hands with eager earnestness, "I entreat my dear and ever kind uncle's silence, respecting this detested disgrace which becomes every hour more hateful, more insupportable, and more dangerous, and has precipitated me into such a disagreeable situation; already you have awakened suspicions in the bosoms of two perfect strangers, which have exposed me in one instance to danger; indeed I might say, (had it not been for a providential interference) to destruction itself." "Destruction did you say," vociferated the impetuous Derrick, who directly comprehended her allusion, "Why I'll tear the ould eagle out of his nest, I'll \* \* \* \*," "Patience, dear sir,—the evil I complain of, originated in *your* mistakes, but it was magnified by insanity, for the attack he made upon this dear memento of past affection (drawing the portrait from her bosom, and wiping from it a tear which recollection produced) can be attributed to no other cause." "O then," cried Derrick, his features settling into a calm—"the poor *divil* was mad, and that was his reason for disliking a *single* duet;—why my dear little girl, I never shall forgive myself for \* \* \* \* but hollo, don't you remember ould Polygon who lived at Killalee Castle, when you was a chicken, and afterwards juggled with Sir Harry about?"

"Not much of him I must confess." "Well, well, so much the better, for happening to meet him this morning accidentally on purpose as one may say, I told him our case; that is, with a proper reservation, (winking with an arch grin at his niece) and he has promised to accommodate *you*, at least while you stay at Lisbon; ay, and *longer* too if so be as you like Seniors Francisca, and her pretty sister, who by the by \* \* \*, but stop, yonder is his Casa as he calls it; look'e now, don't you see a great house for all the world like a prison; ha, don't you?" "O yes, I do indeed, and shall be happy to reach it, for I am fatigued beyond endurance." "You do see it?"—"Yes, yes, my dear teasing uncle," "Very well—but that is not it. Here, now look this way up the avenue; don't you see another that stands out of sight?" "Ridiculous," said the unhappy Almeria, whose feelings were by no means in unison with her facetious conductor's, "for mercy's sake consider my uneasiness, and once more let me repeat my appeal to your prudence for back again." "O," cried he, interrupting her as usual,—"*Prudence* and I quarrel'd so heartily in former days, that we have never been friends since, and now when I am continually making advances for her friendship, she flies me, as, as \* \* \* but no matter, reason shall supply her place;—but I'll tell you what it is now, that little smock-faced visage, contradicts all I say, whether I speak or *howld* my tongue; therefore, I think you had better drop a disguise that *misbecomes* you so well." "Alas! no," she replied, shuddering at the ideas which this proposal excited, and which originated in his advice at first, "Alas! no, it *must* be continued for the present."



“At *this* house (they were then fronting Polygon’s Casa) I may be permitted to indulge in a solitude so necessary to my safety; at any rate, I cannot assume a female dress while under his roof; who, I fear, but too justly deserves the suspicion you entertain of him, and whose notice nothing short of absolute necessity, could induce either of us to accept.” “Enough of that child, I know more than you do of the *ould* Hyena;—but look up, in yonder eastern borander are the young ladies. Ah, poor little *sowl!* there sits Seniora Anica, as sad as ever.”

The Captain’s introduction of his pretended nephew, although in his usual stile, was wholly devoid of the smallest hint that could cause any apprehension; and Almeria, who was not fastidious as to the elegancies of life, felt little other difficulty than what arose from her ignorance of the language, but even this was obviated in a great measure by Francisca’s receiving her in broken, but tolerable English; and when Derrick awkwardly placed his *nephew’s* confusion to that source, the sprightly Portuguese entered into a conversation, which added by a brilliant and expressive countenance, threw a gleam of cheerfulness over this first interview.

“I suppose,” said the animated girl, “Senior Charles understands by what lucky chance we have obtained the pleasure of your society.” “O yes,” cried Derrick, “but I have not told *him* what an original *ould* Polygon is, and that we never meet without sparring, nor part without making it up;” “True Capitano; but this gentleman must pardon me for observing, it is but a natural consequence when *two* originals meet.” “Why yes, jewel, we were flint and steel to each other; and no wonder, for he was always provoking me with some bitter gibe, nor could I when a boy, partake of his dull amusements, which consisted in measuring the superficies of trees that he could’nt grasp, or peeping at the stars in a *cloudy* night through an eighteen penny microscope—O, but here he comes his own self now. Well little Isaac, and what’s the best news from above?” “Hay, Captain Derrick, by all the rules of architecture.” “And Isaac Polygon, by all the rules of formality;—and now *ould* boy I have announced you to my nephew, do pray tell us the subject of your present meditations.” “Whatever they were, I am indebted to *you* for their interruption.”—“Why to be sure now its *divilish* hard that a man must be interrupted when thinking of, of mischief; but perhaps you were only inventing a new dress for your *mortal* goddesses.” “Why I *do* think something might be invented even for their advantage, though to hazard an opinion, I will venture to assert that the English women have improved in that article, since the year 75, when their heads resembled an Egyptian Pyramid reversed; but now their whole appearance is more conformable to the rules of architecture for the petticoat I say, for the petticoat forms an exact radius in front, and the head answers to a parallelogram.” “So then sir, you are determining our dress by scientific rules, and defining it by tropes and metaphors, but indeed this is the first time I have heard a lady’s head bore any affinity to a long square.” “O simple chit,” cried the man of science, “what have I to do with thy flimsy parrot’s eloquence?” “Why nothing at all indeed,” replied Derrick, who was truly impatient to enter the lists, “since ’tis well known your observations are as heavy as the brain which produces them.” “As to the matter of brains,” retorted Polygon. “I have reason to know that your’s were never solid enough to comprehend, or conceive, or contain, the noble spirit that actuates *my* researches; for if I am right in my definition of the empty ball which finishes that inelegant form, it is what may be vulgarly denominated a paper scull.”—“There you’re

out *ould* manufacturer of rhetoric, for I'll warrant little Patrick's scull is as thick as your own now."

A good humoured smile from the Captain's female auditors;—for even the melancholy Anica could not refuse this tribute to his endeavours, for their amusement gave a zest to Derrick's blundering talent, although he could not be ignorant of its absurdity, and the delicate reproof produced no other effect than another attempt to rally his slow methodical adversary, whose eagerness to establish a favourite hypothesis, would, he well knew, furnish a large field for the display of its ridiculous pomposity. Resuming therefore, the theme which had pointed Polygon's last attempt to be witty, he threw a humorous archness into his countenance, which partook equally of an expression of humility, and begged Mr. Isaac would favour the company with *his* notion on that business, who, notwithstanding their love of English fashions, would certainly sacrifice their opinions to one so *able* to direct them, what a woman's dress ought to be. Satisfied by an address, whose concealed sarcasm escaped notice, and assuming an air of self complacency, "Why," replied the man of science, at the same instant replacing the cup of chocolate which he had just taken from the pensive Anica's hand, settling his frill, and rising with awkward dignity, "I do aver that a woman's paraphernalia *should* be regulated by the square and compass;—for instance now, how much more gratifying to the taste of a person of *discrimination*?" Again adjusting his frill and raising his short unwieldy frame to catch a look of admiration from the noble pier glass opposite to which he stood "I repeat how much more gratifying would be this lady's appearance (touching Anica's pale averted cheek) could we trace the Composite, Ionic, Tuscan, or Corinthian order in her dress?" "Why I don't know," cried the arch Francisca, "whether this notion would be so very *outré*, provided we are allowed to chuse the mode, in that case *I* should vote for the Corinthian." "Doubtless, Seniora Butterfly; but had *I* any influence in this important business, you should be confined to the *Doric*. I say Corinthian indeed, with its flowery ornaments." "Thank you good sir, but if I *must* resemble a pillar of statuary, it should be once of the gayest model." "St. Anthony grant you were but as chaste in appearance, and as cold in constitution, as the beautiful figures you so foolishly gibe at; but I do not wonder at your flippancy, while encouraged by the grin of ignorant contempt, which defaces your coadjutor's no-meaning features, (glancing at Derrick a look of displeasure) he, I dare aver, would rather contemplate that roguish twist of the lips which you intend for a smile, than that sublime, though distant object, the planet Mercury."—"O faith and that's what I would now, for *belave* little Derrick or not, he would sooner gaze at the love-inspiring countenance of a pretty girl, than stare with aching neck, *blind* eyes, and half starved limbs, at those luminaries, which after all, nobody can ever be the better for; for they mock the Philosopher's toil, and elude his utmost researches."

"Egregious ignorance," cried the would-be Philosopher, again striving to catch another look at the mirror which reflected two such opposites, as if to find a motive for triumph in the comparison, "Thou enemy to the sublime and intricate study of astronomy; stranger to the mysterious operations of Aldebaran, Castor, Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury, Venus." "Not so fast, Old One, clap a stopper on your tongue; though faith it is seldom so unruly, except when *Venus* is the subject." "*Venus*," repeated Isaac, with fastidious scorn,—"*Depreciate* not that lovely planet by such invidious reflection."—"O to be sure she is a *swate crater*, but why I can't tell, seeing as how she is nothing at all in a single duet; and then as to the matter of those mysterious appearances you talk of—why what

does it all signify to Patrick Derrick, so as he can but see the polar star in a foggy night. The mystery indeed, of a *deep head*, and *designing heart*, may be worth investigating, and before long I will endeavour to \*\*\*\*\*". Here he made an abrupt pause, though the significant nod and expressive leer which supplied that pause, was not lost upon Almeria, who read in the deep crimson hue of Polygon's cheek, a consciousness of some dishonourable transaction alluded to by Derrick. Anica also sighed so heavily, and turned a look of such abhorrent disgust upon her guardian, as if *she* likewise participated in the Captain's motive for an observation so dark, and yet so pointed. Be that as it would, the conversation was immediately terminated by Isaac in a very unceremonious way, while Derrick rubbed his hands in visible triumph, nodding sagaciously at this crest-fallen antagonist as he quitted the room. The encreasing languor of our quondam midshipman, now excited her uncle's attention, who after an awkward attempt to cheer her spirits, and warmly recommending her to the two Senioras, hastily departed for the purpose of beginning a search in which *her* happiness and his sincere friendship were jointly and deeply implicated.

### CHAP. III.

#### TRIALS OF TENDERNESS.

IT may now be necessary not only to account for Almeria Cleveland's retention of a disguise, so improperly calculated for her feminine appearance and natural delicacy, but to trace also, the circumstances which introduced her to the notice of a being so rough (though so guileless) as Captain Derrick; and to do this, we must advert to a period when that estimable creature figured in a station, extremely subordinate to that in which he has been so recently viewed.

Enthusiastically attached to the *amor patrie*, Patrick found all his fund of native good humour, and fraternal tenderness, scarcely equal to the violence done to it, by his favorite and only sister's abdication of a country so precious in his estimation; and when pressed to give her hand to Abraham Dawson, a simple Wiltshire curate, who had spent both time and money to no purpose, endeavouring to obtain a more wealthy curacy than his own, in the north of Ireland; Derrick demurred to a proposal that carried on the face of it, the destruction of his dearest hope; but Mary pleaded, and Mary when she appealed to Patrick's feelings, had never pleaded in vain, consequently she became the wife of Abraham Dawson, and an alien from her affectionate brother, and dear little Ireland, leaving him without one tie of consanguinity to detain him at Killalee Castle; within whose domains, his predecessors had cultivated a spot of ground, sufficient to produce the necessaries of existence. Derrick again prepared to reassume an occupation that had been previously interrupted by Mary's establishment, and soon found himself an almost solitary wanderer, as *he* described his situation in the Mediterranean, where he met with various success for several years, during the lapse of which, the affection of his once loved Mary, met with repeated trials, which the fervent attention of her guileless Abraham, could not always avert.

The letters of her brother, were short and unsatisfactory, and after the first twelvemonth, he ceased to write at all. Added to this trouble, she had to contend with certain habits and peculiar ideas, not exactly consonant to her own notions of the dignity attached to Mr. Dawson's profession.

By the poorer sort, his advice was most humbly solicited; by the middling class, his opinions, if not always adopted, were never openly opposed; and, as if to encourage the predominant foible of his wife, the doors of Wallbrook Tower, a *modern* ruin, as Derrick would have stiled it) were never shut upon the worthy curate, nor would Mary have been excluded, if she could have persuaded the despotic Abraham to grant that to her self importance, which his own modesty denied to himself; but seldom as Sir Henry Tillotson admitted his refusal of an invitation, calculated to raise the good pastor in the general opinion, there *were* times when he strenuously determined not to accept the kindly intended honor. Upon these occasions, Mary would sometimes argue, infer, draw conclusions, and without a single idea of the powers of rhetoric, as defined and employed by the logician, run nearly through the whole of that not very comprehensive science; but her arguments were unanswered, her inferences useless, and her conclusions vague; at other times she would content herself with a gentle insinuation, a shrewd remark, or a

pompous display of the rose-coloured damask, faced with yellow padusoy, as a proof of her taste in dress and ability, to shine in Lady Tillotson's parties.

Alas, for Mary, neither her eloquence of speech, nor the splendor of her habiliments, could prevail upon the stubborn Abraham, to relax either in his judgment or determination, when a certain dignitary and his lady, with several other distinguished families, made an occasional visit at Wallbrook Tower, or indeed at any other season, except those in which the numerous tenantry were invited according to their different ranks, either as guests of the landlord, or his steward.

It was a positive article in Mary's creed, that every one of the sacred profession was, or ought to be, upon an equal footing; to be forbidden then to mix with a society, of which (such was her veneration of Abraham's talents) she positively believed her husband to be its greatest ornament, was a circumstance, almost too grievous to be borne; but Abraham was tenacious, and Mary found every effort to establish her own opinion weak and ineffectual.

On one of those memorable days, when Mrs. Dawson had exhibited an extraordinary portion of fruitless eloquence, she found herself compelled to an unwilling silence, by the sudden departure of Abraham, who, extremely loth to enter the field against an opponent, that notwithstanding this childish foible, he tenderly esteemed, or rather loved, had quitted his comfortable cottage, in a heavy rain, to avoid any further useless altercation.— Conscious of the motive which induced him to desert his social board, and the comforts of a cheerful fire-side, Mary lamented with tears of bitterness, her ridiculous obstinacy, and while she gave the glowing embers a hasty stir, pictured to herself the situation of her husband, who, driven by *her* folly, was encountering upon the almost trackless plain, a penetrating shower and piercing wind.

While thus indulging in useless reflections, the miserable matron was completely roused by a clattering of hoofs, the beating of a stick against the low pales which enclosed her little garden, and a halloo that perfectly restored the use of every dormant faculty. Starting suddenly from her feet, and careless of the rain which descended in torrents, she ran to the gate, and hastily withdrawing a little bolt, was instantly recognized by Patrick Derrick; whose rough tones conveyed to her affectionate heart, a pleasure it had long mourned for.

To the joy her brother's appearance excited, Mary speedily added an eager, but painful curiosity. Even Abraham, the injured Abraham, wandering perhaps, amongst the noble druidical reliques of Stonehenge, which lay nearly two miles south-west of their cottage, or vainly seeking a shelter beneath its massive pillars, was for that instant forgotten.

Derrick, whom she had not seen for three years, returned in visible distress, mounted upon a wretched animal; his head armed with no other defence from a raging storm, than what a red cap afforded; his person partly covered by an old roquelaure; beneath which, he seemed to bear a considerable burden, drenched with wet. This Derrick was a subject that totally engrossed her present feelings, and she welcomed him with uplifted hands and a flood of tears.

Not quite so delicate in his expression of tenderness, was her unexpected visitor; who giving the bridle an awkward twitch, he brought the horses heels in contact with Mary's spotless apron; but she, by hastily starting backwards, escaped with no other mishap, than a considerable portion of mud upon her cloaths. This extorted a hearty laugh

from the thoughtless sailor; while he swore by his "*Sowle* he had not met with a foot of dry land all the way from Salisbury, but what was knee-deep in mud;" adding, that he had been twice landed in a wet ditch, only the day before; therefore, he supposed she might fancy he had been keelhauled; and then turning suddenly round upon a boy who was uneasily and dangerously placed behind him, he bid him bring his feet to an anchor, and hold the mettlesome jade, while *he* dismounted.

Happy to be freed from a companion so uncomfortable, the lad immediately obeyed his orders, and Derrick was soon upon his legs; while Mary, who was more than satisfied with the specimen he had given of his skill in horsemanship, kept a respectful distance till he had discharged the boy, and had reached the entrance of her keeping room. She then ventured to approach, with an intent to take the bundle, which he visibly endeavoured to detain from her sight, till putting back her extended hands, with the one he kept at liberty, and retreating a step or two, he asked with a dry and solemn aspect, "if she could keep a secret?" Mary, though somewhat astonished, simply replied, "she could not tell, for she had never tried."—"O well, then my dear, I have got a bit of one now, d'ye see, that you may keep till doom's-day, and longer too if you please, for nobody will try to get it from you belike." He then, to her great amazement, slowly and cautiously unfolded the ragged roquelaure, from which he drew a little creature, wrapt in a man's surtout, which added to a small bundle that was fastened about Patrick's arm, made his burthen of a tolerable magnitude.

From the swoll'n lids and wet cheeks, of this hapless child, it appeared as if she had cried herself into a sleep, which Derrick's vociferation and unruly motions at the gate, could scarcely disturb; however, she was then sufficiently awakened to gaze with fearful astonishment, upon the surrounding objects; till settling her sweet eyes upon Mrs. Dawson's good humoured countenance, she extended her arms towards her, broke into a suppressed whimper, and then turned a reluctant glance upon her rough nurse, as if desirous to escape his caresses, of which Patrick was by no means sparing. "Pretty *sowle*," cried he, endeavouring to detain her, "Why will you leave your own dear uncle?"—"Mama," exclaimed the child, still struggling to get from him. "Mina rica mama—sothades—sothades."—"What does she say brother?" asked the simple Mary, clasping the little foreigner to her bosom; "but no matter, she shall be my child; though I cannot help crying when I think." "O now, I beg you will make no apologies for crying, because as why, I myself can never see clearer than when I am blinded with the tear of sympathy. But hollo, where's Abraham—what will *he* say to my little Portuguese. O Molly, I have a long story to tell about her; but let's have a drop of grog first."—"I have good ale brother, which you may like better perhaps, as it was brewed by my husband," replied Mary, who felt all her solicitude for her husband, awakened by this malapropos enquiry. "Well, well, no odds for that, they are all the same so as a man can but have enough. But Abraham I say" "O don't mention his name \* \* \* \* \*" cried Mrs. Dawson, "He is; I know not where he is, but *my* folly has driven him away." "Then *my* prudence shall fetch him back Molly," retorted the kind-hearted sailor, (who mindless of the grog, and the various comforts his situation demanded, was sallying forth in pursuit of his absent brother). "What, I suppose he has taken a short walk to give *your* tongue a little holiday. O but, I can spy him already in the offing with his sails all aback, and hulling to and fro, like a ship that has lost her rudder." So saying, Patrick hastened to meet Mr. Dawson, who was indeed, returning to the wife he already began to feel for.

Almost overborne by the rough congratulations of his visitor, the tearful acknowledgment of his Mary's error, and the astonishing acquisition of an infant guest, Abraham, scarcely knew whether to rejoice or lament, over such singular events; but compassion soon destroyed the apathy of worldly wisdom, and in less than an hour, he contemplated in Derrick's laughing features, his Mary's contented countenance, and the sparkling eye of the little unknown, the happy effect of a blazing hearth, warm cloathing, a well covered table, and his own native sweetness of disposition.

With a share of caution, that was by no means Mrs. Dawson's general characteristic, she avoided any question relative to her brother's young companion (who wearied with her journey, and refreshed by proper nutriment, soon sunk into a pleasing repose) until himself should be willing to satisfy her curiosity, which had received another stimulus from his own wretched appearance; but in her visible agitation, Abraham soon traced the latent wish, and after ordering a fresh supply of ale and grog, he undertook to relieve their joint anxiety, by putting a few necessary questions, to which Derrick, in his hurrying way, gave short and not very clear replies; but determined to be completely satisfied in every particular, Mary added *her* mite of inquiry, and at length extorted the following account of those transactions that led to, and succeeded this important business.

From all that could be gathered in a desultory communication, it appeared that Derrick, when he quitted Ireland after his sister's marriage, made several voyages to and from the Levant; after which, he received a lucrative offer to take the command of a vessel bound to Lisbon, where he occasionally resided during the very little time he remained on shore, which were a few weeks, more or less, as the ship might be detained while unloading.

Derrick in his narrative, failed not to confess a degree of negligence in his epistolary correspondence; acknowledging he had written but twice in the last two years, and as he received no answer, concluded he was forgotten. He then went on to say, that on the 22d of September, after having been sumptuously regaled by some of the British factory, he was returning to the beach, where a boat waited his arrival, he was to sail on the following day, but that he was induced by the serenity of the hour, to stroll towards a vineyard, which at that season was generally enlivened by parties of both sexes, to enjoy its cool delights, as well as to partake of the festivities of those, whose business it was to strip the vines of their delicious incumbrances. Already the voice of merriment stole upon his ear, and the tones of various rustic instruments, now heightened by the evening breeze, grew gradually stronger. The quick step of hilarity then became distinguishable, and in a few minutes more our light-hearted Irishman, found himself encompassed by a troop of lads and lasses, some of whom belonging to the factory, welcomed his arrival with apparent pleasure, and in the gaiety of a moment so congenial to his temper, he forgot every thing but the scene before him; till startled by an early dawn, he suddenly recollected his obligation to leave Portugal before the next night. As his way to the beach lay wide of his companion's intended rout, they pointed out a path, which leading through a narrow defile, would bring him to the spot where he expected to find his boat, and Derrick, after a hearty adieu, hastened forward, not extremely well satisfied with the folly that had occasioned a delay so inconvenient. Advanced to the utmost depth of that gloomy valley, he felt a sensation not unlike awe, creeping about his heart, and looked on every side with a dread for which he could not account, when suddenly his courage was

completely put to the test, by the appearance of a figure, who rapidly descended by a path near which he must pass. Derrick would have fled, for some how his fortitude (as he nautically expressed himself) was at the lowest ebb, and at the dead of the neaps; but when this unwelcome interrupter entreated him, "for St. Anthony's sake, to stop and rescue an innocent and devoted babe, from a cruel death," his courage returned, beat his ancient opposer Prudence, out of the field, and left him totally under the dominion of pity;—actuated by that lovely principle, Patrick took the wretched little creature in his arms, vowing at the same instant, never to desert it. "Now then," exclaimed the miserable object who conveyed it thither, "I will hope that *one* branch of a persecuted race may be spared the tortures which hang over its misguided parent."

"Senior," continued he, "To-morrow's sun will behold the destruction of an entire family, already the wheels are preparing to receive their miserable bodies. Even this child would have shared their horrid fate, and must have suffered with her once noble father. Adieu then, pity and preserve the young Almeria D'Aveiro's Heir."

As Derrick knew enough of Portuguese to comprehend the nature of this request, and as he knew that in consequence of an attack upon the King of Portugal's life, a whole family, whether guilty or not, were to share in the awful punishment; he had no difficulty in crediting this information, and wrapping his adopted child in his own capota, hastened to the boat, which luckily had not changed her station. As it was the very first occasion on which poor Patrick's talents as a *nurse*, had been called into action, his awkward acquittal of that office may be easily imagined; nor did he wonder at his Protegee's tearful reluctance, to accept the tasteful viands prepared for her by the no less awkward cabin boy, but as there were no alternative, little Almeria *Sothades*, as Derrick called her, became rather better reconciled to her rough attendants, before they had cleared Cabo de Roco; and by the period of their entering the Bay of Biscay, she began to address her preserver by the name of *uncle*, another whim of that excentric being.

Till they had cleared considerably more than two thirds of this dangerous Bay, a soft and steady gale made their passage serenely pleasant, but Derrick, whose judgment respecting the weather, was seldom erroneous, beheld a halo form itself about the sun, with no very pleasurable sensations. The wind sunk to a dead calm, while the water appeared agitated without any visible means. A number of aquatic birds too, by their incessant screams and eagerness to seek some sheltering rocks, were so many omens of a speedy change. It was in vain to croud sails, which flapped against the mast; all then that could be done, was to prepare the dead lights, to put his vessel into such a trim, as might best suit the expected occasion, and to wait patiently for the issue of those prognostics.

Soon, very soon, were our experienced seaman's fears verified; the storm approached, or rather overtook them, with a rapidity not to be opposed, and more than once the ship was laid upon her beam ends; so that it required the utmost skill to keep its cargo from shifting entirely.

Notwithstanding Derrick's restless activity, which like lightning, pervaded every part of the vessel, he forgot not his poor little charge; and when, in consequence of a violent blast, the main-mast went by the board, and he was morally certain they should soon go to pieces, he ran down into the cabin, snatched up the screaming child, wrapped her in his capota, and with a small bundle which contained part of the rich attire she wore when he first received her, carried her upon deck, nor parted with her, till he could do it with safety.



To depict the horrors of inevitable shipwreck. To paint the despair, the extravagance, the inebriation of men no longer under subordinate discipline, is a task unequal to a mind unused to such scenes of anarchy and confusion; and Derrick's description was so interlarded with nautical epithets and allusions, as to be nearly unintelligible to his attentive auditors.

The only hope left to our unfortunate Captain, was that of hailing some vessel better calculated to withstand a tempest so destructive. Anxiously then did he (after fruitlessly attempting to reason with creatures acting under the joint influence of intoxication and despair) examine, when the lurid flashes permitted, every part of the horizon within his ken, but it appeared as if they alone were left to contend with the wild effects of winds and waves; and many hours elapsed in doubt and fearful forebodings. Not a hand but his own, would ply the pump. The water was already three foot in the hold, gaining rapidly upon Derrick's endeavours to supply the place of a maddening crew; and indeed, cried he, at this part of his narrative, "I found enough to do, supporting with one hand the poor little Portuguese, and pumping with the other, till my strength was exhausted. O but, and I cannot forget my surprise to find when the day broke upon us, it was still *midnight*, for after the ship began to settle, I found it was all over, and I ran to her stern, which by that time beat so hard against a rock, while her head seemed every moment ready to part, owing to the shock of such a heavy sea; and as I could do no good below, I thought I would just see how the land lay."

Poor Derrick's observation in this particular, encreased his surprise to a painful degree. The morning, although not quite so gloomy as *midnight*, would barely permit him to discover a sort of huge excavation in the monstrous cliffs, which frowned dreadfully above his devoted vessel; but as the dawn strengthened, he perceived a high coast, which trended rather northward, and while musing in much perplexity, upon his local situation, the mate, who had recovered recollection sufficient to feel, ran distractedly towards his Captain, swearing they would all be lost, and food for Davy Jones; "for see ye now," exclaimed the terrified Scot, "yon frightful beach where I was *wreck'd* some few years since, which men ca Chesil Bank, so that you mun guess we are noo under Portland Island."

This information Derrick could scarcely credit, as it seemed impossible for the vessel to have made so much way in four and twenty hours, although the wind *had* shifted to the east, within the first six of their perilous situation—but there was little time for argument; a violent crash announced their impending doom. The ship's back was broke by the straining of her timbers; in consequence, she parted almost immediately; and Derrick, with his infant charge, and Michal Hamilton, being providentially on her stern, supported themselves by the broken gallery, till they obtained a sure footing upon a ledge of the tremendous rock, while a short and mingled shriek from the sinking vessel, just reached their ears as they were struggling to preserve themselves from an equally dreadful fate.

Divided at that awful moment, between gratitude for this almost miraculous preservation, and pity for those who were not so fortunate, our ship-wrecked Captain adverted not to the dangers which still awaited them. Three biscuits and a small bottle of cordial, was all the refreshment they possessed; not that it would have added to their security had there been ten times as much. Other consequences besides those arising from unsatisfied hunger, threatened still more alarming mischief.

The tide was out, but would soon return; and although a higher ledge of rock *might* be gained, even *that* was within reach of the waves, and above this temporary security, no farther means of escape offered; for the cliff projected so much beyond their station, and the dangerous navigation beneath, so effectually excluded every hope of permitting any vessel to come with the vortex of waves, whose confined powers of acting, occasioned a sort of whirlpool near the awful excavation, that Derrick frankly acknowledged he gave up every hope of deliverance, and indeed, said he, “when I look down upon the little thing who rested within my wet bosom, and moaned as if its poor heart was breaking, I thought \*\*\*\*\* but no matter what I thought, when the *noise* of the waves prevented my thinking at all, or seeing any thing indeed by the big rock which dangled over my head like—O indeed now it was like, nothing at all at all that I had ever seen before.”

Derrick’s observation upon this part of his narrative, though simple and blundering, went to the hearts of his feeling auditors. Abraham dashed a tear from his cheek, while Mary wept over the hand of her sleeping charge, who had unconsciously extended it towards her mouth, from whence it sunk upon the friendly bosom

The attention of our ship-wrecked wanderers, soon became anxiously confined to the swelling surge, as it gradually pervaded their recess; not a word was uttered by either of them, while a hopeless eye attentively directed to each other’s pallid countenance, declared the anguish they endured. And now the restless foam began to dash against the rock beneath, covering their shivering bodies with its silver spray, and then retiring with a terrifying noise.—While thus awfully employed, the Captain was interrupted by his infant companion’s inarticulate complaint of hunger; and Michal’s biscuits were produced, and her lips welted with Derrick’s cordial, tears of compassion pouring from his eyes, at the idea of the instant destruction which awaited her. Again he threw a despairing look over the southern horizon, which a brilliant sun and unclouded sky, would have rendered (after the opposite extreme) truly delightful; but to those devoted men, it only exaggerated the horrors of their situation.

A solemn silence now succeeded the late turbulence of the surge; for the tide had arisen to a height which prevented its dashing noise, and it stole forward and retired in soft succession. “Ten minutes more,” cried Michal, “and all will be *feenushed*, for my *lags* are in the sea *already*.” “And *my feet*,” cried Patrick, “are *knee-deep*, so \*\*\*\*\*.” But avast Michal, I hear a noise.” Michal listened, when the roar of several deep voices reached their delighted ears, and they returned the shout with all their might; a short pause ensued. Derrick’s fears returned, but suddenly a thick rope was seen with a great weight attached to it, depending from the cliff, which by the motion given to it from above, sometimes swung within their reach, although they could not catch the noose, till after several attempts, when Michal luckily obtained a firm hold, and carefully following the direction of their deliverers, the almost exhausted creatures were safely drawn from their perilous station.

Although not much in the habits of high-wrought compassion, the men who had seen on the foregoing day, the vessel struggling in vain against a storm, which they were convinced she could not weather, had assembled by day-break on the cliff surmounting Derrick’s dangerous situation; when certain of the ship’s destruction, they thought some of her crew might have gained the rock beneath; a circumstance, which had occurred more than once before; but having called till hope itself could no longer encourage their

efforts, owing to the roaring of the waves and lowering the rope, which till that providential moment, had been frequently caught by the rocky asperities, they were just retiring, when Derrick and Michal were happily heard, who gratefully thanked those brave and active fellows, for that assistance, of which they had totally despaired; but as soon as the dread of immediate death subsided, our Captain's troublesome charge became an object of serious inconvenience. True, these friendly people conducted them to a cot where they might dry and refresh themselves, but as nothing remained to Derrick of all his possessions, but the little bundle which fastened to his arm, had escaped with him, and contained nothing but some rich apparel of the child's, already spoiled by the sea water, he could not in reason expect any further assistance than what might be obtained by *begging*, a mode of relief which his generous heart detested;—but how were they to be supported in their journey to Amebury, the residence of his sister?

Michal indeed, had an acquaintance in the Isle of Wight, to whom he directly repaired, yet unable to use his influence in behalf of his Captain, nor did Derrick expect it; but partly by telling his melancholy tale, and partly by the interest his infant dependant created in the feeling heart, they reached a decent looking Inn upon the edge of Salisbury Plain, in tolerable comfort; where after announcing himself as brother to the Amesbury curate, he was accommodated with a horse, a guide, and a hat; which however, was taken from his head by an untoward gust; nor could the thoughtless creature permit his guide to seek it, declaring it was a poor top gallant sail that couldn't stand that little flurry of wind.

The conclusion of Derrick's narrative, had left no common impression upon the hearts of his relatives. Abraham, after a moment's silence, piously acknowledged that goodness which had preserved them; while Mary, after adding her ejaculation, tenderly congratulated Patrick upon his deliverance.

## CHAP. IV.

### *CAUTIOUS BENEVOLENCE.*

WHILE tenderly impressed with a sense of little Almeria's desolate situation, Mr. Dawson suffered not a blind philanthropy to supercede necessary prudence. It was true, that by the strictest economy, he contrived not only to keep up the respectability of his professional character, but maintained his title to independence, by a punctual discharge of every pecuniary matter; yet, he had little to spare, and the addition of a helpless individual, must encroach upon, if not positively do away every claim his poor neighbours had formerly made upon his charity.

Derrick indeed, saw nothing of all this. Ruined, as he had every reason to suppose, in his *own* circumstances, he considered not that it was possible to injure those of a sister, whose appearance betrayed no poverty; and therefore, made little scruple to share for some weeks, the pittance of our good curate of Amesbury. With a delicacy then, characteristic of his kindness to Mary, Abraham, at the conclusion of a month, ventured to communicate his sentiments, respecting this unexpected acquisition to his family, and gently hinted his hope of a different arrangement.

Mary saw it exactly in the same light; "but some how the little thing was so engaging, began to prattle so pretty, and her poor brother seemed so happy over their nice ale, that in short, she could not find in her heart to send them away." Now there was my Lady Tillotson had taken great notice of the child, when she stopped to rest after a long walk one day, and seemed so surprised when it said something in its own lingo, that she thought mayhap \* \* \* \*. To what Mary thought, she could not just then give utterance, as Derrick, with a brotherly importance in his manner, abruptly entered to inform them, "he had seen an advertisement in the paper, describing the San Diego, her cargo, and destruction, with a reward to any one who might bring intelligence of the safety of any of the crew, particularly identifying Patrick Derrick, commander, as one whose information respecting the fate of that vessel, would be singularly useful."

"I thought brother," observed Mr. Dawson, "you had written to the rest of her owners, immediately after your arrival amongst us?" "Well, and to be sure I did now, and directed it to the Seniors, Josepha Francisco, and Martin Cavallo."—"Why then your letter went to Lisbon?" "Upon my conscience and so it did Abraham, but all's one for that; couldn't they send it to their Agents in London? Bad news flies fast enough, and sorrow takes the heart that gives it wings, I say." Even Mary could not smother her inclination to laugh at the characteristic blunder; while Derrick, regardless of that, and her husband's good humoured expostulation, abruptly requested the loan of some cash to new rigg, and set him on his way to London.

This occasioned a small demur; for, as Derrick would have observed, Mr. Dawson possessed a plentiful lack of that useful commodity, nor did he just then know how to raise four guineas, but a claim of this nature was irresistible; and after frankly confessing his insufficiency, the good creature applied to his own wardrobe, from which he furnished the thoughtless sailor with a change of linen, a respectable wig, a faded black coat, and a flat crown'd clergyman's hat, none of which received any advantage from Patrick's seaman-like figure, and the arch stile of his droll features. However, he was so

affected at Abraham's reluctant confession of temporary poverty, that in a tone of voice, equally expressive of joy or sorrow, he frankly confessed that "where it was not to be had, why the king must lose his right;" then giving his sister and Almeria, a hearty salute, and shaking her husband's hand with the violence, rather than the delicacy of friendship, he set out upon his pedestrian expedition, with half Abraham's ready cash in his pocket, promising, as soon as he got to Chancery Lane, the abode of the Agent, he would draw a bill upon his partners, and Dawson should have *all* he could get, and *more* if it was in his power.

This assurance from a man, whose claim since the ship and cargo were irrecoverably lost, was not only vague, but might meet with something worse than a refusal, since there was only *his* testimony and Michal's, respecting their trying every means to preserve them; an expectation so premature, was quite in unison with *his* feelings, but totally rejected by the curate's understanding, and he could only look upon his young inmate, as sent to urge a fresh exertion of his benevolent principle, to foster a helpless being, to whose infant wants, no other hearts would probably administer relief.

"Now then," cried Abraham with a sigh, "She must share, if not wholly engross, the trifling overplus we used to dedicate to our indigent neighbours." To this Mary consented with all her soul, and Almeria became the darling pet of her worthy protectors.

The silence of Derrick for several weeks succeeding his departure, gave pain to his relations, *only* from a dread that it might be owing to a suspicion of his integrity encouraged by the Agents employed on the Sans Diego's business; for, under common circumstances, they had no reason to admire Patrick's punctuality in his correspondence, "and who knows," cried the curate, "but he may now be confined under the supposition of sinking a vessel, whose cargo might not have been equal to its insurance, admitting Derrick to have acted fraudulently, I will write at least, to Chancery Lane." While Abraham was deciding upon the subject of his letter, Derrick's arrival did away every fear. His dress was modern and appropriate to his profession; and with spirits considerably above par, which gave to his words and actions, a force his auditors could well have spared, he informed them that in the second week of his arrival in town, Mr. Welsbury, the Agent, had received from Senior Josepha, an honourable acquittal of Patrick's conduct, in consequence of the good character he had always sustained among them, with proper credit for any sum, not exceeding one hundred moidores, and a commission to take the command of another Lisbon trader, which was to leave London shortly, with a cargo consigned to Isaac Polygon, of European extraction, then residing at the Brazils, but daily expected to arrive at Portugal.

Thus fully exculpated from every shadow of blame, and possessed of means to assist his infant friend; with a prospect also, of future prosperity, it was no wonder our Captain should act and talk somewhat extravagantly; but for a man he really loved, Abraham could make great allowance; and when the generous sailor threw a heavy purse, containing nearly the whole of his riches, into Mary's lap, the curate seriously remonstrated against taking more than a third of its contents, which would be quite sufficient, he declared, for Almeria's present exigencies. "O bub a boo," exclaimed Derrick, who, from certain appearances, began to fancy his brother's finances not quite so plentiful as when he paid his first visit, "don't I know you to be the poorest rich parson in little England, that is honey, I *mane* rich in good works. Well then, and will these good

works clothe and feed my pretty girl? No by my conscience—a few broad pieces will go farther than all the piety of all the poor parsons in Great Britain.”

Still the curate contended, and Derrick opposed, till wearied with the controversy, Mary finished their argument by dividing the spoil, and absolutely forcing his share upon her obstinate brother, who soon after quitted them with one of his usual apothegms.

Left to the protection of such disinterested friends, the young Portuguese felt no want of luxuries, which she could not remember to have enjoyed. Even her favorite term of *sothades*, which in her own language, comprehends every thing sweet, tender or lovely, became merely habitual, from its being attached to her first name, for she soon ceased to think at all of those incidents, which gave consequence to that endearing expression. A sort of confused idea of her nurse’s agonies, when she gave her up to the person who delivered her to Derrick, sometimes threw a shade upon her infant brow, but as other objects, and the pursuits of tender youth succeeded, she lost every recollection of that circumstance, nor would the considerate Abraham advert to any subject that might refer to it.

Delighted with her sprightly charge, Mary gave up her propensity to grand company, and found sufficient employment in giving her those rudiments of learning, upon which the curate built a useful and solid system of education. “*She is not handsome Mary, but she will be interesting, and our endeavours shall not be wanting to make her good.*” “*Not handsome,*” repeated Mrs. Dawson. “To be sure she is rather dark, and rather short for a child in her third year; as my brother said the man told him she was no more. She is very pale and very thin too, but mark her sweet eyes Abraham; look at her fine ringlets, her pretty teeth and charming brows, and then say if she wont be pretty; already her skin looks clearer; nay, my Lady Tillotson says, she *will* be a beauty.”

To oppose what Lady Tillotson said, and Mary thought, was inimical to Mr. Dawson’s wish to oblige, and he quietly withdrew his objections to Almeria’s personal acquirements; although several years passed by, before her improvement in that particular, did any credit to Mary’s prognostications. Her complexion still retained much of its sallow hue, but she grew tall. A certain air of dignity, gave force to what she said, and graced the most puerile action. She was docile to her instructors, but there was a hauteur about her, of which no document could divest her, when familiarly addressed by the vulgar, or proudly neglected by her superiors. To the humble supplicant, her manners were sweet, her expression soft as dove-eyed pity could make them; but she was still in principle, in person, in disposition the great D’Aveiro’s heir.

Her story had been told at Wallbrook Tower, with all its interesting particulars. Sir Henry had read the dreadful fate of her relatives, with a concern, which was encreased by circumstances, himself only could explain. Often would this little girl’s features, create an overwhelming melancholy in his manner towards her, but he shewed no other marks of attachment, and Almeria, who saw the effect her appearance produced, soon became averse to seeing him at all.

To Lady Tillotson, her grateful heart became naturally devoted, and when of an age to understand the value of such society, she was permitted to pass whole days in her presence; where she acquired such habits and such a polish as, added to the curate’s continual instructions, made her a most estimable character.

The small parcel which Derrick had preserved, was examined by her Ladyship, with a maternal attention. A rich silk dress, superbly ornamented with trimmings and

fringes of gold, while it marked a heavy taste in the middle of the last century, upon the Continent, denoted also the magnificence of those who had provided such splendid adornments, but that was all; there was no clue to the hint given that she was D'Aveiro's heir, excepting the arms of that family worked into the gold net that confined her pretty ringlets; a title, which if she undoubtedly possessed, could only be productive of shame and sorrow; for the noble Duke had suffered a most painful death, in consequence of firing (as they chose to assert) the very ball which entered king Joseph's coach.

Wretched old man, how terrible was thy fate? What availed thy professions of innocence—thy natural dignity—thy venerable figure? When callous to every sentiment of humanity, thy un pitying executioner mangled the trembling frame, and in despite of shrieks, groans, and tears, which awakened in the numerous populace, a lively sense of such acute sufferings, thy right hand was first cut off, thy shivering body placed upon a wheel, and every limb leisurely broken by the torturing iron.\* Was *this* a fate to be communicated to a helpless child, as that of her parent?—Were tortures such as those, to be dwelt upon as endured by the being, whom both duty and affection pointed out as entitled to tender commiseration?—Certainly not. Happy therefore, in her ignorance of events, a knowledge of which, whether attached to her by consanguinity, or only the feelings of humanity, must have roused her keenest feelings.

Almeria passed twelve years of her existence, without experiencing any particular uneasiness than what arose from a visible declension in Mrs. Dawson's health. Her husband's manly, but ill concealed distress upon that head, and the long silence of her thoughtless (yet otherways) friendly protector; for Derrick had as usual, been extremely remiss in his correspondence. However, as these were matters which no exertion of her's could alter, she satisfied her own sense of the moral duties, by paying the strictest attention to Mary's dangerous situation, and stealing by every laudable endeavour, the mind of Abraham, from his painful contemplation of expected evils.

While thus affectionately employed, she scarcely heeded the departure of Lady Tillotson, who with the Baronet, had been absent upon a three years tour; in the course of which time, they had made a long visit to Spain and Portugal; places which are generally omitted in the fashionable tourists list; and by the period of their return, Almeria had completed her sixteenth year, and Mary concluded the last of her mortal pilgrimage.

Engaged in the sweetest offices of pious consolation, our young heroine felt no vacuum in her heart, no torpor of action, nor regret at losing the various humble amusements of the few chosen companions her good pastor had recommended to her attention. To him alone, she dedicated the hours formerly devoted to youthful hilarity; nor was Abraham ungrateful for a notice so soothing to his desolate state. Every attempt to cheer his spirits, was received with a faint smile of tender melancholy; and not seldom would a tear mark his love of a creature, supposed to be so nobly descended, and so unfortunately deserted by her natural friends; for he could not imagine the knowledge of her existence could implicate the safety of those relatives, or her own life.

Almeria, who beheld with soft pity, the tear she wrongly attributed to hopeless recollections, made no scruple to wipe it away, and kiss the moistened cheek that was somewhat wrinkled by premature age, and stationary grief; and in the execution of this pious office, she was one evening so deeply engaged, as not to heed the entrance of Lady

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\* This description was given by one who was upon the spot, but who could not bear to stay the infliction of the *coup de grace*.

Tillotson, whose return was daily expected, and who, accompanied by a fine young foreigner, was silently contemplating a scene, so honourable to the subjects of it; but Abraham, whose face was so situated as to catch the first glance of his visitors, suddenly exclaimed, "Almeria, my child, see you not who is present?"

Totally abashed at a surprise so unexpected, the amiable girl started from her seat, and bent with a grace which D'Aveiro's self might have acknowledged, while Lady Tillotson turned a look upon the gentleman, expressive of her sentiments of this lovely young woman; and then advancing, she affectionately embraced her; declaring sportively, that if three years had deprived *her* of so many charms as they had added to Almeria's person, *she* could never appear again as a competitor, even among her *own* contemporaries.

The blush which such an encomium had raised, soon subsided, and Almeria again resumed her natural complexion, but it had lost its sallow hue; clear, yet not fair; it was really pleasing, and animated with eyes of the deepest black and most piercing lustre; the want of high colour was hardly perceptible. Her form was majestic, her countenance impressively fascinating. The excessive fragility of her earlier years, no longer conveyed indications of precarious health. Her person was now formed into elegance, whilst she preserved in her manners, much of that deportment, which marks a Portuguese extraction.

To a remark uttered by her companion in a tone of admiration, Lady Tillotson returned a few words unintelligible to all but themselves; and then adverting to Mrs. Dawson's irreparable loss, she apologized for that cheerfulness, which a first view of his darling girl's improvements had excited.

Abraham bowed, and shunning a conversation he could not join in, spoke *only* of the pleasure Almeria would derive from the arrival of her estimable benefactress.—Lady Tillotson's countenance fell at this observation; she sighed deeply, and to their utter surprise, soon after quitted the cottage, without giving her young *sothades* the smallest hint that her company would be desirable at Wallbrook Tower, though she promised to call again on the following morning.

To Almeria's innocent reflections upon a conduct so extraordinary, Abraham offered no elucidation. He was grave, silent, and abstracted, till thoroughly awakened by her repeated hints. He bid her be patient. "There *is* a motive, my child, but it rests with Sir Henry. I have suspicions, yet hardly know upon what to fix them."

"This young man too, was formerly \* \* \* but pardon me love, I have no right over Sir Henry's secrets." "Sir Henry," exclaimed she, in a tone impatient and indignant, "is no friend of your poor orphan. Perhaps, because she *is* poor." "Almeria," said her venerated adviser, his accent reproving, his features grave, "recollect yourself. Sir Henry Tillotson is *my* friend and *yours*." "Mine, dear sir, in what instance?" "What proof has *he* given of his kindness—in what way am I indebted to him—and what do I owe *him* for?" "For your *support*, and those parts of your education, Almeria Southades, which came not within *my* powers." "I thought," cried the trembling girl, "that to you *alone*, since Captain Derrick left England, I was obliged for a maintenance." Here she burst into a passionate fit of grief, which effectually conquered Mr. Dawson's temporary displeasure, and while he pressed her to his paternal bosom, informed her, "that in consequence of his Mary's long illness, and certain inconveniences prior to that, he had drawn even the necessities of life, from Sir Henry's bounty; who charged him to omit no opportunity of rendering his young ward every service her uncommon talents and situation demanded. "And have I



then," asked she, lifting up her head while a fresh agony of tears denoted the bitterest accusation of fancied ingratitude, "Have *I dared* to censure a being so benevolent? O my father, can *you* forgive such a blind, such detestable, arrogance?" "Yes, for you are Meryc's softest pleader." "But can I forgive myself?" "Cease, dear self accuser, these reproaches, which indeed, are but the usual consequence of passions, somewhat too irritable, and remember, that she who draws conclusions from empty or fallacious opinions, will often be forced to retract, covered with the ingenuous shame *you* display, and now let me offer *my* sentiments upon this intricate business.

"Should Lady Tillotson again renew her invitation to Wallbrook Tower, accept it, for *she* is competent to the task of discriminating particular circumstances. To Sir Henry, I charge you, behave as to an individual whom merit and fortune (*birth* perhaps, is out of the question) have placed in a superior light; but upon no account, let aught of what I have told you, pass your lips; and now sweetest comforter, resume the pleasing occupation of \* \* \* need I say what?" "No, my beloved, my best of friends. I know the nature of request—*you* have pardoned *me*. I will try now to forget my folly, and will read, sing or talk, as you may think either of those means will suit your present feelings."—"Read then, and compose by your subject those feelings which \* \* \* but read, and all may be well again."

Delighted to find she had recovered the power to administer a degree of consolation to her friend, Almeria chose those passages from the inimitable Paradise Lost, which she thought best calculated to give that repose, a wounded mind required; yet although interested herself by the solemn theme, it could not wholly steal from her mind, the scene she had so recently been engaged in.—Lady Tillotson, Sir Henry, even the elegant foreigner, whose sallow complexion, and eyes equally brilliant with her own, had not been wholly unnoticed, obtained some place in her imagination; but to the former object of a transient meditation, he bore no comparison, and when she closed her book, Sir Henry's beneficence, and his Lady's recent omission of the common forms of politeness, engrossed every idea \* \* \* while Abraham was counselling her to wait with patience, the effect of his cautions. This she fervently promised to do; and although nothing transpired of an explanatory nature in Lady Tillotson's second call at the little parsonage, to bring those cautions forward, the good girl betrayed no awkward surprise, expressed no improper reserve, but exhibited the same respectful freedom, the same innocent propriety of manners, which had ever rendered her society so pleasing to her elegant friend.

Abraham beheld his darling with eyes expressive of love and admiration, mentally exclaiming, "Can *such* a creature, so unaffectedly graceful, so charmingly distinguished by an exertion of every female talent, be of low descent?—Impossible! No doubt then can arise from a quarter, which the fastidious Sir Henry, if any suspicions be true, seems to guard with a watchful care."

This apostrophe was interrupted by her Ladyship's repeated adieus; who, as she passed the threshold prevented, with a good humoured violence, Almeria's attempts to accompany her part of the way home; telling her, that she expected Signor Lima, to meet her, if he could surmount the laziness, peculiar to his country and climate.

This hint was sufficient; the poor girl retreated, a deep blush overspread her cheek, which Mr. Dawson, whose infirmities prevented his offering the same compliment, beheld a similar emotion upon his respected visitants features, who guessing

what passed in her candid mind, lamented the impossibility of resolving points, unknown in their source, even to himself; that the young foreigner whom Lady Tillotson announced, as a Signor Frederico De Lima, was connected in some mysterious degree, to Sir Henry, our curate well knew; for he had seen him formerly at Amesbury, and heard him mentioned in his way, which led Abraham to suspect a very *strong* degree of affinity between them, as Sir Henry had passed several years in Lisbon, prior to this young man's birth; under this persuasion, he was ready to attribute the pointed neglect of his beloved child to the Baronet; who, dreading the influence of youth, beauty, and a common predelection in favor of country upon his foreign friend, might have interdicted Almeria's visits during De Lima's abode at Wallbrook Tower, but if such had been Sir Henry's motive, there was little reason to suppose it had been trusted to his Lady's confidence; since, in that instance, she would not have introduced a relative to her husband,—to one against whom he seemed to have taken an unaccountable prejudice. At all events, Abraham thought himself equally justified in doing away Almeria's suspicions of neglect.

## CHAP. V.

### *THE ATTACHMENT.*

FOR several weeks succeeding Sir Henry's return to England, his sentiments respecting our heroine appeared to have undergone no alteration: true—he visited the curate, and persevered in his benevolence to that worthy man; but when politeness obliged him to notice Almeria, the same impenetrable gloom pervaded his manner, and she could almost have fancied herself an object of his hatred, had not the implicit veneration she had for Mr. Dawson's superior knowledge of mankind, stepped in to reconcile the seeming contradiction.

Lady Tillotson also made them occasional visits, but always accompanied by Signor De Lima, who was not the least interested amongst them in the fate of his lovely countrywoman. Impetuous, and unused of late years to controul, and by no means devoid of attention to whatever carried an appearance of mystery; attached too, with all the enthusiastic energy of his nation, to the young and lovely of the female sex, who are in general the objects of an homage almost amounting to adoration, the well informed Portuguese Frederico could not behold such native dignity, such unaffected sweetness, without an eager desire to cultivate a respectful intimacy with the charming cottager. Nor was the pale and tender melancholy of her foster parent's features without its interest; his evident languor and almost helpless situation, were finely supported by manners the most touchingly simple; and De Lima with all the romance of a character calculated to shine in the annals of chivalry, saw in these singular people, subjects of esteem, respect, and love. It had never occurred to this foreigner that Almeria, whose talents, figure, and acquirements, had been the topic of Lady Tillotson's conversations, after their first visit to the curate, could be deemed an improper visitor at Wallbrook Tower; but when he, with all the ardour of an inflamed imagination, added the most liberal tribute to the those encomiums, and declared his intention of passing many hours at the minister's cottage, a cloud rose upon his noble companion's countenance, which acted like electricity upon his vulnerable heart, and effectually disturbed his too sanguine hope.

De Lima chose not to give her frigid reception of his unbounded praise an unfavorable turn: Almeria Sothades, although of doubtful birth, (for so it had been hinted) obscure origin, and confessedly dependent upon those friends her desolate circumstances had procured, was still an object of his fondest attachment; and Frederico soon established a sort of compromise between his reason and his passions, in which the former, too impotent for resistance, strove to give this preference a plausible colour, and to obtain an interest in the affections of his lovely Portuguese was (to speak in modern terms) "the order of the day."

Determining therefore to lose no opportunity of identifying his ardent claim, our impetuous foreigner scarcely suffered a day to pass, in which he strove not to indulge himself in that society so precious to his heart. Opportunities, indeed, did not occur quite so often as he could wish, as Abraham's increasing infirmities rendered Almeria's attentions more unremitting than before; but when he *could* see her, they were without witnesses, and Almeria scarcely knew how to put a chilling negative upon hopes and

wishes which appeared to have *her* security and future happiness for their principal subject.

Of that world which opens such fairy scenes of bliss and love to the young unpractised heart, she had hitherto been totally ignorant. Of Abraham and Mary she had learned; from the latter, habits of cleanliness and good housewifery; from the former, latin, arithmetic, geography, and writing; and to Lady Tillotson, she was indebted for the polish of education and manners: but neither from those or her innocent companions had she caught the spirit of coquetry or intrigue.—To Almeria such follies were unknown; consequently, the virtues *she* daily contemplated, (if we except the mystery of Sir Henry's behaviour, which from her inability to discover its source, soon faded on her mind;) was that of sincerity and guileless affection; and as De Lima's professions carried in the implication the finest effects of truth and love, his adored Sothades found no difficulty in giving them credit, nor once thought of questioning the reality of those ardent protestations. But if this amiable simplicity strengthened De Lima's interest in one instance, it greatly impeded its success in another; and Abraham, through his sweet attendant's artlessness, soon became master of her thoughts, her wishes, and her opinions upon that head.

That this was an arrangement totally inimical to the intention of his noble benefactor, our good curate was well assured; he saw what an ascendancy Frederico had already obtained over his dear child, and trembled to imagine the consequence.—To tax the enamoured Portuguese with a dishonorable proceeding, was to awaken passions that might overwhelm them all with destruction: and feeble, from bodily pain and useless grief, he dreaded to encounter a violence which was a natural characteristic. However, confiding in Lady Tillotson's discretion, he ventured to consult her upon the painful business. The communication was received with unpropitious silence: and Abraham soon defined its cause; for her countenance exhibited such signs of horror, as precluded instant speech.—At length "This must not reach my husband's ears," cried the astonished Lady; "The cause I know not; but when our child's name has occasionally passed De Lima's lips, I have noticed in Sir Henry such marks of indignation, and \* \* \* But merciful heaven, what do I hear?" "Most assuredly Sir Henry's voice," said the agitated curate, "and raised to an unusual pitch of violence;" a few incoherent sentences followed, and immediately the Baronet, foaming with passion, entered the inner apartment where his Lady waited with motionless expectation, of some dreadful solution of her fears. In De Lima's countenance, who appeared at the same instant, was an alarming expression of rage; and Abraham could have fancied the poignard of a disappointed Portuguese ready to avenge its owner's wrongs. But his attention was soon turned towards Sir Henry, who, grasping his arm with no very conciliatory meaning, haughtily charged him with encouraging the heir of a noble house, in an act of the most glaring disobedience,—nay, of horrid tendency.

The evil our unhappy invalid had deprecated, now approached from a quarter against which he had not guarded; and in Sir Henry's indignant address, he felt that a tacit, though undeserved reproach was conveyed. Conscious therefore of his own innocence as well as the motive for this address, he meekly, though firmly disclaimed every title to Sir Henry's anger; "For I am aware of your suspicions," added he, "and also of their cause; and frankly confess myself acquainted with that gentleman's attachment to my child, but—" and his voice assumed a fuller and still firmer tone, while he threw a

look upon De Lima, not exactly corresponding with the boldness of his expression,—“It has never had *my* sanction. Almeria, poor and unprotected as she may be, is a stranger to dissimulation; from *her* I learned the Signor’s intentions; and to *this* Lady I have just now communicated them.—Look up, then, sweetest Sothades,” raising the poor girl to his bosom as she sat leaning her face upon his shoulder, behind the couch, which station she had just taken upon her entrance from a room beyond her feeble friends, at the moment Abraham began his defence,—“look up my dearest, no blame is attributable to thee; thy guileless heart suspects no deceit, harbours no ungenerous sentiments?”

De Lima, who felt sensations he could neither repress nor controul, stepped forward,—caught her trembling hand, and approaching his angry judge, bid him “Look well upon the object of a choice which every meeting, seldom as they occurred, so fully justified. If, in the establishment you seek for De Lima, beauty, dignity, and innate excellence can atone for supposed obscurity of birth and great wealth, where can the eye rest upon, the mind imagine, the heart delight in perfections more unrivalled than these? I know the weight attached to hereditary honors; I am sensible how much they obtain with our nation, as well as with the still haughtier Spaniards;—but in England, the soul of liberality, the patron of genius, the support of the unprotected, those distinctions lose their influence.—Give me then,—nay, I demand your consent to a union which” \* \* “Never *shall* be realised,” protested the enraged Sir Henry, “away rash fool, nor dare to provoke me further,—quit this syren,—leave her to \* \* but what *would* I say!—Selfish Lima, thus to involve a creature whose merits compel my love, while they increase my regrets.—But leave her, I repeat!—force me not to curse the hour which \* \* \* Lima,—my brain is on fire;—love, pity, horror, indignation, threaten to destroy my reason, and I could curse” \* \* “Not *her* my guardian: not my Sothades: me: this good man:—the world? But spare,” cried the furious youth, “spare this weeping innocence?”

“If you *have* pity,” said Lady Tillotson, who could no longer bear a scene so trying, “extend it now:—to us all: and you, De Lima be not so selfish! view that shattered frame; so unable to endure the storms of various passions? (For Abraham had sunk upon his couch exhausted and miserable.) “Behold the object of your ungovernable admiration! detain her not in a situation so painful to her feelings! Let us retire, and discuss this ungrateful subject without these innocent witnesses of a violence so disgraceful?” The tone, the manner, the countenance of that respectable pleader had their full effect;—Sir Henry silently pressed the hand she offered; while De Lima, (whose generosity, independent of those passion to which however it certainly contributed, now urged a sense of such turbulent impropriety) after joining with his friends in a tolerable kind adieu to Abraham, eagerly kissed the hand of his adored, and quitted the cottage with a lingering look and reluctant step;—leaving to those objects the full consciousness of a rectitude, which this abrupt attack had rather confirmed than shaken.

After a few minutes passed by Almeria and her beloved friend in recovering the composure necessary to calm discrimination, she explained to him the circumstance which so completely excited Sir Henry’s wrath, by confessing that “De Lima had accompanied Lady Tillotson in her walk, through a hope of procuring *her* society for a few minutes; in consequence she was prevailed to join him in a lane which led towards the plain, but a sudden shower had driven them back, and they were encountered by Sir Henry at the moment they reached the cottage; declaring that she eagerly sought to shun any farther view of one she dreaded, and sought shelter in her own room, till some

unknown motive impelled her to them." A faint blush of vexation fled across Abraham's cheeks at this explanation; even a dread that this discovery would implicate his honoured patroness, and disturb her domestic tranquillity, but he spoke not; and Almeria proceeded to state her terror, when she encountered the contracted brow, and hear him accuse De Lima of duplicity, ingratitude, and a baseness of conduct which would bring the most awful destruction upon them both. "But what destruction," asked the frank hearted girl, "*could* be the consequence of such an union? and what could be the *horrid* tendency he hinted at?"

This artless question, renewed in Dawson's bosom, his former suspicions; but as they were *only* suspicions, and he could not trust them to his child, whose singular simplicity *might* render a more perfect elucidation necessary, than prudence chose to give; waving therefore a satisfactory reply, he continued to insinuate a delicate hint respecting any future correspondence with De Lima, and slightly touched upon Sir Henry's evident reluctance; nay, if his child would pardon a term so strange, he would venture to say *abhorrence* of such an establishment. Almeria started at the dreadful phrase! from Sir Henry such an epithet appeared to be the effect of ungoverned passion; but from her friend!—her adopted father!—what could it import? Pride suggested even the refusal of a hand offered under such humiliating circumstances, to which the obligation she should confer upon her superiors, added to a latent motive for it, brought before her the approving smile of Lady Tillotson, the softened features of her husband, the tender sweetness of Mr. Dawson's acceptance of this renunciation; and she was upon the point of making it, when a sentiment composed of respect for the lover who so nobly persisted in an honourable attachment; of pity for *his* sufferings, and a *little* consideration for herself, put a partial negative upon the fiat she was about to pronounce, and she affected not to notice the strength of the expression; but fervently protested she would be wholly governed by Lady Tillotson and her venerable protector, in every point respecting De Lima's pretensions.

Abraham, though simply good and conceiving the highest opinion of his child's rectitude, saw a limitation in this promise not *quite* according to that opinion, for it excluded Sir Henry from the distinction to which he was so well entitled by his benevolence and situation: but totally exhausted by the exertion of faculties that were daily losing strength, he endeavored to content himself with a hope, that she would still preserve a friend in Lady Tillotson when he was no more; whose influence might keep her to the solemn engagement she had just ratified.

Upon Sir Henry's return to Wallbrook Tower, the subject so interesting to De Lima, was renewed with an impetuosity that set all rational argument at defiance. "You hint," said the rash foreigner, "at consequences which I can neither understand or *admit*, supposing I *could* develope them. If they be such as reason, the objection arising from a doubtful origin, or pecuniary motives, may urge you to bring forward, why not explain them? If they be obnoxious to delicacy, or productive of danger to either party, why not remove the veil your caution interposes? You possibly are jealous of my honour—the dignity of De Lima's house, which in my person has been entrusted to your care? but of what avail is dignity or wealth, if its possessor be deprived of the sweetest blessings they can bestow? Better I was still the muleteer's slave, than Sir Henry Tillotson's Ward, if subject to such painful, such despotic restrictions.—Speak madam; exert your irresistible powers; speak for that lovely creature; plead for your Frederico; but no!—the Baronet's

will must not be opposed; and even his Lady would plead in vain.”—“She would *indeed*, presumptuous Sir, if inclined to favour a suit so disagreeable to her husband: but recollect yourself De Lima: and while you prefer Diego’s protection to mine, forget not, that to *me* is owing your present claims to wealth and grandeur.—Lost for so many years to the family whose consequence you slight; bred up to a supposition that you was inferior to the muleteer you served; indebted for the improvements which do not disgrace an heir of Count De Lima, who accompanied by *me*, rescued you from a situation so obscure;—how is it, that no sense of gratitude opposes such headstrong passions? Trifling in the estimation of a sober judgement is the sacrifice required merely to give up a pursuit which, if persisted in, must, I repeat, involve us all in tenfold destruction.”

“Yes,” retorted the inflamed Signor, “I am *not* insensible of my obligations to Sir Henry Tillotson.—*He* discovered in the little muleteer, a nephew of the Count De Lima; *he* restored that unfortunate child to his right; *he*, after rearing and educating me at Wallbrook Tower, sailed back with me to Lisbon; and *he*, upon that nobleman’s decease, again returned me to a spot where, with his permission, I might enjoy extatic happiness. But I have done. This opposition cancels every obligation; and wretchedness, without Almeria, must be my portion.” Unable to contend against fury so ungovernable and unjust, the venerable gentleman quitted the scene of altercation; leaving to his Lady the task of ameliorating, if possible, the fiery passions of this rash Portuguese.

It was a task which she dreaded to attempt, and almost equally despaired of performing; but won by her gentleness, and softened by the compassion she expressed for his misfortune, Signor De Lima gradually listened to her tender judicious representations, and even admitted a possibility of being wrong in such an obstinate perseverance. Yet still persisted in his determination to wed his beloved Sothades, unless Sir Henry would come forward and substantiate those objections, which carried on their face more of the petulance of disappointed pride, than the real weight he attempted to give them. To this statement her Ladyship gave no reply. She had often regretted her husband’s strange conduct towards that innocent girl, and more than once ventured to expostulate upon the subject, but was always silenced in a way that while it increased a painful curiosity, proved the fruitlessness of those endeavours, and she had long ceased to renew them, firmly believing his dislike arose from a cause she should live to see investigated. But to his fondness for De Lima, she could give an easy solution, for he was endeared to Sir Henry in various lights; whose chance it was to travel from Gibraltar about ten years before, to take upon him the office of English Consul at Seville, and was directed by several muleteers, one of which, although scarcely big enough to stride the animal on which he rode, was yet so sharp and witty in his observations, that the discriminating Baronet felt reluctant to separate from a child that promised to credit his benevolence in whatever way it was exerted; and when he arrived at Seville, that regret was increased to a degree which rendered a separation extremely irksome. Diego, the chief muleteer, was mercenary;—Sir Henry, liberal;—and Frederico soon became that gentleman’s property, who looked upon himself as engaged to reside in Spain; but a war breaking out, he soon returned to England, bringing the little stranger in his suite.

For seven years the young Portuguese enjoyed every advantage an English education could bestow; but as he had received those advantages at a public school, neither his person or situation was at all known to Almeria, previous to his last arrival at Wallbrook Tower. She recollected indeed an extraordinary bustle at that place,

occasioned by a visit from a foreign nobleman; but, as upon those occasions neither the curate, Mary, or her darling were permitted (for so Abraham *would* have it) to be present, the consequences of that visit were unknown to her.

This nobleman was the Count De Lima, a native of Lisbon, and one who had enjoyed Sir Henry's friendship and confidence: he had heard much of the little muleteer; and to see a child by whose history he was indefinitely interested, was his first motive for accepting an invitation the Baronet had often repeated.

Frederico had just completed his fourteenth year. His aspect sweet, but commanding; his complexion dark; his features tolerable; his person tall and thin. To the Count's eager enquiries respecting what he knew of himself prior to Sir Henry's adoption, he replied with a deep blush, that he had every reason to suppose himself the offspring of a beggar of Andalusia, who, when he was a mere child, had left him upon a steep narrow road which wound along the side of a mountain, in the pass from Gibraltar to Seville.—Here he was found by Diego, at the very moment when one of the mules was about to turn him aside with his nose, when he must have gone over the precipice. Diego, who had seen the beggar deposit something, and then rush down the hill, attempted to overtake him, but in vain; and moved by the infant's cries, he flung him into a pannier and conveyed him to a house near the old aqueduct; where from residing pretty much with the mules, he in a very few years was enabled to lead or drive them. He added, that Diego often threatened to send him to the hospital for deserted children; but although niggardly and severe, he ought not to complain of one whose care of him had eventually procured him that more than parent's protection and assistance. Here he bowed, and kissed the hand of his excellent benefactor. While he was thus ingenuously owning the obscurity of his infancy, Count De Lima surveyed him with an air keen penetrating and melancholy: and then turning aside, softly articulated "How like my Alzira.—But say, (in a hurried tone) do you recollect any particular garment or mark about you at the time Diego saved your life?" "None my Lord." "We will go to this Diego, Sir Henry, I feel miserable till Frederico's rights are ascertained."—"I will accompany you, Count," said the almost equally interested Baronet, "I see your agitation,—I guess your suspicions!" De Lima sighed, turned aside, and wept. And the youth, who comprehended nothing of those suspicions, felt delighted at the idea of a voyage to Seville, an interview with Diego, and an exhibition of his person, his improvements and advantages to those who once thought him so much their inferior.

After a pleasant sail of three weeks, his eye was gratified by a distant view of St. Lucar, at which port they soon after disembarked, and proceeded towards Seville; when young Frederico began to experience those emotions so natural to one in his situation. The prospect of its environs, its stately spires and several ancient mementos of Moorish grandeur were familiar to his eager eye; and when upon their nearer approach he caught a faint view of that celebrated piece of antiquity, the noble aqueduct, his heart beat high with the hope of meeting Diego Varni, whose severities in early youth could not obliterate the benefits this morose muleteer had actually procured to him. The Count who was little less agitated than his protégée, asked if he recollected Diego's place of abode,—"I do," cried the impatient stripling,—and impetuously spurring his strong but sluggish mule—"Yonder to the right of the bridge, it leans against that side of the arch: follow me my lord, we shall reach it in a few minutes." Sir Henry smiled at the ardent boy, and readily, with his friend, obeyed his request; when Frederico (who beheld Diego



at the door of his cottage busily preparing to set out upon his usual route with baggage for Madrid) abruptly exclaimed, "I see him,—the very man you want!" Astonished at the appearance of several strangers evidently making up to him, Diego Varni relinquished his employment of loading the mules, to gaze at them; when the foremost of the troop darted from his animal, and hastily addressing Varni by name, made him acquainted in a few words with the quality of his visitors.

From the muleteer's appearance and occupation, Count De Lima drew no sanguine hopes of success; since from all he had heard, this man even in his kindest efforts towards the boy's preservation, had been actuated as much by curiosity and avarice as humanity; for instigated by a sordid hope of the wretched infant's being claimed he had given it a chance for its life with all the mules, pigs, and boriques, till discouraged in his continual enquiries after the beggar, he strove to exonerate himself of the burthen so rashly undertaken, by forcing the unhappy child upon the performance of such dirty little offices, as he conceived were properly adapted to the offspring of poverty. All then that could now be done was to enquire if the pauper had ever been discovered by Diego; and if he had, whether *that* discovery tended to throw a light upon Frederico's birth. This question, which was put with an interested eagerness, produced an alarming expression upon Varni's countenance; and he ventured to own that two years prior to this enquiry, he had overtaken the identical beggar in his road to Madrid, who candidly confessed he found that child among the rubbish of some stately house near the Terrieres de Passe at Lisbon, on the morning succeeding that tremendous earthquake which so nearly destroyed every building of consequence.—"The Terrieres de Passe," repeated De Lima, in wild and tremulous accents, "Are you *sure* they were his words?" "I am, my lord; and more than that, he said the child who seemed almost expiring, had several jewels fastened about him, one of which certainly belonged to some great family, for it was impressed with the arms of Portugal; he also had a small badge tied about his neck representing a red cross within a white one—" "The order of Christ," interrupted the Count. "So old Alberto said, my lord; for not being able to find out Frederico's relations, he was forced to sell all those fine things to support him; and the jeweller explained both the seal and the cross, telling Alberto *he* also would make enquiries about the right owner of them,—moreover, he would keep them till there was no possible chance of their being claimed." "And this jeweller,—know you not where he may be found?" "At Madrid; but he did not tell me exactly where, though I think he mentioned his having a country seat near Casa del Campo, and his name is Ildefonso."—"I recollect him well, Sir Henry," cried the delighted Count, who now gave way to the most lively hopes,—"Yes, yes, we shall certainly find him; I will depart this very evening; the nights are serene and lovely; I cannot rest till this matter is investigated." "But the distance, my Lord, is two hundred miles!" "Diego, I know it—no matter.—I will leave Sir Henry and this youth at Seville, and travel post." Sir Henry disliked this arrangement, but his strength was unequal to any farther exertion; and Frederico (healthy, vigorous, and ardent in the cause) dare not advance an objection to the Count's plan; in consequence of which, he, after administering to Varni's prevailing quality—avarice, accompanied his friends to a large hotel near the cathedral, where he quitted them on the following morning, and entered upon a journey which he fondly expected would terminate every anxious doubt respecting a youth whom he so much desired to recognise as a dear relative.

During an absence of several weeks, his friends experienced a degree of anxiety for his safety which rendered that period extremely irksome; nor could the few amusements Seville afforded, hold out any temptation equal to that of wandering about its environs, or rambling in a wood of olives, whose shady walks attracted all who had a taste for simple grandeur; but at the expiration of the third week, even this pleasure lost its charms. Sir Henry dreaded the effect of De Lima's enquiries; for if his suspicions respecting the lad *were* realised, there was a mystery in his fate that might produce awful consequences, and perhaps what that nobleman most hoped, ought to be most feared.

While thus contemplating an event so important, Sir Henry saw, by the light of a brilliant moon which threw its beams over a large extent of plain, that facing the window of his chamber, overlooked from the back of his residence, the olive wood and plains beyond, a chaise driving furiously along the road; it stopped, as he could hear, near the gate of the hotel, and before he could descend to the drawing room, he saw Count De Lima enter with a hurried and impatient air. Sir Henry immediately followed, and beheld him embracing the young Frederico with an almost frantic wildness; exclaiming, "My child, dearest relic of one most precious to remembrance!—only male survivor of that invaluable creature whose loss has shaded every succeeding hour with sorrow. Here, Sir Henry," he cried, and holding out a hand of the weeping boy, invited his reception of it,—"*here is a treasure which I owe to you; but for you he had been neglected, suffered to live in ignorance, poverty, and unfeeling contempt. The heir of De Lima's vast possessions would have disgraced his origin; now*"—and he passionately caught him to his bosom,—"*now, you may glory in the work of pure benevolence, and I can present Alzira's offspring to her proud race with exulting joy. And yet*" here his voice and countenance fell, "*that mystery which clouds my brightest prospect for him must still remain; he shall enjoy my favour, my protection, but, alas! I had forgotten!—nor must Alzira's race as yet acknowledge De Lima's heir. With you, Sir Henry, that motive rests which urges me to secrecy; in England he might receive the honours due to his descent; but in Portugal, never: at least while Joseph lives. But joy, extatic joy, deprives me both of prudence and politeness; forgive your friend, dear Tillotson, for this egotism, and O forgive him for declaring he cannot at present part with Alzira's son.*" "Forgive you Count! I do most heartily; Frederico is yours; I love the youth too well to lament the cause which will detain him from me, and sincerely respect the motives that give him such an interest in your bosom."

Delighted with a prospect of those advantages a young ambitious heart must contemplate with rapture, the happy boy, while he gratefully returned the caresses of his *uncle*, for such he announced himself, forgot not to offer with the most winning affection, his dutiful acknowledgements to Sir Henry; who, after a suitable expression of tenderness, adverted to his friend's embassy to the jeweller. "I found him" said the Count, "after waiting near a fortnight, owing to his absence upon business, at Madrid, which the celebrity of his name rendered no difficult matter. The cross and seal were then in his possession; but on hearing my story, he easily admitted the claim I made, allowed of my right, but positively refused even to accept the money he had advanced to Alberto the beggar; but my objection to this generous rejection overbalanced Ildefonso's, and we parted well satisfied with each other."

The rest of an evening so interesting to our friends, was employed, after Frederico retired, on the part of De Lima, in a fuller explanation than he had before given to Sir

Henry of that youth's origin and peculiar situation, the melancholy fate of Alzira, and his motives for taking the title of uncle to Frederico. Sir Henry shook with horror at several parts of this relation; and agreed to the necessity of an absolute concealment of the whole, till a certain alteration in the Portuguese government should take place, and render a public disclosure no longer formidable. He then consented to accompany them to Lisbon, where he soon after left them with the most tender impression of his goodness and that disinterestedness which rendered every pecuniary acknowledgment *for the improvement bestowed upon Frederico inadmissable*.

For several years following these events, a constant correspondence was observed amongst these friends; when in consequence of Count De Lima's decease, which his nephew stated in a melancholy epistle, had occurred during a mysterious expedition undertaken by that nobleman; and a request he had made prior to his death, that in case of such an event Sir Henry would again receive the young gentleman, the good man returned to Lisbon, where he resided for some time, and once more brought his favorite to Wallbrook Tower.

## CHAP. VI.

### CONTRADICTION.

FROM this brief retrospect of Frederico's obligations to Sir Henry, it should seem that gratitude was *not* the most striking feature in his character; or, that love, inconsiderate and impetuous, had clouded the sweet emanation. But if we consider his warm and somewhat rash propensity, the severe and unaccountable opposition this violent affection sustained, persisted in against reason itself, and which struck at his own dearest hopes, and the establishment of an innocent unoffending being, we shall be ready to make full allowance for those starts of passion that cast an implied censure upon De Lima's generosity; nor wonder, that in defiance of all he had been told to dread, this ardent lover continued his persevering addresses even in the presence of Mr. Dawson, who could hardly resist a claim so just and honourable to his child, and so essential to her future welfare. Yet the denunciation of Sir Henry upon an union so contrary to his wishes; the reluctance of Lady Tillotson, who in her frequent visits took great care to remind them of the Baronet's aversion; and his *own* dislike to clandestine engagements still obtained too forcibly with Abraham to allow of his suffrage; and without it, Almeria's inflexibility was uniformly firm.—True, she beheld this dear friend making rapid advances to a better world.—Already she saw herself comparatively deserted, or left to the power of *him* alone to whom she was forbidden to look up for protection—Derrick, still absent; or if present, too inadequate to the task of advice; the doors of Wallbrook Tower forever shut against her; still amidst the torturing confusion occasioned by De Lima's entreaties; her own keen reflections; her guardian's *silent* yet strong enforcement of the precepts he had inculcated, (for in the mild yet speaking eye she read his sentiments) still she preserved that rectitude of principle, which directed her to withhold the compliance her difficult situation most powerfully enforced; and amidst scenes calculated to overcome a common fortitude, Almeria Sothades displayed the energies of an heroic soul. But in the unannounced arrival of Captain Derrick, who without the necessary preparation of a single line, abruptly presented himself at Amesbury, she found her difficulties increased; and was a painful witness to the various altercations which passed between her exhausted friend and that thoughtless, but worthy soul.

From De Lima, who was present at his abrupt introduction, he soon learned the obstinacy, as he politely termed it, of his favorite little girl; and heard with an indignation that gave force to some strange expressions, De Lima's account of the curate's refusal, and Almeria's rejection of a suit to which he gave that importance it really merited. "I tell you what it is now, Abraham," cried the literal Derrick, "she is a tight little vessel, just off the stocks, colours flying, and quite ready to hoist sail for the coast of matrimony;—sure now, and because your old crazy hulk is too much shattered to venture out of port, this lovely lass must lie to, to watch your motions, when a fine young gallant commander waits to convoy her to a snug harbour, where she may ride secure from storms and tempests for the rest of her life." "My dear friend," cried the blushing girl, "for pity do not"—"O! pity did you say,—and pray how much of that precious article have you bestowed upon this young *gentleman*, who looks as if butter would not melt in his mouth, and all owing to brother's cruelty, for sure!" "Patrick," faintly articulated the feeble

Dawson, "you take this matter in a wrong light; hear Almeria's reasons for our conduct?"—"Not I faith, Abraham, I take it in no light at all, at all; or if I do, it's a light as dark as pitch, now,—and how should *I* see it?" In the rough and blundering Derrick, De Lima who could discriminate with precision when uninfluenced by his darling passion, discovered a mine of treasure; for he saw in him, the curate's successor to a trust that good man had so worthily discharged, and felt secure of a consent he had already found would be immediately bestowed. Waving, therefore, a too critical examination of Patrick's right to this important office, he only sought to impress him with a sense of the advantages arising to Almeria in this marriage. In this he succeeded so completely as to overrule, through his Irish friend's medium, several of Abraham's serious objections; while Almeria, whose prudence would have dictated a possitive refusal, avoided entering into an argument in which she felt it impossible consistent *with* prudence (and the avowed preference of her heart) to cooperate with either party.

The arrival of Derrick with power to assist De Lima in his choice, soon reached Wallbrook Tower; nay, it was represented to Sir Henry that in consequence of his successes at sea, he meant to make his young favourite entirely independent. Alarmed beyond measure at this intelligence, he attempted to try his influence upon the obstinate Irishman, but with no better effect than the curate's representations had produced. Derrick was too much enraged even to convey his meaning by metaphor; and roundly swore Sir Henry might do his worst and *ould* Abraham too for the matter of that; adding in his usual way, "The Baronet was worse than a shark,—a wolf,—even a devouring Lapland bear, to go for to try to *separate* a *parted* couple."— Foiled in this endeavour, and properly appreciating the Captain's generous motives for supporting De Lima's suit, Sir Henry passed over his rude behaviour, and was somewhat consoled to find Abraham had withheld *his* suffrage; he tried the last resort; and to that good man confided what *he* thought sufficient reasons for defeating Frederico's wishes; but, incapable of offering his sentiments either of opposition or submission, the speechless Dawson could only press his visitor's hand, and cast an expressive look on Almeria, (who sat weeping bitterly at his bed's head), as if recommending her in some sort of way to the Baronet, to whom this unexpected and solemn scene was extremely unpleasant, and he quitted the cottage under a just impression that the guileless curates's last hour was approaching. In this opinion he was confirmed by Patrick, who not at all conceiving himself amenable to Sir Henry for his late conduct, addressed himself to that gentleman, as he joined him upon his leaving the house, perfectly in the stile of equality; observing, "That the *ould* hulk was very near foundering;—true, he had *niver* weathered a tough gale, but no odds for that, his timbers couldn't bear much straining; and ever since poor Molly gave it in, he had been too crank to carry any sail; however, though he hadn't seen much *sarvice*, he had kept off the smuggling crew, and always acted *fair* and *above board*."—"To the very last I should hope," interrupted the Baronet, referring to the subject of Derrick's contention with him.—"To the last *ould* boy; aye, and longer too mayhap; he'll have a snug birth I warrant," cried the blubbering sailor, *whose tears would mar his proceeding*, when finding himself incapable of farther conversation, he hastily left Sir Henry to his unpleasant cogitations, and hastened back to the distressed Almeria.

To apply his usual restorative of native, yet blunt generosity, was quite beyond poor Patrick. The good, the paternal Abraham had breathed his last, and his tender nurse was in a keen paroxysm of grief when her friendly guardian re-entered.—"Hollo!"

exclaimed the poor fellow, "what's amiss now, my girl?" she pointed to the venerable corpse,—“Yes, yes, he's gone sure enough now.” “He *is* dear sir; but see, he yet retains that peaceful smile?”—“*Smile!* that's a good one; who ever saw a dead man laugh? but come don't cry child, I'll send for the Signor.”—“Not for the world, it may create a suspicion which”—“*Suspicion!* of what?” Derrick would have proceeded, but Almeria's anguish, added to the awful sight, so far conquered his powers of consolation, that he could only sympathize with her in a way more congenial to her agonized feelings. That this unhappy young creature should resign herself a prey to excessive sorrow upon the deprivation of a dear, a tender, a rational friend, could be readily allowed for by all who knew her real circumstances. Left only to the guidance of her own inexperience, and the guardianship of one who knew still less of the delicate usages of life; deserted by the only respectable female of whose attention she could no longer boast, (since that lady had ventured to offer an argument in favour of the marriage and which had drawn upon her Sir Henry's indignation;) uncertain whether she ought to accept a protection against which he had announced a most tremendous anathema; and dreading, *should* she decide in favour of De Lima, that *he* also might at some future period behold their union in a light no less unfavourable; can it be wondered at, if tortured by so many different sensations, she could do ought but weep the singularly cruel state to which she was reduced?

In Derrick's estimation, all these evils would be totally done away by her acceptance of De Lima. And as soon as the good curate was interred, he took especial care to signify his opinion. Frederico had been absent for more than a week previous to the melancholy event; but what of that, he was only upon a visit at Westminster, and he could soon fetch him, if so be she did but know her own mind. The poor girl entreated his forbearance of a subject to which she dreaded to advert; but Derrick found a multitude of reasons for pressing his suit; the most prevailing of which was, his positive intention to quit England in less than a month, when she would be left totally unprotected. “And sure now,” added he, “If there isn't the Signor himself!” turning about to De Lima, whose features and whole appearance bespoke the most ungovernable impatience. He had received a note from the Captain to enforce the necessity of his presence at Amesbury; and in defiance to Sir Henry's positive commands, had secretly quitted Westminster accompanied by a clergyman, whose assistance he had solicited to procure a special license. Almeria was affected beyond description when he produced the important documents; nay, so reluctant was she to accede to this wild indelicate plan, as to meditate upon the propriety of acquainting Lady Tillotson with the whole; at any rate she insisted upon being left to herself that evening, nor would admit of an exception in favour of De Lima. It was with real difficulty he acceded to a request that carried on the face of it an appearance of indifference, at least, that of indeterminateness; but Almeria was resolved to act for herself in this instance; and after enduring a few strange remarks from Derrick, and a painful contention with her lover, she obtained her purpose, and wandered insensibly up the avenue leading to Wallbrook Tower.

The evening was not altogether such as gives a solitary walk peculiar charms; a cold wind announced the approach of winter; the want of a moon was insufficiently supplied by an aurora borealis, and the ground was crisped with frost: but these were no impediments to our fair mourner's progress. Too deeply occupied by unpleasant reflections to heed trifles, she found herself in front of the Tower, and shrunk from the

bare possibility of encountering its incomprehensible possessor; yet, conscious of no wilful offence, she was half inclined to trust her cause even with *him*, who doubtless would strengthen by every argument in his power, her modest reluctance to a step so precipitate. Without the supporting countenance of one prudent female, she felt the necessity of exerting that resolution and spirit, on which perhaps her temporal comforts entirely depended; yet dreaded the opposition she must encounter both from Derrick and De Lima, if her conclusion should not exactly coincide with theirs. Thus seriously involved in settling the claims of affection and prudence, she perceived not a tall figure slowly advancing from the house, till it came near enough to discover the person of Sir Henry Tillotson; to escape his notice was impossible; to account for her appearance in that spot seemed equally so; and dreading the interrogation she could not parry; Almeria stood as if undetermined whether to recognise him as a benevolent friend, or an unprovoked enemy.—Without reading her sentiments, the Baronet passed her arm through his, and courteously enquired her motives for venturing so far from the cottage alone, and consequently unprotected? at the same time declaring he would not leave her till she was in safety. Trembling, and confounded by an attention so unusual, the poor girl could not trust her voice with an answer, but attempted by a swift unequal pace to hasten her arrival at home. Another consideration too increased her anxiety; De Lima was returned unknown to Sir Henry, who had sent him from Amesbury, in the hope of lessening an attachment so obnoxious; and this De Lima, she thought, would probably be alarmed at her stay, and might be on the way to meet her; should, then, the Baronet discover the imposition, what could shield the terrified maid from his wrath? Under this dreadful impression, she felt her faculties nearly suspended;—her conductor was now alarmed in his turn; “You tremble,—you are faint child,” he cried, “we will stop at the lodge, Jemima will procure something that may relieve your spirits;” so saying, he led her to the door, which was immediately opened by the porter’s wife, whose business it was to attend the gates which led from the private road to the avenue.

Revived by the idea that Frederico would never seek her in that place, Almeria soon recovered recollection sufficient to thank Sir Henry for his kindness, and expressed her intention of sitting with Jemima, who would afterwards accompany her home. Upon this intention he put a decided negative; she should not leave him yet, she was not fit to walk; nay, he wanted to have a little conversation with her;—Almeria curtsied, but felt an increasing agitation at this hint, for the apprehension of De Lima’s or Derrick’s appearance there would produce some terrible consequence, made her excessively uneasy; yet she dare not refuse to stop. Seating herself therefore, for she had risen from her chair without exactly knowing her motive for it, she cast an eager look on Jemima, who directly quitted the room, in consequence of her master’s hint. “Be composed, my dear,” said he, “I see you are disturbed; this disorder is natural in one who possibly considers the man before her as an enemy to her plans of future greatness; but, however the addresses of *my* ward may have encouraged your hope of realising those plans, I can do Almeria Sothades the justice to believe, that *she* at least is not amenable for this fatal partiality; and *she* I am free to declare, if left to her own high sense of justice, would not withstand an opposition which has the peace, the honour, the happiness of both, for its existence; nay, shall I venture to affirm without offending your delicacy, that such an alliance would insure to Signor De Lima the *contempt*—a strong word, but you must forgive it, of those, yes, *all* those noble personages who wait only for an event in the

politics of Portugal, to receive that misguided young man as the support of an illustrious family, declining in its male branches.—Mistake not my inducement for this representation, would to heaven I dare explain myself! but till the event I hinted at occurs, this cannot be; I pity your situation, and if authorized by your determined refusal of Frederico, will deprive it of all its bitterness. Desolate indeed it is in every instance but one,—if we accept this infatuated love, and that is an exception which gives you to the power and protection of a being whose interest in its highest zenith, can in no degree advance yours. I have often contemplated this application to you, as to a *reasonable* creature; for of De Lima's coincidence to any plan which embraces not an union with Almeria Sothades, I have long despaired, and stimulated by Lady Tillotson's admiration of your inflexible adherence to points of *true delicacy*, (the emphasis upon these words could not be mistaken) have placed this unhappy attachment in a light best calculated to convince;—Speak then, dear child, speak your sentiments without mental reservation; what have I to hope?" "Every thing, Sir Henry," returned the indignant sufferer, who felt in this elaborate oration, a sense of insult strong enough not only to alarm that spirit of delicacy to which he had made such a forcible appeal, but almost to ensure him the accomplishment of his wishes; "every thing," she repeated, "that the author of such an application has a right to demand. *My situation in indeed unenviable*; I was introduced as a poor deserted orphan to one of the best of human beings; he preserved me at the hazard of his life; and to complete the inestimable obligation, procured me the assistance of \* \* of \* \*" she could not proceed: her tears and sighs half smothered her voice, and Sir Henry felt a sensation nearly allied to shame; while pity for a creature he could not but admire, made him silently repent the language he had used: yet eager to hear the full effect of it, he waited patiently till she could speak. "Yes Sir," she cried, when reflection had conquered this sally of passionate grief, "to the protectors of my early youth, among whom be the ever honoured Lady Tillotson, gratefully remembered, to those protectors I was possibly indebted for the few accomplishments which the Signor Frederico had been pleased to \* \* to \* \*," again she hesitated; and again resumed, "To Sir Henry Tillotson I am also to look up for the means that procured"—"What mean you, child?" in a tone of displeasure, "but go on; I guess the good curate has suffered his gratitude to outrun prudence." "I have only to add," she replied, "after expressing my thanks for such favours, and which are indelibly impressed on this heart, a few words upon Sir Henry's expostulation." An innate pride now reddened her cheeks; her bosom throbbed; her eyes recovered their usual brilliancy; and she modestly advanced a few steps towards the Baronet, who absolutely contemplated the interesting creature as a superior being, "To avoid the *contempt*, the *destruction* in which an union with Signor Frederico De Lima threatens to involve a hapless stranger, the guardian of that gentleman had condescended to persuade, to terrify, to flatter! In the event of my refusal, I am to recover the affection of Lady Tillotson,—O powerful temptation! the assistance of her husband, and my own approbation; but, if allured by prospects of grandeur, I should dare to act in unison with that affection which hazards so much for an unknown foreigner, I should defy *contempt*, then" \* \* "And what then, honey," cried Captain Derrick, who at that instant popped his round unthinking face in at the door, and effectually prevented the solemn engagement with which this poor girl had meditated to conclude her spirited address.

Encouraged by the presence of this rough and honest friend, Almeria immediately, after respectfully noticing the silent and mortified Baronet, put herself



under Derrick's protection; and although sincerely perplexed by his numerous interrogations relative to her long absence and the company he found her with, contrived to elude his searching questions upon the subject of their conversation. She had likewise ability sufficient to convince him of her right to pass that evening alone, and brought forward De Lima's allowance of this privilege as a rule for *his* conduct; "Oh, as to *my* conduct, why that d'y'e see has little to do in this business; for instance now,—*I* would have you marry that fine spirited fellow without any further delay; but nobody is to be regarded but that *ould* ninny, who looked for all the world, with his half crying phiz, like St. Lawrence upon the gridiron!" Almeria sighed at the recollection of her late resolution to give up Patrick's favourite, and already began to find that resolution waver; however, after hearing him confess he had much to do to prevent the Signor's following him in pursuit of her, and that he, Derrick, happened to hear her voice as he was passing the lodge, she tried to persuade him to join his companion, for by this time they had reached the cottage; this he refused to do, till Almeria's only attendant, Rachael, who stood watching for her at the door, promised she would not leave her dear young lady any more that night; when satisfied with this assurance he quitted her arm, and she retired to resume her painful meditations upon Sir Henry's cruel plan of separating her from a lover so sincere and honourable. Incapable of obtaining that repose her exhausted faculties required, she arose with the dawn, and descending to the little sitting room, found De Lima already arrived from an obscure lodging, which Rachel had procured for himself and his clerical coadjutor. He had heard of her interview with his guardian, and read in her pale cheek and languid eye the effect of that gentleman's expostulations; "I guess," he cried, faintly smiling, "the subject of your last night's conference; speak then, my beloved! has that unfeeling man strengthened your decision against a speedy union with your devotedly zealous adorer?—Has he heard of my return?" "No, Signor," turning aside and wiping off a tear, "much as he condemns your conduct in thus persisting to oppose his will, he suspects you not of such a glaring impropriety." "But," said the impatient Frederico, "does he relent? Is he overcome by that resistless innocence, those winning graces, and the affecting situation of my sweet Sothades?" "Sir Henry," and she hesitated as she spoke, "is still the same,—steady, indignant, unconciliatory; and so much reason appeared in his arguments, that *I* am convinced we *ought* to separate." "Never! oh never!—May I perish in that awful moment which shall witness the hateful recantation, if ever I give you up. But is it possible that *she*, whose tenderness I once thought proof against the most subtle reasoning, should yield her sober judgement to the false sophistry of an ambitious pleader?"—"O no, it is not possible," roared out the valiant Derrick, as he descended from his little chamber, having somewhat overslept himself, "Sure now, nothing can be possible that isn't true; because what can't be cured must be endured; and as it is very possible, aye, and very true too, that this your little girl loves you dearly, why is it not possible she should ever give you up? So you see now Signor, that when she tells a falsehood, why its nothing more than the truth disguised!" Satisfied with his own rhetoric, Derrick attributed the half smile which played upon his auditors features to another cause; who, involved as they were in various perplexities, could not avoid observing the Captain's incomprehensible logic.

Encouraged therefore by the faint emanation of cheerfulness, Derrick proceeded to prove in a number of ways, the necessity there was of their speedy marriage; and expressing his fears that the *ould* rhinoceros, as he called Sir Henry, would run them

aground before they could clap on sail enough to escape him.—“Faith now, and he may soon do that,” argued this literal logician, “if you boggle at every trifle; first steering upon this tack to avoid a shoal, then laying-too for a frigate in the offing, frightened at every signal gun or the dashing of a silly porpoise, but its all owing to that squeamishness which you fine fangled gentry call *famale* delicacy.”

“Indeed, my dear sir,” said the distressed maid, “you cannot appreciate the justice of those objections which make against your generous wishes.” “*Praech* at now, by my faith, you are quite a fool, Almeria, and the Signor is no better than a jackanapes, to be *praeched* at by such a little toad: but here it is now, there’s more enemies near you than you are aware of; I met *ould* Polygon to-day, who sailed with me from the Brazils; he was standing close in for Wallbrook Tower, and soon after I saw him broadside with that Sir Henry. The cunning shark was so deeply engaged, that he didn’t discover me, entrenched as I was behind a barricado of—what d’ye call ’ems—*niver* greens, I believe. Upon my *sowl* now, he looked for all the world like—\* \* oh, like a lion at the head of a Dutch brig: and the other gaped as though he would have snapped *Mr.* Sir Henry’s head off. Well sure, I listened with all my might and main, and overheard little Isaac say such things! but I wont tell you what I heard; for he spoke so low, I couldn’t cleverly understand him; *howsimdiver*, there’s this in it, that *I* must be off soon, Signor De Lima will be sent upon his travels, and my little obstinate wench here will be left to the mercy of the sharks—the remoras; of faith, and the accusations of her wise conscience too!”

Strange as this uncertain intelligence appeared to his young friends, it was accompanied with gestures so peculiarly enforcing, that Almeria, who was better acquainted with Patrick’s oddities, felt her apprehensions increase, and her reluctance to a speedy union relax; and after a warm and bitter contest on the part of her quondam uncle, supported by De Lima’s empassioned entreaties, she consented to give their cause a cool unprejudiced trial. “Then all’s right, and the day’s our own,” cried the happy Irishman, “Bub-a-boo, no crying girl;” for Almeria dropped a tear as she was quitting the room, “upon my conscience now, I don’t see but the wisest of us all are mighty foolish beings! that is, when we don’t know how to be otherwise.” He then hugged the enraptured Portuguese, danced a jig with Rachel to the utter demolition of the breakfast apparatus which she had just placed upon the table, and left her to whisk Frederico’s Reverend companion into the figure; observing, it was the best substitute for whisky in a frosty morning. The priest smiled at a vehemence he could scarcely condemn, while he professed his incapacity for such a boisterous entertainment, and gently shaking off the impetuous creature, he advanced towards a comfortable fire, which the frosty atmosphere rendered somewhat necessary. “Just in time Reverendissimo, for a hop,” exclaimed the half crazy Derrick, “Come, come, foot it away,” again seizing the reluctant gentleman, “O, no matter for the slop cups—soon have more; there now, upon my *sowle* a little more of this exercise will glow in a man’s stomach like a good breakfast *before* he eats it! O, here’s Almeria with a face as long and as rueful as poor Rachel’s; there *my girl*,” pointing to the slaughtered china, “this is all your doings.” “Mine! uncle?” “Yes, to be sure; ’twas done upon your account, and faith I see no difference between doing mischief ones’ self, or causing it in another.” De Lima, who had witnessed this broad effusion of ungovernable joy, congratulated with a pleased, yet doubtful air, his dear Sothades upon the effect of—“Shall I” he cried, “venture to say, your compliance with all our wishes?” “Poh! silence gives consent,” said the officious Captain, Hey Mr. Parson? look at the

blushing little rogue and tell me— “I’ll tell you nothing Captain, till Rachel replaces the damaged crockery.” “Hey Doctor, well now and here she comes.” He then set about to arrange them with a blundering dexterity, and handed the tea with a humorous grace; for upon this occasion he chose to supply the place of his child, who felt relieved by the attention his singular manner excited.

Presuming, upon the modest acquiescence of his adored Sothades, De Lima ventured to name the following morning for their nuptials; to this arrangement she tacitly consented, for wholly devoid of that affectation of protracting her own happiness, to enhance the value of a consent already given, she never thought of any farther opposition; and Derrick, wild with transport, consigned the delight of his existence to the care of one who received her with a gratitude no selfish principle could have excited. It was then settled that he should return to Westminster as secretly as he left that noble city, where he was to remain till Sir Henry should recall him. This was a conditional agreement, and depended upon Derrick’s engagement to carry his wife to London in the following week. De Lima was dissatisfied, but submitted; and on the fifth day following their separation, he had the pleasure to receive her and the friendly Irishman at a very genteel apartment in St. James’s Street, where he was to visit her occasionally as a brother. To this plan Almeria’s right spirit could not accede, nor would appear in a doubtful light among strangers; at Amesbury, greatly as that spirit militated against improper concealment, she was indispensably bound to submit; but in London, far from all who knew her situation, no such motive obtained, and on the second day succeeding their arrival, she was announced as the wife of Mr. *Cleveland*. Even *this* subterfuge hurt her delicacy; but as Frederico had made it appear absolutely necessary to their safety, she reluctantly submitted; and by this name only they must be known through the greater part of this history.

Derrick, happy beyond expression, beheld his most ardent wishes completed; yet felt rather awkward at the idea of a separation. He had enquired into the state of his Almeria’s finances, when finding the good Dawson had left little behind him, excepting some plain but useful furniture with the cottage, which previous to his death he had made over to Mrs. Cleveland, by the appellation of Sothades, added to these, Patrick placed in the funds somewhat above three thousand pounds for her sole and separate use; characteristically depriving himself of the necessary means of support. Although ignorant of this latter circumstance, the young people would have refused the donation, as Frederico’s appointment was fully equal to the expenditure of both; but Derrick was resolute and contention useless. This conduct, however, produced in Mr. Cleveland’s bosom a degree of esteem nearly amounting to veneration, for a man whose affection for his beloved wife was so unequivocal; and he even felt reluctant to part with such a friend; for he could not resist his admiration of such excellent principles, although contrasted by many eccentric oddities.

Already seven weeks had rolled away and Derrick was still a resident with his favourites, though daily urging the necessity of his departure; but Almeria prevailed for one week longer, and Mr. Cleveland had always some plan of amusement to detain him. At length Derrick’s favourite play of “*The Tempest*,” was fixed upon as the last entertainment he would partake of in England; and this anxious trio, (for *happy* it could not be called, upon the eve of a separation, which none of them liked to think of) agreed to pass the whole of the following day together, which was to close with a diversion so

pleasant to each of the parties; for of all the amusements London could boast, a rational play stood foremost with Almeria, her husband, and even the honest Irishman.

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## CHAP. VII.

### A DREADFUL MYSTERY.

DESIROUS of securing a comfortable situation at the theatre, Mrs. Cleveland proposed to dine early, that they might resort to an upper box, which was the only one they could engage. To this her husband objected, as, contrary to his intentions, he was compelled to pass a long morning with several people whose business required immediate attention; Almeria readily submitted: but on lifting her eyes from a little ornament she was preparing by way of a remembrancer for Captain Derrick, she suddenly exclaimed, "You are indisposed, my love?" Pale indeed, and almost terrific was the countenance of Frederico, who hesitatingly replied, "Not in the least," and then directly left the room. She would have pursued him, for her heart was impressed with ideas of no very cheerful import, but the entrance of Patrick checked her, and following the impulse of a rapid conception, she eagerly told him "Sir Henry was in town! I know he is Captain, and we are lost!" "And where did you get that big falsity, my pretty dove?" "Would to heaven I was mistaken! but indeed it must be so, or why should Cleveland \* \*" "Psha! foolish! it is your husband that you *mane*." "Well then, I saw the unwelcome truth in every working features of that beloved husband." "Well now, upon my conscience this is a good one!—Here, my dear nephew, answer for yourself, and clear your features from that confounded lie to which Almeria had given such a comical *maning*?"

Cleveland, who had heard Derrick's exclamation, re-entered the room, and with some little difficulty removed his wife's suspicions, but still a shade of melancholy clouded his countenance; his accents were faint and hurried, while he attempted to rally away her suspicions. "Enough, enough," said Patrick, "why what the *divil* ails the man? he takes as much pains to make that unhappy phiz of his a liar, as he had done to make it speak truth in her way. Sure now, and you are both laughing at honest Derrick! no matter, that's nothing new; but away Mr. Cleveland and finish your affairs, that those busy features may tell my girl a prettier story when you return." "Aye do, my good Frederico, my love I should say; we shall expect you by five; you have seven hours for the accomplishment of this *secret* business, and surely it may be completed in that time." "I do not make a secret of it, Almeria!" "No faith," cried the blunt Irishman, "for you found it already made." Conscious of his inability to explain a matter which he dared not develope, Mr. Cleveland contrived to drop the subject, and after engaging Derrick to stay with his wife, he left them to a *tête a tête*, which neither seemed to enjoy; and the time passed rather heavily till a coach stopping at the door, announced his return, as Patrick declared, who hastened down stairs to receive him; but Patrick was mistaken; and he ascended with a much less degree of velocity than that with which he left the room.

Silent, spiritless, and foreboding, our heroine waited the expiration of an hour beyond that Mr. Cleveland had appointed; while her uncle expressed *his* impatience in short expletives, hasty deck-treading strides from the door to the windows, now listening to every step that whispered along the marble passage below, now peeping after every coach that passed the house or stopped at those on either side, till his courage had ebbed too low to steal a glance at Almeria's tearful countenance. Another hour elapsed in teasing, painful expectation, when our miserable pair was roused by a footman, who

ventured to enquire if dinner should be served? "Not yet," replied his mistress, who then found sufficient resolution to request Patrick would step to the coffee-house where possibly her husband might still be detained. "I'll go my dear,—but you will be alone?" "O think not of me; bring but my husband safe, and I will worship you." Derrick hunted for a joke, but none presented itself; nor could he offer a word of consolation to the restless woman, who, roused from the torpor of melancholy, began to indulge the most terrifying fears; and when her kind guardian had sallied out upon his unpropitious errand, she burst into the most passionate exclamations: "Dear, generous, unhappy husband!" she cried, "Victim to the most disinterested passion that ever warmed the human bosom! Defying as thou hast the menaces, expostulations, and remonstrances of him whose vengeance doubtless pursues thee; and I, worthless, helpless being, am the cause of thy unhappiness! Surely thou didst expect some heavy misfortune; I saw it in thy looks; I traced it in thy actions; thy reluctance to quit us; thy subterfuges!—Yes, thou art gone indeed: and *I* shall return to the desolate cottage alone, unpitied,—unprotected!" A violent burst of grief succeeded: impatiently she wiped away her tears, but they would flow; and to increase her distress, her only friend had now been absent two hours; It was nine o'clock; she would seek him herself; Derrick at least might be safe, no advantage could accrue to any one from *his* detention: she would take coach: she would enquire at the coffee-houses: at the hotel in Albemarle street, where she was told by Derrick a few hours before that he had accompanied Mr. Cleveland, but only part of the way on the preceeding morning to visit, as he said, some Portuguese but just arrived from the continent; nay, she would go to the lodgings where he resided previous to their marriage.

This settled, a coach was immediately ordered, and unconscious or careless of the reflections such a conduct must create among the people below, she rejected the footman's offer to attend her; and was carried to each of the abovementioned places, where the coachman was ordered to enquire for *Signor De Lima*, as it was only among strangers he could pass by his assumed name of Cleveland, but in vain was every attempt she made to discover him; and so rapidly did her terrors increase with her disappointments, that her driver began to doubt the sanity of his fare; and when she commissioned him to *fly* through the city and enquire at every coffee-house, tavern, or respectable resort for gentlemen, the man civilly replied "He could not venture to drive along the narrow streets which a month's frost, attended by much snow, had rendered extremely dangerous for his cattle, who, poor dear creatures, were all as one as his own children, seeing as how \* \*" Impatient, and unconvinced by his rhetoric, the unhappy lady asked if he could not get a porter to make the important enquiries, or leave *her* in the carriage under the care of somebody that waters the horses, while he went himself? "Dear, no to be sure;" said the still civil fellow, "seeing as why, it snowed so hard that no living christian would do such a thing belike; and for his own part, he wouldn't leave his horses, poor souls! for five pounds, so he hoped madam wouldn't expect any *sich* a thing." "Then I will go myself," said the half distracted Almeria, jumping at the same instant from the steps which were already let down by the coachman, who not at all liking the expression of her countenance and frantic gestures, had opened the door in hopes of her departure. However, when he saw her gazing wildly around as she stood uncertain which way to go, he thought it might be as well to demand his fare, which he did in an under tone; Mrs. Cleveland dropped some shillings into his hand, still throwing her eyes about in every direction; till, as if impelled by some sudden thought, she ran down Surry

street, and after pacing through several obscure turnings with all the speed she could possibly make, for her feet, clogged with the heavy freezing snow, could scarcely clear themselves from the icy incumbrances, as sometimes they were entangled among heaps of condensed dirt, at others, slipping into pools not yet strong enough to bear an inconsiderable weight, she found herself near the water's side, cold, wet, and scarcely conscious of the motive that impelled her to such an extraordinary exertion. Our miserable heroine, crossing the end of a short street, still passed forwards, till her progress was totally impeded by several carriages that were entangled among the accumulated dirt which lined the kennel. This momentary interruption was favourable to recollection, and Cleveland lost, — imprisoned, — perhaps murdered! became again the leading idea.

Her appearance, which was that of simple elegance, though the *purity* of her dress was no longer conspicuous, her wild enquiries of the passengers for a Portuguese gentleman, and the eagerness with which she examined the countenances of those who sat in the coach nearest to her, (for apprehensive of danger they had let down the glasses) all taken together certainly indicated either a disturbed imagination, or an artful design to obtain notice; and she soon found herself an object of impertinent observation, or helpless pity, till attracted by her empassioned gestures and fervent appeals for assistance, a lady who had been attentive to the painful scene, suddenly shrieked, and then exclaimed "Oh, 'tis my Almeria! open the door Anthony?" putting her head out the window, "Dismount, I know that unhappy young lady, she shall go with me." "You, go with *you*?—no, never!" cried the terrified creature, at the same instant slipping out of the hands of a decent looking man who would have conducted her to the friendly lady, and again attempting to renew her pursuit, while the repeated cry from the coach of "Stop her, for the love of heaven bring her hither! O she will be insulted; she will be lost; she is my dear, my beloved child," was more than sufficient to stop her further progress; and Almeria after many ineffectual struggles, tears, and affecting appeals for mercy, and to let her seek for her husband, was conveyed with as much tenderness as the resistance she so ardently made would admit, to the side of the coach, when a person hastily advanced, and with one blow laid one of the men (who was gently forcing her in) at his feet; while he loudly exclaimed "Thieves! *chates!* savages! oh by my conscience now, because this poor thing has *run* away with herself, you'd run away with her too! O come on honey, if you are good at that?" putting himself in a boxing attitude as a stout fellow aimed a stroke at him, "I'm your man." Then seeing the senseless Almeria (who was incapable of making further resistance) lifted into the carriage, he left his antagonist, and roared out for "Constables! watchmen! guards!" while he clung to the coach door, swearing they were running away with his wife or the wife of somebody else, and that was all as one, seeing as how *he* was put in charge of her. "Be silent, Captain Derrick," said a gentleman in a voice that struck him speechless for a moment, "Quit the carriage; tomorrow morning you may see this lady;—there is my address:" throwing him a card, while the horses moving slowly on, gave the half distracted Irishman room to suppose his dear girl would indeed be lost to him for ever. But engaged in warding off the blows which began to fall pretty heavy upon his head, back, and stomach, he could make no effectual efforts to reclaim her; till foaming with passion, he cried "Begone *divils*, and stop that *owld kidnapper*; he has sent the poor child's husband to the plantations, and \* \* Take you that, my dear," giving the foremost fellow an ungentle chuck under the chin; "Ye are all

alike;" conferring a similar favour upon another luckless opponent; "Don't I tell you to run after that infernal and his *harri-dan*? run cowards, run; and you that are sprawling, run away if you can!"

The word *kidnapper* and Derrick's *striking* arguments, no longer failed to promote his cause; and unfortunately for Almeria's quondam friends, the populace had been recently engaged in destroying the house of a fellow who was notorious for inveigling young people from their families; consequently, the epithets so liberally bestowed by Patrick operated as a charm. The carriage had now gained Bridge street, when it was surrounded by the rude myrmidons of '*lawless law*,' as our Captain expressed it, and a riot ensued, which threatened the most alarming effects. Already had some pretty large masses of ice saluted the glasses, which were instantly demolished; and they were proceeding to acts of still more serious violence, when they were interrupted by a cry of "The guards! the guards!" and unable to cope with those serviceable troops, the mob began to disperse before the truth of this assertion could be clearly ascertained; which partly owed its importance to the adroitness of a footman, who happily recollected that the Lord Mayor had that day carried a petition to His Majesty, attended by the city militia, but detained by the difficult passage, they did not arrive at St. James's till four o'clock, and although it was full eleven, he had reason to know they were still on the way; when terrified by this strange attack, he had hastened up to the obelisk in the very moment of their passing, where stating his master's danger in a few words, Colonel Jessop immediately led them to the scene of action; and Sir Henry Tillotson, who with his Lady and Isaac Polygon had been in the city upon a dinner visit, found themselves happily delivered from any further insult, and reached Ormond Street with no other damage than what the glasses and her Ladyship's spirits sustained.

Of this tumult poor Almeria understood very little: her imagination, impressed with one dreadful idea, still remained in a state of effervescence; at first, indeed, when totally overcome by Derrick's exclamations, the tender welcome of Lady Tillotson, and the kind reception of Sir Henry, she had fainted on his bosom, and remained for some minutes in a state comparatively happy; but the peaceful delirium soon vanished, and by the time they were set down in Great Ormond Street, her faculties were restored only sufficiently to sharpen her keenest sensations.

For several weeks succeeding these painful events she was confined to her bed, as well by bodily indisposition as by the situation of her mind; De Lima occupied every thought; his strange disappearance heightened every terrible suggestion. Candid, and averse from deceit, she made no secret of her marriage to Lady Tillotson, who turned with horror from the communication; but solemnly disclaimed her own, and as far as she knew, Sir Henry's knowledge of his once loved Frederico's situation. "*Once loved!*" re-echoed our wretched self condemning heroine, "O madam, but for me he had *always* been loved! But will not Sir Henry set on foot every means for discovering my poor \* \*" here she stopped: the word *husband* in that family, and so applied, seemed to carry an ungrateful implication; but she was understood. "He will my love," said her compassionate friend, "but make yourself easy, that is, as easy as you can; we shall leave town in a few weeks; Sir Henry came in consequence of some commissions, which Mr. Polygon has to transact for him in London; these are partly finished; and if our poor ward \* \*" she was interrupted by a servant, who came with Captain Derrick's compliments, to which was added his wishes to see her languid friend. "Astonishing effrontery," said her



Ladyship, "that Irishman's assurance defies all comparison! however if *you* chuse to see him I will send him up?" "He is *my* friend," cried Almeria, sobbing, and reclining against the chair, "and if *you* can excuse the impropriety, I *own* \* \*" she stopped; for fearful of offending that lady's delicacy, she dared not confess that her throbbing heart was more than ready to receive him. "Do as you please, my dear; but I think the danger that savage involved us in by his brutal manners, *might* or *should* at least be sufficient motive even with *you*, for rejecting his visit;—but I have done." "O madam," replied the distressed Mrs. Cleveland, "if it be so *very* improper, I will not ask to see him." "Indeed, child," returned her half angry friend, "if Sir Henry was in the way he would by no means be admitted; as it is, he must come up, I think." So saying, she then was leaving the room, which a sudden noise upon the landing induced her to do very rapidly, and Mrs. Cleveland trembled at the loud tones of her kind yet rough visitor; who, in his passage to her little dressing room, declared he would not be hindered by *niver* a skipkennel in London; adding, his wish that him and all his bone picking set were put upon a month's short allowance, with a rope's end for their breakfast, and a salt eel for their supper; and he'd warrant they would leave off aping their betters, and cocking up their impertinent noses at a British tar. With this coarse reproof, Derrick silenced the servant's objection to his self introduction, when the appearance of his little darling, as he fondly named her, soon put to flight every sensation but those arising from love, sorrow, and compassion; as, forgetting the heaviest cause of that languor which overspread her frame, she attempted to meet him at the door, but overcome by feebleness and joy, the weakened invalid sunk at his feet. "Aye, poor *sowl*," cried the humane visitor, while he raised and clasped her to his bosom, "I see how it is:—rot me if I don't \* \*—but its a lie, a cursed lie! its all a kidnapping business I dare say;—nothing else, by my conscience! for I have seen him," winking significantly. "Seen whom, my dear sir; O say, have you *indeed* seen my Cleveland?" "Humph! Cleveland, or De Lima, or Frederico, why all's one for that honey; but if *I* haven't seen the identical trepanned foolish Portuguese himself, why I know who has; and where's the difference, can you tell?"

Derrick, who had few ideas respecting the *delicacy* of a wife, whose happiness in the aggregate he would have suffered tortures to procure, thought he was entitled to praise in thus *cautiously* (as he chose to imagine) treating a subject which he dreaded to disclose; since he had a letter actually about him from a Portuguese captain, signifying his obligation to sail immediately, as his cabin was taken up by a Signor De Lima and a lady whom he had that morning engaged to take over.

Stunned at this intelligence, and not aware of the chicanery which had fabricated this falshood to keep him from sailing, as his presence just then at Lisbon was inimical to a deep laid scheme; Patrick hastened to the Pool, and in less than two hours after the news first reached him, he was on board the San Triorenza, where he actually beheld some packages labelled with the signature of De Lima. Derrick loudly insisted upon seeing the paltroon, the weathercock spark, the paltry runaway who had basely deserted his colours and his new name. To this unceremonious question, he received for answer, that they had no deserter on board their vessel; and the captain, who was giving orders for heaving the anchor, came forward with an assurance that his passengers were gone by land to Falmouth, and that he had written to Derrick merely with a wish to know if he could be of any use to his business at Lisbon. Waving any answer to this latter information, Patrick offered a round sum for his passage to the Land's-End, but was

courteously refused; and he left the vessel with a string of that kind of abuse so peculiar to himself; and following the ungovernable impulse of a warm heart, but weak head, he pursued the supposed fugitives even to the Land's-End, but without effect; as his descriptions were so imperfect, and his threats so unequivocal, that those who listened to his tale felt more inclined to favour De Lima's cause, (admitting they *could* give the requested information) than betray it. Thus disappointed, our luckless adventurer returned in a humour that vented itself upon those unlucky waiters, postillions, and landlords, whom chance threw in his way; no wonder then, when he presented himself at Sir Henry's door, which he reached in the chaise that brought him from Hounslow, that his wild fatigued appearance, and rude uncouth expressions, should produce the refusal which so much increased his irritability.

To introduce such a tale as this in a way calculated to soothe, rather than wound the heart of an apprehensive affectionate wife, was quite beyond the usual limits of poor Patrick's discretion. It was his first intention to give the kidnapping story as a reason for her husband's absence; but entangled in his endeavours to reconcile impossibilities, he, after a few of his usual blunders, not only confessed the whole secret, but by way of *consolation*, added another that called forward feelings of a different though not less affecting description; for having exhausted his whole stock of rhetoric upon the folly of useless grief, and a plentiful share of implied abuse upon a character that Almeria had ever held in the tenderest estimation, he gave several significant hints respecting *her* origin; which he roundly protested was equal, if not superior to that of her *shim sham* grandee. With a vacant look and inattentive air, his distressed auditor sat absorbed in one excruciating idea.—Frederico, the most impassioned of lovers, the fondest of husbands, she was given to believe had in the infancy of their marriage deserted her for another;—left her to the censures of an un pitying world, and thrown her into the power of those who would rather rejoice at his disaffection, than try to recover the thoughtless wanderer. "Sure now," cried the half terrified Captain, while he shook her shoulder, but not in the very gentlest manner, "Sure now, and you don't attend to what I say: why the girl's asleep!—Almeria?—I'll tell you what it is my dear, we'll be off to Portugal:" "To Portugal!" she faintly repeated, "To my Frederico? O not *my* Frederico *now*!" This recollection awakened every painful idea, and she burst into an agony of grief so extreme, that Derrick, whose lachrymal fluid was easily called forth, paid an abundant tribute to the sufferings he could not heal; at length, after dashing off the copious moisture, he returned to his last piece of intelligence, and assured the still weeping Almeria, while he bestowed a few coarse remarks upon his own chicken heartedness, that he could put her in a way not only to find her husband, but \* \* \* "To find him!" interrupted Mrs. Cleveland, "To behold him idolizing those charms by which he has been so fatally ensnared?—no sir: rather let me weep out in some obscure retirement, the remnant of an existence which *must* give way to such permanent sorrows." "Why what the *devil's* in the wind now, girl? off and on, will and won't!" cried Derrick, again dashing off a tear which would officiously defeat his intention to cheer her,—“but go, you are a little fool;—why a spirited English wench (and you are almost as bad as one) if she find her husband *trating* her with the enemy—Poh, Poh! don't look so cursedly ridiculous, but mind me; if, I say, this should be the case, instead of attempting to break the coalition by a volley of small shot, a few round and grape, or a steady chase,—sets all her sails, scuds afore the wind,—

parleys with the first gallant vessel that may take her as lawful prey, and in less time than I can box the compass, drops anchor off Cape Horn."

Not all the merit Derrick might justly claim from his sincerity and generosity, could atone for this indelicate representation; nor could Mrs. Cleveland easily forgive the ill-timed joke: when, without noticing her visible displeasure, he again took up the subject of their first interview, briefly describing the manner in which she was consigned to him, the hints that stranger gave respecting her noble birth, and concluding in his usual thoughtless manner, with a short account of her supposed parents' dreadful exit. Almeria, who soon became too deeply interested in this shocking tale to give another thought to Derrick's former bluntness, felt the most agonizing sensations at a description which, if his suspicions were true, presented a father lingering under tortures inconceivable, for at most, a supposed crime; and while filial love, and even the common efforts of humanity, impressed her imagination with a picture so horrid, she almost maddened with the acuteness of her feelings as they expressed themselves in hysterical sobs and frantic gestures. Unable to repair the mischief he had so inadvertently occasioned, Derrick stood a stupid spectator of its sad effects; till perceiving them relax from want of power to support their violence, he ventured in a half crying accent to hope he was mistaken as to the stranger's account of her origin; at any rate she might not be the Duke D'Aveiro's child, or if she were, why - - - why - - - all her grief wouldn't fetch him back again; and if *he* might advise \* \* \*

Here the unfortunate Derrick made a pause, for she had again relapsed; and although her expressions of sorrow were not quite so acute, they were equally affecting. Determined, however, to propose a plan for the discovery of her husband, as well as that of her relations, he waited in impatient silence till he could again fix her attention; watching for more than an hour the expected opportunity; at length his wretched ward, exhausted by such a painful indulgence of exquisite misery, raised her humid eyes to a countenance which exhibited a variety of awkward emotions, and entreated him to pardon her for displaying such ungovernable anguish, and promised to listen to any scheme he might bring forward, that carried on the face of it a hope of relieving either her filial, or conjugal distress. "Forgive your poor uncle for thus tormenting his little darling," cried the humbled Derrick, while he fondly kissed her inflamed cheek, "But upon my *sowl* now, I thought it was better, as they say in my own dear country, that single misfortunes shouldn't come alone; but indeed and indeed now I see too plainly, that the *greatest* sorrows in the world may be increased; however, we will go to Lisbon, for go I must, and there perhaps we may overtake him upon his return; so cheer up my pretty dove, and be well as soon as you can, but" here his features assumed a strange mixture of unconquered tenderness, important caution, and arch grimaces, "what will you do with this same delicacy of yours that will be so ready with its nonsensical objections to an honest seaman's proposals? for *belave* me chicken, if it flies in the face of my plan, that plan can no more stand the fire of such a whimsical driveller, than *you* could a cannon shot." Mrs. Cleveland sighed; but her continued silence encouraged him to proceed. "I say honey, do you think the poor coward can ever suffer you to wear a powder monkey's jacket?"— "Heavens! Captain, do you imagine should I even accede to a scheme which seems so incompetent to my ideas, that a masculine disguise is any ways necessary?" "O now, there it is again; upon my faith now, and I am sorry to see such a pretty creature so subordinate to that child of a wayward fancy; and why not a masculine disguise pray? When I can prove to you that this ridiculous intruder can *niver* be so safe

as under the disguise you dislike so much; for in the first place, you will be the only woman on board, and with that effeminate face and sparkling eye—but a word to the wise; now don't fall a crying again; if you wish to find out our runaway, or dare to venture any enquiry concerning your family, *I* know it must be done with caution; for a daughter either of the houses of De Tavora or D'Aveiro can *never* be acknowledged or even safe in Portugal while *owld* Joseph's keel remains afloat." Almeria shuddered at the perilous undertaking, but rendered careless of personal inconveniences, she soon argued herself into the necessity of it; and after several displays of Derrick's talent at contrivance, it was agreed that he should procure her a midshipman's uniform, as she thought its appearance would secure respect and preclude enquiry, besides, as the decent addition of trowsers, which she chose to stipulate for, would be a necessary compliment to that delicacy her good humoured friend so archly rallied. To describe the poignancy of her feelings while making this painful arrangement, would afford no amusement to the compassionate reader; indeed, they were such as to give Patrick's absence the appearance of a temporary relief; who reluctantly departed, after telling her he would venture to wait three weeks for her, hoping she might be sufficiently recovered by that time to attend him.

It was settled, that upon receiving a note from him, she should privately repair to Deal, and wait his arrival at the Downs at the house of his confidential friend and countryman, when he would meet her with the projected disguise; and as the success of this plan depended not upon Sir Henry's return to Amesbury, for he had engaged his apartments for another month, our poor invalid tried to persuade herself into a hope of escaping beyond the power of detection.

No sooner had Patrick evacuated the premises so reluctantly yielded by Lady Tillotson, than that lady, convinced of his absence by the thundering echo of the great door, which he closed with a tremendous violence, immediately returned to her still weeping young friend; whose fierce paroxysms of anguish had happily escaped her ear, but in Almeria's swollen eyes and heaving bosom she read the effect of Derrick's intelligence, although ignorant of its full import.

Aware of the necessity there was for concealing every part of her recently adopted plan, Mrs. Cleveland attempted to assume a tranquillity of manners which the mournful expression of her features most evidently contradicted. With Lady Tillotson this conduct obtained a high degree of credit, and she readily fell in with her young friend's wish, although nearly hopeless of realising it, to preserve appearances by adverting to subjects in which the refractory Patrick had no share; nor did that judicious woman in any succeeding conversation venture an enquiry into the subject of a visit so rudely introduced, or surmise of a conduct so contrary to the usages even of an unfashionable world.

It was now the business of our unhappy heroine to facilitate the dearest purpose of her soul, by giving into every plan which was proposed for the reestablishment of her health. Short excursions in tolerable weather; light and simple diet, with cheerful company, had a full effect; and Derrick's summons found her competent to the task assigned her. But in this eventful moment, when every hope was advancing to a degree of certainty, every feeling touched almost to agony by the extatic idea of meeting a husband whom yet she could not condemn, a pang, unexpected, and scarcely endurable, seized her candid bosom;—Sir Henry,—Lady Tillotson,—beings who probably had snatched *her* from destruction, at the hazard too of their own safety; who had soothed her in the

moments of sickness, and softened the difficulties of her forlorn situation, were *they* to be left to painful conjecture as to her future destination? could she leave *them* a prey to the doubts, fears, and forebodings which such a conduct must create? forbid it gratitude, delicacy, the purity of character, the sacred principle of ardent friendship, forbid a deception so cruel! yet, were they not in some degree the enemies of her conjugal attachment? Did they not tacitly now, as heretofore they *had*, actually set their faces against her union with De Lima? Could she ever hope to recover that dear lost possessor of her sincere affections while in their power? and would not Derrick's impatience, in the event of her disappointing him, produce, as was too probable, some fearful catastrophe? Her father too: her relatives: the claims she had on them though unknown: was it not a point of duty to seek the latter, and mourn over his grave? (if grave he had; O excruciating bitterness of thought!) of that father whose supposed tortures had, as they too frequently, nay, continually obtruded themselves, wrung her heart with anguish. To ascertain this painful representation of Captain Derrick; to come at the knowledge of her real origin; to realize her hopes and fears of her husband's situation, all hung upon her obedience to Patrick's request, and there was no alternative.

Thus argued, and thus concluded this distressed young creature, whose agony as she met her friends at their hospitable table, but too probably for the last time, defied concealment; but her sighs and tears produced no other notice than an increase of indulgence, which only strengthened Almeria's reluctance to give *them* pain who strove so tenderly to alleviate hers; and as the night advanced, she once more felt her spirits unequal to the task of preparation, and retired to her chamber half resolved to decline the rash attempt. But Derrick's note again met her eye, in which he mentions the necessity of her taking a chaise at Charing-Cross; and that she would be punctual to the hour of their meeting at Deal. To do this she must be at the Golden Cross by five on the following morning. His letter concluded with one of his facetious remarks on woman's instability, and a hope that *she* at least would keep in one mind long enough to prove herself an exception to what after all he believed *unexceptionable*. This blundering remark recalled her wandering resolution, and she felt determined upon her flight; which was in some measure assisted by the absence of Sir Henry and his Lady, who were engaged to pass a day or two a few miles from town; and Mrs. Cleveland found no impediment (but what arose from her own excessive agitation) to quitting the house without the servants' knowledge. Although unused to act for herself in any material instance, she was happy enough to escape any dangers which might naturally be dreaded by a timid young creature—alone, and unfriended. A coach conveyed her to the inn, from whence she quickly departed for Deal; and within sixteen hours from her leaving London, was joyfully welcomed by her happy friend, whose delight at this meeting expressed itself in an unusual portion of new coined epithets and humorous mistakes; till perceiving the gloom which saddened her countenance upon a casual mention of Sir Henry's family, he took her passive hand, and archly smiling, "Sure now," cried the happy Derrick, "and you cant be fretting after that *owld* crocodile and his mate? O *niver* heed them honey;—make yourself *aasy* with thinking about your good-for-nothing runagate and his new wife,—take that for your comfort; or, if that wont do—there now, by my conscience if she isn't whimpering like a child, when I was only trying to put the *owld* Buccaneers out of her head!"

“But your mode of comfort, my dear sir,” said the sobbing Almeria,— “*Mode!* O now, and what are the modes to me?—can you ever say *I* minded fashion?” Here he was seasonably interrupted by his cockswain, with information that the wind had just veered to the eastward, and they had nothing to do but heave the anchor up. “O then we’ll be off in a jiffy, my lad,” replied his eager commander, “I have only to wait for a fresh water spark, who is just getting into his new uniforms, and when he is ready, we will get on board directly.”

Almeria heard the decree and trembled; but there was no time for expostulation: and after partaking of a slight refreshment, she retired with Mrs. Darell, the wife of Derrick’s friend, who assisted her to make the necessary alteration; and the blushing girl was soon transformed into an elegant, but rather feminine little midshipman. It was not in Patrick’s nature to restrain some lively jokes upon the effects of this change; but corrected by the serious and rebuking countenance of his favourite, he promised to conduct himself with a propriety that should astonish even her darling idol—delicacy itself.

Not quite satisfied with this assurance, Mrs. Cleveland submitted herself with a degree of reluctance to his guidance, nor had she any reason to repent her confidence in his prudence, or the step she had taken, till they had nearly gained sight of the rock of Lisbon; when, in consequence of the terrors and fatigue she had suffered during a storm, our forlorn wanderer was conveyed in a state of insensibility to the rock, where she met with the mysterious Favorita, whose strange hints, inexplicable violence, and frightful appeals for her explanation of what she had no power to give, had left such an impression on her mind, as to take a share of every pang her own unhappy situation excited.

## CHAP. VIII.

### *NEW ARRANGEMENTS.*

REVIVED by the polite attentions and never failing cheerfulness of Signora Francisca, Almeria found herself once more alive to the blessing of society; but the distance her apparent situation required, prevented that sweet and undisguised intercourse which female friendship admits. Indeed she found much difficulty in adapting her manners and conversation so as to escape the charge of effeminacy, especially in the presence of Isaac Polygon, whose sharp and inquisitive eye she often fancied expressed a sort of vague conjecture respecting a former knowledge of her person; and this apprehension received additional strength, when, upon an enquiry made by Francisca into the motive which had brought her to Lisbon, she could not refrain a burning blush, nor avoiding hesitating to a degree sufficient not only to increase the man's suspicion, but excite a very natural curiosity in Francisca's bosom. Indeed her distress became so evident, when Isaac, taking up the cause, repeated his niece's question not only with earnestness, but a sort of phlegmatic rudeness peculiar to himself, that the amiable Portuguese by artfully introducing another topic, gave her an excuse to quit the room.

Had Mrs. Cleveland been fully acquainted with the crooked practices of this man's life,—his dangerous sentiments and deep designs, she would have thought her residence with De Favorita a more eligible situation; but Derrick, who seldom looked into consequences when he could gratify his loquacious talent, had yet discretion enough to keep the following particulars to himself, although it had so miserably failed in the introduction of his protégée to the house of such a character as Polygon. We have before hinted his connexions when a youth with our honest Patrick, whose principles in every material instance, differed so entirely from his companion. His childhood had been distinguished for those narrow propensities which too often disgrace the inclinations of advanced age.—Illiberal, sordid, and querulous, his absence in consequence of an uncle's invitation to join him in Ireland, was looked upon as a blessing by his elder brothers, and Isaac's departure gave pain to no one.—At Killalee the love of money obtained credit; for it was this part of his character that induced his uncle to have his nephew with him.—Isaac possessed of all that low cunning which has but too often succeeded in a selfish world, applied himself likewise to the study of those sciences which were old Polygon's hobby-horse; and if not an amateur, he certainly got so well acquainted with the technical terms, and superficial knowledge of most of them, as not only to effect his purpose with the miser, but impose upon ignorance; while the better informed passed over, with a contemptuous neglect, his arduous attempts to astonish and confound. So completely indeed had this selfish being recommended himself by pursuits and acquirements analogous to his protector's, that he was sent upon an important commission to Portugal; in the execution of which he obtained the heart and hand of Signora Sforza, a woman of an independent fortune, to whose brother the very valuable cargo with which Isaac was entrusted had been consigned. Extensive as his power of amassing wealth was then become, it kept no bounds with his wishes to increase it; and his next attempt was upon the property of two little girls who in consequence of Diego Sforza's death, became the wards of their aunt, the present Signora Polygon; but as this horrid scheme could not be

effected amongst their friends and relatives at Lisbon, he transferred the scene of cruel duplicity to Pernambuco in the Brazils, where he remained till Captain Derrick brought himself and family to England. It was then his intention to send Patrick to Lisbon, for the purpose of knowing in what light his character stood with those who were interested in the youthful orphans' fate; but as Derrick, to use his own words, could not do twenty good things at once, he gave up the inviting prospect of *blowing* up the *owld* *traytor*, for it was with *this* design he engaged in the service, to protect his lovely little darling; and Isaac who had long since buried the Signora, ventured to present himself at Lisbon, where he arrived about two months before Almeria became his inmate, and appeared in that capital as an honourable character, and presently befriended by time and the demise of those who *could* have interfered with success in favour of Francisca and Anica, Isaac renewed a monstrous project long since designed, of uniting himself to the hapless Anica.

This poor young creature had already with infinite justice, placed to that savages account, a painful disappointment which threatened, independent of this additional vexation, to cloud every future prospect. To Derrick he had formerly imparted enough of his sentiments to convince that guileless being that unless Anica consented to the preposterous proposal, no part either of Francisca's fortune or her own could escape the fell monster's gripe; but as this intelligence was conveyed by such hints and inuendos as might be retracted at pleasure, the impetuous Irishman could only put his young friends upon their guard, and Polygon could not decidedly interpret Francisca's piquant reflections, or her sister's more openly expressed disgust. But there was still a trait in Polygon's character which defied every possible attempt to elucidate: Derrick *had* suspicions for which he could not account.—That a gentleman of Sir Henry Tillotson's consequence should be in habits of intimacy with a man of Polygon's description; that he should condescend to drop hints of a nature which argued a dependence upon Isaac's intriguing talent; (for so he translated the unconnected expressions which met his ear upon a former occasion) and he was ready to accuse the venerable Baronet of a disgraceful coalition with the meanly artful Polygon; but as he could adduce no proof, he had prudence sufficient to keep silence upon a subject that could throw no light upon De Lima's, or, as it may be better to style him, Mr. Cleveland's conduct.

With such a man as we have depicted, Almeria dared not trust her real situation; nor could she with any certain degree of safety, hazard a further display of those emotions, that had already produced such an alarming curiosity. *Could* she make a friend of the lively Francisca her fears might be groundless: but afraid to repose a confidence so dangerous, she could only weep in private, those misfortunes which at present appeared irremediable. Thus situated, she seldom committed herself to the scrutinizing examination of Mr. Polygon, unless supported by her only friend, who had obtruded himself upon every society, and searched every place of resort where he might hope to discover the lost Frederico; but vain were his attempts;—not the smallest clue presented encouragement to his hopes: and he frankly confessed his opinion that the vessel Mr. Cleveland was supposed to embark in, had sailed to some distant port; advising her at the same time to wait with patience, till he could gain some clearer intelligence.

Although dejected in the extreme, our unhappy wanderer after wiping a few tears of vexation, informed him of Polygon's suspicious manner, and asked his opinion as to the sentiments that person might entertain respecting her disguise. Derrick seemed hurt at the idea of a discovery that (he began to think with Almeria) might produce much



mischievous to *her*, although he had changed his mind more than once upon that head; however he concluded to meet them at dinner, “When” added this *deep* plotter with an arch wink, “I shall be able to guess at the *Owld* Fox’s *maning*, and *niver* trust little Patrick if he don’t give him a broadside that shall drive all cunning Isaac’s nonsensical notions out of his leaden pericranium.” Mrs. Cleveland was not entirely satisfied with Derrick’s mode of conviction, and dreaded the effect of a *broadside* which might involve *her* cause in the unguarded mischief; but as there was still a hope of dinner passing over without a necessity for its operation, she tacitly consented to accompany him to the table, in obedience to a summons sent by Signora Francisca.

Upon entering the hall, one side of which opened to a garden in the true Portuguese taste, consisting of formal parterres, orange groves, little fountains, and treillages of vines, Almeria recognised in one of Mr. Polygon’s guests, the noble cavalier who had so generously offered to protect her on her escape from the rock.—Surprised beyond the power of speech, she could only bow in silent confusion to his animated address, and could scarcely bear the keen yet respectful regard of this undesired visitor. Not so the unsuspecting open-hearted Patrick, who soon recollected Signor Jerome; and evinced *his* pleasure at a meeting so unexpected by the liveliest marks. “By all the rules of architecture” exclaimed Polygon, “my friend Derrick seems to have met with an old acquaintance.” “And what then, cunning Isaac? What have *your* rules to do with friendship? that’s a compass *you niver* steer by; this *owld gontlemin* has been guilty of a fault I could *niver* lay to *your* charge.” “Of what nature, Captain?” asked the smiling cavalier, who soon perceived the contrast of character between Derrick and Polygon. “*Nature*? O now and I’ll tell you honey: Why he *niver* in all his life hove out a rope to save a drowning *crater*, as one may call my little - - - nephew here, for to be sure now he was next kin to drowning upon dry land, as one may say, when *you* would have towed him into a snug harbour.—Speak, *owld* Red-cap? to be sure you love to fish in troubled waters, but the *divil* a bit will you do that without a *gowlden* bait.” “Dear sir, consider—” whispered Almeria, for she dreaded the *broadside* he seemed to be preparing. “Oh,” cried Polygon, whose attention was fixed to Mrs. Cleveland’s every word and action, “Don’t interrupt him: the man who is an enemy to divine sciences, can never be a friend to its professors;—but I pass over his ignorance, and as a *christian* I can forgive him.” “A *christian*!” vociferated our indignant Captain, while certain recollections as they sparkled in his eye, reflected themselves on the orange tawney of his antagonist’s face, “Now by my conscience, and that is a *forgery*.” The term as it burst so forcibly from Derrick’s lips, deepened the hue of Polygon’s cheek,—“A cursed *forgery*, little Isaac; and I’ll tell you why: Does christianity *tache* a man to rob another of his allowance? Does it *tache* him to deny his messmate a share of his grog? I tell you what it is now, I would sooner take a round dozen every day than encounter such a shark;—true, my *manes* are very small; but were they nothing at all at all, my fellow *crater* should be welcome to part of them!” A faint smile passed over Polygon’s features as he begged the company’s attention to Derrick’s blunder, who satisfied with the victory so evidently obtained, ceased to torment by his well pointed inuendos, a being whose conscience, notwithstanding its tacit submission to successful imposture, could never stand the shafts of a ridicule so just; and the dinner passed without any further trial of his forbearance.

Delighted with the modest efforts of Almeria to ward off Derrick’s rough, and Polygon’s artful attacks upon a delicacy which neither of them properly appreciated, the

Cavalier Jerome strove to draw their attention from our persecuted heroine by fixing it upon a subject which at that period formed an important part in every public conversation. Another supposed attack had been made upon the life of Joseph of Portugal, though dissimilar to that in 1760, yet more fatal in its effects; for, in consequence of a death for which his physicians could not any otherwise account, they chose to attribute his demise to poison; and the houses of De Tavora and D'Aveiro were again made objects of suspicion in their collateral branches. He then went into a prolix description of the fatal confusions of that memorable year; when Almeria, who listened with trembling attention to an account so painfully interesting to her feelings, ventured to question Signor Jerome respecting his knowledge of the unhappy victims: "Alas, unhappy families! I knew them well:" returned he, "I was a reluctant and pitying witness of their dying agonies; being stationed with my troop beside the scaffold on which they suffered, and heard their solemn protestations of innocence; for all were permitted the liberty of speech except my noble friend, the Duke D'Aveiro, who being accused of directly assassinating his majesty, was denied a privilege allowed to every other criminal." Here Mrs. Cleveland turned a look of such expressive anguish upon that child of nature, the compassionate Derrick, that he could scarcely refrain shewing some public marks of consolation to his adopted niece; however he was prevented, as Signor Jerome proceeded in his information; observing, "that he had but just heard the intentions of Joseph's successor, which were, to search after every descendant of those prescribed families; and such, said he, is the inveteracy of the royal house against those unfortunate people, that I greatly dread its consequence to all who may come within the pale of their cruel suspicions.—Indeed, I was informed at the same instant, that its vengeance had already reached a remote branch of that house, in the person of a youth who being by the Count De Lima" \* \* "De Lima!" repeated the agonizing Almeria, "Do I understand you aright?—Has De Lima any connexion with De Tavora's Line?—O in pity to a wretched creature, do away if possible, the suspicions which ring every fibre of my tortured heart!" Signor Jerome astonished by this mysterious address, cast an eye of eager curiosity upon Derrick, but he had the grace to continue silent; although every working muscle declared his inability to be so long.

"I wish from my soul, poor youth," replied Jerome, "that I *could* justly annihilate the suspicions you mention; but it must be confessed that Count De Lima married a sister of the Marchioness of Tavora, who, there is every reason to imagine, left an infant son to the mercy of an unfeeling world; which child was missing for many years, till accident discovered him to the Count De Lima, who procured for the young Tavora every advantage his situation as one obnoxious to the government would admit; leaving his estate to him at his decease, with an order to assume the name and title of De Lima when circumstances would countenance it. It has been reported that in consequence of our king's demise, people were dispatched to England with a mandate from the court, permitting that young man to appear in his own character; but, that in return for the confidence he had so liberally placed in the harpies who had so artfully trepanned him, he was put into close confinement: \* \* \*" "Enough, enough! *owld gontlemin*," roared out the passionate Derrick, "I see it all: by my *sowl* now, but this is precious news, and that manufacturer of mischief is at the bottom of it! yes, yes, little Isaac no doubt can tell us all about it; *Owld* Harry too has had a finger in the pye;—a pretty fool's errand I went upon truly, and after all, to be fobbed off with a tale of a cock and a bull; when, instead of

concluding a bargain with a piratical *Hymen*, as the poor *divil* is called, the unlucky *crater* was stowed close under the hatches, and I like a foolish son of a sea cook, believed all their lying palaver!" "O then" cried Almeria, "this dreadful mystery is explained; I see you view it in the same horrible light with myself;—Sir," and she wrung the Cavalier's hand with a frantic earnestness, "I will no longer attempt to deceive you," \* \* but again checking the rash intention of discovering herself, "Are you sure that the unhappy man is *indeed* the object of infernal cruelty;—yes, yes, I see it in that look of pity; he has been betrayed for that horrid purpose; his absence is accounted for; his conduct justified; and when next we meet, it may be on the scaffold, where the torturing wheel and dislocated frame shall" \* \* yet again recovering a moment's presence of mind, "there may be hopes that my friend may escape a doom so fatal." "No indeed, honey," replied Derrick, whose discretion was totally superceded by indignation and sorrow, "there is no *hope* at all for him, or any of us d'ye see;"—"Not *one* faint gleam, my dear sir;"—"No faith, not enough to light a farthing rush-light; because why," \* \* "Then we are wretched indeed! but can it be possible \* \*"—Here her voice was lost in sighs and tears, and Derrick fully estimating the true cause of all this sorrow, betrayed, by his extravagant emotions, her particular interest in the agonizing story.

Luckily for Almeria, the prying Polygon had vacated his seat previous at the commencement of her distress to take his usual *sieste*; and Francisca, with her sister, aware of the impropriety of sitting in company which their uncle's presence would have tolerated, had strolled into the garden; so that Jerome was the only strange witness of this trying scene.—To him indeed, all reserve was useless; since he had long availed himself of Derrick's blunders, and had taken the first opportunity which presented itself, of seeking farther into a matter that interested his feelings, his affection, and his curiosity. It only remained therefore to *know* her exact situation, and this he easily obtained from her incautious friend.—To hear that the weeping youth before him was announced as the great D'Aveiro's daughter; that she had been indebted to strangers, placed even below mediocrity, for support and education; to see her again within reach of enemies, equal in power and will, to ruin her, with those who had nearly destroyed her wretched race; nay, that she was an inmate (as was but too likely) with the wretch whose scent for blood, not innocence itself could destroy. What pangs did this knowledge convey to a heart so liberal and tender as Signor Jerome's; he too, whose friendship for her supposed parents was never to be forgotten, now beheld their offspring threatened with a fate so dreadful; yet compassionating the delicacy which received so severe a wound, he knew not how to render her any useful service without offering an additional violence to it; for Derrick had drawn him aside to communicate that discovery, which his loaded heart could no longer contain, and Almeria remained ignorant of the disclosure. But as the exigence of the moment would not admit of delay, and urged by Patrick to stand forth as his dear little girl's defender, the Cavalier, (after gently hinting his possession of her important secret,) seriously urged the necessity of her removal from Isaac Polygon's power, and again renewed the offer he had once before made of secreting her at the hospital where he resided. To this request, Mrs. Cleveland would have opposed a decided refusal; but where could a forlorn stranger like her, secure an assylum from an enemy so cunning, so interested, and so designing as Polygon? Would not the suspicion he already but too visibly encouraged, be strengthened into certainty by her sudden absence, and would he leave any step untried to throw her into the power of her enemies? *Why* he should attempt

the persecution of a helpless creature, she could not develope; but that he had some sinister view in it gave her no difficulty to ascertain:—covered therefore with burning blushes, and shunning his friendly but steady eye, she faintly acceded to his proposal, and the following morning was hastily fixed upon for her departure.

Charmed with the prospect of preserving his beloved child from the fangs of diabolical power, and not a little elevated at the idea of mortifying her deceitful enemy, the Captain's triumph soared beyond all tolerable bounds; and the rest of the day passed in openly pitying Anica for being the subject of an *owld* hoary headed *Fox's* admiration, making love to Francisca, and venting his hatred of Polygon in humorous sarcasms, blundering allusions, and bitter gibes, all of which were completely understood by the tormented being: concluding his notable reflections with a wish that all such foes to humanity, &c. were condemned like the Reverendissimo of the rock, to be a companion for eagles and rats.—“Apropos,” cried Signor Jerome, “of that same Reverendissimo to whom you seem so partial: I went with some friends last Wednesday to visit the hermits of that celebrated rock, and in consequence of a former intimacy, was favoured by him with a private interview; but instead of the stoical apathy of manners and calm disdain of a world he hates, which once distinguished this extraordinary man, I found him restless, violent, and fiercely inquisitive respecting the politics of our government, the private history of individuals, and particularly of an event which *we*,” turning to Mrs. Cleveland, “have so recently discussed.”

Polygon caught the meaning look which accompanied this observation, and translated it his own way; “He even hinted” continued the Cavalier, “at his intention of quitting his airy habitation for one less exposed to the curiosity of the gay and frivolous.” “O then honey,” interrupted the provoking Captain, rubbing his hands with fresh glee, “there will be a snug cabin for plotting Isaac; where he may weave his poisonous webs without molestation for the poor flies that cant resist the venomous spider.” “*Flies?* Mr. Derrick,” “Well, well, flies or wealthy little girls, Signor Jerome, what's the difference, all's one for that; *owld* Caliban takes me, dont you cunning Isaac?” “I do indeed, Captain, and for the veriest brute in Christendom!” “O, *Christendom!* why there it is again; sure now my dear, and there is *niver* a christian upon the most desolate island *in* the continent of America, that is so great a *hathen* as yourself.” “By every rule in our sublime sciences, these blunders are unpardonable in one who calls himself a seaman.” “Come, come, no reflections upon my *samanship*, little big wig, or I may chance to knock you down before you are up, *owld* frosty face.”

Tired of this bitter contention, and eager to arrange his plan more effectively with the terrified Almeria, the Cavalier asked her to join their young friends in the garden, although his intention was not to seek them; but the excuse obtained, and encouraged by his mild and gentle manners, she soon acquired resolution enough to state several obstacles to the scheme he had proposed, of secreting her in a place where she could meet with no female of respectability, whose society might alleviate the horrors she must encounter, if wholly left to associate with men. Signor Jerome apologized for a proposal made in the moment of necessity, and frankly confessed her reasons were unanswerable. “If,” said he, “you could get admittance to the convent of St. Mary as a boarder, till circumstances may authorize your departure from Lisbon, it would not only prevent the necessity of a disguise so repugnant to true delicacy, but effectually mislead the artful Polygon in a pursuit, which I am justified in saying, he will set on foot as soon as your

departure shall be known; for indeed my young friend, that man is not less dangerous than artful.—He has an important point to carry, or Captain Derrick's impolitic sarcasms would not be so tamely received.—Doubtless he has already an eye to the great reward held out by our new king, and his niece Mary, for the apprehension of the supposed traitors and their connexions, if so, *your* danger is extreme; for it is apparent to any one who has kept an eye upon his conduct, that *you* are an object of his invidious designs.—Had he ever seen the lamented Duke, whose descendant every feature in that speaking countenance declares you to be, I should the less wonder at his evident design; but as it is, can only fear that he has drawn from Derrick's incautious reflections and ill-timed jokes upon your carriage and person, motives for suspecting your sex; if so, it requires but little skill to *identify* a person, which all who know your friend's attachment to the young Portuguese, will easily guess at; and how naturally will it follow, that such a disguise in this land of suspicion, when assumed by a native, is worn for a sinister purpose; besides, who knows but *your* story, with that of De Lima, has been committed by the deceived Sir Henry Tillotson to this man; whose fraudulent schemes upon his wife's nieces, although beyond the reach of law, has rendered his character nearly detestable. If this position be admitted, I need not urge your speedy flight: would to heaven it pointed towards England! but such is the rancour of the queen against your family, that she has published an edict forbidding any one to quit her kingdom without a passport, till the true cause of her father's death is truly understood."

Convinced by this candid representation, that her situation was no less dangerous than inconvenient, she, after a very lively expression of gratitude for his generous interference, could only grant her ready suffrage to the request he made to hold herself in readiness, should he be happy enough to procure the assylum this kind friend meditated for her; and he was in the very act of kissing the hand she modestly offered, when Mrs. Cleveland was rather disconcerted by Derrick's sudden appearance, as he darted from behind a clump of myrtles, that sheltered the bench on which they sat; concluding from his arch countenance, his pointing finger, and a meaning nod, which indicated some notable discovery, that old Polygon was someway concerned in it, she would have left her seat, lest in Patrick's eagerness to detect the mean listener, (for upon looking forwards she actually beheld him stealing off) his rough censor should pursue and bring him before them; when something might occur to throw Derrick off his guard, and lend fresh light to suspicions, to which she trembled to think this deep designer had received a fatal addition, if he had overheard any part of their conversation, and she found herself too timid to face his subtle inuendos.

However, as Derrick appeared sufficiently gratified in unkennelling the *skulking hound*, as he chose to term him, while he confessed that Isaac could not have been long within hearing, and had suffered him to escape without even supposing he had been seen, Almeria tried to hope that her secret was safe; and that Derrick in compliance with her entreaties, would suffer the matter to drop when they again met. But Signor Jerome felt not quite so sanguine upon this business; he dreaded the consequence of a discovery so destructive to their plan, and though possessed of courage sufficient, even at that period of existence, to meet death in the field, he shuddered at the idea of encountering the formidable phantom upon the torturing wheel; and to be found in the act of abetting an implicated criminal, was to pronounce his own sentence. It were easy, (thus argued fastidious caution) to resign a helpless innocent to a similar fate, *should* Polygon have

overheard sufficient to involve her in the dreadful mischief; and by accusing her of a supposed consanguinity to the suspected families, exonerate himself from blame.—True, replied benevolence, but *where* is the wretch who could behold that sweet conscious eye, that soft and delicate frame, shrinking from the infliction of savage tortures, or turned with a fearful expression from their death imposing iustrument, and know himself to be the cause of such distress?—no where! The voice of Polygon, as it broke upon this conclusion, in the cold smooth, yet sarcastic tones of smothered duplicity, defeated Jerome's conclusion, *no where*, he mentally articulated:—yes, there! brooding it is possible over the dreaded mischief, sits the lurking demon who can view confiding loveliness without one remorseful pang: but *I* will protect her; *I* the friend of her murdered father will, with heaven's assistance, preserve his orphan daughter.

The consequence of this generous resolution, was an eager desire to set about securing Almeria from her latent enemies; to do which there yet remained a difficult task.—Unacquainted with the nuns of St. Mary, he was to solicit their attention to a young creature whose safety depended upon concealment; and what abbess of character would receive her with no recommendation, but that of a veteran commander?—True, she might be introduced as a relation, but even this subterfuge would prove ineffectual, if the cautious mother should require proofs such as he might be unable to procure; however, the experiment must be hazarded, and he lost no time in forwarding his benevolent,—we may say, heroic purpose.

Mrs. Cleveland beheld his departure with an anxiety she tried to conceal. It seemed to her apprehensive mind, as if she had seen the last of a friend whose determination, knowledge of the world, and discreet conduct rendered him, if not equally beloved, yet more highly respected than her affectionate, thoughtless Irish Protector. But she found little leisure for meditation, the succeeding night was fixed upon, during the garden conversation, for her flight; and she yet had to procure a female dress previous to her arrival at St. Mary's. To do this was an almost impossible business; no means presented to ensure its practicability: and she was wretched in the idea that her plan must fail, unless she could obtain some decent habiliments, when casting a hopeless eye round her bed chamber, which had been the sleeping room of Signora Anica, she beheld a large press, that, being let into the wainscot, had escaped her notice till this trying moment, when she fancied one of its folding doors was not entirely closed. It instantly occurred to her anxious imagination, that it might contain an adequate supply of her, at present, most urgent necessities. Upon trying the lock, it immediately yielded, and she justly imagined that some one in the course of the day had turned the key without shutting the doors close enough to fasten them properly. "Happy remissness for me," exclaimed the delighted Almeria, as she contemplated several complete dresses in the English fashion, which lay upon the different sliding boards, "I can now accommodate myself in a way far superior to that Signor Jerome proposed;" for no better alternative had presented itself to that anxious friend than the one of purchasing a few wearables of the chamber maid, for the pretended purpose of appearing at a sort of masquerade, which Signora Francisca was meditating. Delighted then with her acquisition, she immediately selected enough to complete the wished for transformation, and having finished her toilet, sat down to wait the agreed upon signal at her window, which overlooked a corner of the Terrieres de Passe.

Signor Jerome had named an hour when he thought even the vigilant Polygon, who slept in the room adjoining, might be lulled in sound repose; and at one o'clock he proposed to be in waiting with a dark lanthorn and a short ladder, by which means she might safely descend. Attentive to the moment fixed upon, she no sooner heard the sonorous stroke as it rolled upon the air from a neighbouring church, than our poor persecuted heroine stationed herself at the lattice, eagerly listening to the few passing steps of market folks; centinels relieving guard before houses suspected of containing people amenable to the fancies of their jealous sovereign, and cavaliers returning from giving their nightly serenades. It yet wanted two hours to morning; the clouds, as she pensively watched their irregular motion, deepened into portentous darkness, and hung with a lurid and heavy aspect over the Terrieres de Passe; a slight convulsive motion denoted one of those earthquakes, which since that tremendous concussion in the year 55, were extremely frequent in Lisbon; Almeria could scarcely endure the terrors excited by an incident so common among the natives, as hardly to obtain the smallest notice, and she closed her sash in all the agonies of expectation. Again the shock was repeated; she gazed around: the window shook, pictures rattled upon their hooks, the door vibrated upon its hinges, and this commotion was followed by a stillness little less alarming than the shock itself; for she had heard that a solemn repose had hung upon all nature previous to the first awful attack, but in this she was happily deceived; a brisk wind arose, the clouds floated in vast volumes from the face of the sky, and she contemplated, with pious gratitude, the moon in all her silvery splendor, touching every object on which its beams reposed, with her soft and gentle influence.

It was now two o'clock; and after an affecting and solemn address to the great omnipotent, who had removed the subject of her terrors, she again resumed her station at the window, not without a secret dread of some disappointment to which her foreboding fears could give no sufficient meaning.

With an attention so firmly fixed upon the ruling wish of her soul, Mrs. Cleveland hardly adverted to the possibility of an interruption from within, till a soft step as it stole by her door, changed the current of her apprehensions. She even fancied, as she softly drew another bolt, that she heard a low whisper in the gallery.—*Her* name too she thought was repeated, but in a way that indicated terror in the pronouncer:—again she caught the low trembling accents of this ominous disturber; but a little gravel which at that instant rattled against the sash, turned the course of her ideas, and Almeria was fated to undergo another disappointment. Advancing therefore with a cautious step, she once more opened her window; when, to her utter astonishment, she saw that all was silent and deserted. There was light sufficient to have discovered a human figure at a considerable distance, but even the few passengers she had before contemplated with trembling hope, were no longer visible. Thus harassed between the dread of Signor Jerome's inability to obtain an assylum for her, and Isaac Polygon's treachery, she felt her utmost efforts to support her fortitude wholly ineffectual.

The dawn had already begun to whiten the neighbouring spires:—again the early market people came in sight as they were returning to their respective homes. The streets no longer presented a scene of solitude: cavaliers wrapt in capotas, watermen repairing to their different stations, soldiers, sailors, filled the distant landscape as they severally advanced and retired, presenting to her hopeless fancy, while tracing their steps, a scene not wholly dissimilar to the effects of a magic lanthorn, but in vain she tried to recognize

the figure on which her sole dependance hung; till fearful of becoming an object of curiosity to the few that passed beneath her window, she once more gently dropped the sash, and in an agony of disappointment, that bore a full proportion to the rapture her intended flight had excited, sunk upon her bed; while reflections of the keenest nature encreased the bitterness of her feelings, and another hour was wasted in fruitless tears and melancholy meditation.

Ever candid in her decisions, and rather too ready to credit assertions which came recommended by an honest countenance and plausible manners, Almeria could not encourage a doubt of Jerome's sincerity. It could not be, she thought, that a gentleman whose *character* and *situation* precluded every temptation to do wrong, (since no one was admitted to the noble establishment he enjoyed, without a very high recommendation for probity, valour, and exalted manners; nay, in *her* peculiar case, a *villain*,—except, like Polygon, he was a villain upon principle;) would scarcely abuse a confidence whose forfeiture could procure no advantage. "Doubtless then," concluded this unhappy woman, "Signor Jerome has been traced by those savage destroyers of human tranquillity, and in the very moment of that unfortunate signal, was silently, but forcibly conveyed away to—O, patience, heaven! possibly to the same horrid abode which contains—my husband!" This was the very climax of sorrow; she could reflect no longer; unless it was to present De Lima and Jerome fated but too probably by her evil destiny, which had impelled them to love and serve her, to end their lives upon the same scaffold; and then pursuing the same harrowing supposition, "Yes," she continued, "to *me*? to *me*, wretched woman that I am! may be attributed the destruction of a friend,—a dear lost husband. It seemed too as if my presence had produced a terrible effect upon the mysterious Favorita; Derrick too,—the compassionate, generous Derrick had suffered much inconvenience from his attachment to the miserable Almeria. Even the good curate of Amesbury, the inconsistent Sir Henry Tillotson, his amiable lady, all have endured considerable anxiety for *me*? And is it *indeed* so; are all who have dared to favour a creature born under the auspices of imputed guilt and certain shame, doomed to share in a degree *my* sorrow? Now perhaps" and she started from her bed in frantic agony, "Now, in this moment, so big with horror to a frenzied wretch, *that* dear De Lima, *that* benevolent Jerome, may, O terrible suspicion! be answering at some gloomy bar of judicature for their ill requited attention to the helpless Almeria. That whisper, those light and cautious movements, might they not originate with the treacherous Polygon? O yes, it must be so; and he also is gone to give his deadly malice vent in false accusations. *I* then, must be his next victim; but" here a sudden hope shot across her fervid imagination, "if *he*, the only one who dare impede my departure, should indeed be absent, I may yet escape from his detested arts;" so saying, she darted to her chamber door, undrew the bolts, and with a fearful step trod lightly along the gallery leading to a private stair-case, but that was strongly secured by a sort of hatch; and our trembling adventurer was obliged to return to try a passage by the public stairs, when her heart was chilled by the appalling sight of Polygon in close conversation with two tall figures in complete disguise; their persons enveloped by dark capotas, large slouched hats concealed a part of the face, and black handkerchiefs tied loosely about the neck did the rest.

Scarcely able to repress an agonizing exclamation at this foreboding contradiction to her late hopes, Mrs. Cleveland could only attempt to retrace her way to the chamber she had just left, in a firm persuasion of her seeing it no more; but unable to reach it



without resting against one of the pillars that supported another gallery which ran above that she stood in, her garment white and of a silky texture, attracted both the eye and ear of the vigilant Polygon, who angrily bid her retire, erroneously supposing one of his nieces had risen at that early hour. Encouraged by this fortunate mistake to hope she might yet gain her apartment without any further discovery, Mrs. Cleveland glided from her dangerous post, and once more saw herself the reluctant inmate of a man whose power and will to do evil, seemed equal to any task assigned him. To remain any longer in the dress she had fondly assumed for a purpose so congenial both to delicacy and convenience, became now both hazardous and useless. The uniform was carefully deposited in the wardrobe; but who can paint her anguish, when she once more prepared to re-adopt it: alternately she turned her humid eye from that to the elegant dress she was so reluctantly resigning, when hearing a heavy step ascending the stairs, which she rightly judged to be her suspected persecutor's, our disappointed Almeria swiftly disencumbered herself of the precious garments, and after replacing them, threw herself upon the bed, again recurring to the painful subjects of the past hours; while fresh apprehensions, induced by Isaac's portentous appearance with that of his strange companions, not only added new pangs to retrospection, but nearly prevented the repose she tried to encourage.

END OF VOL. I.

J. Rackham, Printer,  
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THE  
IRISH GUARDIAN,  
OR,  
*ERRORS OF ECCENTRICITY.*  
VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE  
IRISH GUARDIAN,  
OR,  
ERRORS OF ECCENTRICITY.  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY  
MRS. MACKENZIE.

WHY I can smile, and murder while I smile!  
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I can add colours to the cameleon,  
And wet my cheek with artificial tears.  
SHAKESPEAR.

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CHAP. IX.

*SUCCESSFUL TREACHERY.*

As we wish to avoid any affectation of mystery in the events before us, however those events may appear in the first instance, (connected as they are with others of a domestic and political nature; and as they were subjects of terror, pity, and indignation to many distinguished families in Portugal, who suffered about the middle of the last century, in the persons, estates, and characters of their dearest relatives,) it may be necessary to investigate what actuated the fawning hypocritical Polygon, and induced him to commit deeds of such nefarious villainy, as we shall have occasion to detail; and also to state the circumstances that enabled him to triumph over a gentleman of high birth, honourable principles, and sound reason.

Great, indeed, must have been Sir Henry Tillotson's necessity for an agent which could enforce him as it were, to go along with a wretch so mean in his notions, so puerile in the sentiments he ventured to express, and so very unlike in manners and appearance to his unhappily deceived employer; joining to, as the Baronet did, with such a character, in promoting the misery of a young couple, whose claims upon Sir Henry Tillotson's protection warranted more generous treatment. It has already appeared that the infamous Polygon would stick at nothing to gratify an avarice that strengthened with his years, and admitted no opponent in his bosom, but the one which offered no violence to this ruling vice; since his design upon Anica's hand kept but an inferior pace with those upon her fortune. Accident, or rather the operation of an almighty Providence, for some awfully wise purpose, had introduced this fellow to the presence of Sir Henry Tillotson; who having heard him formerly mentioned by the curate of Amesbury as one not wholly unacquainted with Captain Derrick, and a trader to the different ports of Lisbon and the Brazils, thought he could with *his* assistance, effect a total separation between the unfortunate couple. It was impossible for a gentleman so truly liberal in his notions, to bear the narrow souled observations and awkward deportment of Isaac Polygon, without secretly despising the emissary he felt half afraid to trust: yet, as a tool in the hands of an artist, he found his assistance indispensable. Lady Tillotson knew not how to endure a society for which she conceived a sincere antipathy, nor could she reconcile Sir Henry's fine qualities with the predelection he shewed for a fellow so truly his opposite. The Baronet saw, and allowed for this very natural dislike; nor did he once attempt to overcome it, as *her* presence was by no means necessary to his schemes.

However, it was not till after the union took place, which he so ardently deprecated, that Sir Henry ventured to open his intentions to Isaac; nor till that indefatigable mortal had learned enough from Rachel, formerly housekeeper to Mr. Dawson, that her young mistress was gone to London with the Irish Captain, and that Mr. Signor De Lima had been at Amesbury with a gentleman in black. Convinced by this

important intelligence of Polygon's sincerity, as well as capability as to the service he required, Sir Henry disclosed his intention of sending that gentleman to the Brazils, as there were circumstances occurring in his situation, as the husband of Almeria, too horrible to be permitted; therefore a little deception must be practised to separate the culpable pair. "At present," added the self deluded Baronet, "I do not chuse to send him to Lisbon: it is too near home: besides there exists at present an objection to that measure which cannot be removed, and which might endanger his liberty, if not his life! On *you*, therefore, I depend not only to accompany him to Pernambuco, but to secure his residence in that town till certain difficulties are removed." While Polygon gave a hearty acquiescence to the Baronet's request, his whole sordid soul was absorbed by a hope, the completion of which would render him greatly independent: a hope which the *name* of De Lima encouraged. It was true that Sir Henry *had* received a vague report of the suspicions Portugal entertained respecting the death of its sovereign, but he knew not that emissaries were actually dispatched to the different European states to imprison all strangers of Portuguese descent, whose names corroborated with those contained in a list given to each of the detestable informers employed on that horrid business. With one of these villains Isaac had formerly been well acquainted; nay, he had assisted our man of science in some of his dishonest transactions.

As it was the interest of all concerned in this cruel commission to extend their pursuits in every direction, the coffee-houses and taverns were particularly attended; and at one of the former Jacobus Storace congratulated himself on the discovery of his old friend; but cautious from a consciousness of guilt, Polygon's retreat kept pace with Storace's advances; till hoping some benefit from his companion's evident disposition to be communicable, Isaac ventured to close with him, and they immediately adjourned to a tavern, where, over a flask of the best claret, Jacobus, who was well aware of his quondam friend's will to do wrong, if the good *he* worshipped could possibly arise from any erring measures, entrusted him with his errand to London, and even put into his hand the fatal list. Although strongly tempted to draw with this fellow in the precious mischief, he remitted not his usual caution; and even expressed a sort of compassion for the fate of those implicated in the black mandate! nay, he absolutely forced a tear, while dwelling upon the dreadful lot of those who might be convicted. Jacobus received the tear and reflection with a grin of contempt, which he took no pains to conceal; Polygon saw his mistake, and dropped the veil in time.—The flask was replaced: a sumptuous supper followed at the informer's expence, and Isaac, (after copying the list) engaged to give a good account of several therein specified; of these De Lima was one. The name struck him as being familiar to his imagination, although he could not exactly say where he had heard it used, till Sir Henry furnished him with the clue by which he was enabled to identify the unhappy Frederico, whose situation in St. James's Street was made known to this infernal accomplice; and a scheme was immediately planned, which would, if effected involve in it De Lima's destruction as the design and apparent consequence of the Baronet's wishes.

It has already been premised, that the devoted Portuguese had mentioned a promise given to attend some friends but recently arrived at the Lothian Hotel: here he met with several people whose appearance by no means corroborated with his idea of what gentlemen *should be*; but their errand was of a nature to preclude suspicion, while a recital of the circumstances which composed it, roused every feeling of anxiety and

tenderness. From the representation of the people, it appeared that a younger brother of the deceased Count De Lima who had, as it was supposed, lost his life when a very young man in the East Indies, but that, as it afterwards proved, he recovered of his wounds, and had been detained as a prisoner till fourteen months previous to the present era. They then went on to state that wholly ignorant both of Joseph's intended assassination in the year 1758, and the suspicions recently entertained by his daughter, he had unconsciously announced his claim to the Lima estates as a relative not only to that house, but those of D'Aveiro and De Tavora. In consequence he was arraigned, imprisoned, and *put to the question*. On *this* part of the *business* Jacobus, who was the narrator, dwelt with unnecessary prolixity,—not a tear or groan supposed to be excited by the torturing rack but what was fully described; and when he had wound up De Lima's feelings to a pitch nearly beyond endurance, he concluded this part of his tale with informing him, that notwithstanding the pain and excessive debility arising from corporeal sufferings, he had been enabled by the assistance of Jacobus, whose father had been entrusted with the care of the prisoner, to escape any further trial of his bodily strength and mental fortitude, by being put on board a vessel in the Tagus at midnight, which sailing immediately without a passport, luckily got out of the river before it was missed.—“And where,” said the heart struck De Lima, “*is* this dear tortured relative?” “Waiting” replied Jacobus, “opposite a place called Deptford, where the ship is moored, and where he impatiently expects the only relation who now dares to acknowledge him.”

The caution which had in a degree governed De Lima's engagements since his marriage, was wholly suspended; and he readily consented to meet Jacobus in two hours at Irongate, from whence they were to be conveyed to the ship. They then separated: when it immediately occurred to our bewildered youth, to ask Derrick's company upon the painful expedition; but unwilling to leave his wife without a protector, and equally so to give her any unnecessary disturbance, he settled to conceal the whole matter from both, till enabled to prepare her for a scene so inimical to her tender spirits, till he knew the extent of what might be required of him.

Thus then, was the noble victim trepanned by his belief of a story, the fallacy of which might have easily been detected by any one less impetuously guided by the impulse of the moment. To describe his horror, his indignation, when undeceived, will be best effected by a detail of future consequences: it may only be necessary at present to say, that in three weeks from the execution of this diabolical act, he was landed in Lisbon, and committed to a person equal in the security of its internal contrivances to that in which his wretched ancestors had formerly been shut up. Perhaps even Polygon himself, if fully aware of the fatal mischief his destable avarice would produce, might have shrunk from the prosecution of his infernal plan, since to gain money was his sole aim in this business; actuated by no *malice prepense*, urged by no inducement but that of accumulating riches, he had proceeded to lengths which had *not* the destruction of another for its object, but *only* the aggrandizement of himself. If then, the terrible certainty of De Lima's intended sufferings, was sufficient to extort a feeble pang of pity from Isaac Polygon, what would Sir Henry Tillotson's agonies have been, if made acquainted with the effect of his misguided confidence? Even the necessity of separating a couple whom he sincerely esteemed, was dreadful in the extreme; nor could any motive short of that which impelled him to such severity, justify what he had done, or reconcile his upright principles to the sad necessity. Terrible indeed was the circumstance which

enforced it, as committed to him by the deceased Count De Lima, from whom he learned the following particulars: namely, That it had been *his* unhappy fortune in early life, to fix upon Alzira Gonsales, a woman of various accomplishments, as his future Countess: his suit was accepted by the lady, and De Lima felt no difficulty in announcing his wishes to her father, a rich old Castilian of Burgos, who very well satisfied to see his daughter a countess, authorized De Lima's addresses by his cheerful suffrage. In consequence of this arrangement, Don Arthurio made the most splendid preparations for Alzira's nuptials, at his country seat near Valladolid, on the banks of the little river Pisuerga, in Old Castile; while De Lima collected a numerous train of visitors to do honour to the marriage. Among these appeared the Marquis De Tavora, and Duke D'Aveiro, who was nearly allied to De Tavora and Count De Lima.—Impetuous, amorous, and preferring the Spanish ladies to those of Portugal, the Marquis could not behold Alzira without emotion; and devoid of every principle of honourable friendship, he scrupled not to make such proposals on his own behalf, as shook the integrity even of an old *Castilian*: his daughter rejected De Tavora's offer with disdain, but overawed by a tyrannical despot, she submitted to become the wife of a father's unjust choice.

The consequences of this vile duplicity to De Lima, was a long and settled illness, which prevented the accomplishment of his intention to avenge so gross an insult; and when recovered to a perfect sense of the injury such an attempt would do his still beloved Alzira, the generous Count dropped every revengeful resolution; and after three years had elapsed, found charms sufficient in the sister of the Marchioness to compensate, in a degree, for the loss of her who still occupied his warmest affections. Don Arthurio, Alzira's father, rejoiced to find an affair which he dreaded would be productive of some terrible event, was likely to terminate so favourably, gave a glad consent to the marriage; and De Lima continued at Lisbon, till the horrible conspiracy which implicated the safety of all De Tavora's relations, induced him to conceal himself from those who were employed in tracing the steps of such as were suspected. That Alzira had lost an infant son through the carelessness of its attendants, or rather terror, in consequence of the fatal earthquake in 55, he had heard with inexpressible pain: he also knew that she had borne a female child about two or three years previous to her own cruel catastrophe; which child had been given by its nurse's husband, (when the Marquis De Tavora's family was imprisoned) to a person exactly tallying with Derrick's description. Struck to the soul, by an event so perfectly agreeing with that which gave the little Sothades to his knowledge, Sir Henry made no scruple of telling the Count De Lima all he knew of Abraham Dawson's foreign protégée; and the Count decidedly pronounced her to be the identical offspring of his lamented Alzira. This *eclaircissement* which took place about the time of Frederico being adopted by his uncle, did not produce equal advantages to Almeria; as a female, Patrick Derrick, who was unmarried, could not protect her in Portugal so certainly as Sir Henry *might* do in England; and although the Baronet conceived there was but little doubt of her claims on the late unfortunate Marchioness De Tavora, yet it *was* possible she might be Duke D'Aveiro's offspring, whose very name was odious to Count De Lima; for the Duke had been the leading conspirator in the fatal attack which involved Alzira and her husband, with two of her children, (who were executed with their parents) in that most horrid catastrophe.

With an eye to this possibility, Sir Henry was commissioned to keep the innocent creature at a frigid distance, till De Lima could discover her real descent; and this he

thought he had done a few months previous to Sir Henry's arrival in Lisbon, after that nobleman's supposed decease; but fearful of exposing her to those dangers her relatives had experienced, he had left no document of that discovery to the Baronet. However he forgot not to charge the nurse, by whose means the birth of Almeria had been ascertained, to inform his friend of those particulars, with a strict order to keep the brother and sister apart, till the death of Joseph should render an acknowledgement of their connexions no longer dangerous, well knowing the affectionate impetuosity of Frederico, and how very unable he would be to conceal his love and admiration for a creature so fascinating.— True, she was announced to Derrick by the name of D'Aveiro as *he* thought, but the variation was so trifling, that Patrick might easily mistake De Tavora for that of D'Aveiro.

It would doubtless have been extremely agreeable to the woman who had this commission to execute, to visit England, and embrace the dear creature so miraculously preserved; but for that time she was spared the pleasure, as her finances, through the Count's rather sudden decease, would not allow of such an indulgence, and she was obliged to hazard this important intelligence by the very means De Lima so much dreaded to employ. Sir Henry upon the receipt of this unhappy confirmation, felt a poignant disquietude; for owing to Laura the nurse's successful attempts to see the Baronet in Portugal, and to secure a passage to England, her account did not reach him till Frederico's attachment to Almeria amounted to conviction. With such a dreadful impression upon his mind, it seemed impossible to Sir Henry to act otherwise than he did; since to entrust Lady Tillotson, the good Curate, or his adopted child and De Lima, with his real motives for setting his face against this union, would have militated against his high sense of honour; and, when convinced of the terrible consequence of this forbearance, he could only endeavour to extenuate his error by the means already described.

The sudden abdication of Mrs. Cleveland from his family, did not occasion him that acute pain which a doubt that she had joined her husband would have done; for tolerably well convinced that she could not follow him, the Baronet had only to lament the loss of a young creature whom he really loved, and whose society gave to Lady Tillotson a delight she could not cease to regret, when so unexpectedly deprived of it. With an eye to the hope of reclaiming that sweet society, she had accompanied the Baronet to town, who being informed by Polygon, of Almeria's residence, meant to offer her an assylum at Wallbrook Tower, when assured of De Lima's departure; and this plan was to have taken place on the day succeeding his accidental meeting with her in Bridge street. Disappointed, then, in this part of his scheme, Sir Henry staid no longer in London than was necessary to the hope they both encouraged that she might return; but time as it gradually extinguished that hope, pointed out the necessity of leaving town; and the well meaning pair quitted it with a melancholy impression, suggested indeed by her ladyship, that the helpless wanderer to whom every part of the metropolis was comparatively strange, might have fallen into bad hands; or still worse, have terminated her sorrows by a violent death. To these notions Sir Henry opposed every argument his good sense could furnish; and though far from satisfied with her strange elopement, contrived by several well managed appeals to his Lady's reason, to deprive these fearful forebodings of their greatest bitterness.



Although not entirely pleased with Polygon's return, Sir Henry upon the whole felt grateful for his services; and thrown off of his guard by the success of this plan, he dropped a hint respecting the affinity of the wretched couple, which to Polygon was a mine of intelligence; but many circumstances were necessary to spring it to advantage. At present, his voyage to Lisbon claimed immediate attention; where he had not long arrived, when by a line from Sir Henry he was made acquainted with Mrs. Cleveland's elopement; and meeting with Derrick not long after, accompanied by such an interesting youth, whose mysterious story and feminine appearance, it gave rise to indefinable suspicions. Isaac employed every engine his crooked politics could furnish, to investigate a matter which Derrick's odd expressions and blundering attempts to conceal a secret, soon made no secret at all; and Polygon began to calculate the advantages this discovery might produce. That the search set on foot for every descendant from De Tavora extended to both sexes he well knew; but as he had been instructed by Jacobus, that no act of violence would be inflicted upon a female branch, he soon settled with those feelings that were once feebly excited by De Lima's fate, not to let a mistaken tenderness interfere with his interest. In consequence, he once more sought his good friend Jacobus, to whom he related the circumstance which threw Mrs. Cleveland within his knowledge, and also the grounds he went upon for supposing she had married her brother. The detestable informer instantly caught at intelligence so agreeable to *his* hope of further profit, after assuring Polygon her imprisonment must conclude with her examination, entreated him to intrust the person of that helpless innocent to himself and another wretch, his equal in villany.

## CHAP. X.

### DECEIT IN LOVE.

WE have already stated the keenness of Mrs. Cleveland's disappointment on the morning of her intended elopement with Signor Jerome; also how inefficient were her attempts to trace it to its source. The mystery too of Polygon's appearance in the hall at a time so unusual for him to quit his bed, with his evident confusion at being discovered in conversation with two such suspicious beings, were circumstances which created additional surprise and terror; and the few hours of disturbed repose that followed those uneasy reflections, were embittered by visions of an alarming nature, to which the view of Derrick at her chamber door gave a welcome interruption. From him she learned that "*cunning Isaac* had insinuated his belief of Cavalier Jerome's being in custody of those keen-scented blood hounds who were running up and down the country in pursuit of food for their masters." Stunned with this cruel information, and scarcely able to endure her mental sufferings, Mrs. Cleveland looked the picture of despair; she was now too fatally certain that Polygon *had* overheard them on the preceding day, and that the foreboding appearance of the dreadful triumvirate which she so recently beheld, was in consequence of a plan laid to ensnare the generous Portuguese; struck with a thought so horrible, she felt as if the fangs of tyranny were already fixed in *her* heart. With a heavy sigh, and in an attitude of fervent entreaty, she requested the Captain to excuse her presence at the breakfast table; but Patrick would listen to no evasion of his wishes:—"Sure now, my little girl, you wouldn't go to blow yourself quite up, for what will the *owld* viper think if \*\*\* but I tell you what it is" interrupting himself with a droll cast of features that very ill accorded with the intelligence he had brought, "I have got a nice *cat* for this man of science that shall tickle his conscience, I warrant him; but not a lash will tell unless *you* are present to give them effect, so try to put on a fair-weather countenance and come down."—"For pity's sake dear uncle, spare your jests for the present, and permit me to remain in this room at least till I can adopt the means you recommend;—my heart is bursting, and my tears *will* flow for the fate of that invaluable friend, who, like every one that interests themselves in my fate, is sure to suffer for his disinterested kindness."—"Nonsense, you talk like a fool, child! aye, indeed—no, no, *let the scald horse wink*, as *Otello*, the blackymoor said, *but honest white's not ashamed of his colour*; so prithee come down, and *niver* trust me if I don't shew *owld Isaac* as pretty sport as he would wish to see on a summer's day, honey."

Convinced from common experience that this *correct* vendor of Shakespear's phrases would carry his point, she accompanied him to the *borander*, where the family usually sat to take their breakfast, where a new apprehension took possession of her mind, as she beheld the low triumph that lurked in Polygon's eye, when he mentioned Jerome's capture as the current topic of the morning, for it seemed to announce *her* fate as involved in his; and she absolutely threw a look of agony towards the door, as it opened to an anti-room, in fearful expectation of the entrance of Polygon's tremendous satellites; but as nothing of that kind occurred, she recovered recollection enough to shift the subject of her dread, to that which Derrick's threatened *cat* and *nine tails* created; whose laughing expressive countenance formed a striking contrast to that of his artful

antagonist, who began an elaborate description of a transit of Venus which either had, (or was soon expected) to take place. Derrick listened, impatient to begin the operation of the *cat*; while his eye as anxiously turned now towards the street, now to the door, when Almeria surprised at his apparent neglect of an opportunity to laugh at the astronomer, contrived to obtain the lovely young Signora's attention by a constrained effort to converse.

Heedless of Polygon's rising anger at this visible neglect of his ignorant disquisition, Francisca happy to be the object of the English youth's attention, uttered several fearless sarcasms upon her uncle's subject, when a sudden exclamation from Anica, who sat near the window, alarmed the company, and before she could well account for it, Derrick darted from his seat, rushed into the anti-chamber, and re-entered accompanied by Signor Jerome, who cheerfully advancing saluted the company with that high grace so natural to him as a soldier and gentleman.

Overwhelmed with confusion, (which our Irishman was preparing to increase), Polygon stammered out something that he hoped might pass for congratulation; while his nieces, with Almeria, offered a more sincere tribute of their joy for the escape which they supposed him so providentially to have experienced. These effusions of pleasure were soon interrupted by Derrick, who brimful of his intended scheme, abruptly addressed the object of his justly provoked satire with "Why what's the matter *owld* one? sure now you look as if some unlucky counter breeze had checked your rapid course towards the latitude of a certain hot climate, your sails are all aback man, but *niver* heed, the *divil* will have his due yet; you'll soon get out of shoal water, and then hey for the port of \* \* \*—By the mast-head, Charles," turning from his mortified adversary, "My *cat* has tickled the *owld* fellow's conscience a bit, though I despair of bringing it to life!" "Let me tell you, Mr. Derrick," cried the solemn deceiver, "I shall no longer suffer *my* house to be contaminated by such profaneness."—"No! why then leave it yourself, and it will be as *clane* as ever, sure." Polygon would not suffer an interruption, for he dreaded what might follow; but went on, "yes, sir, you are a disgrace to, to"—"The sciences Mr. Aldebaran, hay! sure now, and which of the stars were *you* consulting when you made over this gentleman to the claws of your *owld* friend? sure now, neither Mars nor Venus would have any thing to do in Beelzebub's compact: no, no, it was Plutus, that *mortal divil*, shaped your course, and Satan filled the sails; and if a nice little angel," pointing upwards, "had not directed that same breeze to drive your vessel upon another tack, why Signor Jerome must have"—"Must have, what sir," repeated the enraged Polygon, "what have *I* to do with the Cavalier's danger, and what particular cause can you have for addressing *me* so rudely upon the subject?" "Particular cause! oh no, indeed, 'tis a general cause; 'tis the cause of humanity; one that will obtain no relief in *your* court of conscience, *owld* Midas." There was such a forcible expression in the loud tones which conveyed this spirited reproof, so much generous indignation in the eye that flushed its angry beams upon the pitiful object of it, that while Polygon shrunk beneath the pointed attack, Signor Jerome mechanically extended his arms towards his animated friend, who eagerly catching his hand, and shaking it with more than his usual vehemence, protested he would lose *more* than his life's blood in defending such a noble fellow from the gripe of a monster more eager for prey than a *Newfoundland* bear, who had lived by sucking his paws and licking the ice a whole Lapland winter.

Derrick was not very happy in this similitude, but the circumstance of the preceding night had not only thrown him completely from his guard, but confounded his ideas; and during this natural triumph, even the interest of his poor little girl was forgotten; who saw in *his* countenance a fund of restrained information; in the Cavalier's, a mixture of admiration and apprehension; and in Polygon's, an encrease of malignity towards herself. That Jerome *had* been in some signal danger she could easily credit, and that it had fallen upon him at the moment of giving the signal she doubted not; but by what means liberated, or *why* he should again commit himself to the power of a man against whom he had formed a decided ill opinion, she could not ascertain. In the conversation that followed the last stroke of Derrick's daring imagination, she traced a fearlessness of deportment which though natural to *him*, could not do away her fears for his future safety; and in the slow, sullen, cold replies of Polygon, when obliged to answer, she read something of the deep workings of his plotting heart. Involved therefore in such a perplexed train of ideas, she could no longer support even the appearance of a tranquility so foreign to her feelings, and sat heedless of Patrick's occasional gibes, the pleasant effusions of her favourite Francisca, or the sensible and tempered observation of the Cavalier; till awakened from her reverie by that gentleman's motion to depart, she found new cause for uneasiness in the very particular glance he threw, first upon the door, and then towards *her*; this look she thought signified a wish to speak to her, and she immediately arose to attend him, till perceiving an eye which her indignant imagination likened to that of a basilisk fixed upon them both, she shrunk back irresolute and trembling. Jerome penetrated her motive and passing as near as prudence would allow the seat to which she was returning, whispered a few words calculated to strengthen every fear, and throw into confusion a mind already struggling with inexplicable terrors,—*"Escape, no matter where or how?"* "Good God," exclaimed the unfortunate Almeria, "what expressions are those: *escape*; alone, unprotected, for so it seems I am requested to do, what *can* he mean?" and then bursting into tears, she dropped into a chair in the garden, whither she retired, when Derrick, who accompanied the Cavalier, had left the house; where she remained in the full indulgence of unrestrained sorrow, for it now appeared to her distracted sense, that impressed by the dread of future evil, Jerome had given up any further intention to serve her; and upon Derrick, though his affection and fidelity were absolutely unquestionable, she dared not place any dependance;—loquacious, open, disdaining to qualify when prudence itself demanded it, he had already she feared, contributed to Polygon's suspicions of her situation, and even took a mischievous delight in defying the man to whose power he had so incautiously committed her.

Aware of these dangerous propensities, neither Jerome or herself had entrusted him with their luckless plan; convinced they could undeceive him time enough to prevent any mischief ensuing from his incautious indignation, when her absence should be first discovered, they had settled to inform him in a way and at a time that should not subject him to Polygon's penetrating eye. Was it possible then, to advise with, or even communicate to that thoughtless man, the intelligence so evidently intended to be conveyed, without his knowledge? "Alas, no!" said the desolate creature, "alone—in an enemy's country, which is hostile to my safety—unfitted by sex and disposition to endure even the distresses I have already encountered—an embargo laid upon my escape from this place—where shall I shape my dangerous course?—Snatched from certain

destruction by one generous being—supported, and for some time protected by that worthy soul, I am now called upon to leave him, uncertain of my fate! Yet, ‘*escape*, no matter where or how.’—Ah! who can say I *shall* escape; gentle Francisca, from thy native tenderness much might be expected; but oh! with what propriety could I make a confession so repugnant to the female character.”

Almeria’s apostrophe now received an unexpected interruption from the object of her perplexed thoughts, the amiable S-forza; and here we may find a new motive for Polygon’s dislike of his helpless inmate, who, wholly unconscious of the mischief she had occasioned, had given much of her time and attention to Francisca; whose cheerfulness, and excessive partiality to our supposed midshipman, naturally created a strong interest in Mrs. Cleveland’s bosom. This, the jealous eye of Polygon discovered while uncertain of Almeria’s sex; and although when he became more convinced of the harmlessness of such an attachment, every fear of such an attachment became truly ridiculous; yet he could not behold with patience the lively Signora’s preference, for he dared not undeceive her. It is true, that his had long fallen upon the languishing Anica; but wearied by her melancholy gloom and cold disgust, he turned his thoughts towards her more sprightly sister; and without making his intentions known, waited till his once dreaded rival should have quitted the Casa. Devoid of any suspicion so degrading to her personal charms, Francisca committed herself most completely in her ridicule of Polygon, and affectionate manners to Mrs. Cleveland; who, hardly aware of the station she so imperfectly filled, received these pleasant testimonies of her friend’s regard with reciprocal good will. Thus deluded we can scarcely wonder at the Signora’s pursuit of her supposed lover, to the seat which was so placed as to exclude the appearance of any one till they were close to it: indeed she had heard enough of Almeria’s soliloquy, to strengthen her opinion of the young officer being absolutely enslaved. It was a moment big with importance to both. The gaiety of the enamoured maid was softened into a graceful timidity; a rosy blush marked the delight with which she accepted part of the garden chair; while overcome with the pain of arranging in her tortured bosom, the various sensations arising from fears encouraged, hope delayed, and the vexatious difficulties her awkward disguise continually produced, the object of the Signora’s hope betrayed a confusion but too likely to countenance it. To entrust the enamoured Portuguese with the truth of her terrible situation, was a scheme that promised a probable relief to her difficulties, and was the first idea that occurred to her bewildered imagination, when she beheld her, impatient (as it should seem) to offer that consolation her heart demanded. She even ventured to detain the willing hand which trembled to the pressure;—a thousand nameless indications of success gave courage to her apprehensive heart in Francisca’s manner, her features, and the broken voice in which she ventured by way of relief to her anxious doubts to express her pleasure at the escape of Signor Jerome. “Yes,” replied our agitated heroine, “he *has escaped*; but there still remains a victim to—to—dare I say,—to your guardian’s cruel policy?—One who must, without your generous assistance, be reduced to a state far worse than death itself.” None but a creature determined to translate the most improbable hint in her own favour, could have given this speech a meaning so wide of its true import. That victim in Francisca’s opinion, was her youthful lover, who possibly had mentioned his pretensions to Polygon, and they were refused. The blush which had left her animated countenance, again

returned, while she flatteringly declared her resolution to defeat the tyrant's malicious views in whatever sense they might implicate the happiness of one so dear to her.

"Ever kind and considerate Signora," returned the delighted creature, "I am *not* deceived in the sentiment I had formed of your tenderness for a poor devoted wanderer; you will assist me to counteract the schemes of a monster, whose aim is to unite me, in one fatal irreparable ruin, with the object of my every hope, every wish, every idea of pure felicity.—Without whose society, not all the world calls pleasure, can produce a moment's satisfaction.—With it, O Francisca!" dropping her head upon the shoulder of her empassioned auditor, "with it, light, life, joy, would bless my gloomiest hours. To gain this object, I have precipitated myself into dangers which no description can magnify, and the bitterest disappointment succeeds my endeavours to recover it." "What then *is* your particular intention, my inestimable friend," asked the enraptured Signora, who could scarcely restrain her joy at this equivocal encouragement of her fondest expectations. "First, to explain my real situation to you, with the motives that induced me to adopt it; and those which have obliged me to continue a disguise so hateful in appearance:" a *disguise*, thought Francisca, "Love," continued Mrs. Cleveland, "love for the worthiest, the best of human beings." The tear which now trembled on her cheek, the blush which added lustre to her brilliant eye, as she pronounced a word so tender, served but to increase her deluded companion's delirium, for were they not appropriated to *her* as the forerunner of a confession she momentarily expected. "The sad destiny of this dear object, with an eager though painful desire to discover relatives now perhaps amenable to a dreadful sentence, have not only thrown me into a line disgraceful to delicacy,"—again, *delicacy*, thought Francisca, might not that word too be spared; Almeria continued, "but into the power of a man who has, I greatly dread, been instrumental to the misfortunes of that being."

"Too true indeed," cried Signora S-forza, bursting into tears, "too true, my friend, he *has* behaved most vilely, and we are not the only victims to his avarice and malice; but I interrupt your communication:"—"The discovery I am meditating," replied Mrs. Cleveland, who knew not how to word it, "must be followed by"—"One of another nature," said the vindictive Polygon, who had overheard enough to heighten his resolution against Almeria, and create something extremely unlike affection in conduct towards Francisca; "By all the sciences, you are a forward young baggage, Signora, and"—"And what, *owld* Vulcan, hay?" retorted the Captain, as he bounced upon the unfortunate Isaac, whom he had traced to the unlucky recess: "What I warrant you are in a fume, and for nothing at all, at all; O but I see how it is now,—a transit of Venus over the sun; or mayhap, Mars and her goddesship in conjunction, and you are studying to make a *gowlden* net for the poor things out of some *cast iron*? O, well, *niver* heed: all's well that ends well!"

Without noticing Derrick's unapt observation, Mr. Polygon after throwing a diabolical look upon Patrick and his protégée, withdrew (but not without a little resistance, which our Irishman longed to strengthen) the indignant Francisca from her real friends, and left the one to her comfortless reflections, the other to a fresh display of his talents at good humoured ridicule and awkward consolation. His attempt at the latter had Jerome's liberation for its object, which he said was owing to the following circumstance, namely; A disinclination in himself to quit a party, whose wit and libations to the *jolly dog* Bacchus he had enjoyed, till a visit from the hyenas, as he called the

government spies, induced them to separate; and after awhile, he strolled down to the vineyards, as was his usual custom, where he had not continued many minutes, when the approach of two men dragging another towards a solitary house, appropriated at that time to the purpose of confining state prisoners previous to their first examination, induced him to take a nearer survey of the unhappy person thus forcibly compelled. It was the Cavalier: who spoke somewhat indignantly to Derrick, when he addressed him. However, it was the immediate determination of poor Patrick to deliver him from those blood hounds; which, in consequence of personal courage and great muscular strength, he soon effected; and sent, as he expressed himself, the cowardly dogs with hanging ears and bloody noses to their dens. "But why, my dear sir, did the Cavalier again hazard his safety, by venturing among those who would undoubtedly try more certain means to secure him, if they could produce any proof of his criminality, and how came he at first to be committed to their power?" "At first! why that was his own fault, d'ye see; and as for his coming hither this afternoon, mayhap it was to please me, to mortify Signor grey beard, and upon my conscience his other reason was, to tell *you* some great *secret*, honey."

Almeria comprehended the nature of Jerome's errand, and silently blessed that generosity which prompted him to defy such signal danger: she could now account too for his mysterious caution, and hasty departure; but these were subjects too sacred for Derrick's animadversions, and she resumed the conversation with a wish to know *why* the Signor should look indignantly upon one to whom he owed his recent deliverance.

"*Why!*" answered the Irishman, looking most expressively foolish, "why, for the matter of that, it was odd enough to be sure; but if *owld* fellows will go a serenading"—  
"Serenading, Captain, pray explain yourself?" "Well, and if I do, will you forgive me?" "Forgive you! most certainly; since I am sure if you injured a friend, it would be unknowingly." "Injure! sure now and you ought to know, that if the heart of a sailor is bent on a good action, he'll make his way though the wind were fully in his teeth, and this was my case, honey; and now I'll tell you all about it: Well then, just as I was coming along by that same square just by, with the crabbed name, I saw a fellow in a great dark black capota and a *gutter* or *flute* in his hand, faith and I don't know which now, but its all one, being both wind instruments, for the air that goes into the one and out of tother makes them both alike; sure now and I didn't like his *gait* as he stood leaning against a rail, for I thought his face, which was covered with a great black handkerchief, looked pretty much like their what d'ye call 'em *bravadoes*: well, just in the *nick*, comes up two of that *owld gontlemin's* body-guards,—(Mr. Nick's, I mean,) but before they came near, I put a civil question to my musical knight; when instead of answering, for he neither heard nor saw me, he threw some gravel against one of Isaac's windows, which to be sure didn't look very well, and then I suppose seeing me advance, he would have slipped away, but I stopped him in the square, and he gave me *such a douse of the chops*; then it was that the *divil's* body-guards came up, who seeing the blow, would have taken my part, but I pegged away till they bid me desist; and oh! to be sure now, and I wasn't ready to hang myself when the prisoner said 'You have ruined a friend!' but as I say, who'd have expected to a seen a starched stately *owld* Cavalier, playing tweedle dee and tweedle dum, to some of cunning Isaac's tawney spalpeens, or what is rather more likely, to his pretty Francisca!" "O then." cried Almeria, whose agony made her incautious, "it was to *you*, my dear mistaken friend, I owed a

disappointment that cost me so dear.”—“Cost *you*? why it cost nobody any thing but me; and I am sure when I knew it was Jerome, it cost me many a salt tear.” “But why not endeavour to rescue him then?” “Why! why because I saw *owld* Polygon, with two other ill looking fellows, dart out upon the luckless Signor; and five to two made the odds too powerful; but when I met them by the vineyards, O to be sure little Patrick didn’t do his best.”

Almeria, with all her strong affection for this amiable character, could not help bitterly lamenting that trait in it which, for aught she knew, might eventually prove the destruction of herself and those she loved. However, to remonstrate or condemn was equally useless; and she took the first opportunity of retiring to her room, for the purpose of arranging another and still more hazardous plan than that her thoughtless friend had so recently overturned. To expect the assistance of Francisca, was an idea she dared not encourage;—impetuously attached to her cause, and competent in some instances to resolute deeds, that spirited girl was still a minor, still a ward of, and dependant upon, the wary Polygon; against whom the shafts of her ridicule had flown harmless, while armed *only* with satirical points; but he would certainly oppose a tolerated authority to every scheme that carried on its face an open defiance of his interest or pleasure. From *her* interference, then, nothing was to be hoped; and it rested wholly with Mrs. Cleveland to accelerate the means of her departure: again, the warning of the Cavalier pressed upon her anxious heart,—that heart which trembled to the awful sounds, as they seemed repeatedly to strike the chords of memory. Bred by the pure and guileless Abraham in all the simplicity of our protestant faith, and taught in every exigence to carry her petitions to that court, where true christianity was sure of encouragement, she had in all her succeeding distresses submitted her cause to an unerring judge. Even now, when dangers accumulated on every side; when her highest expectations were founded upon the hope of returning to that country she had hazarded so much to quit; her search after her natural friends suspended, if not for ever prevented; her design of seeking the object of a most tender attachment totally superceded; no probable means of escaping a criminal process against her own person;—even now, so prevalent are good habits, she forgot not to pass a few precious minutes in the exercise of prayer and praise.—Thus strengthened, her task appeared to lose some of its difficulties, her fortitude revived, her powers of reflection grew clearer, and the prospect of remaining for some time exposed to the miseries arising from a detection, lost somewhat of its horrors: no longer time, then, was to be given to self commiseration: she was to act for herself; and the wardrobe again became subject to a fresh examination.

Anica’s English dress, however, according with Almeria’s sense of delicacy, comfort, and convenience, offered no protection against illiberal attentions; her own, so well known to Polygon and his emissaries, could not be thought of.—How then was a difficulty so serious in its consequences to be annihilated? Several suits presented themselves, but all equally improper. At last, as her eager eye dwelt with minute inspection upon the different contents, it caught the view of a plain brown garment beneath the bottom slider, when drawing it forth, it appeared to be the dress of a female pilgrim. Certainly, even *that* would carry an appearance of singularity, at a period when superstition was beginning to lose its ground in many places, and vows to perform a painful pilgrimage, became of less consequence; still the habit preserved its sacred influence, and Almeria had reason to hope, that under its powerful shelter, she might



elude any particular examination. Hastily, therefore, she set about transferring the cockle shells which were sewed about the cape, to a large hat that lay upon the tester of her bed apparently unregarded, and after as much preparation as was necessary to her purpose, she ventured once more into Polygon's presence. He was alone, and performed the duties of hospitality with a silent reluctance.

Mrs. Cleveland, wisely considering the necessity of partaking of the refreshments before her, accepted his coldly offered viands; and even forced herself to appear not only tranquil, but grateful for his niggardly attention. There is at all times something so irresistibly attractive in the soft manners of the young and lovely, as to create even in the most fastidious, a momentary pleasure; but although his pensive guest exerted herself to obtain his approbation, Polygon while he felt his rigid temper unbend, and even his stern countenance relax into an awkward smile, preserved his diabolical intentions in their utmost rigour. He could even join in conversation, counterfeit a reciprocity of sentiment, and even affect a parity of thinking with a sweet and lovely creature, whom he was plotting to destroy. The melancholy cast of her features, which indicated a deep seated sorrow, moved not the wretch whose dreadful machinations had given them that turn: her situation so inimical to delicacy, so heavily distinguished by various dangers, produced no real compunction in his bosom; and when he returned her polite wish of a safe *repose*, he scarcely endured a pang from the baleful consideration, that he was about springing a mine, which must effectually and perpetually destroy *hers*.

Almeria felt a degree of happiness in a release from the society she detested, and immediately set about altering her dress; there was imminent hazard in leaving her masculine habit behind, she was therefore obliged to cover it with the pilgrim's, and once more sat down to wait for an opportunity to quit a habitation so pregnant with evils. The friendship of Francisca bore hard upon her feelings, and she wished to have taken a tender leave of that amiable girl, whose extraordinary behaviour to Mrs. Cleveland, considered as a man, must in circumstances less overwhelming, have excited some very particular animadversions; for the present, she could only place it to the account of national fire, and a wish to mortify her guardian. Leaving, therefore, this subject to a future discussion, our poor intended wanderer adverted to the business which gave a tremour to her heart, and filled every thought with the magnitude of its design.

## CHAP. XI.

### *EFFECTS OF CRITICAL FORTITUDE.*

AS the nights were still excessively sultry, there were some doubts of Polygon's retiring soon enough to permit of Mrs. Cleveland's reaching the vineyards before daylight; for although she could promise herself no safety so near the city, she recollected several little cottages, in one of which she might be permitted to stay till night should again render her progress less difficult. Without a certain object in view, without any knowledge of the geography of Portugal, she had some indistinct design of passing its frontiers into Spain; she had heard of mountains to cross, which seemed impossible to her delicate frame;—but a trial must be made, and that immediately. To the heavy step of Isaac, as he slowly ascended the oaken staircase, her throbbing bosom responded; the echo of his closing door electrified her disordered nerves, while the indications of the house being soon in a state of perfect stillness, communicated an inferior degree of agitation to her limbs, which partly subsiding with the cause, left her at liberty to settle, (as near as the case would admit) or, rather reduce to practice her plan of operations. Again, then, she sunk upon her knees, while a fervent but brief ejaculation to heaven for its direction, produced a gleam of fortitude which, if not equal to the trying occasion, at least enabled our anxious heroine to make the dreaded experiment, and she ventured to uncloset the heavy door, when a strong flash of lightning, which filled the hall and gallery with its sulphureous scent, threatened once more to defeat her intentions, and to render her resolution incompetent to the task of braving these elementary terrors.

From a window that admitted the bright exhalation, Almeria beheld a succession of heavy clouds, to which repeated flashes gave a lurid and deep crimson appearance; but stimulated by no common motive, and preferring any situation short of dishonour, to that of remaining under Polygon's roof, she hastily passed the oaken staircase, while her whispering steps, as she lightly tripped along, created a momentary alarm; but heedless of a burst of thunder which really shook the old Casa, she advanced to a door that Jerome had pointed out on the former occasion, which opening to a court secured by high walls, was seldom fastened; at the further end of which was a low arch, partly filled with rubbish, but not so as to prevent an agile person from making their way through it. Arrived at the door, Almeria, with her hand placed upon a light bolt, was in the act of drawing it back, when a low sound from the gallery she had quitted, induced her to turn a fearful glance that way, and the figure of a man to whom her terror gave the hated form of Polygon, again revived her dread of nameless evils;—to stir even from the spot would have been the certain means of detection, and to remain promised no greater degree of safety. Silent, then, she watched his progress between the pillars of the corridor, but as he slowly wound down the unsteady stairs, which shaken by the great earthquake, trembled beneath his step, she felt both her courage and strength ready to forsake her, and in almost unconscious resignation awaited his arrival; but a momentary hope played about her heart as she perceived him cautiously walk towards the great entrance, for the purpose, as she fervently prayed, of quitting the house,—open the door, and—but who can express her disappointment, when he immediately closed it again, and returned with the same two ill-looking fellows she had seen him with on the foregoing morning,—

ascend the stairs, and stop before her apartment. In this instance her perception was assisted by the incessant flashes, although they had not discovered *her* to Polygon; and still further, they helped her to descry a lattice belonging to a window on the opposite side, which, unhinged from its situation by a strong wind, seemed to offer a possibility of escape.

Stealing, therefore, cautiously beneath the open gallery, till she arrived at a part from whence she could not be discerned by those above, Almeria ventured to creep towards the window, and lightly removing the lattice, as it depended only by one hinge, she easily obtained a footing upon the jamb, and soon found herself in comparative security, although exposed to a hurricane that nearly deprived her of any power to contend against it. However, she exerted her utmost strength and courage to keep her feet, and proceeded with all the resolution she could assume along the gloomy deserted streets; till leaving the city behind her, and rendered almost breathless by the opposing winds, the distressed creature began to hope her progress would meet with no farther interruption, and she slackened her pace; yet continually throwing her anxious looks upon the road she had passed. Even the pitiless storm she recollected had been of service in preventing those amorous serenaders (who chose to express their passion by that ancient custom,) from performing their wonted service; and it as effectually deprived the love-lorn warblers from passing any time amongst the vineyards, to which she was hastening. It was now, while a tear of gratitude for her unhopd escape suffused her cheek, she blessed the chance or rather providence, which discovered to her a habit so serviceable as the pilgrim's garment; for added to its usefulness as a disguise, its course thick texture was of real service in keeping out much of the heavy rain that followed, and she once more encouraged the faint dawning of a hope *which ever springs within the human breast*.<sup>\*</sup>

Pursuing, then, her course towards the east, she was soon gratified by the tender tint of opening day; this gave her additional satisfaction, and she entered the treillages that supported innumerable vines with a sensation bordering upon pleasure. True, they hung in great disorder, and in many places had been torn from their support by that furious wind which had levelled the heavy clusters to the ground, whose delicate stems were ill calculated for an attack so rude; yet the mischief was reparable, and the scene still picturesque: she even found an inclination to taste those charming productions, and proved in their cooling sweetness an unexpected refreshment. Already the cottages were in sight, in one of which she had planned to stop till the shades of night should render her departure less hazardous.

Already the industrious vine dressers had left their beds to repair the ravages of the cruel tempest; and Almeria beheld in their active efforts a strong contrast to the poor inhabitants of Lisbon, who in the midst of luxurious plenty, suffered the diligent stranger to carry off the profit themselves might have reaped; if, instead of thrumming an old guitar before the doors of their miserable dwellings, they had put a helping hand to the ripened harvest. It also brought to her recollection, that indolence and pride so often manifested in their hiring a market woman to follow them with the morsel they disdained to carry; while the haughty fool strutted on before, his ragged capota thrown over his arm to expose an old and rusty spado, as it dangled in useless state from a leathern belt. But these were reflections which she soon discarded;—at less than three miles distant from

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<sup>\*</sup> Dr. Young.

her bitter enemy, with a weight of grief pressing upon her weakened mind she found little leisure for contemplation. The fatigue too, of two night's almost sleepless anxiety, pressed hard for indulgent respite; but her natural timidity, which had yielded to the desperate effort that freed her from Polygon's power, again returned as she slowly passed the little assylum of a family, who were in the act of training those vines nearest to their abode.

Surprised at an appearance so seldom exhibited amongst them, the children left their employment to gaze at the melancholy pilgrim, who in faint accents saluted the nearest in St. Anthony's name; while a sudden blush passed along her faded cheek, at the idea of a deception her sincerity could not justify. Happily for her present design, the man who overheard her benediction, was a bigot of the first order;—often had he detailed to his astonished auditors St. Anthony's sermon to the little fishes, a tradition which he most devoutly credited: a pilgrim then upon her journey to the shrine of that precious saint, was a being inferior only to the object of her worship; and Juan in an attitude nearly approaching to adoration, entreated the willing wanderer to follow his wife, who would accommodate her with a bed and such refreshment as his poor hut could afford. Thankful for an offer so friendly and unexpected, she entered with Diana, and cheerfully accepted some goat's milk and bread, nor fastidiously refused the mean and scarcely decent couch, which Juan had distinguished by the name of bed. Here a difficulty of no small magnitude presented itself: Diana, who imagined her sacred guest must have suffered from the heavy rain, begged she would permit her to hang up her hat and weeds to dry, which a bright sun that had then advanced some degrees above the horizon would soon effect;—this was impossible, unless she could elude the good woman's curiosity; who observing Almeria's reluctance to part with her dress, offered a gown of her own to supply its place.

As the little back room where she was to repose could not be overlooked, Mrs. Cleveland thought she might venture to accept the gown; indeed a plan now suggested itself of still greater consequence than a dry garment;—Diana, it was possible, would for a couple of moidores (which she could very well spare) supply her also with linen sufficient to render the hateful masculine disguise she still wore, totally unnecessary. To a request of this nature, Diana demurred: she had *so* little for herself, and that little was *so* mean,—but if the holy pilgrim would put up with one article of a sort, she would try to oblige her. The simple creature then set about to muster up the particulars her guest had named, who returning with them to her poor cabin, gladly assumed a habit so congenial to her sense of propriety; when hastily tying up her rejected dress, she delivered her outside garment to Diana with the promised gold, and then prepared to avail herself of the comfort a quiet sleep she trusted would procure.

Scarcely had three hours elapsed since this harassed wanderer placed herself upon the hard mattress, when the voice of Diana, as if answering some one superior to herself, created a degree of uneasiness. She listened: and again Diana spoke with a certain air of positiveness, devoid of that humility she at first replied with: "I tell you *no*, Signor," was her third repetition, "I know nothing about your runaway sparks; we have nobody here but a poor pilgrim who is travelling to the shrine of our blessed St. Anthony;—see her! no, not for a moidore! she is very ill, and must not be disturbed.—I wish, Juan," speaking to her husband, as he stood at some little distance, "I wish you would give the Signor his answer; here he is teasing me about a young spark that has left his friends; now St.

Anthony” curtsying at the repetition of a name, her spouse held in such veneration, “can testify that no such person ever came here.” To this assertion some objection was made in an inarticulate voice, which called forth Diana’s indignation against unbelievers and troublesome Signors, who could not take an answer; and then turning him over to Juan’s management, she went to inform the good pilgrim of what she had heard.

To Almeria’s enquiry respecting this unwelcome interrupter, which was couched in such trembling accents, as would have betrayed her to any one less discriminating, Diana could only reply, that he was a strange looking Signor, covered with a large handsome capota, under which she verily believed he held a poignard, for she saw something like a great knife glitter in his hand.

Mrs. Cleveland was now confirmed in her belief that she was pursued, and felt an emotion of grateful piety towards that pitying providence which had suggested the idea of changing her apparel, and most likely had by that means preserved *herself* even from the cottager’s suspicions. In a low voice, she then went on to enforce the necessity of Diana’s silence respecting her temporary abode with them. This was readily engaged for by her friendly entertainer, who running hastily to a small window, exclaimed “Yonder he goes: see, pilgrim, there he is, just with outside the north treillage.—See how he looks back and loiters: and there, I declare, he has met another stranger, who seems talking with Carlo, Anthony, Lissardo, and I know not who besides:—aye, aye, I thought as much, it bodes no good;—they are gone off together, hand in glove, as we say.” As Diana’s bulky frame completely filled up the little recess which contained the broken casement, Almeria could derive no benefit from the efforts she made to obtain a view of that simple matron’s disturbers; and could only judge from *her* description, that the one was Isaac Polygon who had so closely followed her; the other, she thought, *might* be a friend of that treacherous mortal. At any rate, this portentous appearance would enhance her difficulty of proceeding unsuspected; and the course she contemplated to pursue, seemed totally beyond her ability to undertake. An attempt to reach Badajos, which was her first intention, now wore a discouraging aspect; even her departure from Juan’s cottage she now considered as replete with dangers; and the evening had already given a gloomy tint to the distant hills before she could resolve to scale their trackless heights.

Too anxious to get the repose so necessary for one who might seek in vain for such another hospitable roof, our poor traveller quitted her couch to watch the declining sun, as it hung over the country she dreaded, yet wished to reach. It is true, she thought, that in Spain I may be safe from those terrible persecutions, which my native country meditates against a harmless life; but ah! this country, fatal as it is to my interests, contains an object dear, ah! how very dear to my aching heart. In flying to yonder nation, I leave—a suffering, imprisoned,—O no, perhaps a martyred husband!—friends, who have evinced the most tender attachment to my cause;—relatives, that one day, when the cloud a jealous government has drawn before their smiling prospects, may be able to acknowledge the helpless Almeria. Yet to stay,—to resign myself a willing victim to diabolical baseness, Who among those valued beings would be gratified by such a sacrifice?—In Spain, unnoticed and unknowing, I may at least be safe; and in substituting St. Jago for St. Anthony, may find my little wants supplied, till enabled to arrive either at St. Lucar or Cadiz; where some favorable opportunity may present itself to facilitate my passage to England;—England! that dear, that friendly island where I have passed so many peaceful happy years. Retrospection then became too painful for further

indulgence, and her tears, which still continued to flow from a sad recollection of her friends and the unhappy Frederico, still streamed with unrestrained impetuosity; while the lovely scenes which were spread beneath her eye, appeared one mass of undistinguished confusion. However, it now became necessary to put in practice her intention of undertaking a journey, which was to separate her from all the ties of love and friendship; or rather, prevent the possibility of knowing the fate of her sincerely lamented Cleveland. True, she was not totally without money; but with such an undertaking in prospect, and without a friend on whom she could draw for a supply, it became extremely necessary to preserve some pecuniary resource should her claims as a pilgrim be denied by those whose prudence or avarice set at nought the authority either of St. Jago or St. Anthony.

Thus meditated our traveller, as she watched the mists that arose from the little rills, which intersecting each other, were cut for the purpose of conveying water among the numerous vines. They were signals for her departure, and she quitted her apartment to plunge into unknown difficulties. Surprised as Diana and her husband *might* be at Almeria's intimation of her design, their reverence for St. Anthony prevented the questions they would have put; indeed, Juan settled it with his curiosity that, to travel only by night, was a clause in her vow; and he respectfully accompanied her several miles, without committing himself in St. Anthony's estimation by one improper observation. From the eminence on which she parted with her kind conductor, Mrs. Cleveland caught a faint view of Lisbon, Bellisle, and their environs; even Cabo de Roco partly exhibited its whitened top, as the moon's clear beams touched its various protuberances. Beneath her feet, in the valley of Shelloes, the nightingales continued to pour their melodious strains; and on a rising ground, near a clump of cork trees, she beheld the stately remains of a Moorish palace; the marble pillars of which gave a striking variety to the deep masses of shade which the neighbouring wood occasioned. The sumptuous ruin detained her eye, while an agonizing pang shot through her heart; for she had *heard* of this building in a way calculated to inspire the most awful ideas. It *had* been a summer residence for a Moor of quality, previous to their expulsion from Spain and Portugal; who used it only when the excessive heats made an excursion to the north of Morocco particularly agreeable; and for many years after the conquest, remained in a declining state, till a nobleman of the house of Tavora pleased with its situation, repaired it; and it was only in consequence of that fatal edict, which comprised all the estates of the last Marquis, that it was reduced to such a mutilated appearance. Amongst the ignorant and superstitious, a report had recently been circulated that it was nightly visited by the late owner, in a supernatural way; and she recollected Francisca's ridicule of Polygon, who had mentioned this circumstance in a way that indicated his belief of the report. Juan too, while pointing out the path she was to take, charged her to descend a winding path leading from the melancholy ruin.

Perhaps the idle legend in other instances, might have produced a discredit of its truth equal with that of the Signora's, but impressed by an affecting notion that it *might* have been the temporary abode of *her* father also; a solemn terror stole upon her mind, and she turned with disgust from the dismal contemplation. Yet, said reason, if I could discard those timid apprehensions and pass a few hours, at least till the dawn, even in that desolate place, it would be preferable to exploring yonder lonely plains, where neither hut or shelter of any kind holds out a hope of safety. In this instance, reason failed with her of its usual effect; she turned another look towards the cork wood, nor felt the smallest

inclination to explore its desolate interior, to which the sombre tint of those aged trees communicated a dark and solemn appearance. The Moorish ruin too, whose sullen bosom once sheltered those lamented progenitors now mouldering in dust,—Could she venture within or near its delapidated walls? How very impossible, thought the irresolute Almeria, it will be to repose in an edifice whose history comprises such circumstances; how awful the desolation I must witness, if in compliance with the advice so reluctantly given by Juan, I should defy the legendary story he so awkwardly touched upon, and wait beneath that tottering roof till morning shall render my progress less difficult. She was then within full view of that inauspicious building: her eye unsteadily glancing over the declining pediment, as it hung ready to overwhelm the curious gazer, abruptly changed its object, and she attempted to take another direction, but there was no visible path, owing to the brush-wood that grew over it. The ground too, was so unequal as to form several little reservoirs for the rain that had so recently fallen; so as to make any other tract both inconvenient and uncertain, except that which led to the subject of her not unreasonable terror. Again she turned, and threw an anxious look upon its mouldering walls, and still her reluctance to pass a night within their gloomy environs grew stronger.

The uncommonly severe destiny which had thrown our forlorn wanderer into situations so inimical to common life, did not bring with it a sufficient share of stoicism, romantic courage, or apathy. She was in every proper light a truly modest female. Every step that untoward destiny had urged her to take, which was not sanctioned by the approbation of feminine delicacy, struck a pang to her heart, which the most imperious necessity failed to ameliorate. Too young to have imbibed the lofty sentiment of a proud Portuguese in a censurable degree, and thrown even in a state of infancy, into a train of education the most unfitly calculated for those scenes she was so soon to realise, no wonder her apprehensive heart should anticipate horrors yet unexperienced, or, that her fears should urge her to return back to Juan's cottage, and venture a discovery which she trembled but to think upon, rather than encounter evils still superior to death itself.

## CHAP. XII.

### NEW TRIALS

THUS determined, Almeria again attempted to quit the dreary wood, and comfortless prospect of passing some hours in the dismal Casa; when a sudden emotion, too dignified by its motive to arise from caprice, induced her to pause a moment upon the arrangement she was making:—would the once dear instructor of her infant years, were he then in being, admit that excuse her fears suggested for plunging into certain dangers? Was it possible, that a dread of supernatural appearances should obtain power sufficient to make her slight others so truly formidable?—Blush, Almeria, she mentally exclaimed, for a conduct which *he* so good, so venerated, would have highly condemned; nor let another thought so puerile, weaken or set aside thine important design; nor forget to *whom* thou didst commit thy cause. Yes, Powers of Benevolence, and she clasped her hands in all the energy of genuine piety, I feel most painfully the effects of a foolish superstition; it clings to my nature; it exerts a tyrannical sway over the understanding which *ye* have enlightened; but it shall *not* prevail, it shall *not* overcome the principles so early implanted by a gracious Providence. With a resolution strengthened by these and similar reflections, Mrs. Cleveland again turned her steps towards the once dreaded Casa; whose contour lost much of the chilling influence it so lately acquired in her well regulated mind; and in this victory over a natural propensity, she evinced the consequence of early and well grounded cautions, for Mr. Dawson had ever made the existence of ghosts, &c. the theme of his keenest ridicule, serious expostulation, and unequivocal contempt.

Recovering sufficient fortitude for what she still considered as a trial, Mrs. Cleveland entered the solemn recess by an airy hall which opened to the east, carefully avoiding that part which reason pointed out as insecure. The steps, the pillars, were all of polished granite. The ceiling of this still beautiful apartment, exhibited in its remaining light, yet rich ornaments, a taste that would not have disgraced the greatest modern artist; and although the impervious shades without had thrown a gloom upon our wondering pilgrim's spirits, she found nothing within to correspond with that sombre prospect;—no dark passages, dreary damp dungeons, or blood-stained walls detained her curious eye, all was light and cheerful. The bright beams of the moon, which now pervaded many of the eastern windows, (for it was only that side she ventured to explore) rendered Juan's lamp and tinder box which he had given her, nearly useless; and as she remarked the tolerable degree of preservation every ornament stood in, her heart reminded her, that *there* the Tavora family had probably passed some pleasant months; and while she paced the marble pavement, or viewed the bason which once received the waters of a refreshing fountain, she sighed to the memory of those who had long since their first formation, received a superior pleasure in contemplating its more perfect state.

To enjoy a degree of comfort in this lonely place, was quite beyond Mrs. Cleveland's hope; but to while away those hours which remained, she had recourse to her little basket, and eat her grapes and bread in tolerable tranquility; a book too, which was a gift from Signora Francisca, offered its mite of consolation, and placing herself upon a low bench that ran round the hall, or rather vestibule, she felt herself insensibly attracted by its subject, nor found the smallest difficulty in reading by moonlight; till fatigued with



her walk, her former fears, and even her intense application, Almeria felt an irresistible desire to sleep; but unused to repose *Al fresco*, and aware of the consequences resulting from an exposure to the night air, she ascended a light staircase, and cautiously entering a magnificent bed-chamber, beheld to her great satisfaction, a bed in the Moorish style; the hangings of which, though torn and spoiled, exhibited a fresh proof of elegance, and were the only remaining traces of its superb adornments. Commending then her innocent soul to that protection she so constantly invoked, she gave way to the momentary indulgence; which indeed was *but* momentary, for her eyes were scarcely closed, when a slight noise induced her to turn a look towards the part from whence it came, and she beheld with a terror too acute for description, a figure enveloped in a loose garment slowly cross the spacious room as if fearful of disturbing her, and then disappear by a door on the opposite side. Convulsively agonized by a sight so appalling, and with only one idea present to her affrighted imagination, (for of supernatural appearances she thought not) Polygon and his criminal pursuers occupying her whole soul, she darted from the bed and was making her way to the stairs, when casting a look upon the window near which she was obliged to pass, our terrified wanderer beheld the object of her alarm slowly walking through the court, on that side leading to Juan's cottage. Convinced from this that he had not seen her, and also that he was about to quit the place, she paused in almost breathless agitation till he had gradually descended from her view; but in contradiction to her hope that a pursuit after *her* was not his motive for visiting the dilapidated dwelling, she observed him *anxiously* surveying the northern front, for so her fears interpreted his settled gaze, as he stood near the angle which soon after hid him from her sight. That he should pass through the room in which she must be exposed to any common observer,—that he should quietly leave the old palace without any particular search, and yet prove by his earnest examination of it at last, that he encouraged suspicions of a tendency destructive to her safety, were circumstances from which Almeria deduced a sweet proof, that she was guided and protected by that superintending Benevolence she had so often experienced; and after a short but fervent ejaculation and prayer for a continuance of heaven's undeserved bounty, she turned her thoughts upon the surest method of avoiding this dreaded being. Short sighted woman! for once thy prudence and excessive caution defeated a great exertion in thy favour, for in thine eagerness to avoid an unwelcome disturber thou didst prolong the fears and terrors which he could have soothed and lessened! but we must not anticipate. In Juan's description of a path he sedulously implored her to shun, he had pointed the necessity of going through a hall, at one end of which a few steps descended into what *had* been an extensive garden, 'And still where many a garden flower grew wild.' This she was also to cross, to where a ruined gateway opened upon a private road leading towards the frontiers of Spain.

Recollecting therefore these hints, and availing herself of a brightening dawn, Mrs. Cleveland prepared to quit her dangerous assylum, when suddenly missing the small bundle that contained her masculine disguise, she was again obliged to revisit the deserted chamber, for to leave it behind might empower its finder to trace her rout, should that finder be one of Polygon's emissaries; but it was no where to be found:—the book too, that she had thrown into her little basket was gone likewise. Perhaps they were left below, and indeed she did not remember taking them up with her,—again she was disappointed; and although exceedingly disturbed at the idea of leaving such a clue to her flight, she dared not waste any more time in fruitless search, but hastily repaired to the

vast and weedy inclosure, which still bore the vestiges of formal parterres, strait walks profusely sheltered by overshadowing trees, and hedges once clipped with tasteless nicety, that exhibited an appearance no longer exactly correct, but wild and uncouth; while the boundaries of the whole, marked by ivy-covered walls, were too imperfect to keep out the nightly prowler, or mid-day wanderer.

Following Juan's description, Almeria soon entered a rough but visible road, apparently intended for the use of those who in higher times inhabited the palace. In this she continued, till perceiving it led towards one rather too public for her purpose, she struck into a broken irregular track, which there was a probability to hope would not deviate very much from the one she meant to explore. It was then she began to feel the loss of her little viands that Diana had culled from her dried stores, of a peculiar kind of fish very much admired by the Portuguese; to these were added coarse bread, a flask of wine, and a cup: Mrs. Cleveland was truly mortified to lose a basket, the contents of which might have lasted till she had found an opportunity of replenishing it.

The sun already began to exert his influence on her sandy path, and soon dried up the remaining traces of the heavy rain; neither tree nor shrub appeared to offer that shelter she began to want;—it was all one wide and scorching waste; nor could the earth itself afford a momentary relief to her aching eye, returning as it did the refracted beam. Advanced to the brow of a hill, she sat down on its sunless side, under the faint hope of succour; for she could easily perceive, through vast clouds of dust that were caught in whirling eddies, and which however did not diminish the excessive heat, a drove of mules approaching, while the sound of their bells met her ear; but to her utter disappointment, they kept on their steady course for Lisbon, and Almeria found her utmost fortitude insufficient to prevent a dread of suffering even by famine. Yet the consolation she derived from eluding her enemy's pursuit, allayed, if it could not destroy her most foreboding fear: but how little did she at that time suppose, that in her successful flight from Polygon's hateful Casa, she had fled from a *friend* who could have protected her; or, that in her subsequent escape from a supposed villain at the Moorish palace, she had thrown fresh obstacles in her path to an honourable family.

It was indeed a cruel certainty, that Polygon grounded his intention of securing her person on the preceding night to that of her elopement, upon Derrick's unconscious remarks, and the conversation he overheard between her and Jerome; but misled by her feminine appearance that night, and luckily (so she thought) mistaking her for Francisca, he suspended his design, and the following one was fixed upon for the horrible business; for the conversation the Signora held with her supposed lover had likewise reached his ear, and quickened in a considerable degree his nefarious resolution. *How* they missed their prey we have already recited; but they were not the only people who had to lament her departure, for Jerome, who truly understood the scope of Isaac's designs, and who in consequence of that knowledge, had too hastily given Almeria the intimation she so precipitately obeyed, immediately repented the abrupt procedure; while with a brave contempt of that dreadful punishment attached to a suspicion of abetting treason, he formed the desperate resolution of rescuing her, if possible from Isaac's power; and this he thought *might* be accomplished by watching at her window for the light which would give him notice of her retiring, but in consequence of his being visibly dogged by a suspicious looking figure, he took so large a circuit to elude the object of his fear, that he arrived not at her residence till the very moment she had left it; and after waiting for a

considerable period, he was driven from his post by Polygon and his satellites, whose manner as they hastily separated, seemed to denote disappointment and confusion. To return to his occupation of watching for Mrs. Cleveland would have been totally useless, and he retired excessively mortified at his ill success; but too earnest in the cause of suffering innocence to take any repose, he staid no longer in his noble assylum than to make a necessary alteration in his appearance, and once more bent his steps to Polygon's Casa.

The family were just assembled at the breakfast table: a heavy gloom overspread Francisca's features, while her eyes as she sternly fixed them upon her detested guardian, flashed with the most contemptuous disdain; Anica sat as usual, listless, indisposed, and inattentive. With a heart foreboding every evil to Almeria, Signor Jerome ventured an enquiry respecting the cause of his young friend's absence; but before he could receive the answer which Polygon was evidently framing to assist his own purpose, Derrick joined the ill matched society: when looking earnestly round, *he* also put a similar question to Francisca:—"Ask your friend, Signor, *my* guardian" and haughtily she spoke, "may be competent to answer your question." "My *friend!* that's a good one, Signora; but what I warrant now *owld* Vulcan can't bear the sight of our little man till he had finished his *gowlden* net for the loving pair; however I'll unmoor the lazy varlet:" and then nodding to his favourite Francisca, he immediately arose to execute his threat, when Polygon advancing with a slow step and awkward solemnity of aspect, told him all enquiry was useless; for that in consequence, as *he* imagined, of some private agreement between that youth and his imprudent nieces, he had left the house before day-light, and doubtless the indelicate Francisca knew pretty well where to find him. "No, savage!—monster!—hell-hound!" exclaimed the half frantic Derrick, "it is *you* and your infernal companions only that can do that;" and then flying upon the trembling deceiver, whose collar he grasped with inconceivable violence, while his shook his retreating frame in all the agony of raging passion, "Tell me," he went on, "in what dungeon,—with what miscreants have you hid that incomparable creature?—blood-thirsty wretch, where is her husband? you, who inveigled away that fine spirited fellow; you, who"—"Forbear, my dear Sir," interrupted Jerome, perceiving Derrick had alarmed Francisca with his hint about Mrs. Cleveland's husband, "forbear to"—"O but I won't forbear, Mr. Cavalier, I tell you what it is now, if the breath was out of my body I wouldn't forbear, till this villain (again shaking the speechless Polygon) has confessed what he has done with my *swate* dear little, *swate* love;—I know—I know" and he sobbed with rage and tenderness, "I know she is confined in some cursed dark dungeon, where they will rack every bone in her tender body!" "*She?*" repeated Francisca, "of whom do you talk?" "O no matter, honey, this *owld* varlet could tell well enough if he would but *spake*." "But he cannot speak, Captain," cried Anica, whose soft heart felt for the terrible situation of her guardian, "his life is in danger; you will suffocate him!" "No matter, my pretty dear, and if I did; and yet by my *sowl* now, it would be a pity to rob Jack Ketch of his fees:—*Spake* then, shark, and tell us where we may find my precious Charles?"—"Charles! in the name of all that is dear to you, explain yourself Captain?"

Derrick, who now found that he had raised a spirit of painful curiosity in Francisca's bosom, would have retracted; but Polygon in the bitterness of revenge for the injury he had received, and again possessed of the power of speech, accused Patrick of encouraging a young traitress, and smiling malignantly upon Francisca, told her not to

trust in appearances for the future. Derrick was again upon the point of flying at his detested enemy, but Jerome interfered with a resolution that afforded Isaac an opportunity to escape. "Yes," said the enraged Irishman, "for once the *owld* monster is right; for my poor little *swate* midshipman is a woman indeed; but all's one for that Signora, she would have made you a very good wife!" Francisca could scarcely bear her sensations when apprised of an incident so fatal to her hopes; and regardless of the well-meaning Derrick's awkward attempts to reconcile her to this discovery, she left the room with Anica, to Jerome and his almost distracted friend, who immediately promulgated his intentions to pursue her to the world's end, and *beyond* it, till he should find her.

While Jerome was combating this useless rashness with a coolness that made a prominent part in his character, his eye fell upon a small paper, which in his scuffle with the Irishman, had escaped Polygon's bosom; he snatched it up, ran over the contents, and catching Derrick's hand, bid him take comfort, for Mrs. Cleveland was not in her enemies power: a violent exclamation composed of various joyous expletives, followed this discovery on the part of Patrick; but the Cavalier alive to every contingency, and dreading that power which in Polygon's hands might eventually procure their own destruction, forcibly dragged away his reluctant companion, who pleaded but for one moment just to touch up the old sinner, and congratulate him upon the loss he had so unluckily gained, in missing the great reward he had *secured* for nabbing his poor little prisoner; this our Cavalier would by no means admit of, but urged the necessity of seeking her immediately, lest, ignorant of the country, beset as it was with spies of different descriptions, she might fall into hands equally pernicious with those she had just escaped. Derrick grumbled, but soon grew reconciled to Jerome's plan; namely, to separate for the present to avoid suspicion, and afterwards to make the utmost speed by different circuits towards the vineyards, enquiring in a guarded way as they passed along, for the object of their pursuit. The latter part of this arrangement was performed by Patrick exactly in his usual stile, and might have produced the most distressing consequences, but as nobody *had* seen "*A pretty little smock-faced maid, just run away from her guardian, and one owld Polygon that ought to be hanged for his wickedness, and who by the by was nothing at all at all but a poor girl that was come to Lisbon to look for her husband,*" he was *lucky* enough (using his own expression) to hear nothing about her; nor was the Cavalier still more successful; attracted by the appearance of Juan's cottage, its distance from Lisbon, and privacy of situation so well adapted for Almeria's purpose, he was induced to parley with Diana, who so abruptly answered his cautious enquiries; when keenly hurt by the disappointment of the hope he had ventured to encourage, Jerome hastened to join his equally luckless friend, whom he discovered at a little distance with a croud of peasants about him, whose curiosity was highly raised by Derrick's strange manners and still stranger questions. It now occurred to this deep discriminator of events, that Polygon had thrown that paper in their way merely to mislead their search; the very thought was madness,—he would go back, he would tear the secret from his black corrupted heart, he would set fire to the palace, and burn the jealous nonsensical queen and all her crew! Jerome gave way to the storm, convinced that these ridiculous threats had no other witnesses.—Indeed the suggestion Patrick stumbled upon was not so extremely absurd; it was even probable, but no use *could* be made of it. It now behoved them both to provide for their own security.

To render the Cavalier, who had fought and bled for his country, an object of suspicion to government, was not to be easily accomplished; yet it had been proved that the influence of a private enemy implicated his safety, though it became evident upon consideration that no cognizance of his conduct was taken in a public way; or Jerome might some time since have experienced the danger attending his open partiality to a supposed enemy.

However there was now no doubt, but Polygon would employ every power his cunning, malice, and interested liberality could procure, to render them both amenable to the death-dealing decrees of an arbitrary court: and when Derrick exhausted by his violence, permitted Jerome to deliver his opinion, he was astonished to hear him urge the utility of putting themselves beyond the reach of their common enemy. This advice but ill accorded with Patrick's intention of searching the country for his protégée, nor could he reconcile it with the warmth his friend had ever shewn in her interest; Jerome allowed his inference, and even admitted its propriety, while he pointed out a method by which their design might be forwarded in its first intention.—“I have two friends” said that good man, “among our menial attendants who will be proud to serve me: they are discreet and perfectly equal to the business I shall require of them; not a nook in Lisbon, or its environs, but is well known to them; and the enquiries I shall put *them* upon making for our poor little wanderer, will neither be attended with danger to her, or inconvenience to themselves; nor if she have changed her dress, will it make against my plan, as their conduct as to that point will make a part of their instructions. For *your* safety, I would propose your residence in *my* apartment till this storm has passed us.—*There* unknown as to persons, connexions, and designs, you will be perfectly safe at *least* while *I* remain unimpeached.”

Derrick did not heartily relish this mode of proceeding, nor could properly appreciate that exalted friendship which went such lengths to prove its existence; however, as his fertile, though somewhat bewildered brain could suggest no better mode just then, he shook Jerome's hand in token of consent, and each taking the way they came, (although not till Derrick had promised to keep silence upon every subject respecting his lovely friend) these noble supporters of virtue in distress, measured slowly and reluctantly their sorrowful steps to the handsome edifice which lifted its magnificent front above the vale beneath.

## CHAP. XIII.

### *MYSTERIOUS INTERPOSITION.*

IN her hasty flight from that room in which Almeria beheld the alarming appearance, that had driven her from the quiet repose so necessary to her languid state, her eye was attracted by a small piece of paper, which notwithstanding her motives for a speedy flight, she almost unconsciously thrust into her bosom, without bestowing a look upon its contents; indeed it had totally escaped her memory, till she found leisure for contemplation upon past events, when upon drawing a handkerchief from the fold of her habit, the paper came with it. The few words it contained certainly added to her perplexity, and were written in English to the following effect: "Make use of the enclosed bills, they are designed to assist a lovely pilgrim in her tedious journey." Alas, for Mrs. Cleveland, this envelope was unaccompanied by any other proof of the author's kindness, than those few words; but she suddenly recollected the strange appearance in the old edifice, and thought without exactly knowing her own motives for such an absurd suspicion, that it augured no good to her cause. Indeed she had a faint notion of more paper lying near the bed, but that terror which forced her away without farther consideration, made her neglect every thing except the few lines, which actuated by the motion of her loose garment, had obtruded itself upon her notice. However this was no time to encourage useless surmises or suggestions, she therefore dismissed every subject but that of securing to herself a safe passage to the frontiers.

To await in listless inactivity the approach of that relief which now became indispensable to Mrs. Cleveland's support, was totally contrary to the principles she possessed: true, her eye had been fixed upon the caravan of mules, till their retrograde direction defeated the hope she so recently formed of being assisted by the drivers, in tracing out a ready path to Cadiz; for after full deliberation, she determined to reach that port if possible, as being in her estimation the surest place to meet with a vessel bound for England; but as she properly considered that the lonely path she meant to pursue, would make against her wishes to meet with the support, her neglect of Diana's present made absolutely of consequence to her comfort, and the no less important instruction as to the road she must take, our melancholy traveller quitted her station, and turned her feeble steps to the very track she had been so solicitous to shun; but protected by her habit and humble demeanor, she did not find all the difficulty she expected in following this newly adopted plan.

Her eagerness while at Lisbon to attain some knowledge of the country language now found its usefulness, and her petitions for succour were easily understood. Determined to avoid every species of useless duplicity, she told a short and simple story to those who were rather particular in their enquiries, varying as occasions demanded, the few incidents it contained; but it was chiefly to those whose situation rendered them jealous of any innovator, and to the inquisitive nun or curious friar, her artless tale was told; who in return for the assylum they granted, expected some interesting communication. Indeed the interior of a monastery did not in the opinion of a sincere protestant, hold out attractions equal with the shed of a poor goatherd or humble shepherd, whose charitable contributions demanded no other reward than a short prayer

or benediction; while, if indulged with the hard mattress and gloomy cell, she was obliged to sacrifice a part of the repose she so much needed, to the insatiable curiosity of a discontented recluse, in numberless replies to the most perplexing questions. In this way our poor pilgrim completed her troublesome journey, when as a compensation for many temporary inconveniences, she was gratified by a luxurious view of Cadiz bay, its crowded city, the bridge which separates it from the continent, and various relics of ancient magnificence: on all sides the view was grand, and from several points boundless; but while her heart expressed its pious gratitude to that providence who had thus safely conducted her from a country so dangerous to her peace, it dwelt with incontrollable pangs upon the precious object it might still contain.

Unable to dwell upon a theme so dear, so tender, so sadly sweet, Mrs. Cleveland turned her attention upon the scenes before her; that heat, which three weeks before was a formidable objection to her travelling by mid-day, now lost all power to molest her; and during the last sixty miles of her journey, performed upon the mule of a charitable pedlar, whose husband was disabled through indisposition from making his usual circuit, she had experienced something of a Portuguese winter: but on the morning of her separation from her kind companion, who did no business at Cadiz, she felt a renovation of those glowing beams, although in a milder degree, and invited by the still verdant shade of some noble trees, she placed herself beneath them. Nor was Mrs. Cleveland the only tenant of this sweet recess, which was enlivened not only by the sportive gambols of several kids, but the sounds of a guitar, whose rustic notes seemed to add fresh vigour to the harmless animals as they bounded along the sheltered glade. It was a scene entirely adapted to our wanderer's love of the truly simple; but to Almeria, every sound was inharmonious, every indication of lively mirth an implied insult upon her feelings: yet she stopped, and gazed with a listless attention, dropping her little mite into the coarse musician's hand, as she passed to another spot.—“Happy mendicant! whose only care is to provide by thine uncultivated talent, the scanty morsel which nature requires, how far removed is *thy* situation from the miserable abode of splendid guilt, or the unquietness resulting from corroding passions in a higher sphere!”

A deep sigh interrupted this apostrophe, which Mrs. Cleveland upon turning suddenly round, discovered to proceed from a stranger, who till then she had not noticed. Her first impulse was to rise and depart; but detained by a somewhat too important to be termed curiosity, and no longer afraid of pursuit or detection, she sat attentive, though not observably so, to his motions; as he now assumed a restless demeanor, now fixed an earnest look upon her pensive countenance, while her eye sunk under the ardent gaze. His person, although extremely thin, was elegant and manly; his dress, full regimentals, as worn by a superior officer in the Spanish service; his features handsome, and touched with a spirit bordering upon fierceness, while an air of abstraction stole over them. After he had sufficiently considered the pilgrim's person, giving her a full opportunity to make the above remarks, it would have been extremely practicable, so she imagined, to leave this interesting object to his own cogitations; but there was an impulse, an indefinable reason yet prevailing to detain her. Inured of late to scenes bordering upon the romantic, which had in some degree conquered her native timidity, she felt half inclined to await the issue of this unexpected interview; and turned her attention to a little kid which had fearlessly sprung into her lap. Its gambols caught the stranger's eye; he approached to stroke the beautiful creature; Almeria arose, sat it down, and was retiring; he touched her

hand with respect; she drew it away; "I disturb you, pilgrim?" Mrs. Cleveland attempted to pass him in silence,—again he repeated "I disturb you, pilgrim?" she looked at him with terror. His voice so different to that in which he pronounced the simple apostrophe; his eye, so much resembling one she could not forget; with the corresponding eagerness in his features, created suspicions she would have given worlds to dismiss.

As if sensible of an impropriety in his manner and address, the Cavalier assumed a milder deportment, while he entreated her not to leave him; but still his tones, his countenance reminded her of some half forgotten object, when struck with the similitude of *her* features to those of some he too well remembered, he suddenly asked her business at Cadiz, and to what shrine she had been journeying; Almeria replied in trembling accents, her fortitude and curiosity vanished together, and she plainly perceived he did not credit the tale she falteringly delivered. "You are acquainted, then," he cried, "with the present situation of the poor creatures devoted to the wheel in Portugal, for the sole crime of deriving their origin from De Tavora's martyred race?" This question operated like thunder upon her feelings: it gave to her view the husband of her love, suffering perhaps at that very instant, the death he hinted at, she could scarcely sustain herself, but sunk again upon the seat she had quitted, while her interrogator placed himself beside her, watching with eager inquietude every turn of her innocent countenance; when varying his question, he again addressed her, "You are doubtless in the secret of some of those unhappy individuals; perhaps some dear tried friend,—a revered relative it may be; for I am impelled to believe that sweet averted eye, those touching features betray an affinity to that devoted race. Perhaps, then, in the hope of deprecating a fate which maugre every endeavour, is now on the point of being fulfilled; perhaps, I say, an uncle, a brother, a husband,"—Almeria started aghast at this dreadful appeal to her sensibility, wounded as it was by real and excruciating fears, and settling a look of piercing anguish upon his face, betrayed by her visible emotion, the interest she took in all that concerned the subject of his interrogation; while he thus continued, "A *husband*, I repeat, betrayed, deceived, torn from the dear partner he adored, sentenced to pass the few weeks allotted by his merciless, his unjust judges, in a cold damp turret, without even the consolation of knowing he is so near that tender faithful wife."—"For mercy's sake forbear," said the maddening creature, "touch not the dreadful picture with tints so horrid! question not *me* upon a theme *you* so well understand, but drop the veil which a cruel mystery interposes between us. Yes, you know me, you contemplate in this haggard appearance, a descendant from that beloved family; *my* origin, my connexions, my business in Portugal, are all well known to you;—say then," and she arose with a wild empassioned eagerness, "Say, I do not stand before the hermit of the rock? he who once"—"Question me not, pilgrim; who ever I am must still remain a secret: suffice it to say, I am *your* friend, and have power sufficient in *these* dominions to protect you from every evil. Long have your steps been watched by me: I traced you from that miscreant Polygon's Casa; I saw you in the desolate apartment near Lisbon, I, although powerless for various reasons in Portugal, secretly followed your footsteps hither. United in one cause, our destinies still are different;—peace, elegance, and all the comfort your agitated mind can enjoy, shall be your immediate lot; for *me* remain fresh dangers, undoubted hardships, and it may be a cruel death; yet such is my doom, nor can I controvert it. I must return to Lisbon; on my presence depends perhaps the fate most dear to you, every moment teems



with something analogous to that fate;—go, present these tablets as directed, be cautious in your communications: but we will depart together.

“To the left of the road by which you came, lies the town of Tavora; there, in a noble house belonging to—I need not say who,” here he sighed bitterly, “you may be safe, notwithstanding it is in the Portuguese dominions; for the inhabitants of that charming retreat are not of a description to excite suspicion. Had I overtaken you sooner it would have accelerated this arrangement; but that kindness which accommodated you with a carriage from Bugstrow hither, defeated the purpose of disclosing my intentions respecting your destination, for apprehensive of a pursuit, I was obliged to stop for two days at a small Cabaret. I see you are incredulous, no wonder; there is a mystery in my request which demands explanation; at present it must be withheld. Of this be certain, that the confidante of Signor Jerome Pasado, the admirer of your friendly protector Captain Derrick, and the fond participator of De Lima’s sorrows, will never disgrace his claim to honour, humanity, or the delicate attention *your* situation inspires.” “Enough, O! enough, mysterious stranger,” cried the still more bewildered pilgrim, “lead me, conduct me wherever your superior knowledge of my sad situation shall point! Brought hither by the hand of Omniscience; preserved amidst the difficulty of exploring an unknown country, it would be impious to doubt even where explanation is denied. To *you*, as to the agent of that superintending power, I commit my future destiny, and will endeavour to repress every improper enquiry into the motive of such an extraordinary interference.”

Satisfied with this unsuspecting dependance upon his integrity, the stranger lost no time in stating to her such of his intentions as respected her present accommodation and retrograde journey to Tavora. Fatigued, and exhibiting every testimony of a way-worn traveller, Mrs. Cleveland ventured to hint the necessity of repose and an improvement in her appearance, before she quitted the village, towards which he was slowly conducting her. “Repose, my young friend, seems absolutely necessary to your exhausted spirits; but—” here he hesitated, “but as I could wish myself to present you to the Baron, the time required for that purpose will totally disarrange my plans; as for your pilgrim’s dress, it will maintain the importance of the wearer with every true catholic. However, as our journey (lying as it does) over those mountains that skirt the road by which you came, must be performed upon mules, and will take at least three days to accomplish, I believe I must give up my favorite design, and commit you to the care of a respectable guide, who will observe my request with the exactness of probity itself.”

Much as Almeria might wish to avail herself of *his* protection, to distrust whom seemed an act of impiety, she felt a certain satisfaction in the idea of indulging without restraint the reflections this singular encounter excited. Acceding therefore to his plan, she accompanied him to a tolerable handsome inn, whose master he intended to engage for her guide; but still counselled her not to drop her pilgrim’s habit till circumstances should render it entirely necessary. Here then, after taking uncommon pains to render her future journey perfectly convenient to herself, he left the wondering Mrs. Cleveland with a reluctance, for which not all her utmost endeavours could account; not staying to partake even of the elegant dinner that was placed before her, with a respect equalling that usually paid by Spaniards to females of distinguished rank. From the landlord, who submissively informed her he was to be her guide on this occasion, she attempted to gain a little information of her quondam friend. Durandor, who stared at a question which he seemed not to comprehend: namely, If he had ever seen the Cavalier before? she repeated

it, but could gain no satisfactory answer. "The Cavalier was a noble generous man, he had paid him beforehand for the pilgrim's journey; and charged him to accommodate her with every luxury that could be obtained in that lonely road; she was also to stay at his house, till she should incline to leave it; he was more than satisfied for any expence she might incur." Still her question remained unanswered; and it appeared to her that he either knew nothing of this singular being, or had unconquerable reasons for pleading ignorance.

Thus foiled in her very natural wish to know to whom she was obliged, Almeria's next business was to account, if possible, for her strong emotions of terror at their first interview; his knowledge of her friends, her husband; his hints of the hazard he ran in returning to Lisbon; his pursuit of her, and extraordinary silence when crossing the room she reposed in; the disguise he then wore, and his motives for it were circumstances to which a full consideration gave no solution. That his features, his voice, reminded her of Favorita, did in a slight degree justify the anxiety they occasioned; but where was the venerable beard, the stooping gait, full grizzled brow, and snowy locks, which gave that hermit an appearance so venerable? On the contrary his whiskers still preserved their sable hue, his person was erect, his movements agile and graceful;—no, in this supposition she was mistaken; the mysterious stranger had indeed mentioned his intimacy with Jerome, whose pity and respect for the hermit she well remembered, in her first interview with that gentleman; nor had she forgotten his hints of Favorita's uncommon misfortunes; yet it was equally possible for Jerome to regard the Spanish officer, as to love the half deranged hermit. There was nothing then in this circumstance to encourage her wavering opinion, for do what she could, ideas *would* sometimes arise to shake her belief. At any rate these truths were clearly evident, that the interest both of Almeria and her husband was incontestibly dear to her unknown benefactor; that he possessed wealth, if not publicity of character sufficient to serve her essentially, that his power over a respectable branch of her family was forcible enough to secure even to a poor pilgrim, attention, esteem, and tenderness, for of this he had positively assured her.

Fatigued with these various and unsatisfactory observations, our perplexed emigrant attempted to silence them by courting that repose she so much wanted; nor was she disappointed; her rest was refreshing, and prolonged to a late hour: nay, so much was she recovered by several regular meals and a second night's abode at the little village, as to feel herself adequate to the journey her strange adviser so earnestly recommended. Although Mrs. Cleveland had occasionally been conveyed a few miles upon the back of that naturally sluggish animal a mule, its motion caused neither fear nor weariness; very slow and generally very obstinate are those belonging to a common carrier, regardless of either goad or voice; but those employed by Durandor were of a different description,—stately, spirited, and disdaining manual discipline, they travelled with a pace that required both steadiness and courage in the female rider; and she had to pass along several abrupt eminences before she felt her fears subside, which were particularly excited by the manner of their descent; when it was usual for them upon approaching the edge of a difficult declivity, to snort, tremble, and stand almost motionless, as if contemplating the danger before them; then drawing their hinder feet in close contact with those in front, they would slide in a firm and steady attitude, over those places which were too steep to admit of a common pace. On these extraordinary occasions, her guide urged Almeria to sit perfectly still, nor attempt to dismount, as there was no other method of descending in

safety, and she would soon be freed from the necessity of travelling in that awkward manner, as the country for many miles round Tavora might be, nay he knew it was, passable for a chaise.

The respectful deference of Durandor towards our heroine, his prudence in selecting frequent places of accommodation for her, and the very short stages they made, were circumstances exceedingly grateful to his passenger; who felt very little more than ideal inconvenience in her progress through dreary forests, wide sandy heaths, and close lonely lanes, where notwithstanding their apparent desolation, the goatherd's shed, the shepherd's hut, and now and then an obscure wine-house presented, at no very fatiguing distances, an humble shelter to a weary sojourner.

Upon the third evening of Almeria's peregrination, she beheld with feelings of a contradictory nature, the spires and edifices of Tavora, as they skirted the farthest edge of an extensive horizon, gilded by the side-long beams of a setting sun. Durandor, who approached to take her from the mule, for they were arrived at the first post-house she had seen, congratulated her on her entrance into Algarve, and the comfortable exchange she would make of his hard trotting mule for a good carriage; and left it to her choice to proceed, or stop in that pleasant spot till morning. "Algarve!" repeated she in a trembling accent, "then I am once more in Portugal?" "Ce, Signora, certamente," said Durandor, "and by St. Jago no great catch neither; give me the poorest cot at Cadiz, rather than the royal palace at Bellem!" "You are a *Spaniard* Durandor, and I do not wonder at your preference." Durandor shrugged up his shoulder, but chose not to enter into his motives for what appeared to be something more than a national dislike to the inhabitants of Algarve.

After a sleepless night employed in reflections upon the scene she was about to engage in,—reflections that partook more of the corrosive than lenient quality, Mrs. Cleveland prepared for a visit which common delicacy considered in an intrusive light; true, she was bid to prepare herself as a welcome and readily accepted guest. The tablets were to be her passport, but of their contents she was no judge; they were inclosed in a vellum case with golden clasps, that shut with a spring. She had never unclosed them,—but was there an impropriety in so doing? she took them from her pocket, and timidly unclasped the case. Her mysterious friend had in a succeeding conversation on that subject hinted, that she was to do so, this had fled from her memory by some unaccountable means, till the present moment: she touched the spring, and the tablets appeared, but very carefully secured. In a part of the outside case were some papers folded pretty thick, which upon opening them proved to be several bills upon the English Factors at Lisbon, and were equal to ready money in any part of Portugal. They were enveloped by a paper containing the following words, and apparently written by the same hand that traced those lines Almeria had brought from the Moorish ruin: "Once you refused the little mite offered to a helpless pilgrim; if not refused, I fear it was overlooked in your hurry to quit a faithful friend, who found it near a small basket on the spot; but I am discovering too much.—Accept then, a trifle similar to that so unfortunately rejected. It is the gift of—perhaps a relative to whom, *one* only, if he yet exists in this un pitying world, can be dearer than the gentle, the lovely—Oh! name so fatal, yet so dear, I dare not articulate or trace it!—Deliver these tablets with that sweet confidence innocence inspires, but be cautious neither to ask or answer any questions leading to *your* situation, as you value the existence of Frederico de Lima."

What a redundant light did these few words throw upon the mystery of the Moorish ruin. Doubtless *he* it was who left the papers for her acceptance, and to answer the most benevolent purpose. He had returned after her departure, and had discovered the notes and basket; in short, this stranger so dreaded, so carefully shunned, was her sylph,—her guardian angel. So spoke the language of enthusiastic gratitude, and to his prudence she would confide her dearest interests. Such a friend as this, she mournfully thought, would have been the generous inconsiderate Derrick, had the strength of his understanding equalled the goodness of his heart; such a friend as this was Signor Jerome Passado, as far as the limits of his power extended. In Abraham Dawson I found the protector of my infant state, the enlightener of my mind. From Lady Tillotson's precepts and example, I caught a share of those accomplishments so necessary to every female, whom the Almighty has placed above mediocrity. From Sir Henry Tillotson \* \* \* here the current of her reflections was interrupted, for she scarcely knew whether to rate him as a friend or enemy; and she finished the list of her benefactors with her hapless Frederico, and an ardent petition to heaven to bless those who yet remained on earth to exercise their benevolence. A fresh subject now occupied her anxious moments: Durandor respectfully presented himself, with the information that a chaise waited to carry her to Baron de Lima's; "And see Donna," said the officious attendant, advancing to the window, "about seven miles off you may perceive several vanes, glittering in the morning sun, they belong to the Baron's Casa, which we may reach very easily some time before dinner." Almeria thought little of the vanes, the Casa, or the dinner;—he had mentioned a name which spoke unutterable things to her throbbing heart.

There was a connexion, then, in the events which had led her from England to the bosom of her husband's family. By them she should be beloved, encouraged, protected; and this effect would be produced by the mysterious management of her wonderful friend. But how could she receive as a stranger, the blessings her heart would throb to acknowledge in the person of Frederico de Lima's wife? yet she *had* promised to observe a punctual silence upon every subject relative to her past sorrows; it was the only sacrifice her *Spanish* protector demanded for the essential obligations already conferred, and all those she was taught to expect. This request too, involved her husband's safety; and should she, *could* she refuse it?—No. Obedience, unlimited and unconditional, was resolved upon, and in this conquest she experienced that grateful sensation resulting from a laudable self denial.

While thus employed in this important arrangement, Almeria had not attended to Durandor's absence; who supposing she was ready to depart, directly retired for the purpose of ordering the carriage; and which, upon her looking from the window, she perceived was drawn up to receive her, the careful guide standing by his mules, as if ready to attend her. Pleased with this sedulous attention, our pilgrim immediately descended, and with a smile of approbation suffered him to place her in the chaise. Durandor seemed to enjoy the honour, and respectfully bowing, said he was to see her safe to the Baron's; again she smiled, and thanked him for his punctual care, and the carriage drove off. But Mrs. Cleveland was fated to endure a little procrastination which her present situation made extremely unwelcome, and this originated in the carelessness of her guide, who checking his mule somewhat too freely, the ungovernable animal plunged and threw his rider against the chaise, with a force that made Almeria tremble for his life; however it proved upon examination that the bruises he had received were no

ways dangerous, and a few hours rest would restore him sufficiently to renew his journey. Pacified by this assurance, the anxious traveller consented to return to the inn she had but just quitted, and wait till the following morning, when Durandor hoped he should be able to attend her, as she could not think of introducing herself at the Baron's, without *one* person at least by whom she was not totally unknown.

To a female who had faced disappointment and mortification in their most gloomy colours, this accident ought not to have borne a grievous aspect; but just on the eve of proving either the truth or falsehood of her mysterious friend's promises, every hour seemed to threaten fresh evils, and she passed the intermediate time in a painful uncertainty; till awakened from useless retrospection which had employed an uncomfortable night, by a message from her guide, importing his ability to accompany her, Almeria shook off a part of that anxiety which had so completely broken her rest, and once more prepared for a visit that was intended to determine her future fate.

## CHAP. XIV.

### *CONTRASTS OF SITUATION.*

AS the distance from the inn to that noble Casa, Durandor had pointed out upon the northern horizon, and which was the old Baron de Lima's residence, hardly exceeded the muleteer's calculation, Mrs. Cleveland soon distinguished its stately front, and glittering windows, with an emotion ill suited to the composure she struggled to attain. It was indeed an epoch in her existence that demanded great fortitude to meet; and to a naturally timid spirit held out a very formidable appearance; nay, her expectations had assumed a new and still more serious aspect, and she beheld her chaise stop before the spacious court, with a prevailing idea that she should meet with a stern repulse. Durandor was already alighted, and crossing the court, had entered a noble hall before she could dismiss this notion; however his absence was of short duration, for he soon reappeared with a female of a serious, but benign aspect, reading a note, which it was apparent she had received from the guide; and courteously advancing, extended her hand to assist the trembling Almeria to alight, and as she conducted her along the broad walk, welcomed her to Tavora, in a way that was at once humble, affectionate, and encouraging. At their entrance to the house they were stopped by Durandor, who with the formal politeness of a true Spaniard, and quite unlike the generality of his profession, pronounced his farewell with a bent knee, then remounting his mule, followed the chaise, and both were quickly out of sight. The poor pilgrim sighed as her eye followed the faithful creature, and would have thought even *his* presence a relief to the awkwardness of her situation; but she *was* to be thrown entirely into a strange society, and her task was—submission.

Perceiving the various hues that shaded Almeria's cheek, her considerate conductor led her into a small room, where several elegant refreshments were spread upon a side table; and she tenderly pressed her almost fainting guest to partake of them, assuring her at the same time, that she should not be introduced to the Baron till her spirits were more tranquilized. Mrs. Cleveland held out the important tablets, timidly hinting they were only intended for the Baron, and burst into tears: the woman refused to take them. "I know" she said, "they belong to my lord or the young Signora, and consequently must not be tendered by any hand but yours;" adding, "I can allow for your confusion, gentle pilgrim, but here it is unnecessary, you are expected by the Baron; he will receive you as his child, for so I am taught to believe. Already he knows of your arrival, and was made to understand by a messenger who came yesterday, that you were just at hand, and was quite impatient at your delay; by what means you became known to him I am unable to judge. Be cheerful then, Signora, in the certainty that while a resident in this house, you will taste of peace, comfort, and affluence." "Wonderful, most wonderful" cried the still weeping lady, "are the ways of Omnipotence! my heart overflows with extatic adoration of that power who has led me through such perils to the hoped for enjoyment of sincere friendship! Signora, you are possibly unacquainted with \* \* but pardon me, I knew not you were engaged;" looking towards the woman, and discovering her to be busily employed in the utterance of an Ave Maria, while she dropped her beads to mark the revolving moment, in earnest pity for the poor heretic

whose short effusion of genuine piety, was undistinguished by any attention either to the beads or cross which hung to her girdle; disgracing by this neglect the character she had assumed.

Unconscious of her error, Almeria omitted to retrieve it, and the Signora shook her head, while in an under tone she prayed for the conversion of her new guest; whose situation in any other catholic family, might have produced a summons from the dreadful inquisition, for daring to adopt a sacred garb while her heart rejected the holy tenets of the mother church. Struck with a sudden sense of her danger, Mrs. Cleveland *would* have apologized; but happily for her sincerity, which any attempt to temporize *must* have injured, she was prevented from that hateful necessity by the entrance of a graceful figure; who approaching with a tender and winning action, warmly embraced the disconcerted pilgrim, whom she saluted with the epithet of her dear and ardently expected friend, and then turning to the pious matron “You do wrong, Stephania, in thus detaining the Signora, when you must be sensible of my lord’s eagerness to welcome her to Tavora! Come, come, no apologies, Signora,” observing Mrs. Cleveland to drop a conscious eye upon her soiled habit, “we know what it is to travel; my grandfather is impatient and particularly wishes to behold you in this dress. After dinner, Stephania will assist you in making every necessary alteration. Yes, yes, I can guess at your reluctance to appear before the Baron, but we have no time for the indulgence of false delicacy.” So saying, she led her astonished visitor to an apartment so superior to any she had seen either in England or Portugal, that it increased the difficulty of appearing, as a total stranger, before the possessor of a room so stately; but ere she was aware, she found her entire admiration engaged by the noble figure that met her eye as she timidly entered, who rising from a black velvet sofa, embossed with crimson, bid her welcome to Tavora, and gave to her amazed sense all she had ever imagined of patriarchal grace.

There was a dignity tempered by an indefinable tenderness mixed in his impressive address, when Laurana presented Mrs. Cleveland as his much expected guest, nor could she avoid respectfully lifting his palsied hand to her lips, as he frankly presented that venerable token as a sincere welcome. “Sweet creature,” said the noble veteran, “that countenance is a sufficient recommendation, I ask no other;” then looking at his grand-daughter, “Thy opinion coincides with mine, Laurana, can I be mistaken? observe the contour, nay, select any particular feature,—the aqueline nose, those eyes, that pensive shade which softens the brilliant assemblage,—yes, she doubtless resembles that valued portrait.” In following the bent of his tearful eye, Almeria discovered a fine picture which hung exactly opposite the sofa, and was immediately struck with the similarity he had noticed. It was that of a female in a kneeling attitude, her whole countenance touched with an air of pious resignation; her figure, fragile to an extreme; her complexion, colourless and sickly: what a trial to our poor pilgrim’s fortitude was this resemblance and the Baron’s affecting comparison; but she remembered her promise and—was silent.

As if conscious of the temptation he had placed in her way by these incautious observations, the Baron and Laurana adverted to different subjects, and exerted their utmost endeavours to lessen the distance her timid modesty imposed. This attention was not lost upon the grateful auditor, she listened, smiled and gazed, and even found a moment for comparison, while her delighted eye reposed itself upon the once majestic figure of the aged nobleman, during a pause in the conversation. How very different,

thought she, are my present emotions to those respectively excited by the treacherous Polygon, Favorita, or the Spanish unknown; those belonging to the latter objects were composed of equal gratitude, but not entirely devoid of terror, and a slight shade of suspicion. To my veneration for the hermit were attached (in consequence of his subsequent manner) fear and horror; while hatred and insuperable contempt, struggled with an unsurmountable dread of his power, distinguished every idea relative to Polygon and his designs: *Now*, I feel no sensation but such as are the offspring of veneration, duty, and boundless gratitude. Had it pleased heaven to have given me a filial claim to this revered being,"—Laurana spoke, the chain of meditation was broken, and she made herself tolerably well understood, while pouring forth her ardent thanks for the unparalleled kindness expressed by her new and generous protectors.

Desirous to relieve the Baron and his evident favorite from the oppression of feelings which soared almost beyond human nature, Laurana after a short, but elegant dinner, drew aside the half reluctant pilgrim to take her *sieste*, a custom which she said was never omitted by her grandfather; and frankly owned it would be equally desirable to herself: "and this time" she good humouredly added, "you and Stephania may employ to a more useful purpose, for I believe the natives of more northern climates do not give into the indolent habits of our luxurious nation." Almeria bowed her assent, and gracefully retired to obey Laurana's request, when having finished her toilet she accompanied the housekeeper in a tour through the apartments of state; where a profusion of velvet, damask and gilded furniture of different descriptions, denoted the heavy taste of a preceding century. On the first floor of that superb mansion, Mrs. Cleveland found her admiration irresistibly engaged by a saloon which occupied the whole front of Tavora castle, and commanded a distant view of the bay of Cadiz; this circumstance excited some surprise to Almeria, who had been three days upon the road from that city, (at least its environs) but she considered the difficulties of her progress, and her wonder ceased. While employed in admiring the almost invaluable busts, statues, pictures, and richly painted ceiling of this splendid apartment, she was joined by the feeble Baron and his grandchild, who both expressed great satisfaction in meeting her there; and attended with evident delight to the proofs she gave of an elegant, yet unstudied taste in her strictures upon the objects before her; but upon her stopping to contemplate a magnificent organ, Baron de Lima, who had placed himself upon an arm chair near the instrument, asked if she knew much of music? a deep blush and an expressive negative was her answer. "But you *do* play, I am convinced," said Laurana, "and as my lord is passionately fond of that divine science, we shall expect you to oblige us." "Thou art too peremptory, my child, thy expressions savour a little too much of the romantic; I love a simple ballad, dear girl, particularly several of the Scottish airs;—now, if thou *canst* oblige an old man?"—

If our heroine excelled in any of those accomplishments, Lady Tillotson had so assiduously secured to her possession, music had the preeminence. An amateur in the science, her Ladyship found in Mrs. Cleveland's equally enthusiastic attention, a very high gratification; who thus prepared to express her fervent wish to please, immediately selected a guitar from the numerous instruments that were fancifully, but tastily disposed about the organ, and sung that sweetly pathetic air in the Gentle Shepherd, "*When hope was quite sunk*," in a way which shewed how much she was affected by the words. Towards the close of the last verse, her voice faltered, and the tears she could no longer restrain, fell in large drops upon her trembling fingers; which her venerable auditor



observing, he tenderly wiped them from her burning cheek, saying "I understand these precious tokens of tortured sensibility, but have patience thou daughter of affliction, submit cheerfully to the decrees thou canst not alter, and remember that even in *this* aged breast, hope yet struggles for life; numerous are the wounds she has received, yet, though faint and almost expiring, she keeps her doubtful station." The action, the words, the humid tear which accompanied them, contributed to throw Almeria from her guard; "Tell me," she cried, "you whose unexampled reception of a desolate being, whose wonderful condescension to the creature of mystery and obscurity, say, in pity to the feelings which all this tender goodness serves but to strengthen, Say, to what am I indebted for \* \* \*" Laurana caught the unfinished sentence, and smilingly added—"For an act of common benevolence; but cease to indulge *improper* wishes, since they cannot be gratified without distressing (here she threw her eye upon the Baron, and assumed a serious aspect) that best of men." Mrs. Cleveland felt the reproach, and although she burned to ask how they obtained a knowledge of the name she went by, no longer suffered her painful curiosity the gratification of an indulgence, that must be productive of violence to her better principles.

The good nobleman beheld and understood her confusion, and again wiped the tears from her averted eyes, while his grand-daughter considerably placed herself at the organ, and executed some of Handel's most difficult compositions, with a taste and spirit that gained the sincerest applause from her little audience. From this period the grand saloon was visited daily, where Almeria and Laurana by their sedulous endeavour to sooth and enliven the weariness of decrepid old age, procured to themselves that sweet satisfaction resulting from a wish to oblige, and be useful.

Attached to the English, through motives which he chose not to disclose, the Baron de Lima found in our heroine's beautiful recitation of the poets and historians of that country, a very strong gratification of his favorite propensity; and though a strict catholic, tasted a pure delight in the compositions of Milton and Dr. Young. At times indeed, he would listen to Shakespeare's charming language, the nervous and sublime of Pope, with the soft-touching melodious harmony of Thompson, with the ear of a connoisseur.

While Mrs. Cleveland silently congratulated herself upon her ability to lessen, in some degree, that strong anxiety which, do what they could, obtained but too often a distinguished power over her benefactor. There was too, she sometimes imagined, a shade of melancholy in Laurana's features that bespoke interior grief; and these symptoms seemed to acquire new force, when contemplating either *her* countenance, or that portrait's, which it was plain they thought she resembled; but these were topics too dangerous even for mental discussion, and might hazard the sincerity of her intention to preserve her promise given to the unknown. Indeed, there were advantages in her present situation which made considerable amends for the sacrifice of an inquisitive spirit: too long in the habit of according to manners dissimilar to the delicacy of her sentiments and her sex, she could not help enjoying the striking contrast of situation; and daily recovered in company so congenial to her native manners, that propriety of conduct she so much approved. The violence so recently done to that propriety, was no more; no longer cast into scenes that required instant courage, calm fortitude, sound health, and almost manly strength, she felt once more her claim to elegant attention and respectful treatment completely established. True, she had never experienced any of the superfluous

indulgencies of high life, but there was something in her present enjoyments extremely consonant to the idea she had formed of exalted birth, and she almost wondered at the facility with which she arose to the sphere she there filled. Called into public life, for after a few days passed in recovering her spirits and appearance, the Baron insisted upon his two girls going into company, Almeria moved with equal grace and ease; and the lovely English-woman did credit to that country of which she was supposed to be a native; but in this society she sometimes suffered considerable mental anguish, when separated from Laurana. The disturbance at Lisbon had reached the frontiers, and daily accounts were transmitted of new proscriptions, seizures of suspected persons, and the severities endured by those who had been put to the question; it was even hinted in the absence of her friends, that some one of *her* family was in daily expectation of a death upon the wheel.

On these occasions, our wretched heroine could scarcely bear her own sensations; but she suffered in secret: and it was even possible, that the restraint she was obliged to endure, might in some instances be of use in urging the necessity of that fortitude her uncommon situation demanded. Yet, notwithstanding these occasional interruptions to her comfort, her heart would not resist the attacks made upon its sensibility in other instances: that Laurana was unhappy she too easily discovered; that the venerable Baron's ill concealed anxiety arose from the same source, she as readily understood: nor could she doubt the cause, although unacquainted with its component circumstances. From the suspicions which were attached to a family of which she chose to persuade herself they made a part, it appeared they derived the uneasiness she deplored; and to ameliorate which, Almeria dedicated her utmost powers, nor were her affectionate endeavours unappreciated.

Thus passed the first month of her abode at Tavora: during which interval, her person had fully regained its former elegance, her eyes their accustomed brilliancy, and her manners somewhat of their usual interest. To say she was *happy* in a state of separation from a husband she adored, (to say nothing of the excruciating circumstances attending that separation,) would be to reflect upon the instability of an affection which had defied innumerable attacks upon its purity and consistency; but candour obliges us to own Mrs. Cleveland felt a considerable abatement of that poignant grief which attached itself to her solitary reflections, under a strong idea that her mysterious friend had some interest in his fate. Her gratitude too was engaged by every tie to exert itself, by soothing the evident sorrows of her new and venerable benefactor; and in this laudable employment she lost many hours of cruel forebodings and fruitless repinings, so that although her apprehensions were by no means destroyed, they were not in such perpetual exercise; and while every degree of gaiety was banished from her heart and countenance, they both at times assumed the sober calmness of submission, in which state we shall leave her for the present, and return to the melancholy period of her beloved husband's enforced departure for that shore, where suspicious barbarity waited to deprive him of all the happiness he had so vainly hoped to secure.

## CHAP. XV.

### THE PORTUGUESE TREPANNED.

AS we have already described that horrid deception which had been but too successfully practised upon Signor Frederico de Lima, we shall follow him to the boat which he was taught to believe would convey him to a dear and suffering relative. Had this noble Portuguese imbibed the common prejudices, or rather necessary prudence of a cautious Englishman, it is probable he would have found room for suspicion in the constrained manners of his companions, and their awkward observations, which would have betrayed them to any one less involved in deep meditation, which had more of his Almeria's doubts upon this unpleasant absence for its subject, than even the interview he was about to have with a near and suffering relative. Thus anxiously engaged, he noticed not the lapse of time till they ranged alongside the San Juan, and De Lima was requested to take the chair, which was already on the gunwale awaiting his arrival. Unsuspicious of the smallest deception he readily complied, and was conducted to the cabin with a respectful solemnity, perfectly suited to the supposed occasion, where refreshments of various kinds were immediately offered to his acceptance, which he courteously refused; and turning to a small state room, separated by a glass door from the cabin, he was about to open it, when some person within drew a green curtain before the door as if to prevent any object being seen beyond it. Surprised to find the lock did not yield to his hand, Signor De Lima demanded the cause, and was answered by Captain Da Costa, that he imagined Signor Joseph had fallen into a doze, consequently must not be disturbed. "And this sleep" cried De Lima, "is it to be of any continuance?" "I fear not, Signor, he seldom sleeps long; but do take some wine, a few minutes can make little difference; poor gentleman! his sufferings are so very acute, that I always feel happy when he can partially forget them." De Lima took the wine, and accepted some rich cake, but exhibited several marks of impatience at being thus detained; nor attended to the Captain's volubility, while he incessantly urged him to mend his draught; when a low faint groan from the little recess revived his faculties, which insensibly in the last quarter of an hour had sunk under a drowsy stupor. "A few minutes longer, Signor," said his companion, "and you may be admitted: he is about awaking, but till his perception is perfectly restored, it might be dangerous to intrude." "Yes," replied De Lima, his voice sinking gradually, "yes, as you say, it might—O yes, it might be dangerous.—I shall not—nay, somehow I *cannot*—What is this come over—over me?—Strange!—Do tell me?"—

What De Lima *would* have known, he had no power to disclose; a heavy sleep benumbed his senses, nor did he regain them till the following day had drawn to a close, when he found himself stretched upon a small but elegant cabin bed, with no other light than what was communicated by the green waxen taper, which, placed for security in a sort of sconce, diffused its rays over the little spot he occupied. Sick, weak, and giddy, he yet suffered under the effects of a powerful opiate, which had been administered in the wine: a confused idea of his motive for visiting the San Juan floated in his brain, till recollection slowly returning, brought with it some very horrible suspicions, which were strongly supported by the unsteady motion of the vessel, which had already quitted the Thames, and was then in sight of Margate.

Alarmed beyond measure, at an incident so fatal to his intentions of an immediate return to Mrs. Cleveland, the terrified De Lima attempted to spring from his bed, but to his utter surprise found himself forcibly withheld, nor could he gain the use even of his hands, which were pinioned to his sides. Unacquainted with the English method of confining maniacs, he knew not that this inability to remove, arose from the operation of a strait-waistcoat, for such in fact it was; but when in reply to his violent demand for liberty, the Captain, accompanied by as many as could crowd in, entered the state room, and persuaded him, in a tone he could not mistake, to submit to the treatment necessary to his unhappy case, the truth with all its terrible concomitants flashed upon his mind.—He was betrayed,—he was torn from his adored wife,—thrown into the power of Polygon and his emissaries, who, it was possible, were sending *him* over to realize the scene which Jacobus had feigned to have been endured by an uncle, whose existence he then more than doubted. Yet, could Sir Henry Tillotson, the zealous friend of his youth, could *he* join in a scheme so diabolical, merely to separate him from the idol of his affections, and punish with a cruel death a fault so venial? These questions, rapid, wrathful, and clothed in terms common to insanity, served but to confirm, in the minds of those to whom his real situation was unknown, the truth of what Captain Da Costa had previously advanced; and they attended in pitying silence to De Lima's fierce adjurations for an answer, till exhausted by the still lurking effects of his soporific draught, the weakness arising from unusual abstinence, and his violent efforts to obtain attention, and free himself from coercive bondage, he sunk into a sullen unresisting apathy; and the treacherous Da Costa congratulated Jacobus, who had not shewn his face, upon the full success of their villanous plot. Yet *one* achievement was wanting to confirm it in its complete extent: their captive refused every kind of sustenance, nor were they properly acquainted with the means necessary to enforce it; and to lose him before they could procure testimonials of his safe arrival in Lisbon, would be to lose the rewards annexed to that important clause. However, this fear was gradually done away by the prisoner himself, who taking advantage of the solitude he was left to enjoy, began coolly to reflect upon the consequences of a resistance which nature, reason, policy, and religion combated with resistless energy.—If they *indeed* believed him to be insane, would not such opposition strengthen their opinion, and countenance every step they might take to conquer his obstinacy? At present he was totally in their power, and to provoke them could answer no salutary purpose; these, added to other reflections created by the above considerations, induced him to partake, although in very sparing quantities, of the refreshments constantly tendered to him; and Jacobus, with his contemporary, rejoiced in this fortunate coincidence with their wishes.

Once, when Da Costa under the false persuasion of his derangement, ventured to give a hint of his assurance of its truth, Frederico, who had anxiously waited the welcome opportunity, attempted to convince him of that impolitic cruelty, which subjugated the heir of a noble house to their nefarious designs; one too, whose means and will to reward him for any act of kindness, were so greatly superior to those of his vile employers, and immediately making use of an opportunity so un hoped for, stated, with a mild yet penetrating expression, the wretchedness his absence would occasion to the woman he loved better than life. Da Costa listened in frigid silence to a representation which had all the advantages of sober truth to recommend it; but when De Lima caught his hand with an earnest almost affectionate, and conjured him while a tear would burst its way, To

have compassion upon an unhappy man, who was deprived even of the common rights of humanity, and urged him as he hoped for pity and pardon hereafter, not to suffer his judgement to be warped by wilful horrid prejudices, the softened Portuguese could no longer stand the test of such an appeal to his feelings and his reason, but stammered out something like an apology for a conduct he dared not justify, nor could effectually excuse. Indeed there is no saying to what lengths his pity might have extended, if the watchful Jacobus (who did not heartily approve of something Da Costa had let fall, respecting their right to detain an innocent person by means so unwarrantable) had not shewn himself at the door of the state room, and by a concerted signal summoned his companion to an immediate audience.

However this incautious appearance served to convince De Lima that his case was hopeless, since Jacobus, whom he had not seen since his voyage commenced, was an inmate of the same vessel. True, Da Costa was undeceived respecting the plea of insanity, nor could any longer pretend to give credit to a fabrication so notorious; but the Signor saw too plainly that *he* was but an agent in the dreadful business, nor dared to act independent of that wretch's instructions. All resistance then, till they arrived at their destined port, he rationally concluded would only tend to heighten that severity which already extended to the deprivation of sufficient air and common exercise. To obtain a higher degree of both, became his next consideration; yet how to smother the just indignation his swelling heart encouraged, was an effort scarcely to be supported, but it *must* be attempted if he wished for a present alleviation of his misery. Da Costa heard his petition on this head with visible uneasiness, for he had no hope to give. "You do not answer me, Captain Da Costa," said De Lima, "from a *maniac*, such a request as I have made must in the very nature of it meet with a repulse; but *you* know, as well as *Signor Jacobus*, (De Lima could hardly articulate the odious name without giving it a deserved accompaniment) "yes, I repeat, Signor Jacobus knows also I am no maniac;—why then these coercive bonds?" looking down upon the strong ligaments which confined him to his chair, for they had spared him the terrible inconvenience of the strait-waistcoat while sitting up; "And why am I deprived of air sufficient to give that appetite you are so solicitous to gratify? Fear not any further interrogations respecting the source of this violence, I ask only a mitigation of it; for the rest \* \* \*" here his voice trembled, his cheek assumed a faint tint that banished for a moment its cadaverous hue, and his eyes sparkled with a wild emotion; but conscious, that every indication of passion would be improved by his gaolers, into symptoms of returning delirium, he soon checked the noble emanation, his voice sinking into a cadence of mild entreaty, and his countenance recovering its sickly appearance.

In reply to all he could urge, Da Costa briefly answered, That it was a subject which required consideration, nor could he make a promise which rested with—Here he stopped: but he was fully understood by De Lima, who entreated him to lose no time in making his suit known to those who had his conscience in keeping. Without noticing this concluding sarcasm, which came uncalled for, the Captain retired, after promising to use his utmost endeavours to obtain a part, if not the whole, of Signor Lima's request; whose soul revolted against the necessity of submitting to a plebeian agent, employed, as was most probable, by a creature equally low and vile. For much reflection had convinced him, that to Polygon's artifice was owing his present situation; rightly judging, that however particular motives might have induced Sir Henry Tillotson to admit of Isaac's

agency, he would have detested the means that monster had adopted, and this idea, which Frederico gladly welcomed, blunted in some measure, the keenness of other sensations.

Many hours had passed in tedious succession before our unhappy prisoner received an answer to his petition: but on the following morning he had the satisfaction of feeling it complied with in its fullest extent, with only one reservation; namely, that in his airings upon deck, he should preserve an absolute silence. To a being subject for five days to a perpetual confinement, this indulgence was happiness, and he determined to comply with the very letter of the injunction; nor was there much to sacrifice in this observance, for under the notion of a decided insanity, not a man could venture near him, and the hour allotted for his morning and evening promenades, was noted by an unusual silence among the sailors; who dreaded to irritate the supposed madman by the bustle which generally distinguishes those noisy veterans.

Uncertain though expecting the worst, De Lima beheld the rock of Lisbon with no genial emotion; nor, while sailing up the Tagus could his eye dwell with peculiar interest upon the stately edifices which here and there assumed, although unfinished, an air of improved grandeur; rising as they did upon the ruins of those the earthquake had destroyed: but when the palace of his revered ancestors (as he had been told to consider them) caught his wandering vacant look, he felt pangs too severe for description. There, in that noble square, thought he, the generous friend of my youth received a helpless orphan, and taught him lessons of ambition; and yonder, on that desolate spot to the left, stood the Casa of another relative. Perhaps *my* fate may be similar to his; unhappy De Tavora! wretched family! sacrificed,—all sacrificed to vindictive suspicion: thy sufferings perhaps perpetuated in your descendants. Ah! 'tis doubtless so!—a boat puts from the shore, filled too with Alguazils;—yes, De Lima, thou must complete the horrid climax: may thy life be the last sacrifice to arbitrary, groundless suspicion!" He had time for no more: the officers who were put on board, advanced with much respect, and upon his reply to their question, that he was called Frederico De Lima, he was requested to accompany them to the boat; which upon his immediate compliance, made directly for the strand, near which a carriage waited to convey him to his dreary habitation.

De Lima could have spared the company of Jacobus upon this cruel occasion, who with Da Costa, attended him to the prison; the latter, (although it was extremely inconvenient to quit his vessel till she was safely moored,) being obliged to obey his contemporary's *order*; for such in fact it was, while his heart trembled for an unhappy man, whom he had in conjunction with Jacobus so basely trepanned; but no such proper feelings gave a pang to this fellow's heart; *his* aim was like that of Polygon,—to accumulate wealth, no matter by what source it was obtained. Upon a wretch so devoid of common humanity, De Lima turned an eye of calm, sullen indignation; while a look of complacency, when directed to Da Costa, credited by a friendly farewell, testified his sense of that person's humane treatment. If Da Costa found occasion from his late prisoner's situation, for self accusation, how much was that remorse heightened when he beheld the dark and lonely tower, which an Alguazil pointed out in the distance as set apart by government for the reception of traitors, those however who were amenable to suspicion. *That* tower so dreaded by the sympathizing Da Costa, who had formerly endured its solemn horrors in a short but terrible confinement, was to be the residence of his *hapless* victim; *that* tower, whose deep recesses and silent chambers were calculated to deprive innocence itself of its sweet companion, hope; but retrospection afforded not a

glimpse either of consolation or self acquittal to Da Costa. He could only reflect and regret; and when their carriage rolled under the well fortified gateway, and a huge portcullis dropped with a harsh grating noise, he lifted a conscious eye to De Lima, whose pale features exhibited the symptoms of despair, while he tendered a trembling hand as a token of perfect reconciliation to the man he could not but suspect as the contributor to his destruction. Storace beheld this triumph, over justly excited hatred, with the cold sneer of contempt; and after seating himself upon a stone bench, till the chief gaoler retired with his prisoner, he again joined his associate, and waiting till the portcullis which had been dropped by mistake, was again slowly raised, they directly quitted the gloomy enclosure.

In Frederico's passage to the circular apartment prepared for his reception, he observed several soldiers placed as centinels on the different landings, which were each lighted by a single lamp, that threw a gloomy expression upon the features of those guards. In the octangular room below, he also beheld a similar appearance, and shuddered at the heavy sounds that were occasioned by the fastening of some prodigious bars, which belonged to the great door, and closed immediately after the prisoner's entrance. In this tower, once distinguished as the west wing of a noble mansion, was collected every engine of punishment or security that could either alarm or appal. Its windows sunk deep into a wall not less than seven feet thick, were too small to be of use to the interior rooms, encumbered too as they were with thick iron bars and broad lattices, which greatly added to its sombre effect; while chains, axes, and other instruments of torture, seemed, as they depended from the ceiling, or were hung against the walls, as if studiously exhibited to obtain by terror, what might be refused by lenient methods.

Sickening with a variety of emotions, De Lima turned from this horrid collection, and silently followed his conductor till he reached a room which perfectly corresponded with the hall below; it was inferior in dimensions, and furnished only with a low iron bedstead, thin mattress, and scanty coverlet; and lighted by one window of equal size to those he had noticed. Deprived by this hopeless prospect of a speedy release from his misery, De Lima wept in the bitterest anguish; nor heeded the presence of his companion, who eyed him with a keen regard, which gradually softened into a tender pity. "I cannot do you much service Signor," said the humane gaoler, "you are brought hither upon a treasonable charge, and I dare not shew you the indulgencies common to offenders of an inferior stamp; but all unnecessary rigour shall be avoided by me, and every civility attended to, compatible with *my* character as a liege subject to his catholic majesty." As this declamation was couched in terms, which De Lima had no reason to expect, from one, whose office was seldom distinguished for urbanity or polished manners, he felt a little consolation in the idea that he was not consigned over to brutish ignorance; and perceiving Jeronymo had quietly seated himself upon the iron bedstead on which *he* reclined, imagined it could do his cause no harm in committing the whole of it to this new confidant; and after making a proper apology for the trouble he was about to give, ventured to detail in general terms, the events of the past twelvemonth, with his decided opinion of those to whom he attributed his present confinement. Jeronymo listened with a visible degree of uneasiness, often casting his eye towards the door, which being unclosed, admitted a view of three armed centinels, pacing backwards and forwards in the short passage, but he kept a determined silence, till his prisoner perceiving the restlessness of his manner, and in full possession of the motive which created it, suddenly

ceased; and had the mortification to see Jeronymo depart without a single observation upon the tale he had heard, and with a sort of instinctive terror saw his place supplied by those ferocious looking guards, whose constant revolutions about, or across the narrow limits of his chamber, indicated an impatience which he very naturally accounted for; but after the lapse of three hours, they were relieved by three more, who preceded an inferior attendant bearing such conveniences as De Lima stood in need of, in a room which was destined to be his continual residence; added to these little comforts, was a plentiful supply of wholesome food by another hand—a flask of rich wine, with grapes, &c.

If Jeronymo in his strange departure had evinced an unexpected inattention to his prisoner, the omission was well supplied by this bountiful present, for such De Lima thought it must be, as it ill accorded with his treatment in other respects; and he received it with a grateful sense of Jeronymo's liberality. After a tolerable meal to which long fasting gave a zest, he but seldom enjoyed, he courteously offered a cup of wine to his reluctant guards, whose features indicated some surprise at their prisoner's generosity; but they severally rejected his bounty, being evidently mistrustful of each other, while they eyed the sparkling liquor, in silent vexation. Again he tendered it to their acceptance, assuring them that pity for their disagreeable situation, was his sole inducement to make the request. Still they spoke not: but when De Lima approached him who was nearest, he did not decline the flowing cup, and they all followed so good an example.

Thus passed the hours till the clanking of bolts and bars gave notice of night-fall; and he received a fresh mortification in the entrance of a man bearing several heavy chains, which, without offering the smallest apology, he immediately fastened upon the unhappy captive, who had just thrown himself across the bed; to which he was secured by one of larger dimensions, which were made fast to a ring on each side the bedstead, after twice passing round his body. The guards were then relieved by others, and De Lima felt indeed what it was to be subjugated to the power of his most catholic majesty, under the imputation of treasonous practices. In this dreadful treatment, he beheld Jeronymo's circumscribed power, and properly appreciated that goodness, which shewed itself in a liberal attention to his diet and accommodation, while it proved his inability to change the established usages of a state prison.



## CHAP. XVI.

### *HOPE DESTROYED.*

THUS effectually prevented by a policy which provided against every contingency, from the slightest prospect of emancipation, De Lima saw the gloomy days advance and retire, without varying either his dread of the future, or sad retrospection of past events. To sleep under the pressure of heavy chains and in one uneasy attitude was impossible; consequently the anguish of his mind, which no alleviating circumstances could lessen, obtained its full force in those long, long hours of bodily torment; and he eagerly watched the early dawn with involuntary pleasure, as it brought a tardy relief to his intolerable confinement; for when the first change of guard took place, he was permitted to rise, and the galling weight of his nightly bonds supplied by a light fetter, which did not hinder that repose he tried to take in the day. Thus passed a succession of several weeks, during which he never heard the sound of a human voice but in low and sullen whispers, excepting his own, when he had occasion to address his stern companions; for Jeronymo,—the humane Jeronymo, from whose kind attention he derived a hope of seeing him in future, had never broke, by his welcome presence, the gloomy monotony which distinguished the revolving hours; but when De Lima, from repeated disappointments, was sunk into an apathy bordering upon despair, he was suddenly roused by the extraordinary conduct of a centinel, who several times officiously jostled him in his usual circumlocutions; when finding he had obtained the prisoner's notice, the soldier suddenly stopped apparently to examine his fetters, at the same time fixing a penetrating eye upon his companions movements. Convinced that this officiousness was artificial, De Lima carefully attended to its consequence, nor was he deceived; for the fellow slipped a small piece of paper beneath the mattress, bidding him read it, while the guard was changing, as the little bustle it occasioned would prevent any observation. This our poor captive speedily accomplished, and found it to contain a brief injunction to be prepared for an unexpected visitor. The idea of Jeronymo's presence (for not a doubt remained upon Frederico's mind, as to the specified visitor) gave him real pleasure, and he waited in hourly expectation of his arrival; but as the night advanced, this idea faded, and he submitted to his usual state of coercion with inexpressible dejection. All now became solemnly silent; the guards were retired, but no clashing of arms announced the entrance of others, and for the first time during his imprisonment, he felt the faint satisfaction of venting his excessive anguish without a witness.

Thus involved in painful meditation, De Lima watched the progress of a brilliant moon, as it darted its gently moving ray along the opposite wall, through a narrow window above his bed; but the gleam was transitory, and slowly retiring, left him in almost total darkness. It was like the departure of a friend to our wretched hero. There was a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the pure beam which stole away that gratification with its cheering light; but still his eye dwelt upon the wall, when he beheld it again illuminated; but the light was confused, feeble, and unsteady. He then found it to proceed from a shaded lamp, which completely shrouded the figure who bore it. De Lima gazed in deep amazement, anxiously watching its slow approaches, and the name of Signor Jeronymo burst from his lips. The hood was then taken from the lamp by its

bearer, who leaning over his bed, and steadily examining his features, immediately convinced him of his error.

The form of this midnight visitor possessed a dignity, of which his uncouth dress could not deprive him; his face was pale, and touched with the softest traces of pity; his eyes were full of tears, which slowly dropped upon the exhausted countenance he was contemplating; deep sighs burst from his bosom, but when his trembling hand fell upon the horrid chain, he visibly shuddered, exclaiming, "Oh tremendous God! can this be possible?" De Lima could no longer endure the painful sensations which this stranger created, and he conjured him to declare the purpose of his visit. "My purpose, dear unhappy victim, was to give you consolation; but while thus manacled, thus oppressed, under what appearance can it be administered?" A tone so soft, so piercing, so impressively sweet, had never reached our hero's feelings since last he heard his Almeria's melodious voice; but it was the tone of an entire stranger; however it went to his heart, and grateful for this truly unexpected sympathy, he attempted to press the fingers, which still grasped convulsively the confining iron. This was but an effort, for her could not reach them, which the stranger perceiving, stooped to kiss De Lima's emaciated hand, pressing it eagerly to his heart, and expressing his abhorrence of this cruel treatment, in terms of passionate indignation; then addressing the captive, whose astonishment momentarily increased, "Thou knowest me not, poor hapless prisoner, nor dare I lift the veil of mystery from my name and actions; yet powerless as I comparatively am in this place, I will prove myself thy friend; Jeronymo is *not* thine enemy, through him I will contrive at least to lighten thy bonds, and release thee from the society of harsh unfeeling guards; but remember, Jeronymo must not be seen in this business: already thou hast enquired for him, thou didst wrong; be cautious, be resigned: I will see thee again." With this laconic adieu, De Lima was obliged to be satisfied, and beheld the last dull gleam of his shaded lamp, with the reluctance he would have felt at parting with a certain good.

An appearance so extraordinary, and so indefinable, as this was to Frederico, and the evident participation of the stranger in his sorrows, were circumstances which completely awakened him from the stupor of despondency. That he held a place of importance in the state, or that he was distinguished by high birth and an exalted character, was indisputable; since no one, he thought who was undistinguished by either of those claims, could procure the indulgencies *he* had engaged for; *why* that power should be employed in *his* favour, *why* the commiserating tear should flow for *his* sufferings, or *why* a stranger should exhibit such marks of indignation against *his* persecutors, was a mystery which no art could develop, or any hope of investigation encourage to explore. De Lima strove therefore to dismiss the subject, contenting himself with the solid advantages secured to him by this interference.—Certainly his guards remitted not their diligence, but they paraded the passage instead of Frederico's apartment; and at night he was released from coercive constraint, and permitted to sleep with no other restraint than bolts and bars. For several nights following this happy change, he kept at different periods, an anxious eye upon the spot where he had first beheld the feeble lamp's propitious ray; nor was it till the fifth, from that on which he first appeared, that the stranger approached, while his light step scarcely interrupted the silence of midnight: De Lima received him with grateful rapture, and pointing to his comfortable bed, warmly reminded his benefactor that he could then enjoy the blessing of

repose in consequence of that tenderness which was thus exerted in his favour, adding an eager wish to know the name of one so great, so good. "Be not inquisitive," replied this man of mystery, "men call me Signor Douro, but a name in this instance imports nothing, since it is easy to adopt one; *I* came to hear *thy* history not to give my own.—Say then, canst thou entrust?" "*My* history," repeated De Lima, "yes, or my life to such a friend." "Be brief then Signor, nor let a recital of thy troubles overcome thy fortitude, they may be great, but there are degrees of comparison to which all thou canst have endured are trifling." This was an assertion not easily admitted by Frederico, but he respected the author of it, and passed it over in silence.

To the account he had so eagerly requested, Signor Douro gave what may not unaptly be called an agonizing attention; but when he described Sir Henry Tillotson's strong objection to his union with Almeria, a certain fierceness flushed the stranger's countenance; it was not indignation, but a compound of indistinguishable emotions; emotions, which upon an elaborate description of Mrs. Cleveland's person and supposed affinity to the Tavora or Aveiro family, stiffened into horror. At one moment he uttered an execration against Polygon and his coadjutors; at another, De Lima could distinguish the tenderest blessing upon his lovely wife steal from Douro's lips; nor did he affect to smother the sigh or check the tear which this sad story excited. Thus passed the hours so dear to our poor prisoner, who felt from happy experience, the inexpressible difference of conversing at his bodily ease with a zealous friend, and wearing away the tedious nights under an oppressive weight of galling chains and mental agony, while the Signor was declaiming in solemn accents and energetic language against De Lima's base betrayers, that Signor observed, with some surprise, the peculiarity of his dress or rather disguise: it was neither that of a priest or pilgrim, but an odd mixture of both; a large hat ornamented with shells added to a friar's garb, gave him a most fantastical appearance. His age seemed not to exceed fifty years, but the apparently shaven crown, which discovered itself by an accidental displace of the hat, determined De Lima respecting his visitor's profession.—Yes, he held a distinguished post in the Casa Miserecordia, and had thus exerted himself from the most exalted motive, his dress indeed was a stumbling block to this opinion, but that was of little consequence. With the above arrangement our Signor endeavoured to satisfy himself, passing over the many objections, a cool imagination would have opposed, and he beheld Signor Douro's departure with a filial regret; waiting in listless languor for the welcome hour which should again be enlivened by a presence so truly desirable; for he was told to expect his nightly visits, till circumstances should render them either dangerous or unnecessary;—but this was a state of comparative tranquility which promised no long duration, and was interrupted by a notice from his guard to prepare for an examination, which, even an imperfect knowledge of judicial proceedings told him had been astonishingly delayed.

To add to De Lima's uneasiness upon this important intelligence, he was suffered, to pass the preceding night without seeing the supposed friar, and once more felt his fortitude give way, when by the bustle which reached his ears from below, he was taught to expect the entrance of those who were to conduct him from prison. In this he was not disappointed; Jeronymo appeared, and courteously saluting him, delivered an order to the agitated man, commanding his immediate appearance. De Lima would have acknowledged his gratitude to Jeronymo, for the comforts he had enjoyed through his means, but was repulsed by a frown so stern, that it chilled the warmth of a heart eager to

offer the only tribute left within its power; and he bowed respectfully, but in frigid silence, when that cautious being told him the Alguazils and soldiers waited his leisure. A few minutes brought them to the hall appropriated for his examination, where he found several severe, but not noble looking Signors, who were employed to take his examination.

Convinced of the power which simple truth obtains with real integrity, De Lima related in the plainest language, the circumstances which had delivered him over to a jurisdiction respectable in itself, but against which, as an innocent person, he strenuously protested. A deep silence followed this strong appeal to their feelings, whether as judges, accusers, or men, independent of the forms and usages of criminal courts. With the numerous audience, his affecting and nervous representation gained a full and decided credence: they pitied the sufferings they could not relieve, and waited in anxious suspense, the issue of an event which involved so many important considerations; nor was the calm impressive countenance of the implicated criminal beheld without tender admiration.

At length, after several whispering sentences had passed between the chief examiner and his assistants, he addressed De Lima in the following manner: "YOU, Frederico de Lima, sometime since stiled Frederico Cleveland, are brought here to answer a charge, supported by His Catholic Majesty, King of Portugal and the Algarves, Lord of Guinea and the Navigations, Conquests, and Commerce in Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, India, &c. which implicates you in the general charge of treason, brought against the family of which you are supposed to be a member, a family whose horrid and dreadful conspiracy against Our Sovereign Lord the late Joseph, in the year 1758, was most justly and condignly punished; and whose descendants, notwithstanding that great and awful example, are suspected of completing the detestable business by procuring His Majesty's premature death. We do not accuse you, the said Frederico de Lima, of actually assassinating the deceased; but we are led to hold this opinion, that during your former residence in Lisbon, you did, in conjunction with the late Count De Lima, now suffering for his diabolical proceedings, the king's physician, and many others, imagine, contrive, and complete that most hellish act, by treacherously infusing, or cause to be infused in his usual medicines, drugs of a deadly potent nature. This Charge, we are bound to declare, cannot be invalidated by the artful sophistry you have adopted; better proofs must be adduced, before we are authorized to clear you from the dreadful imputation; every attempt at your own justification will be totally useless." Perceiving De Lima about to take advantage of a momentary pause, "You have already pleaded not guilty, this is one step towards a second examination; for the present you must withdraw, and wait till we have collected a body of witnesses sufficient to establish your innocence, or confirm your guilt: and you Jeronymo Morviedro, are charged upon peril of your life, to have your prisoner in safe keeping, conforming in his *treatment*, remember, to the general customs of our state prisons, whether it respects his diet, confinement, or seclusion from every suspicious visitor."

A deadly frown accompanied this closing injunction; nor was it hard to perceive that a check was meant to be given by it to the chief gaoler's humanity, and De Lima dreaded he should feel its effects in future.

The court was then formally discharged, while the audience (who had listened to a pompous harangue, in which the declaimer apparently consulted his own consequence,

rather than the prisoner's case, his feelings, or common justice,) departed with a strong conviction on their minds of that innocence which no formal prolixity could injure.

It was a matter of astonishment to De Lima, to hear the common etiquette of a court inverted as it were,—no witnesses summoned, and the prisoner's defence *preceding* his accusation; but he justly considered it as a necessary step, previous to a more decisive examination, and strove to dismiss the strange occurrence from his mind, as far as respected its irrelevancy. Indeed he found but little difficulty in the attempt; a new load of calamity hung heavy upon his heart: Jeronymo could no longer wink at the visits of Douro,—would no longer be permitted to furnish his table with its usual refreshments; his state of coercion would doubtless be re-enforced, and to complete the climax, Almeria, that precious subject of his keenest regrets, *she* it was but too apparent, must have been made acquainted with his terrible destiny long ere that period, and doubtless was wasting in mournful dejection, those days to which they had mutually referred, as replete with rational felicity.

De Lima had indeed but too much ground for present apprehension; Jeronymo's countenance no longer struggled to conceal the smile of benevolence under a repulsive aspect,—no longer tempered his bodily sufferings by the comforts of a plentiful table; even the conveniences he had of late enjoyed were removed, and he was reduced to the sad situation at first designed him. The effects of such undeserved cruelty, added to the painful retrospection and continued absence of Signor Douro, soon produced a melancholy consequence. Confinement, abstinence, and solitude, interrupted only by the sullen manners of his periodical guards, brought on an epileptic affection; and during its lucid intervals, a general debility prevailed through his whole system, which threatened to annihilate those faculties once so vigorous.

To leave our poor sufferer in a state so wretched, can only be excused by the necessity of recurring to that in which we left his anxious wife.

## CHAP. XVII.

### *FRESH SURPRISES.*

ALTHOUGH the agitation of Mrs. Cleveland's mind prevented that natural relish for polite society, which is generally prevalent with untried youth, she permitted not her private griefs to interfere when called upon to join the gay circle, composed of several British families, whose acquaintance Laurana loved to cultivate; nor did the too visible depression of a loaded heart, obtain sufficient power over her well-regulated principles, to refuse the transitory consolation those pleasant resources afforded. In Laurana she beheld an example she was sedulous to follow: that young creature evidently struggled under a calamity which she strove to conquer; yet, thought our reflecting heroine, how prudently does she adopt the readiest method for expunging a sense of irredemiable calamity! What an example for me to shun that solitude I once coveted, which feeds the sorrow it meant to soothe. Certainly *her* sufferings must be inferior to mine, but does it follow that \*\*\* Here Almeria could draw no satisfactory conclusion, for her decision representing the magnitude of Laurana's troubles was undeterminable, and she mentally continued.—The Baron too, one cause I should suppose gives birth to the sigh that heaves *his* aged bosom, and dims his child's mild eye; yet had they *my* motive for anguish, \*\*\* She could proceed no further in her reflections: a tender recollection broke the link that connected them, her colour heightened, her frame trembled, and the tenderly regretted object of every cherished idea, stood before her mind's eye, in all the interesting gracefulness which formerly distinguished his manly form and features, destroying at once the barrier she strove to place between a rational self denial, and high wrought feelings. This indulgence so dangerous to the resolution she was trying to assume, was happily interrupted by her young friend, who entered with cards of invitation to a select party for the ensuing evening. Mrs. Cleveland felt relieved by what Laurana delicately stiled an intrusion, and gave a willing assent to the gay arrangements.

As the season was passed for the association of dancing or groupes, in the vineyards, their scenes of amusement were transferred to the illuminated drawing room, where every splendid conveniency did credit to the liberal Dr. Canter, physician at that period to the Factory, excepting that of a glowing fire, a sight which renders a convivial meeting doubly cheerful in a more northern situation; but the stoves were so contrived between the walls as to supply a necessary warmth to the apartments; while the song, the dance, added to the amusement of cards, furnished sufficient gratification even to those whose residence in Britain, had taught them to enjoy the comforts of a social fireside.

Among the numerous strangers who were employed in an English country dance, Mrs. Cleveland noticed two ladies at some distance below her, with an idea that she had met them somewhere previous to the present moment. She neglected the dance, and gazed in silent attention; when Laurana, next to whom she stood, led by her earnest look and inquisitive aspect, pointed them out as a couple of young folks entrusted to the doctor's care by a friend who had taken them from the power of an unprincipled guardian. Almeria was indeed awakened to an extraordinary degree of curiosity by this account, and found herself irresistibly drawn towards them, when she was soon near

enough to discern in the faded countenance of one, the features of Anica S-forza: while in the sprightly look of her companion, she recognized her quondam admirer Signora Francisca. To meet with friends from whom she had received various acts of disinterested kindness, and in a situation which permitted a retaliation, animated her sincere heart with a pleasure which nothing but a dread of meeting with Polygon could allay; for in the hurry of the moment she adverted not to Laurana's intelligence respecting their emancipation from his power; and threw a look of wild anxiety about the room, while she shuddered to encounter an aspect so fatal to her safety; but Signora Francisca suddenly recollecting features so highly appreciated under a masculine disguise, approached in a sweet confusion: and a satisfactory explanation ensued, when it appeared from Anica's account, (for her sister was too much embarrassed to speak upon the subject) That a relative to her deceased aunt had come forward in the hope of establishing their claim to that fortune which Polygon withheld; but that he had artfully evaded every legal attempt to procure justice, and triumphed in an usurped authority. When their cousin finding his strenuous endeavours unequal to the talents of a villain, not only advised the injured girls to quit his boasted protection, but actually accompanied them to Tavora; where the good Dr. Canter had a country seat, and to which he occasionally retired; nor had they known a pecuniary inconvenience this worthy physician could supply.

This little narrative, which was given in Laurana's presence, who had withdrawn, accompanied by her new friends to another room, afforded that amiable young creature an ample gratification, and she congratulated them with real pleasure. Francisca with her sister, gratefully received this testimony of a generous heart, when the former on whose brow hung a consciousness of indelicacy from the recollection of certain transactions, turning towards Mrs. Cleveland, asked if she could guess to whom they were primarily indebted for their present freedom? As Almeria was a perfect stranger to every Portuguese who could be supposed to interfere in such a cause, she negatived the question, and confessed her ignorance of more than two or three natives of Portugal, who could be supposed capable of such benevolence, and those—Here she stopped and sighed to the memory of Signor Jerome; while a tear stole to her eye at the recollection of her beloved husband. Francisca smilingly observed, that Mrs. Cleveland was not partial to the citizens of Lisbon, nor could *she* attribute the act in question to one of *them*; “But what think you,” added she, “of the dear blundering romantic Derrick, for it is to him we primarily owe our present happiness, and this through what in *his* situation was certainly an imprudent interference; proving the strength of that philanthropy which could defy danger in its ugliest form. However his wild scheme failed not of its purpose, and I trust he reaps the reward of his generosity, independent of those fears we entertained for his safety.”

As a repetition of the circumstances attending Derrick's interposition, would have broke in upon the amusements of the day, it was settled to defer a full communication till the following morning, when our two Signora's in compliance with Laurana's eager request, which was as earnestly seconded by Almeria, agreed to take an early dinner at the Casa De Lima. They then rejoined the sprightly assembly with hearts alive to the unexpected acquisition they had made to their respective society. Agreeably to the engagement so pleasing to both parties, Francisca and her sister were punctual to the moment; and as soon as the little etiquette of presenting them to the venerable Baron was concluded, Almeria, whose heart made the eulogium upon her favourite Derrick's merits,

which her lips confirmed, entreated Anica would gratify them with the expected detail; Anica smiled, but referred to her sister, as being more perfect in the talent of description, as well as in adopting the manners of those two opposites, Derrick and Polygon; to which her excellent memory could add the whole of their conversation. Francisca laughingly accused the still drooping invalid of a propensity to laziness, and then began with observing,

“That in consequence of her guardian’s discovery of a conversation, (here she coloured very high, looking half apprehensively at Mrs. Cleveland,) not calculated for his ear, he had confined the sisters to their chamber; nor were they released till *your* departure (addressing herself to Mrs. Cleveland) prevented the possibility of a similar offence: when, as we were sitting in the white parlour, which you know commands a corner view of the Terrieres de Passe, we were astonished to see the moveable lattice softly drawn aside, and Captain Derrick’s good-humoured phiz thrust far enough forward to gain a view of those within; when Mr. Polygon, who caught a glance of the luckless intruder, as he sat indolently inclined against my chair, hastily retired to send some one, as we imagined, to detain him; but Derrick had decamped, nor did we see him again till a circumstance occurred which rendered his presence doubly distressing.” As Francisca could not for obvious reasons give the whole of what the circumstance she alluded to contained, we will give it in our own words.

From what this sprightly historian related, it appeared that this portentous meteor, as his adversary stiled him, emerged from his late eclipse; and with such a turbid aspect as foreboded a malign intent, commanded the young people to shun every probability of being surprised in that sort of way, by such a rude being: but Derrick (whose business at the window was merely to speak to the sisters if possible unnoticed) was not to be awed from his purpose, which Polygon’s chilling frown and bustling importance, could not defeat. Dissatisfied however with Patrick’s appearance, and who from his long absence, he heartily hoped was in the hands of government, and eager to try the success of a plan which he feared that unlucky Irishman might circumvent, he determined to put it off no longer, and urged Francisca to meet him in the identical spot, where he once discovered her and Almeria in close conversation. Although extremely averse from a tête-a-tête, with a creature she detested, prudence forbid her denial to this request; and with a reluctance that discovered itself in the tardy step and sullen features, Francisca obeyed the creeping despot. It was true that he had figured as a husband, uncle, and guardian, in her family; and in each of those situations aided by art, effrontery and positiveness, frequently gained his point; but as a *lover*—a whining swain—no, there he was materially deficient; for neither the turged language, and scientific bombast which distinguished his usual address, or that creeping circumlocution he sometimes found necessary to his purpose, were calculated for the approbation of a woman of spirit. Yet Polygon had no choice. He was determined to bring that cause to a final issue, which common prudence would have given up without a trial: and after a preamble, he ventured by obscure hints and awkward phrases, to touch upon his sentiments in favour of his sprightly ward, owing (as he declared) to her situation as an heiress, which exposed her to the attempts of every fortune-hunting jackanapes in the kingdom of Portugal. Nay, for the matter of that, Captain Derrick’s rudeness that morning was rather suspicious, and he should not wonder if \* \* \*—what suspicions Polygon had taken up respecting Derrick, continued for the present a secret to our astonished Signora; who interrupting him with a constrained smile



and mock humility, asked an explanation of what she could neither understand or appropriate; adding, if it were his intention to bespeak her pity against his next gouty paroxysm, he might certainly command it; further than that, she could not extend his wish for this private assignation.

Polygon could scarcely pass over without resentment, this wilful misapplication of his purpose; but suppressing every notice of her flippancy, he made an attack upon what he conceived to be her most vulnerable part, sacrificing to that vanity he thought she possessed, an apparent sincerity; and without arrogating to herself the full possession of those attributes, Francisca was dignified with Juno's majesty, Minerva's wisdom, the beauty of Venus, and Diana's chastity, before she could disclaim her title to the grand assemblage. However while Polygon stopped to collect new flowers of rhetoric, she contrived to give such a turn to the unmeaning hyperboles, as overwhelmed him with confusion; veiling her cutting satire under the mask of pity for his intellectual derangement; nothing short of which she said could justify the rant he had treated her with. After *such* a reception of his *tender* disclosure, Polygon felt the impossibility of continuing the charge, and was meditating how to effect an honourable retreat, when the approach of his arch tormentor Derrick, encreased the rage of an embittered spirit, who in his wild idea of true benevolence, adverted not to the danger of reconnoitering his enemy's premises, but boldly attacked the foe in his retirement. To retreat and leave Francisca with one she professed to love (for something of that sort had escaped during her phillipics) could not be thought of; and he waited to indulge his half stiled acrimony upon an object he so cordially hated. Derrick, without understanding the cause of Isaac's sullen manners, and Francisca's ill concealed mirth, began his customary remarks upon the would be philosopher; and likened his grim visage to the head of an old Saracen: "Or," rejoined Francisca, "an owl by day-light." "Oh, by my conscience now, you pay him a great compliment; an owl indeed! yes, honey, but"—"Signora," said the passionate Polygon, "however the folly and vanity of your sex may plead privilege, I cannot allow it to my own; therefore, if Mr. Derrick means any thing more, by these repeated attacks upon my patience, than the display of his own malicious ignorance, I must insist upon satisfaction." "*Satisfaction*, little Isaac? with all my heart; chuse your weapons, honey, and I'm your man." "Truce with these threats, my valorous Dons," said the half-serious Francisca, who did not altogether approve of Derrick's careless manners, which might, she began to think, stimulate her ancient admirer to some covert of deadly revenge;—"Truce, my dear Captain," she repeated, "to this violent display of your redoubtable courage; and you, my old guardy, be more moderate, and try to make allowance for your poor ward's flippant expressions." "Allowance for what? a tongue that is the precise type of the perpetual motion; or that roguish twist of the features which you cannot disguise, while posting full sail into the gulph of folly, as your favorite *porpoise* would express it, and making me run the gauntlet of your impertinence: no madam, I can support this insolence no longer." "O but you must now, little Isaac, or perchance the *porpoise* may come athwart your hawser, and overset that Dutch fly boat of yours; at any rate, an Irishman's heart may be allowed to speak what his tongue cant utter; and talk with his fingers; and if they don't write a receipt in full upon your musty chaps, may they never handle a rogue again."

"Come sir," cried the Signora, addressing herself to Polygon, who seemed half choked with the rage he now feared to vent, "be reconciled to the Captain; you did not

*always* view his blunders in a serious light.” “*Me, reconciled?*—yes, when a trapezium resembles a rhombus, or an ellipsis a triangle; why is it harder to convince a blockhead of his ignorance and rudeness, than to calculate the solid inches in our mundane system, or measure the mausoleum of King Ptolemy with a yard of twine.” At the conclusion of this elaborate nonsense, he rushed by Francisca with an aspect of bitter indignation, and bestowed upon Derrick a glance replete with malice; who recovering from the paroxysm of mirth which Isaac’s disappointment and mortification had raised, (for his business with Francisca had been partly understood by Anica, who on seeing Patrick, had sent him to the recess in full possession of *her* suspicions,) the friendly Irishman unfolded to his young friend the purpose of his errand, disclosing all he knew of Polygon’s duplicity, and urging the necessity of an application to some one powerful enough to protect the injured girls.

After a hasty acknowledgment for his disinterested kindness, Francisca immediately referred her generous friend to Count Carlos, her mother’s cousin, though with a faint prospect of his successful interference; at the same time agreeing with Derrick, that policy, totally independent of affection, had induced the treacherous guardian to aim at the security of *her* person, as an indemnity for the fortunes of both. She then urged the Captain to beware of those arts, which doubtless had involved the helpless Almeria in his toils. Derrick had scarcely patience to attend to the tender caution, so eagerly did he look forward to an interview with Count Carlos, forgetting even the common forms of civility; and Francisca beheld him making his way over the myrtle hedges, and slight treillage that supported a beautiful vine, but impeded his passage, with an ardent wish that the good he aimed to secure for others, might return in tenfold blessings upon his own head.

To Derrick’s impetuous display of Polygon’s baseness, Count Carlos listened in silent attention. He had encouraged suspicions which this accusation strengthened; and Patrick had the supreme delight to learn even in the deep retirement, to which he immediately returned, those incidents respecting the sisters already explained.

To a character so warm, blundering, and truly original, Laurana gave its full importance: delicate, and ever accustomed to the usages of high life, she yet found much to admire in this noble Irishman, whose principles, words, and actions, however awkwardly displayed, always pointed to the exercise of real philanthropy; and Almeria heard with a delight that expressed itself in tears of grateful recollection, that lady’s panegyric upon the *friend indeed*.

As the circle of Mrs. Cleveland’s valuable acquaintance was so desirably increased, she found still less opportunity for the indulgence of painful reflection, and acceded with cheerful patience to the arguments which both Francisca and her sister offered in favour of an opinion they had adopted, that through Derrick’s unwearied efforts, added to those of Signor Jerome, her husband would be safely restored to her affectionate heart. But these conversations were held in Baron de Lima’s and Laurana’s absence, for Mrs. Cleveland committed to these worthy females, her motives for preserving a rigid silence upon every subject relative to her former life; and while they vainly attempted to solve the Spanish officer’s mysterious manners, agreed to the necessity of a strict concealment. As no enquiries hitherto occurred that implicated Almeria’s safety, or that of her young companions, she beheld the season of melody and beauty advance, with a serenity arising from present comparative ease and encouraged

hope.—A serenity she had not for a long period so completely enjoyed; but again, the restlessness of her destiny prevailed, and fresh trials were preparing for her fortitude.

Accustomed to meet her ancient friend in the saloon at a stated hour, she had just sat down to the organ, and was indulging a tender impulse excited by a little Spanish air, when the entrance of Laurana suspended the sad emotion. Her hurried step and pale disordered countenance would have passed unnoticed, excepting by an affectionate address, if she had not exhibited still more extraordinary symptoms of grief, and reluctance to disclose some terrible intelligence; and the first idea was, that the aged Baron was no more; but when in faltering accents, she hinted her suspicion, Laurana replied with an agonized sigh and uplifted hands, “Ah! would to heaven, he was indeed at peace; or that his generous hospitality had not cost him so dear; but read, unhappy wanderer, and own we have cause to wish that you had never seen the devoted creature before you—Is it not so, Signora? Read—read, dear ill-fated woman, and judge for yourself!”

With trembling fingers and death-like cheek, Mrs. Cleveland took the fatal scroll, which contained the following denunciation:

“If the lives of Baron de Lima and his family, be estimated in any degree above that of the unprincipled emigrant, commonly entitled Almeria, or Charles Cleveland, by whom he has been so mysteriously, so artfully deceived, even to the protecting a person inimical to the interest of our most excellent government, he will abandon that unhappy creature to her fate; over which hangs a cloud, which must involve in the same fearful destiny, *all* whose mistaken generosity shall lead them to reject this friendly warning.—No time should be lost in tardy deliberation.”

Overwhelmed by a stroke for which she was totally unprepared, the wretched sufferer obtained a moment's respite in the torpor of despair, which seized her reasoning faculties, and she held the paper seemingly unconscious of its cruel contents; while Laurana, who had no consolation to offer, beheld her with a commiserating, yet half suspicious aspect; till roused by a message from the Baron to attend him, they slowly prepared to obey the summons, the poor victim waving her hand with an air of silent respect, to the woman who had till that dreadful moment treated her with an attention perfectly sisterly. But if *her* countenance had announced, in a slight degree, the effect of this barbarous billet, *that* of the Baron's immediately impressed the horror of conviction upon the heart of his so lately admired favorite; and she immediately saw in the timidity of age, which so easily admits the reality of a suspected evil, her immediate dismissal. “Yes,” she cried, as if complying with an oral command, “Yes, venerable man of mystery, you *shall* be obeyed: this treacherous act is only another proof that no one *can* interfere to soften the calamities I am bound to endure, without partaking of them. Adieu then, still beloved, still revered friends of my heart! and accept my grateful acknowledgments for the undeserved attentions I have met with.—Once more I must commence a weary pilgrimage!” Here her tears expressed the pang this thought occasioned, when the penetrated nobleman gently asked, why she accused *him* of mystery? when it was but too probable the present evil originated in her own reserve.

“If” she hastily replied, “my gracious lord can account for his poor dependant's recommendation here, that question would be needless;—bound by the most solemn adjuration to keep every part of my former conduct, sufferings, or connexions, from this family, on pain of certain evil; and justified in my concealment by your tacit countenance

of it, Was *I* to blame in preserving my integrity, and copying your own example? How did my heart long to be acquainted with your motives for comparing these care-worn features to that mild interesting portrait;" lifting her swimming eyes to the picture she loved to contemplate, "and how was my fortitude tried in submitting to the injunctions of an unknown! but I am encroaching upon a promise which still remains in force. Once more then, adieu, for ever!"—"Not yet, not yet," said the sobbing Baron, whose tears evinced his reluctance to part with her, and holding out his feeble hand, as she was about to leave him, "there can be no material danger in a few hours delay: it is not thus we ought to part with one, of late so much confided in, so much beloved! Speak, Laurana? Detain this poor unfortunate at least till some plan is fixed upon for her future safety.—My child," and he drew the afflicted Almeria to his bosom, "Canst thou forgive that cold insensibility which casts thee thus upon an unfeeling world?"

Unable to bear this affecting address, she could only kiss his venerable cheek in speechless anguish; and drawing away the hand he held, abruptly, retired to her chamber to consider, if possible, the steps she must take for her own security, and that of her kind benefactor; who in the ardour of returning confidence, lost a part of the fears which had given to his features, the repulsive turn that had quickened and decided Almeria's resolution. But with Laurana, the same fears preserved their force; and she retired to assist her poor friend, under the terrible impression of seeing her snatched from the being, who in such an instance would be unable even to preserve himself from equal destruction. A very little time sufficed for the arrangement of the toilet; but who can do justice to a description of those emotions which shook our hapless pilgrim's heart, when she re-assumed the holy weed; for in that cruel exigence she could adopt no better plan. Forced from the honourable protection, the delicate attentions, and magnificent assylum of her venerable entertainer, to brave again the fatigue and dangers, to which the indulgencies she had recently enjoyed, rendered her unequal; her footsteps no longer watched by the eye of mysterious friendship; possessed indeed of money, there was little room to dread a repetition of the inconveniences she had endured; but might not that wealth be a snare which she must conceal from prying eyes?

Again a message from the Baron demanded her presence, and by a violent effort Mrs. Cleveland subdued her acute feelings, and passed the hours till evening approaching, in supporting that good man's spirits, by making light of her own calamity; when pursuant to his earnest request, she settled to hire a mule, which should convey her a second time, beyond that dreaded country; and once more arose to take a solemn leave of her still sympathizing friends, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Stephania; who informed her lord, she had seen a close carriage drive into the front court, from which three men, habited in black, were just descending as she left the window.

This intelligence, which excited a general consternation, was soon confirmed by the appearance of those very men in Baron de Lima's sitting room; one of whom presented a paper to the astonished Almeria. They wore black habits of a peculiar make, their faces were entirely concealed by a sort of Persian hood, which fell loosely about the shoulders, and the word "*Irresistible*" appeared in large characters upon their prodigious hats.

A visit so singular, would have led the horror struck Baron to suppose they were Familiars belonging to the Inquisition; but the time and public manner of this visit discountenanced that horrible idea. However there was something extremely terrific in

the solemn silence which followed their admission, and Almeria's countenance while she perused the awful mandate; but when one of them offered his hand to lead her away, the scene became inexpressibly affecting;—she could only articulate the word *betrayed*, when she fell senseless from the man's grasp. Her venerable protector unconsciously called for assistance, while Laurana, who had dreaded the result of the morning's information, sunk upon her knees to entreat their pity for that miserable victim; but no other answer followed her tender petition, than these horrid words, written upon a slip of paper, which was held up to her eyes,

*“Amenable to the most Holy Office.”*

*“Betrayed indeed!”* cried the distressed Laurana, as she turned, and threw herself into her grandfather's arms, to avoid the sight of her still inanimate friend, who was immediately conveyed to the coach by those messengers of evil, and without any molestation; so much were the servants awed by this foreboding appearance; Almeria leaving her new friends a prey to sincere grief for an event so unforeseen, and so truly to be regretted; and by whom, strange as it may appear, she had been welcomed, caressed, and all but adored. Prepared they had certainly been, to receive her as a most interesting acquisition to their little circle; but they knew less of her origin, than even Almeria herself. That this extraordinary reception was secured by the recommendation of her unknown friend, was fully evident; although from what concealed cause he obtained an influence so forcible, she could not penetrate. The singular resemblance between her features, and those of the portrait, could not fail of exciting an ardent wish to trace the source; but in the bosom of her venerable benefactor, it created a still more affecting sensation; who felt as a parent, for such in fact he was to its charming original, and was too painfully conscious, that her life had been sacrificed to a series of distresses too acute to be borne with *unshaken* fortitude. Yet he would not indulge the slightest hope that she bore any relation to that lamented being; but her air, her temper, person, and voice, all contributed to encourage the painfully delicious sentiment. How much, then, must he be mortified, when this pilgrim so warmly recommended, endeared by the amazing similarity, so valuable for those graces and excellencies, which daily unfolded themselves, that *she* should become an object of calumny,—of horrid suspicions; and finally, be amenable to a tribunal, whose power could make the stoutest heart, when subjugated to it, tremble.

All this, so inexplicable, yet so true, gave to the Baron's reflections a pang he could well have spared; but she was gone: no earthly interest could avail in her behalf. She must stand or fall by the degree of despotic tyranny, which admitted of no appeal; and the only consolation (if that might be called such which derived itself from the ruin of so sweet a creature) arose from the very natural dictate of self preservation, which taught the Baron to hope, that the shaft had spent its force without implicating his family in its mischievous effects. If the pungent reflections which Mrs. Cleveland's forced absence occasioned, *could* have been more acutely felt by the Baron, the distress of the S-forzas, who arrived about an hour after her departure, must have sharpened them.

From a window where Francisca generally passed her mornings, she had been shocked by a view of the persecuting Polygon, as he walked with an uneasy step along a chequered marble pavement, beneath the portico of a church that fronted Dr. Canter's

Casa. Convinced from this dreadful appearance, that he knew of their assylum, she gently closed the lattice, and flew to inform the unsuspecting Anica, who ventured to approach the obscured window; when from a cool and steady examination of his gestures, she did not scruple to affirm, that he had no suspicion of their actual residence. Somewhat comforted by this assurance, her sister attempted to quell the violence of her *own* emotions, and sat down where she could not be discovered, to try at the development of *his*. It was soon evident that Anica was right in her conjecture; for he never raised his eye from the pavement, except with an expression of anguish, that denoted some extraordinary circumstance, and then dropping it again, as though in hopeless despondency; when suddenly glancing towards the open country, he darted away, and they beheld him no more.

To their benevolent friend, Dr. Canter, Anica related this unpleasant incident, and when she concluded, the good man sighed bitterly; and looking about with the air of one who would not be overheard, told them that he certainly belonged to the Inquisition, several of whose officers had been seen near the Casa de Lima. This intelligence increased their perplexity, but it was not till the Doctor was convinced by ocular demonstration, that those harpies were on their way back, that he permitted the Signoras to visit their friends, for whose safety he began to entertain a thousand fears.

To describe the horror which almost benumbed their senses, when Laurana, with tears and sighs, informed them of Almeria's terrible situation, would be impossible. From Derrick they had learned the character of him, whom they freely accused as the author of this new calamity; and unable to command their agonizing feelings, the unhappy sisters departed, overwhelmed with the keenest distress.

## CHAP . XVIII.

### A CALL FOR RESIGNATION.

TO account for the fresh persecution our heroine was fated to suffer, we must advert to some few particulars, which transpired after her escape from Polygon's house; whose confusion at the disappointment of his artful plans, may be easily supposed; nor could it be equalled, but by the indignation that Patrick's rough attack induced upon that, and a succeeding occasion; and from that period, revenge in its dreadful latitude, became the darling passion of his soul, precluding the operation of every other. Even avarice itself became subordinate to this propensity; and to forward his detestable purposes, without publicly appearing in the treacherous business, called for the exertion of his leading talent, deception. The situation of Father Jerome, his character and well known principles, had hitherto defied every attempt to involve him in the suspicion of the day; but his well known steady attachment to Almeria, a protestant, a supposed criminal, and implicated in a horrible crime; his concealment of Derrick at the hospital, his openly expressed opinion of Polygon's active enmity against the supposed midshipman; *were* circumstances which he thought *might* lead to the success of a project he had in contemplation; and without further delay, he gave in the name of Almeria Cleveland, a protestant, to the *Most Holy Tribunal*, as one amenable to its censures, in having contracted a marriage with her own brother, who was a strict catholic till that event took place; and who then lay under sentence of death, for conspiring with, and covertly abetting those who were reasonably suspected of accelerating the death of his Most Faithful Majesty Joseph late King of Portugal; at the same time accusing the unfortunate Derrick and Jerome Passado, of comforting and protecting the said Almeria in her pernicious actions. But no sooner did this wretched man perceive his designs succeed, for he was immediately summoned to an audience, than the terrors of his guilty soul became nearly insupportable.—The place, its inhabitants, the appearance of those formidable men who took his deposition, all taken together, gave him more of the appearance of a prisoner than an accuser. Their questions too, puzzled and confounded him; for his interrogators were penetrating sensible people, and unlike the generality of that court: proving by their moderation a better title to the general one of *Most Merciful*, than any other of their order, and would not admit of any evidence that was not decisively clear; giving a greater advantage to the unhappy accused, than would be allowed by any *Spanish* court.

From all the Grand Inquisitor could collect, he encouraged a doubt of Polygon's incentive to this destructive appeal. His confusion when ordered to declare what that incentive was, gave him no interest with the Father; but on one point he had so fully insisted, namely, the horrid charge of incest, that his evidence was admitted; and the Familiars, who were scarcely ever foiled in the most difficult researches, received the fatal commission to secure Almeria Cleveland, Jerome Passado, and Patrick Derrick, to answer certain points of accusation laid against the said Almeria Cleveland.

As Polygon had described in his deposition, the person of that unhappy innocent, and her disguise, which she had dropped when she left his house, so he had also mentioned the loss of the pilgrim's habit, which, upon searching her apartments, he

immediately missed; and by his indefatigable, though secret enquiries, had traced her flight to the vineyards, where he lost all further hope of pursuit; but the Familiars had surer success, and Polygon upon his second appearance in their awful court, was informed of her place of residence, and permitted, nay commanded to accompany her pursuers for the purpose of identifying her person. To add to the pangs of a conscience already touched with a sense of the irreparable mischief he had occasioned, this vindictive wretch was struck with a repetition of a low and half stifled groan, followed by several sobs and inarticulate murmurs, which seemed to proceed from a neighbouring chamber, but he dared not venture a question respecting its cause; however, although he still felt a cordial hatred against the victims of his malice, so much did he repent the part he had acted, as to form a resolution of giving the unoffending Almeria a chance of escape; proving, in this instance, the influence which an exhibition of present calamity has upon a heart not totally abandoned to hardened vice.

Had Polygon been fully acquainted with the dangerous effects of tampering with inquisitorial power, he would not have ventured such a step; but, as all he knew of it consisted in vague reports, added to the little he had heard and seen, he determined upon the method already described; wording the billet so artfully, as to put Almeria upon her guard, gratify his wish of rendering her present assylum useless, and acquit himself of a charge, which even his very convenient conscience could not justify, that of giving her up to a tribunal, compared to whose generally merciless decrees, those of a civil government are mild in the extreme.

For the fate of Derrick or the Cavalier, his remorse was not awakened; as *they* were merely accused of countenancing the offender; and this opinion, which originated in the ignorance we have mentioned, prevented every shade of compunction. What then were his sensations, after contriving to send his billet unnoticed, to see his disagreeable companions prepare for their infernal visit? Already was he heartily sickened of such dismal society. Their constant taciturnity, tremendous appearance, and still more tremendous employment, gave them the looks and manners of demons; but when they returned accompanied by the still senseless victim, his agonies were great indeed. Her pale and piteous aspect, her attitude, as she reclined upon the bosom of a Familiar, their sullen command to him to join them in the coach, which stopped at a lone house where they had left this tardy sinner, to execute their horrid office, completely overpowered him, and his trembling legs failed to support him; but awed by a black and threatening frown, he made another effort; and when Mrs. Cleveland recovered from her torpid state, the first object which met her eye was—Isaac Polygon. Confused as her ideas were, she soon recovered perception enough to see the bitterness of her fate in all its terrific points; and the look she gave her betrayer, sunk deep into his soul. To enter into conversation with the beings who surrounded her, was an effort she could not make. It was enough to find herself associated with what Derrick would have denominated the *Blood-Hounds* of St. Dominick; for she recollected the fatal scroll that announced their horrible errand, and which she had received from one of them at Tavora; but what connection there could be between Polygon's concerted plan against her, and the cause of her attainder by the inquisition, was an enquiry which was unequal to the state of her bewildered faculties; and she saw herself completely miserable, without any prospect of mortal interference. Subject to the influence of a long suspected enemy; thrown into the hands of wretches whose cruelty was proverbial in protestant countries; ignorant of all that was to follow,



although dreading the worst; without the comfort of one sympathizing friend; travelling she knew not whither, in comparative gloom, for there was no light to relieve the horrors of midnight, but what arose from a small lamp, which fixed to the back of the carriage, gleamed with a pale trembling ray upon the faces of those before her; faint too from want of nourishment, and yet loathing the refreshment they silently offered; with all these accumulated sorrows, how little did she suppose that the guilty Polygon was still more wretched than herself; or that the tremor of his voice, and deadly hue of his cheek, originated in pity for *her* sufferings, horror of his other fellow travellers, and a too late repentance for the wickedness of his conduct.

After a melancholy journey of several hours, our poor hapless heroine was told, or rather commanded, to alight at the door of a lonely house: which she did, assisted by one of her sullen guards. Cold was the breath of the morning; a heavy mist which whitened the ground, and hung upon every object within her view, gave an aspect of desolation to the dreary scene; but the blaze of a wood fire, which warmed the cottage, if it failed to enliven her weary spirits, spoke better things to her companions; and while they made a brisk application to a rich olio that smoked upon the dirty table before them, she ventured to solicit a cup of coffee. A look from one of the officers was sufficient: the landlady, who was busily engaged in supplying the table, left her employment, and leading Almeria to an inner room, pointed to a mattress, upon which she gladly threw herself; and in somewhat less than an hour, the woman returned with coffee, biscuit, dried grapes, and wine. There was something in this delicate attention, so contrary to the cold repulsive behaviour of her conductors, that almost shook her opinion of their characters. There was also a degree of respect, not unmixed with pity, in the countenance of her female attendant, that encouraged her to ask if she was acquainted with her customers in the outer room. Had the terrified creature beheld a serpent, she could not have expressed stronger symptoms of affright; but she spoke not: Mrs. Cleveland repeated her question, which the appearance of a Familiar at the door effectually silenced. “You are to *eat*, not *talk*,” said the tyrant. Mrs. Cleveland heaved an agonized sigh, but submitted.

In this way she passed four days of cruel anxiety. Their stages were not long, but a continual supply of mules rendered the journey no otherwise tedious, than what was occasioned by the fears, doubts, and harassing forebodings, which rendered life itself a burthen to the helpless prisoner; but when on the last night of her sad pilgrimage, she alighted at the great door of St. Dominick’s church, which she had formerly been shewn as belonging to the court of inquisition, her terrors equalled any thing she had ever before experienced upon her own account; and the few minutes that passed before they were admitted, were never afterwards recollected without a sense of exquisite misery. She could even fancy the hollow moan of air that streamed through the enormous key-hole, warned her of tormenting sufferings; but when the door was opened, and the gloomy aisle which led towards a low arch at the farther end, extended in solemn obscurity before her, Almeria shrunk from her conductor; looking round in hopeless agony even for that countenance, which among those so much more ferocious, lost some of its guilty character. But her humid eyes encountered only objects of abhorrence. Polygon was no where to be seen; and she was commanded to advance towards a door that opened within the arch already mentioned; and was lighted by a single lamp, sufficiently luminous to throw an imperfect gleam upon the passage beyond. Unconsciously, Almeria attempted a faint resistance, when she had reached the entrance of those subteranean apartments, that

ran under the edifice and part of a square adjoining, entreated that pity from her guards of which they barely knew the name: "I cannot!" cried the wretched prisoner, "I cannot enter yon horrid place; and see" pointing to two men completely disguised in dark woollen garments, "they come to drag me to prison and to death; Have mercy! O, in pity to an unoffending wretch, have mercy!" Her imagination then became so entirely bewildered, as she perceived herself seized and rudely drawn forward by those very beings, that she no longer retained any perception of her situation; nor knew for a long interval (as it afterwards appeared) how or in what manner she became subject to inquisitorial power, till awakened to a painful sense of excessive debility, she possessed a faint recollection of the past; but found no clue to guide her desultory ideas from external objects, being involved in total darkness, and a silence more awful than pleasant even to *her* weak state, reduced as she was to infantine weakness; for the slightest movement was attended with an agony so acute, and every nerve seemed touched with such extreme sensibility, that our unhappy heroine, as the power of recognition strengthened, concluded her present dreadful feelings originated in an actual infliction of inquisitorial torture; which she was led to imagine had been administered during her torpid state, as also, that her revival was owing to the pungent sensations it awakened.

Thus persuaded, the poor invalid uttered a feeble groan, while the slow tear stole from her half closed eye; when the sound of a light step passing near her bed, kindled a desperate hope, that though in excessive obscurity, she was not utterly forsaken. The darkness too suddenly abated, and her weakened optics traced a female form in the distance; she also discovered herself to be in a decent well furnished room, her bed surrounded by white linen, and all she could discern about her wore the appearance of neatness and comfort. Still her pains encouraged the notion that she *had* been a sufferer by penal torture, and she ventured a question upon that subject to the woman, who was then bending over her with a look of tender concern. "No Signora," replied the affectionate creature "you was brought hither immediately after you fainted in the church of our most holy tribunal;" devoutly crossing herself, "and as a high fever and strong delirium succeeded, Doctor Patinho applied several blisters, which I suppose has occasioned the excessive misery you seem to be in; but take courage, you will soon be better, and"—Here she was suddenly stopped by the entrance of a tall figure, whose garments spoke his profession, and Almeria shrunk from the sight of one whose outward garb was calculated to terrify her weakened spirit. The stranger beheld her agitation, and in words of the softest and most benevolent import, strove to calm her fears. She listened, trembled, but insensibly found her horrors at this interview abate; and as he proceeded, they gradually sunk into a mild confidence in her visitor. "You have been basely treated my poor child, but a signal punishment awaits, nay, has already fallen upon your persecutor; already he feels the pangs of a conscience awakened to a sense of enormous guilt. Be patient then, well have you sustained the overwhelming power of an adverse fate, but be not inquisitive as to future events: great and solemn mysteries are upon the eve of explanation. There are yet hopes of a happy termination to the wrongs you have endured, and not yours only, but those of your suffering Frederico. *He* has friends; *you* have friends, whose power will, I trust, crush the malevolence of demons, for who but demons could fabricate such mischief. I see the spirit of curiosity arising to that languid eye; you almost disbelieve the romance of your past life. The incidents are so singular, and so seldom occurring in the common course of things; but what is improbable, argues

not impossibility: *my* interference as an inquisitor, (for enough have you seen of our attendants to understand *my* sacred calling) may doubtless appear extraordinary; but it is an inconsiderable addition to the wonders by which you are surrounded. At present it is a security for your safety, your peace, your life: hereafter it may be of consequence to your happiness. Adieu, then, my child, and rest secure from future disturbances. When this cruel indisposition has given way to convalescence, you will be removed to a little habitation near Belem; where, in a retired spot, you may be enabled to recover tranquillity sufficient to establish the health that has received a shock so severe. Depress not therefore the elasticity of hope, by that enemy of human enjoyments, despondency; and particularly its dreadful offspring—despair!”

“An *Inquisitor*?” faintly responded the amazed invalid, “One whose confessed employment is to punish errors not cognizable by civil jurisdiction; whose severity is proverbial, whose dark proceedings render him obnoxious to every province within his power, by *him* am I bid to look up for the choicest blessings! Say then, O man of mystery, What is thy motive for this astonishing kindness; And who art thou, that has snatched a devoted creature from the jaws of destruction?” “How natural is this inquiry in one so persecuted, so tantalized: but, my daughter, I fear your fortitude;—I fear your debilitated state would not be equal to a further disquisition, or perhaps I might in part explain.—In part did I say! little, very little satisfaction could *all* I have *now* in my power to communicate, afford to an inquisitive spirit.” “Oh for that little!” exclaimed the impatient Almeria, whose strong hope of understanding her wonderful informer, gave a momentary vigour to her voice, “Tell me but in part, and I solemnly engage to avoid any further enquiry.”

While she was urging her important petition, the self named Inquisitor, who, previous to this conversation had discharged her nurse from her immediate attendance, arose slowly from the stool on which he had seated himself, and placing a candle fronting the bed, again advanced, while Mrs. Cleveland watched his every motion with eager attention. He then threw off the awful symbols of his profession, and Mrs. Cleveland beheld—in the dress—features—and form of a Portuguese Inquisitor, her sympathizing, warm protector,—the Spanish Officer! his countenance touched with gayer animation than when she saw him last, but equally informed with the warmest traits of affection. And can it be, thought Almeria, as she gazed upon a being so justly dear to her, do I indeed behold again that interesting friend? Yes, it is him! and she held out the hand nearest to him, as if to acknowledge the gratitude his presence awakened; but the effort was feeble, while the joy that throbbed tumultuously at her heart, deprived her of every power of exertion, and she sunk backwards, insensible. Her fit was of short duration, but sufficiently long to procure a heavy disappointment of every further hope; for upon her recovery, Almeria found her benefactor’s place supplied by several female attendants; and when she questioned them about him, was told that he had entered their sitting room with a look of tender apprehension, informing them of their lady’s sudden fit, and charging them to use every effort to revive her; that he then hastened to a close carriage which waited for him at a small distance out of sight.

The helpless Almeria sighed, but remembered her former engagements to this unaccountable being, as well as his present injunction “not to be inquisitive;” and felt encouraged to continue her confidence in professions which his former and recent conduct so well justified. Relying also upon his assurance of further protection, she

quietly submitted to the exigencies of her situation; and in about three weeks from her first arrival at this little assylum, which was seated in the environs of Lisbon, she thought her strength tolerably equal to the journey she was to undertake.

With a mind still alive to the ultimate cause of her keenest regret, Mrs. Cleveland beheld the walls and turrets of his *Most Faithful Majesty's* palace at Bellem, in a state of terror, which the appearance of Mary Frances Isabella, his neice and consort, contributed to strengthen, as she approached a window which commanded the road; while justly considering that woman's ridiculous suspicions, as the leading event to her husband's cruel imprisonment, she found a degree of relief when she no longer beheld that arbitrary dispenser of such an undeserved punishment; while soothed by a contemplation of the country before her, she enjoyed a temporary suspension of certain forebodings, which *would* intrude as imperious circumstances demanded.

If any part of Portugal could justly claim admiration, it was the valley into which they were descending. Not yet subject to the intense heats that rendered it an arid waste in summer, she noticed the early tints of infant spring, which hung upon every reviving plant, with a pleasing interest; as they contrasted, by their tender green, the bold yet lively hue of myrtle, and those oderiferous productions which defy the imperfect winter. Her residence too, which Lisetta remarked among the distant vineyards, had every charm to attract a feeble invalid, when renovated strength should permit her to ramble among its sweet inclosures, that were equally secured from a scorching sun, or the chilling air of December. But this prospect on a nearer approach lost some of its charms, for she grew fatigued almost to insensibility, and gladly retired to a plain but excellent bed, to which upon their arrival, she was conducted by Lisetta; and on the following evening, was able to visit every part of this sweet dwelling, with a pleasure she had but seldom known;— frequently breaking into a grateful apostrophe to that Providence, which had empowered its noble agent to secure to her an assylum from the storm, that still raged against, and threatened to desolate the family of which she was taught to imagine herself a branch.

Alone, or at least apart from any desirable society, Almeria's meditations frequently turned upon the dear friends she had left at Tavora. For the excellent Baron she had imbibed a very high degree of veneration, and placed his conduct towards her in the most exalted light.—The portrait too, to whose features she bore, even in her *own* estimation, a most astonishing likeness; and the marked attention of Laurana and her grandfather, as they pointed out the similarity, failed not occasionally to stimulate a curiosity that she sometimes felt concerned not to have gratified; while at others, she rejoiced in a self denial so laudable. For their visible melancholy she could not fully account; little suspecting the full source of a sorrow so mysterious, or, that Laurana beheld in that picture a beloved and invaluable parent, who was torn from her at a time when she was just old enough to feel her loss, with all its bitter consequences. The grief too, of Francisca and Anica for her enforced departure, would, she justly imagined, unite them more frequently in one cause with Laurana; and while Almeria enjoyed the advantages of a peaceful security, she glanced occasionally at those refinements of polished life, which rendered her residence at Tavora so truly pleasing. The few, but tranquil walks about that city, which were varied by a vast inequality of surface—the bold acclivity, or rapid descent—the broad plain, and deep defile, had been equally explored by this child of nature, and equally admired.

In the present instance, those amusements, had they offered themselves in a similar degree, were in some measure interdicted not only by her fears of a discovery, but in the caution which Lisetta practised; who, although particularly careful to oblige and indulge her amiable mistress, never once mentioned the comforts of salubrious air and gentle exercise; and even went so far as to say, when Mrs. Cleveland expressed a desire to enter the vineyard in which the casa stood, that “she believed the most holy father did not intend—that is—did not suppose the Signora would be well enough to \*\*\*” “I understand you, Lisetta; it is enough: I shall not put your sincerity to the test, and am extremely well satisfied to remain where I am.” Lisetta expressed her gratitude for this condescension, and the subject dropped: while Mrs. Cleveland contented herself with enjoying the noontide sun, as it called into bloom the eglantines which waved about her latticed window.

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OR,  
*ERRORS OF ECCENTRICITY.*  
VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE  
IRISH GUARDIAN,  
OR,  
ERRORS OF ECCENTRICITY.  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY  
MRS. MACKENZIE.

WHY I can smile, and murder while I smile!  
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I can add colours to the cameleon,  
And wet my cheek with artificial tears.  
SHAKESPEAR.

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CHAP XIX.

*AN IRISHMAN IN THE WRONG.*

AS we have already detailed Captain Derrick's successful expedition in favour of the injured Signoras, S-forza, and safely restored him to the retreat he so rashly quitted, we will now follow him to a period distinguished by circumstances peculiarly distressing; in which he found himself, involved, through those very errors, that independent of their consequences, would, had they been properly guarded against, have assumed the character of laudable principles; but with the cold customs that prudence directs and justifies, Patrick had nothing to do. In his estimation, vice ought *always* to yield to, and to bend beneath the mighty crush of virtue. Totally ignorant of those wise operations, which, for ends unknown to indiscriminating mortality, supercede for a time the most benevolent efforts, he considered it as an article of his faith to expect even supernatural assistance, (for without it, many of his futile plans could not be realized,) upon all occasions that presented to exercise his benevolent propensities; and which, as he had been remarkably favoured in a few particular instances, the same infatuation encouraged him to pursue. True, he had not then to learn the possibility of disappointment, since even those plans which were most rationally founded, often failed; but Derrick, fully persuaded of their vast utility, and that they were properly cast, and still better conducted, would not suppose their defective powers rested with the contriver, but went on still inventing—still deceived. Yet no ways discouraged by repeated mortifications, he comforted himself with the adage of "*Worse luck now, better another time.*"

His impetuosity was also a trait in his disposition, which frequently proves its own punishment; and in the following instance, produced a train of consequences that threatened irreparable mischief.

It may be necessary in this place, to disclaim every title to the mean character of a plagiarist; as the situation in which our unlucky Irishman is so shortly to appear, has already been described by our more able contemporaries; nor would we have hazarded a description, (in which nothing entirely new can be introduced, if we except the originality of a very troublesome prisoner) could it have been avoided, without a chasm in our history. As it is, we will throw ourselves upon the candor and generosity of our readers; who will, we trust, allow of the possibility for descriptions and characters to tally in a degree, where the subject cannot admit of a total variety. For this we will venture to engage, that where truth and nature can be preserved inviolated, we will give our simple tale as much diffusion and originality, as an exact regard to history and well authenticated events will justify.—

Return we, then, to our honest Hibernian, who possessed a courage which was strengthened by the impetuosity already hinted at, and which no common circumstance could appal; adding to it a certain tenacity of opinion, or in other words, an inflexible



obstinacy in all those points, where he conceived such an exertion necessary. Hence those repeated blunders which so often crimsoned the cheek, and pained the heart of his beloved child; and hence, the success which even his temerity did not always defeat.—Attached to the Cavalier Jerome, and so well assured of his loyal principles, and well established character upon that head, Derrick had never supposed that Polygon, whose interest he laughed at, and whose malevolence he despised and detested, possessed influence enough in that country to strike at that Cavalier's safety; although Jerome, it was evident from the caution he used, was not quite so sanguine; but previous to Patrick's last attack upon Polygon, the scheme which involved those warm friends of innocence had been laid, and the mine was ready to spring, which was to blow the unfortunate Irishman's plans to atoms, and complete a revenge so detestable!

In consequence of the pursuit Jerome had so carefully conducted respecting his valuable young friend, for whose honourable safety he entertained some very reasonable fears, his trusty agents generally passed an hour or two in a day, in one or other of those houses, which they well knew to be frequented by the spies of government; contriving to give their appearance an air of chance, in the cherished hope of gaining some clue to her present situation. As it was necessary to assume a dress and manner entirely opposite to their station and purpose, Manuel, the leader, chose to be distinguished by a laughing light frivolity;—one who could tell a good story, sing a good song, and attached, within the rules of decorum, to the generous juice of the grape. Upon one of these occasions, it was his good or bad fortune to be noticed by Jacobus Storace, who with several others of the same stamp, were apparently waiting the arrival of another person, as they expressed their wonder at his improper delay.

Some flasks of wine stood before them, one of which was immediately pushed towards Manuel, with a high recommendation of its superior flavour; but before he was qualified to pronounce his opinion, the appearance of *Isaac Polygon* deprived him of every inclination, but those of coming at the motive of this meeting and escaping unsuspected. To do the latter, would defeat any attempt at the discovery of their schemes; and even after he found himself perfectly secure from Polygon's suspicions, that old deceiver's habitual caution, prevented his understanding any thing further than mutilated scraps of a conversation which was not intended for the ear of a stranger; and, from which, to avoid singularity, it was necessary he should either withdraw, or put in execution a plan he had often meditated, this was, to feign excessive inebriation; and he sportively taking a flask of brandy, offered to empty it immediately, at the same time exhibiting symptoms which seemed to render such a step unnecessary.

Trusting, therefore, to the goodness of his head, he swallowed enough to countenance the suspicion he wished to realize, and in a few minutes dropped from his seat in apparent stupidity; but in the management of this business, Manuel overrated his ability as a toper, and was too much confused to understand more than the words—"Cavalier"—"Prison"—"Derrick"—"Revenge"—and "Familiars;"—these, however, were sufficient to convince him, that his beloved master, in whose company he had fought, bled, and conquered, was in imminent danger, and this not from the civil power; and that he ought not to lose a moment in guarding him against it. Recovering, therefore, as quickly as he dare from the floor upon which he had fallen, Manuel stumbled away without being detained by any officious politeness, and he soon found himself on the road leading to the Cavalier's abode;—when the fumes of what he had taken, acting in

conjunction with an evening breeze upon his desultory brain, rendered it impossible to reach the hospital till he was somewhat recovered.—For this purpose, a fallen tree offered an acceptable seat, and Manuel soon found himself enabled to proceed; but just as he was about to renew his walk, a smart blow upon the shoulder, occasioned him to turn suddenly round, when his eye was saluted with the rosy phiz of the laughing Derrick; and his ear, with the salutation of “What cheer, messmate.”

Manuel answered the challenger with much respect: for Patrick’s harmless eccentricities and inexhaustible cheerfulness, had secured him as many friends at his assylum, as the Cavalier’s continual caution permitted him to select; and indeed a few more,—for Derrick was not particular in *his* selection, provided they possessed apparent honesty and real good humour.

To meet the Irishman so far from home, was matter of astonishment to Manuel, who knew his master’s motives for confining him; but, when he beheld in the twinkling eye, and staggering gate of this true son of Neptune, certain indications of his *own* late imprudence, and that Derrick had also been sacrificing to Bacchus, Manuel’s wonder ceased; and he thought himself justified, although little better than his companion, to walk home with him. Respectfully, therefore, he took the passive sailor’s arm, and made towards the common fields, beyond which the stately mansion stood. Derrick passed quietly on till they arrived at a small wine house, much frequented by those of the Factory, and others who drank mixed liquors, for its excellent Hollands; when perceiving Manuel turning his leg over a low stone wall, beyond which their path extended, he suddenly stopped—drew away his arm from his conductor, and with an arch grin, said they were upon a wrong tack, for there was a snug harbour within reach, where they might lie too, and refresh themselves with some excellent grog. Manuel shrugged up his shoulder, with “*Patienza bono St. Antonio?*” for he could not comprehend Derrick’s half Portuguese—half Irish—embellished as his accents were by a certain stammering, which wonderfully assisted to bewilder his meaning.

“*Patienza?*” hiccuped Patrick, “why as I live now, but he may be as good a saint as St. Anthony, or the whole string of those *gintry*, and I don’t care if I *do* take a sup with him, but I *niver* heard of his name before; so come along, honey!”

“*Nos esperanza?*” rejoined the unhappy Portuguese with a deep sigh, who feared he should be kept too long from the execution of his important commission by this foolish delay. — “*Knows Poronzo?* It’s more than I do then:” interrupted the quibbling Patrick, “but I suppose he is a saint of *owld* Bacchus’s canonizing, and an acquaintance of the other *owld jontlemin*’s, so we will even join company.” But finding Manuel gently attempting to cross the wall, he asked if Signor Patienza and the other old soaker were gone that way? because why, *he* shouldn’t stir a step after them:—“But mayhap you do not fancy the company of an honest tar! well, well, all’s one for that;—however,” raising his voice to its utmost pitch, and giving poor Manuel a very uncourtly shake, “it is my will and pleasure to drink a glass of grog in that very house: You see it, dont you, just before?—Well then, as I am none of your shim-sham cowardly beggarly Portuguese, who bye-the-bye isn’t a maravidi better than a half tiger, half monkey fiddling skipping French jackanapes,—why I don’t like to be alone without somebody with me,—so come along,” giving the astonished fellow a hearty pull, “and we’ll set foot to foot till—but how now!—What are all these cursed grimaces about?—You can’t go!—business—honour—all stuff!—Won’t? By Davy Jones’s Locker but you shall now, and that’s a

bowld word, seeing that its fuller of *gowld* and precious stones than the snug little Casa at Loretto, that took such a nice bit of a walk without moving from the place it was born at; or the *owld* cuckold's nest at—faith, I forget, O—at Mecca.”

As Manuel was not quite competent to the art of studying the Captain's hyperbolical allusions and metaphors, he luckily escaped the necessity of calling him to an account for the unequivocal rudeness of his reflections; but still steadily persisted in his refusal to stop; and after wasting some precious minutes in trying to explain his motives for hurrying homewards, he again attempted to draw Derrick from his fixed purpose; but with a superior degree of manual strength and invincible obstinacy, his antagonist obtained a complete victory over the unlucky Portuguese; who, too weak to withstand the potency of frequent libations, soon felt himself unable to retire without that assistance he had so prematurely offered to his equally helpless companion, and it was almost midnight when these convivial friends arrived at the great hospital.

The Cavalier, who had been extremely anxious for the safety of his thoughtless favorite, received him with real displeasure; and the more when he beheld the situation of both. But his serious remonstrances were opposed with so much inoffensive drollery by Derrick, and the contrast which his laughing features exhibited to Manuel's heavy rueful countenance, that even *Spanish* gravity could not have withstood an inclination to smile; and unwilling to commit himself before an erring servant, he would have dismissed the conscious culprit; but the length of the walk had so far assisted Manuel's recollection, as to bring forward certain remembrances respecting his master; and throwing himself suddenly at Jerome's feet, he entreated him to punish his dreadful transgression in any way he should think proper. “Retire to rest, Manuel,” replied the Cavalier, who mistook the cause of this eager address, “to-morrow I will think of an adequate punishment.”

—“*To-morrow?*” repeated the half distracted creature, “O my master,—now!—this very minute, spurn me from your feet! I have ruined you! this fatal delay” and he looked reproachfully at Derrick, “has destroyed you—Fly this moment! They will be here immediately: nay, I hear them now!” and he looked round with inexpressible agony, “I hear the carriage,—O that the earth would open and swallow up the monster who could betray so dear a master!”

“Begone, fool, and sleep off this mad enthusiasm,” cried the really angry Cavalier, “and you, Signor, retire also, I chuse to be alone!—“What leave him to the power of those who—but ah! Signor, indeed I hear a carriage—it approaches from the road—its wheels roll heavily under the gateway”—he then ran to the window, “Yes, yes, Jackimo opens the inner gates and bows as they pass,—What shall I say, that you are dead?—That you cannot be disturbed?”

Convinced by the sounds which whispered along the lower passages, that some visitors had actually arrived, Signor Jerome made a sign to his servant to be silent, while he opened the door, and listened with a countenance not wholly free from apprehension; but a dead stillness which succeeded the late sounds, struck the Cavalier as bearing an analogy in more lights than one, to the tremendous silence which preceded the memorable earthquake. To Derrick, who had derived much entertainment from what *he* stiled *owld Patienza's* fancies, this visit appeared no ways extraordinary; and he readily concluded they were some hasty *sowls*, who were sneaking home from a rare jollification, and were afraid of being heard by the Governor of that enchanted castle; but Manuel's agonized countenance and frantic actions told another tale; forbidden to speak,

he could only weep, sigh, and have recourse to his beads, unheeding the irreverend gestures of his companion.

After waiting in uneasy suspense for nearly a quarter of an hour, Jerome distinctly heard the clapping of doors, which was immediately succeeded by the steps of several people as they slowly ascended; and—a similar appearance to that which we described as presented itself to the affrighted Almeria, struck terror to the heart of Jerome; who fully understood the mystic signs of an inquisitor's profession. Derrick, who had never beheld a scene like this, gazed at the terrific figures with a wild half-frightened eagerness; but, when they presented a paper with the usual forms to the Cavalier, he directly encouraged an idea, that Polygon was at the bottom of the precious mischief, and he immediately planned a system of opposition to their designs; internally swearing the good Cavalier should never be subjected to such a villanous crocodile.

Had our Captain possessed but his usual scanty share of caution, he would have submitted with a better grace; but with his animal spirits heightened by grog, and every feeling which benevolence, hatred, courage, and impetuosity could enliven,—and roused by this supposition, revenge became the settled purpose of his soul, and the supposed agents of his *enemy* its determined objects. While watching for an opportunity to execute his mad intention, Derrick kept an attentive eye upon the familiars, who civilly pointed towards the door as a signal for their prisoner's departure; while another of those unwelcome guests, made a motion for *him* also to accompany his friend. "Thank you heartily," cried the indignant Irishman, "but *I* chuse to remain where I am, and so shall this *jontlemin* d'ye see; so set off and tell the *owld* cannibal he is mistaken for once, that's all, honey!" A tremendous frown was the only answer he received to this daring attack, as the familiars were astonished for a moment even beyond the power of acting; but immediately recovering, two of them advanced, seized the refractory Patrick, and were dragging him towards the passage when Manuel entreated him, for the love of St. Anthony, to submit to the orders of the most holy tribunal.

"A fig for St. Anthony,—the Pope, and all his whelps too," replied Derrick, who struggled to free himself from the grasp, "they may kiss—and as to your holy tribunal, to come for to drag a man out of his bed without knowing why, as one may say,—I would not give a —— for such love as that!" "For *my* sake then, Derrick," said Don Jerome, "submit to your fate, and go without opposition; you know not the ruin you are bringing upon me, Frederico, Almeria, and yourself by this conduct."

Too much exhausted for farther resistance, and touched with this affecting appeal to his passions, he reluctantly submitted to be *put* into the covered carriage; for he swore that not a member of his, which was the true Irish oak, should ever be employed to carry his body into a Portuguese limbo; nor did he fear being detained there long, as no venomous reptile could stand the power of that same Irish oak which composed his frame, (poor Derrick was rather premature even in this declaration) therefore they would rejoice to be rid of him. With these and similar reflections, he passed the time till they arrived at the prison, creating a thousand apprehensions in Jerome's bosom, for the fate of a man who had ventured greater lengths in his impolite resistance, than ever prisoner had done before; for though he had delivered his rude defiances in his own language, it by no means followed that they were not understood by the guards, who were generally competent to their awful employment in its different departments; however, this remained to be known, and the Cavalier could only (by pressing his hand or a whispering entreaty

to forbear) signify his sorrow for his friends imprudence but these were lost upon Derrick although in pity to the suffering Cavalier, he checked that volubility which was soon to be completely stopped.

To describe Patrick's hostile menaces, frantic entreaties, and bitter sarcasms, when he found he must be separated from his friend, and occupy a small room, or rather cell, without even the comfort of venting his anger in loud soliloquies, would be unnecessary, nay impossible. The solemn silence of those awful domains, where every groan or sigh, as it burst from the tortured spirit, was amenable to censure, and the indulgence of them forbidden; the distant whispering step of those whose employments demanded their presence in the various cells; the *visible* darkness, as *he* called it, rendered still more melancholy by a few lamps, disposed in different parts of the prison; and the uncertainty of his own and the Cavalier's fate, soon conquered our poor prisoner's courage; who, thoroughly recovered from his late inebriation, and left to the perpetual employment of self examination, began to think that vice had more power over the innocent than he once could have supposed; and that it was even possible, for wickedness to triumph: nay, that Polygon himself might then be flourishing in a grand situation, re-possession too, (this was an excruciating idea)—*re-possession* too of the lovely sweet Francisca!

Why a suggestion of this nature should intrude amidst regrets so much more serious, was an hypothesis which even Derrick himself might fail in ascertaining; however, it *was* a suggestion that added a bitterness to his situation, and he groaned at times, with the weight his galling thoughts imposed.

For several days after their seizure, the captured friends were permitted to remain unquestioned and unmolested; but, upon the fifth, after their commitment, an officer was appointed to conduct them to the place of examination. Here Derrick preserved a total silence, till Signor Jerome had heard and answered those questions, which were first put to *him*; but when the inquisitor observed the same formalities with Patrick, such as enquiries respecting his name, age, business at Lisbon, and what he imagined to be the leading cause of his apprehension, our Irishman felt his choler rise;—suppressed resentment gave him a severe twinge, and he looked at Jerome, as if for permission to make a hearty reprisal.

It had been hinted at court, that his Portuguese was hardly to be understood; his defence, therefore, was suffered to proceed in a sort of corrupt English, such as few foreigners could understand—this was a proof that their knowledge of language was pretty extensive, and the Cavalier dreaded the consequence; for he saw the spirit of contradiction rising to Patrick's eye, as he eagerly attempted to catch his fellow prisoner's attention, who immediately glanced to an opposite direction. After some blundering and not very polite responses to the truly patient inquisitor, who sat as second judge, he was interrogated respecting his knowledge of Almeria, otherwise denominated Cleveland, her supposed affinity to the Tavora family, and the manner by which *he* became interested in her fate, so as to bring forward a marriage between her and Frederico de Lima.—At the mention of creatures for whom he would freely have given up every thing but life itself, Derrick absolutely started, and listened with a confused air, extremely prejudicial to his advantage. His spirits were in alarm, and thrown from his guard, which was never very strong, he gave those kind of answers best suited to the purpose of his cool and artful interrogator.

After looking over the secretary's papers who had taken down the examination, the head inquisitor, who had not before spoken, thus addressed his unfortunate prisoner: "From what has appeared in the deposition given by you, Patrick Derrick, against the implied criminals, Frederico de Lima and Almeria Cleveland, we are bound to give our opinion, grounded upon your own words, that the said Frederico and Almeria have committed a most heinous crime against this our sacred tribunal, the ever blessed pope, the church, and all good catholics, by making an incestuous marriage; which marriage, you, Patrick Derrick, have abetted, forwarded, and encouraged."

"It's a lie,—an eternal lie! I *niver* said any such thing," cried the enraged Irishman, whose prudence, patience, and even fear of death, could no longer stand such a terrible attack, "I *niver*, no *niver*, said they were brother and sister; I only said they loved like brother and sister; and what harm"—"Bind him," said the offended judge, and his arms were immediately fastened behind him,— "Now take him to his cell; he shall be heard when he can respect our presence." "I will be heard now, then, and swear that what I have said is true.—No, not true, that is, not what I *did* say, but what I *meant* to say."

This rude interruption was unpardonable. Derrick was led from the hall, his eyes blinded, and his eager questions to his attendants wholly disregarded, till he was conducted through a long passage, and down a steep descent; when the bandage was taken from his forehead, and he beheld a spacious room, across the midst of which ran a large black cloth curtain, which entirely concealed all beyond it. To the left of the door were placed forms, chairs, a secretary's desk; and upon a kind of platform, three magnificent seats, covered with black velvet, their backs richly embossed with gold, each representing a superb crucifix. Derrick gazed with a vacant eye at these not very extraordinary objects; his benevolent heart was reproaching itself with the mischief he had unintentionally brought upon his unhappy favourites, and his curiosity wanted a greater stimulus than a dismal room could furnish; however, it was soon moved to a degree of horror, by seeing the curtain slowly pushed back, and several men most frightfully disguised, advance from the interior of the room. Upon observing a motion from one of them, one of his attendants bid him go forward. Derrick would have refused, for he did not relish the appearance of his new conductors, whose black vizors, and dress of the same colour, fitted close to the body and limbs, made him tremble; but go he must, and had no sooner passed the curtain, than it fell together with a furious noise.

Turning suddenly at the alarming sound, our poor Captain found himself shut in with these fiend-like figures; who, leaving him to contemplate the scene before him, busied themselves in quickening a small fire, or rather stove, in which were several irons of an uncouth shape, which they were trying to heat. Near him was an engine of a peculiar shape, somewhat longer than the form of a man; at each end of which was a windlass, furnished with ropes, &c. Upon the floor and about the walls, he beheld instruments of various denominations; but Derrick, who gazed in stupid terror, easily guessed their designation; and the *idea*, that some sort of torture was preparing for *him*, put to flight even that of Frederico and Almeria. To venture a question in this situation he dreaded, and stood in an agony which hardly permitted respiration; for Derrick's courage, already so severely tried, could scarcely stand a test so severe. At length, perceiving the man approach him, and finding they were preparing to cover his eyes, he sunk in speechless terror against a pillar, nor made the least opposition as they supported him along the apartment; till finding he had taken more steps than were necessary to reach the

engine, he felt a moment's respite to his fears. Still they went on, and still Derrick became more alert, for his strength encreased in proportion to his hope; when after walking for some time, they stopped;—the bandage was removed, and Patrick once more found himself in his little cell.

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## CHAP. XX.

### A SURPRISE.

IGNORANT of all that passed beyond her little scope of observation, and interested only by affection for those beings who had ventured so much to serve her, and for whose safety she still endured the most poignant fears, Almeria passed her days without any material incident. She saw the spring advance, and watched the opening flower that bloomed before her window, with vague indefinite sensations; and hardly knowing what to wish, expect, or hope for, since her hopes had been defeated, her expectations disappointed, and her wishes, even when granted, productive only of mischief.

It had been her custom, since the season had mellowed into a kindly warmth, to venture within the porch of her little habitation, where, completely hidden from observation by the honey-suckle which covered it, she could catch the fleeting sail as it stole along the calm Tagus, which just shewed itself through a small opening in the shore. The view was momentary, but often repeated and highly pleasing; she could also mark the rising moon, as it threw an imperfect glance upon the level plain to the east; and in a situation of mind which cannot be described, enjoy the tranquil scene.

One evening while thus soberly engaged, she found her meditations interrupted by Lisetta, who almost breathless with alarm, entreated her to come in, for the most holy Father *Douro* waited to speak to her. Mrs. Cleveland's heart palpitated as she followed the servant;—she should again behold her mysterious friend! but what could be his errand? “To do good,” said her confidential spirit, and the next moment she was in the arms of—this benevolent protector. Astonished, yet scarcely displeased at a liberty he had never before taken, she bashfully withdrew from his embrace; but he again caught the trembling creature with an energy too earnest to be allowed. “Nay, fly me not, dear child of my lost \*\*\* Fear not, I will guard your honour, your delicacy, your peace, with my life. Yet I am to blame;” and he wiped off the tear which trembled on her cheek, “I have been incautious; yet, it must be known; no secret shall now be hidden from my Almeria. —Say then, can you bear intelligence which has almost overcome *my* fortitude?” “O any thing, every thing but suspense like this.” “Well then, I am authorized to declare, that the family of De Tavora, and *all* its collateral branches have been fully acquitted of the horrible designs laid to their charge; in consequence—De Lima is nearly free!”

“O,” cried the empassioned Almeria, “blessed friend! confirm that sentence, and I will kneel at thy feet!”

“I do not exactly say *that*, my child, but I can assure you he is not only living, but in tolerable health. At present, much remains to be done before he can be liberated; but of this be assured, that his interest and yours, employs every power of my soul, every action of my life. Ah! dear creature, you will soon trace your mysterious friend in many of those operations which have been given to chance; but for the present I must defer any further conversation, only say, if you have a token which may be precious to the heart of your husband, send it by me; I shall see him to-morrow.”

“Yes,” cried the delighted creature, “take this,” drawing a small picture from her



bosom, and eagerly kissing it, while her tears fell upon the insensible chrystal, "Tell him, O tell him it has been my companion, my solace in every situation; and when once, O Signor! once indeed, I had nearly lost it. Poor Favorita, I recollect thy wayward fancies! But say, dear Signor, shall you really visit my suffering Frederico, and to-morrow too? and must you go alone? Could not some disguise be thought of in which *I* might accompany you?"

He returned the sweet earnest glance which strengthened this request, with one so chilling, so piercing, yet not devoid of tenderness, that while it convinced Almeria her hope had failed, seemed to bespeak a mind occupied by another subject. At length, "You can *not* see him yet, my child, but I trust that happiness, such as mortals define that extensive word, will not be long withheld from both." He then arose to go, and had reached the door, when suddenly returning, as if struck by a new idea, and yet unwilling to have it thought of consequence, he carelessly asked of whom she spoke, when she reverted to the name of *Favorita*? "The hermit of the rock," replied Mrs. Cleveland, who was somewhat surprised at the question, "he, who once I mentioned as bearing some similitude to your person." "And you think so still?" "No, pardon me, I have been long convinced of that error." "*Error!* true, but had there not been *some* motive for the strong suggestion, could you have encouraged it?" "Certainly not. Yet the difference in years and person is so very striking, that I wonder how I could be so deceived." "You was *not* deceived," said this mysterious stranger, "in *me*," and his voice took a solemn tone, "you see united three different characters; my real title must still remain a secret. Soon I trust, it will be cleared from the dark and sullen mist, by which it has been clouded; soon I shall be enabled to enjoy the tranquillity my soul has seldom known. Happiness indeed is irrevocably lost to me; for death, unconquerable death has destroyed its very essence; therefore, to procure it for those I love, is now my only business. I did not mean to have added to your wonder by this discovery so soon, since even now I cannot give it you complete; but the name threw me from my guard, and now adieu! Curb as much as possible, those emotions which tremble in your eye and give that rich animation to your cheek." So saying, he left her in a situation which pious gratitude, enraptured joy, and unsatisfied surprise, rendered painfully pleasing.

In the astonishing unity of such operations, and all governed, brought forward, and meeting in the actions of one being, Mrs. Cleveland found a subject that in some measure shared those meditations, which in default of a discovery so marvellous, she would have given exclusively to the dear hope of her husband's anticipated deliverance; but there was still so much mystery attached to this wonderful man, so much to be known of his motives for an interference so amazing, and the rank he really held in life as an inquisitor, that every attempt to give even an air of rationality to his conduct was perfectly useless. Unable, then, to settle this point with herself, she endeavoured to release her mind from a perplexity so painful, and gave herself wholly up to the dear delight of reasonable and well grounded expectation.

From all the Signor had dropped, Almeria gathered this opinion, that Frederico would be emancipated in a few days, and she waited till the following one was nearly closed in a sort of *patient* inquietude, if we may so couple the words, but the evening which set in dull and tempestuous, brought with it no cheerful hope; when no longer restrained by the caution either of herself or others, she had strayed to the banks of the Tagus, and observed, with an awful sensation, the turbulent waves as they rolled over the

bar, foaming and defying the unresisting tide, which yielded to a strong south-west wind. It was a scene that recalled many unpleasant ideas, and broke the chain of our heroine's meditations, which extended to, and was absorbed by her hoped for, future meeting with her husband. Desirous therefore to escape a scene that too frequently reminded her of past events, and quickened by the approaching storm, she hastened from the shore, and had almost reached the house, when she was met by Lisetta, who entreated her to hasten home, for that there was a grand Signor and Signora just arrived, and she believed they meant to stay till the shower was over, but she did not care to press them till her lady came in.

Almeria was extremely agitated by this account; that *strangers*, for such she supposed them to be, should trust themselves so far from Lisbon in an evening apparently threatening; that they should stop, without a previous invitation, was rather absurd;—but, O transporting thought! might it not be her anxiously expected Frederico, who, informed of her abode by Douro, and cautious of affecting her too painfully, had sent this dubious message by the servant? “Yes,” she cried, “It is him,—it must be him; accompanied as is most probable by some female relative. Blessed disposer of mortal events, teach me to sustain this pang of bliss almost too exquisite for endurance! enable me to meet with fortitude, the dear source of all that hoard of anguish I have so long endured, and permit me once again to taste the sweets of rational friendship!”

Employed by this pious soliloquy, her trembling feet had reached the threshold; but she could not pass it just then, but sunk upon the sheltered seat, for she had caught a view of her supposed husband through a half shut lattice. In that moment (which seemed the point, that attracted all her hopes, her wishes, her expectations, and comprised in its important grasp her present happiness) she felt every doubt removed, and fearful of trusting her eye with an immediate view of a face so long, so ardently beloved, she averted it from the figure which folded her in a tender embrace. But, O! you, who disappointed in the sweet assurance of meeting, after years of hopeless grief, with a child,—a parent,—a husband; you, that have been led to encourage yet once again the fond delusion, and eagerly wished away the tedious hour that protracts the expected delight;—*you* only are competent to feel, to describe the agonizing pang which fastened upon your sinking heart, when once more left to the excruciating bitterness of repeated disappointment; and *you* only can feel in an adequate degree, the distress of our unhappy Almeria, when in the accents of friendly congratulation, her ear caught the voice of *Sir Henry Tillotson*? Sickening with a variety of sensations, she burst into tears at this cutting defeat of her high wrought expectations; nor was her surprise at meeting with one, towards whom she had acted with such duplicity the least of her distress. Conscious of the censures her suspicious conduct must have incurred, Mrs. Cleveland dared not glance at a countenance which beamed with a mixture of anxious love and tender pity.

Sir Henry understood this part of her distress; and eager to re-assure her sinking spirits, began to speak of the pleasure a meeting so unlooked for, would produce to Lady Tillotson; at the same instant drawing her towards the inner room, “Lady Tillotson!” repeated Almeria in a faint accent, “Is it possible!” and in the next moment she found herself pressed to the bosom of that revered Lady; whose affectionate reception of our confused emigrant, gave a delicious sensation to the heart which had so long been estranged from confidential communication. Restored by this charming assurance of female protection, Mrs. Cleveland found no difficulty in expressing her delighted

astonishment, and immediately ordered such refreshments as her little retirement afforded; waving every enquiry respecting their appearance in Lisbon, till the rights of hospitality were performed. In truth, Almeria did not feel too desirous of hearing the mystery of their voyage explained; nothing doubting, but its leading object was that of *her* situation, as it might respect either her safety, or a re-union with her husband.

With these sentiments those of a sweeter nature were blended. Hope *would* intrude; and in the soft maternal glance of her kind friend, she tried to read an approbation of the marriage, against which the Baron had formerly set his face. Yet, that it might not be so, made her heart throb with a violence that impeded the questions she so ardently desired to frame. Sir Henry beheld this visible conflict, and without exactly tracing it to its source, felt impatient to remove as much of the cause as his important business would justify; beginning with an exordium upon the beauty of her retirement, its pleasing solitude, and simple ornaments; adding a compliment to the justice of her taste, in selecting a place so well calculated to ensure temporal and mental peace. He then went on to state his reasons for once again visiting Lisbon, and was producing some letters which would elucidate the whole, when Lisetta suddenly entered to announce the arrival of Signor Douro. Almeria was instantly quitting the room to receive him, for to his visit, on a night so dark and tempestuous, she attached some painful ideas respecting Frederico; but she was prevented by his immediate entrance.

To announce her visitors to this yet mysterious friend, was the ready suggestion of politeness; but caution interfered, and she stood in an awkward kind of suspension. In fact no one seemed to consider this meeting in a pleasant light; Sir Henry stood silent and irresolute; his lady's eye alternately wandered from the stranger to Almeria, as if not quite satisfied with her new acquirement. Douro, instead of resigning his large hat, drew it lower upon his forehead; while Mrs. Cleveland, who found her former perplexities rapidly increase, attempted some observation upon the state of the weather. This was replied to by the Baronet in a very laconic style. Douro started, and seemed to be violently agitated; his step was unsteady, and his actions, as he paced the room, evinced either the paroxysm of indignation, or the hurry of surprise.

Sir Henry, who, as well as his lady, felt no favourable sentiment in behalf of their young friend's supposed attachment to an inquisitor, for he still wore the awful insignia, shrunk from any conversation with him; and as he approached, turned towards a window in defiance of the strong lightning, which then flashed in a perpendicular direction;—again our disconcerted heroine endeavoured to lead the attention of her visitors, by advancing an opinion upon the principles of electricity, but she met with no better success; for the whole party appeared to be absorbed in abstracted meditation. Determined then, to wait the result of this extraordinary silence, she ceased to interrupt it; but set herself to watch the impenetrable Douro, of whom she wished to ask a thousand questions.

At length, encouraged by Lisetta's entrance to say the strange Signora's apartment was ready, she arose to accompany her ladyship, "You do not mean to retire for the night, Lady Tillotson?" asked the Baronet, "we may yet reach Lisbon; the storm is almost over, and—" he was interrupted. Douro at the name of Tillotson, uttered an exclamation, too low to be heard by Sir Henry, till he repeated it more loudly, and hastily throwing off his sable garb and slouched hat, stood close to the astonished Baronet, who gazed in horrible amazement at the figure before him, fearfully articulated "From the grave! yes, he is

come from the grave; and yet, what incorporeal form ever wore an appearance so natural!" "None," cried the agitated Douro, "hast thou indeed, then, forgotten the friend of thy heart! Seest thou not in me the identical—Count de Lima?"

"I do, indeed!" said Sir Henry, who opened his arms to receive a friend, he had long supposed to be numbered with the dead; for although the letters which he brought with him, had been long since written by the Count, yet, for some important reason, they did not bear his signature therefore, these epistles which were so long kept back, were no evidence that he still lived.

Almeria heard this amazing discovery with a perturbation she could no ways disguise;—Count de Lima, the hermit of the rock, a Spanish officer, and an inquisitor, *all* represented by *one* man, wonderful! most wonderful to the still uninformed Almeria, was this amazing combination. The friend too, perhaps the near relative of her husband! How *was* she to reconcile the apparent contradictions? but they *were* realities: for, in the congratulations of these delighted men; in Lady Tillotson's joy; in their fond and tender acknowledgment of *her*, as they supposed connected by *blood* with the De Lima race, she beheld conviction. "Nothing then remains" said the artless woman, as she returned their caresses, "but—but—the presence of my emancipated husband, to complete this charming, this unexpected discovery."

An electrical shock could not have operated more powerfully upon Sir Henry's nerves, than this declaration; his hands dropped insensibly from her waist, which he had eagerly encircled; his eye could scarcely restrain the starting tear; and with an emotion not to be wholly concealed, he energetically repeated the word "*husband*." Mrs. Cleveland beheld his visible confusion, which restored to her apprehensive mind, his unaccountably steady dislike of her union with Frederico. The same frigid cast of countenance, the same repulsive tone of voice declared his continued antipathy; and, but for the evident pleasure with which the Count de Lima (as he must in future be stiled) received her self congratulatory speech, she had sunk beneath the force of a cruel disappointment. However, even *this* consolation soon lost its power.—Sir Henry motioned to speak with his newly recovered friend, and they retired to another room, leaving the two ladies in a situation which lost much of its social comfort, from an apprehension of what neither dared to explain. After a quarter of an hour's absence, the friends returned; and in Count de Lima's anguished features, Almeria traced the effect of Sir Henry's communication.

It was indeed a fact, that he had produced a little manuscript, drawn up and signed by the person who delivered Mrs. Cleveland into Derrick's hands, and who in the interval between De Lima's reported decease, and Frederico's marriage, had visited England, and confirmed his wife Laura's intelligence to Sir Henry, which has been already explained. This intelligence, although communicated by Count de Lima *to* his friend, had long ceased to operate upon that nobleman's belief; for, an event which will be spoken of in his little history, completely did away former suspicions. At first, then, he opposed with all the sophistry of interested affection, an information which threatened the peace and happiness of his sweet protégée; but overcome by Sir Henry's strenuous arguments, he at last consented to suspend his opinion, till positive circumstances should do away or confirm it. It was likewise agreed, that Almeria should be spared this dreadful shock, till no doubt remained of its tendency. With such serious apprehensions pressing upon the feelings of all present, it was impossible to keep up the spirit of congratulation;—a

listless languor—attention visibly constrained — the smothered sigh and starting tear, appealed too plainly to the hearts of our affectionate party, to be entirely overlooked or misunderstood; and they soon after separated, to obtain a transient indulgence of those sensations which both prudence and friendship forbid, while liable to reciprocal notice.—

The Count felt eager to establish his hope of seeing his favourites comparatively happy; Sir Henry and his Lady mourned privately for the agonizing disappointment they must sustain; and the unhappy Almeria encouraged an idea, that she should meet with fresh obstacles to her re-union with Frederico.

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## CHAP. XXI.

### *REVERSE OF FORTUNE.*

FROM the period of Count de Lima's meeting with Almeria near Cadiz, he had employed every engine his power could command, for the advantage of this persecuted young woman; nor could Sir Henry's fatal communication lessen his attachment, although it rendered the discharge of what he still conceived to be a duty, yet more painfully difficult; but one branch of it was still in his ability to perform; that of gratifying his laudable curiosity by the perusal of his eventful history, which he had collected from various little memorandums, and from the time of his parting with her for the purpose of her residing at the Baron's, to the preceding evening, that nobleman had sedulously employed himself in rendering many of his actions clearly intelligible.

Nothing could have been more desirable respecting Count de Lima to Mrs. Cleveland, than this arrangement, so far as it respected his amazing conduct towards her; for she ardently hoped it would explain Sir Henry's undefinable reluctance to her marriage; but of this satisfaction she was keenly disappointed for the present. However, she had *one* pleasure in store, since a perusal of what he meant to communicate, would cheat the lonely hours, as the Baronet and his Lady were to accompany their newly recovered friend on the following morning to Lisbon; for her endeavours to detain Lady Tillotson, met with such a determined rejection from Sir Henry, as effectually to prevent any further solicitations upon that head; although she could not guess at his inducement, which in fact was a dread of what might transpire in the confidence of friendship. Thus left to the solitude which rendered her little dwelling not undesirable in the present instance, and which was still more interesting from a possession of Count de Lima's narrative; as it permitted her the opportunity of deeply studying its affecting and important contents.

#### "THEODORE DE LIMA TO HIS BELOVED ALMERIA."

"To give my dear young friend an adequate idea of those difficulties that have put me upon assuming disguises and situations so various, I must refer to an early period of life, when every hour that passed seemed to leave a regret upon the mind for its hasty departure, which succeeding pleasures could not wholly obliterate.

"Our family, which at that period was high in the favour of Joseph, the late monarch, and enjoyed several distinguished posts under government, wished me to tread the crooked, and to a sprightly genius, the unpleasant path of politics; but neither my father's attachment to his king, or his confidence in the Marquis de Tavora, who had been imprisoned upon suspicion, and the Duke D'Aveiro's mysterious intrigues, could I behold any temptation strong enough to force me from the light amusements of happy youth; and no wonder, for it was but too apparent in the frequent political squabbles between the Baron de Lima and my cousins D'Aveiro and De Tavora, that certain opposite interests prevailed, to the utter exclusion of domestic peace, or a generous

confidence among the parties. You have already understood the said Baron to be *my* venerable parent and *your* protector at Tavora: yes, Almeria, to that aged nobleman and his amiable grandchild, I entrusted the daughter of his ancient house; for I hoped in so doing, to secure to *him* the affection of a young and lovely relative, and to *you* a *father's* love; but more of this in its place.

“In the warmth of my father’s resentment against De Tavora, and the Duke, I too soon discovered the disaffection of the two latter against the reigning family, to be an ostensible cause of the loyal Baron’s interposition; for he was attached to his king with a fervour which exempted him from every suspicion that could affect his safety, in a time of such danger as afterwards occurred. During the fabrication of that horrid plot, which involved in its discovery the innocent with the guilty, I felt my boasted felicity sensibly diminish. Fond, to excess, of the unhappy Marquis, and still more unhappy Duke, feeling too for a sweet and much loved sister whom he had married, I could not behold them advancing to the brink of that precipice which offered its fair and flowery descent, without joining in my father’s solicitations to drop their pernicious intention, although utterly ignorant of its dreadful extent.

“For a short time I fancied our arguments would prove effectual, and we both obtained much relief from the fallacious assurance. Barbarous De Tavora! what a return didst thou make to a family who sought to serve and save thee! What a sacrifice didst thou require to criminal pride and unrestrained passion! Not satisfied with plunging a noble race into the gulph of infamy and undeserved distress, but, unrestrained by every sacred, every honourable claim, thou didst tear the sweet Alzira from her betrothed husband,—throw a veil of horror over his youthful expectations, — and for ever crushed his rational hope of domestic bliss! And yet, Almeria, for the offspring of that relentless man, I have hazarded life itself! For Frederico de Lima—for his emancipation I have ventured into the enemy’s power, and would do more, if more were necessary to effect his deliverance. You are ready to call this assertion the effusions of insanity: no, my dear, it is that of love,—pure, sacred, and never to be forgotten love; for Frederico is also the *son of Alzira!*

“I cannot go over the particulars of an event which dispossessed reason of her seat, and produced a wandering dereliction of the imagination; such as you once witnessed, when the image of that lamented fair one, met my eye in the portrait of her prototype, Frederico de Lima. I see your astonishment at this declaration, and will explain the mystery: that cousin so much confided in, so deeply engaged in treasonable practices, so much indebted in various instances to Theodore de Lima, scrupled not by the basest manœuvres, to tear—but I cannot proceed; from Sir Henry Tillotson you may learn what the torture of retrospection will not let me detail. *He* can inform you *how* Alzira became the Marchioness of Tavora; for I once hurried over the fatal story in his presence. He also knows that I protected and adopted that Lady’s offspring, as much and more from affection to *her*, than my relation to his perjured father could warrant;—but I must fly the hateful subject.

“As if these horrid effects of his treachery had not sufficiently wounded a too susceptible heart, this wretched man had, it was too probable, either through ignorance or design, struck another dart at my assumed tranquillity. Indifferent as to my future establishment in life, and dead to every hope of reciprocal affection, I was induced by my sympathizing father, to wed the sister of her for whom I still encouraged such a sentiment

of adoration, as made a union with another truly reprehensible; but the generous forbearance of Louisa, who knew and pitied the situation of my heart, rendered her society a pleasing consolation; and for several years afterwards, I found my keenest sorrows suspended in a degree; when the report of Joseph's being attacked by Alzira's husband, renewed every poignant feeling, and drove me to an act of desperation. This was to make a personal appeal to the king, in favour of a man who so irreparably injured me: but it included the safety of his Marchioness, who, with all her children were equally attainted.

"As the son of Joseph's favorite minister, I felt assured, if not of success, at least of a patient hearing; but, what were the agonies of my soul, when in answer to my petition, his majesty threw me a small packet, and immediately left the closet. Intimidated by the austerity of his countenance, and fearful for my own safety, I took the mandate, and hastened to my house at Belem; when breaking the seal of that ominous paper, I found several letters, written many years back, in which I had combated my cousin's opinion of aristocratical, or rather monarchical governments; for at that period he had indulged principles totally opposite, not only to those which proved his ruin, but to that sense of liberty which is so dear even to a Portuguese. Certainly there was nothing in my argument that could detract from the character of a loyalist; yet it was admirably calculated to shew *his* opinions in a light extremely consequential to his sad situation; and I have no doubt but these unfortunate letters (if sent by the Marquis to his Majesty) were intended to prove that his general principles, although formerly implicated, were inimical to the crime for which he was apprehended. There was, however, a probability that they had been seized among other papers; be that as it may, the consequence was dreadful to me and my unhappy Countess; for I had scarcely left that generous woman, who urged me to secure my safety by flight, than our house was surrounded by the officers of justice, for the express purpose of my apprehension. Shocked almost to desperation, at an appearance so terrible to her gentle spirit, Louisa lost the power of combating her agonizing fears, and soon fell a victim to them.—*She languished, drooped, and died!*

"Alas! Almeria, how widely extended was that ruin which touched me from so many points; all sharpened, as I may say, by the hand of *friendship*?—The idol of my soul,—the wife of my rational choice,—both sacrificed to the indulgence of appetite, or the frenzy of ambition.—A father lamenting the fate of an injured son, and that son condemned to wander far from all that could soothe or ameliorate his misfortunes.

In the hurry of my ideas, when thrown at first into such a cruel situation, I recollected a friend who had long forsaken his dearest connexions, and retired to a small hermitage upon the rock. The impulse was decisive; and I hastily determined to seek him. In doing this, I was but little liable to detection: the night was dark, stormy and favourable to my escape; and although much danger was attached to this wild scheme, I luckily gained the rock without any material obstacle; when, knowing every avenue to Zeluco's recess, I soon gained the stupendous height, but my friend was absent; however, there was no alternative, and the couch presented a desirable refreshment to my wearied frame.

"Restored by sleep to the repossession of those faculties, which were almost bewildered by a change so appalling, I began to consider the necessity of a dress proper to the place and character I was to occupy. How to support my existence was also an important consideration; but these matters were easily regulated. The friendly Zeluco had



again returned to his former station in the world, and had left his garments, false beard, and several sorts of dried fruits, wine, &c. to any chance successor: — true, I was grieved to lose the consolation of an ancient friendship, but Zeluco's abdication was not without its comforts, and immediately assumed the manners and appearance of an hermit. The venerable man who gave me the above particulars, shewed no curiosity at a conduct so abrupt and unaccountable, as mine must have appeared to a common observer; He not only assisted me in the transformation I was so eager to adopt, but instructed me in the best methods to procure provisions and settle myself in Zeluco's solitude; and then quitted me with a courteous tender of his future services, should I find them necessary to either my comfort or establishment.

"From *his* intercourse with the world, little as that was, I learned the premature death of my poor Louisa, and the horrid catastrophe that involved Alzira—the noble, the generous Alzira in its dreadful effects. These tidings were too powerful for that reason which had *once* before given way to the violence of excessive sorrow; and years of an unconscious existence rolled away, unembittered by torturing recollection, unsupported by consolatory endearments! but I was yet to suffer; my career was not nearly finished:—an interval of sense renewed past anguish, and I again awoke to useless retrospection; but how widely different was the scene which first presented itself to my incredulous eye!—No longer confined to cheerless solitude and comfortless meditations,—I saw a father,—a sister, rejoicing over the relative they had mourned as irreparably lost; and in the splendid Casa at Tavora, I could not regret the hermit's cell. As soon as my faculties were tolerably restored, I found fresh reason to admire the unwearied zeal of my friend on the rock; to whom in the height of my agonizing delirium, I had communicated a number of incidents sufficient to guide him to a knowledge of my family. The Baron was then at Lisbon, to whom the hermit addressed a short note, and he had the satisfaction of restoring me to the bosom of that invaluable parent; but no sooner were these particulars, so stimulative to my gratitude, repeated, than I found fresh cause for regret in the loss of that worthy man; who, in one of his nightly excursions from the rock to visit Lisbon, was run down by a vessel of a superior size to that in which he was, belonging to the hermits, and never heard of more!

\* \* \* \* \*

"As the late dreadful executions had allayed the furious zeal of intolerant persecution against our unhappy family, my father ventured to solicit his king on *my* behalf, and obtained a repeal of the sentence of banishment which I had previously incurred; but he could not restore—the noble—the innocent victim of his sordid suspicion! Alzira—a wife! a mother! whose principles were honourable, just, and generous—She—but I dare not paint her sufferings;—her death upon the same scaffold, where not an hour before she had witnessed the execution of her husband, her children!—enough, enough have I reflected upon a situation so unprecedented, so repugnant to every feeling of humanity.

"From that era, I experienced the lassitude of despondency; almost the torpor of despair: even the comforts of domestic society failed of its delightful effects;—a residence at Tavora became irksome, and my father, who understood but too well the bent of my mind, urged me to travel; and in the negociation of some particular

circumstances with Sir Henry Tillotson, I found a consolation which was wholly unexpected:—circumstances that may at some, perhaps not distant period, communicate equal pleasure to the bosom of those I best love.

“After an acquittal the most honourable to my character, could any being possessed of the smallest perception, suspect any farther evil to arise from a quarter which a faithful minister and a tender father had guarded with the utmost vigilance? That in consequence of Joseph’s sudden demise, new accusations should revive against the family of that confidential friend of his king; and yet such was the prejudice, the infatuation of an illiberal mind, that the Queen and her Uncle sought, as you too well know, to revive the dreadful transactions of 1758; and, although my father’s known integrity, his affecting supplication and defence in behalf of an injured son, ought to have been a sufficient inducement with the suspicious monarch, I was again hunted from society, and the hermit’s cell once more presented a safe assylum; where I had passed only a few months, when in the portrait upon *your* bosom I beheld the features of Alzira! “And shall I never obtain that mediocrity of feeling which alone can render my situation comfortable?” “No,” replied my empassioned heart, “It is *happiness* only that can content affections so highly set.” *Happiness*? what an indefinite term; and how unaptly applied in every situation of life, to the gratifications of short sighted mortals! Long have I supposed the possibility of an attainment so hard to establish, till repeated conviction of its futility has taught me to make humbler calculations of its powers, and discharging every idea of its *complete* existence upon earth. I have now only to attempt at the procuring a limited degree of that eternal attribute to others, as the probable means of my feeling its reverberating effect.

From the moment in which I discovered your departure from Lisbon, fresh pursuits agitated my anxious mind! and depending upon the disguise I had assumed, ventured to make a visit to the city, for the purpose of tracing, if I might be so fortunate, the steps of one who had raised in my withering heart, the poignant sensations of mortified affection. For several days my search was fruitless, and to my accidental meeting with a friend by whom I was suddenly recognised, I owed the pleasure of seeing you again. Satisfied of Don Jerome’s integrity, for he it was, whose discernment rendered my caution useless, I ventured to disclose *my* situation to him, with the motives which had drawn me to Lisbon. Delighted with the opportunity of assisting my researches, that excellent being soon unravelled the mystery of your concealment: and to him I was wholly indebted for a discovery equally important, although acutely distressing.—The son of Alzira,—the only surviving child, as I then supposed, of that suffering martyr, was known to be confined in the state prison,—subject to a criminal prosecution, and in daily expectation of a dreadful fate! This intelligence set afloat every passion of my soul. To see the offspring of Alzira in any tolerable situation would have been extatic, if not permanent bliss; but to see him a prisoner, deprived of the common advantages of humanity, amenable to an arbitrary government for crimes which he could *not* be guilty of,—crimes that had brought a noble and innocent mother to the scaffold,—what is there of agonies experienced by a feeling heart, which this assurance did not communicate? yet to see him, to embrace him, to procure a relief to his temporary necessities—O! how my bosom throbbed at the very hope of such a gratification! Of Jeronymo Morviedro I knew nothing; but to my generous friend Jerome, that officer had been recently obliged; and when he became acquainted with my eager desire to procure an interview with the

prisoner, readily promised to use his interest with Morviedro for that purpose. Alas, Almeria, many days elapsed before I received the joyful intelligence that I might on the following night, hope for a sight of Alzira's son; and in due time that hope was gratified. Dear injured being! how strong were the emotions thy candid narrative created! That face too, so pale, so emaciated, so interesting, how affectingly did it remind me of \*\*\* but in delineating my own feelings, I am giving poignancy to thine.—Forgive me, Almeria, I will be more guarded.

“For several nights I was permitted the sad indulgence of mourning over this devoted youth; and was also happy enough to obtain for him the enjoyment of many local comforts; but he knew not from whom he derived them; on that subject I was inflexibly silent; and soon after this intercourse had taken place, his examination came on; after which event I saw him no more; my visits were prohibited; and I could only hear from Signor Jerome that he was in tolerable health, and that nothing was decided respecting his fate. Thus defeated in the hope I had encouraged of being instrumental to his emancipation, my next step was to protect his Almeria from the evils that surrounded her; but was prevented by a sudden illness, which confined me till your escape was so happily effected. When I had traced you from Juan's cottage to the Moorish ruin, it was my intention to have accompanied you in your perilous journey; but perceiving your excessive terror when I crossed the apartment, I could not endure to add to it by any further surprise, and hastened on to a little village, where, after writing a short note enclosing those bills which I find you did not receive, I waited the arrival of Manuel, a confidential servant of the Cavalier's, who had purchased a full suite of Spanish regimentals for me, as a further security against any discovery.—During my short abode at the Cabaret, I formed the plan of sending you to Tavora; and wrote a hasty request to my father, that he would receive you as one whose interest was particularly dear to me; but that there were circumstances in your story, that rendered all communication both improper and dangerous. For this caution I had a formidable motive, which belonged to the mystery of your origin; and as I *knew* the characters of those to whom you were to be entrusted, apprehended no mischief could result from such a reserve.

“Having so successfully provided for *your* safety, that of our beloved Frederico became once more the leading business of my life: but still the veil of obscurity enveloped his destiny; and before I could settle any plan for his benefit, Signor Jerome sent me the horrid information that you were betrayed by Polygon into the hands of our infernal tribunal, and was soon expected at Lisbon. Wretched beyond description at this intelligence, I felt every power of invention suspended; for who could oppose a power so tremendous? or, how could *I*, a being already amenable to civil authority, and depending upon the effort of friendship for concealment, take an active part in your recovery? but while fluctuating between hope and despair, I received some consolation from my indefatigable friend; who advised me to assume the garb of an inquisitor from the Brazils, several of whom were daily expected to supply the place of those who had been promoted to the highest offices of the tribunal at Portugal. He then stated the possibility of remaining undiscovered till some fortunate circumstance should deliver you into my hands. This was an awful attempt, and I shuddered at the idea of making it; but it was worth a trial; and I waited with inexpressible anxiety, the moment when it should be proved. At length the trusty Manuel informed us of your approach! for his master had commissioned him to watch for Polygon's return, from the time in which he supposed

you might arrive. Ah! my love, imagination cannot paint my feelings, when under the disguise of an officer of that inhuman court, I heard your affecting appeals for mercy, and received your inanimate form in my trembling arms. How little did you know that those black disfiguring garments, covered two hearts so determined to effect your deliverance, as those of Jerome Passado and Theodore de Lima!

“Before I conclude this desultory narrative, it will be right to observe, that deceived by the disguise I wore, and awed by that authority which is attached to every one in the Holy Office, I easily obtained the keys of the church, and with the assistance of proper instruments, wrenched open the little door from which you saw us advance; when the Familiars, who now conceived they had fully discharged their duty, departed for their respective habitations; it being within the limits of their rules to leave a prisoner in the custody of those whose turn it might be to officiate for the night, and the closeness of our dress, prevented a discovery of our persons. Our next business was to convey you to the cottage, which was previously prepared for your reception; and this was happily effected by leaving the church at a door that led into an orange grove, beyond which an open chaise was stationed; where I left you in the care of Lisetta, whose dread of inquisitorial vengeance, put her completely into my power; and I had nothing to dread from that quarter.

“Resuming, therefore, the insignia of war, I returned to Signor Jerome; nor ever after visited your little abode, but in the depth of midnight; preserving, however, my formidable appearance to Lisetta, with whom I knew my secret would be safe, so long as it might be necessary to wear the awful habit, which I was well assured would restrain her loquacity. Thus, then, have I rescued an invaluable creature from the malice of a detestable monster; and nothing further remains, but to endeavour to give liberty to her long lamented husband.—Yes, dearest friend, I am bid to hope for his emancipation; and to-morrow, if heaven permit, shall be able to ascertain the time of his release.”

“*To-morrow?*” repeated Almeria, “Alas, it is past without the gratification which this best of men foretold; but be silent, rebellious heart, nor whisper one doubt of that eternal goodness, which has thus wonderfully delegated his worthy agent to interfere so steadily in our behalf. For such unexampled kindness may he experience the rich reward, even in this life, which conscious goodness must enjoy.”

## CHAP. XXII.

### TRIALS OF LOVE.

UNEQUAL to the task of rallying her spirits, Almeria continued to linger with fond solicitude upon the brief, but pathetic description of the Count's various sufferings. Imagination carried her back to the scene of Alzira's death, and that of her father's, whose title as Duke D'Aveiro she had been told reverted to his offspring; but, upon collateral distinctions she wasted not a thought; Frederico de Lima was the world to *her*: and she attached every hope of future felicity to the recovery of her husband, the continuation of the Count's generous friendship, and the enjoyment of Captain Derrick's society in future. On the description of Alzira's horrible fate, she dropped the sympathizing tear, and adverting from that to the sorrows of her disappointed lover, sighed bitterly to the painful recollection; and in this tender employment, we shall leave her to follow the Count and Sir Henry Tillotson, whose uneasiness for the fate of their favourite Frederico, was considerably heightened by the intelligence they received from the officer Jeronymo Morviedro; importing, that his unfortunate prisoner (who had been informed of his release from every criminal process) expressed a wish to pass the evening with Morviedro, who added, that happy to comply with the request of a gentleman so much esteemed, he complimented him with an invitation to supper, which was enlivened by a temperate hilarity. That he accompanied the Signor to his apartment, omitting the usual ceremonies of placing centinels, or even fastening those doors which, for the first time, were left thrown back upon their hinges, to admit the refreshing midnight breeze. Upon this circumstance, his prisoner was feelingly eloquent; observing, with a sedate smile, upon the contrast of situation when last he passed the sombre passages, and adverting to his future happy prospects; Jeronymo then left him, and retired immediately to his repose, which he said was interrupted by several smothered groans near his chamber door. Not wholly unacquainted with those expressions of anguish he did not attempt to develop the cause, as he *knew* that an unhappy man was expected at the castle, but endeavoured to forget the unwelcome sounds; and his first visit on the following morning was to the Signor with an invitation to partake of his breakfast; but upon approaching the bed he was terribly surprised to find it had not been occupied, and the clothes he had worn on the preceding day scattered about the room. That eager to enjoy that liberty which a few days must have ensured, he had taken advantage of the first opportunity which presented, was Jeronymo's leading idea; but when he considered the improbability of such an attempt without any clothing—another suggestion darted into his mind. What that was, he would not communicate to the anxious friends, and they could only entreat, remonstrate, and almost threaten, without any alleviation of their perplexity.

To return with such evident marks of distress upon their features, which this intelligence created, was only to carry excruciating misery to their unhappy young friend; and as the Count had passed some time without visiting Signor Jerome, he proposed to introduce Sir Henry Tillotson to that gentleman. In their passage to the stately hospital, the Count related several of those instances of true friendship of which Almeria had

recently read the detail, and concluding with some little doubt of the Cavalier's health, arising from an unusual omission of sending Manuel either to the rock, or the small Cabaret, in which Count Theodore passed some of those days antecedent to his release from the criminal process; but while Sir Henry (who felt much gratified by this tribute to such excellence) was admiring the noble edifice in which Signor Jerome, and his valiant contemporaries, were permitted to enjoy the benefit of a sovereign's favour, and which now rose in all the dignity of ancient architecture before him, the Count bid him notice a window on the first floor, as one that belonged to the Signor's apartment, but which was closely shut. "I fear he is ill," said the anxious De Lima, "yet of course I should have heard it from Manuel, or the honest Irishman, whom he has kindly protected from the villain Polygon;" but a new disappointment struck fresh terror to Theodore's heart. An old porter, whose business it was to admit strangers, no sooner heard our visitors' errand, than he turned pale, trembled, and hinted his suspicion, that the Signor and his companion were conveyed to the inquisition. "It is now five weeks" said the compassionate veteran, "since that worthy gentleman, with his friend, were taken from hence; and, if I dared to be explicit \*\*\*" Here he stopped: "*Be explicit*," said the Count, "you have already given a hint that inflicts a cruel pain; say then, *is it your opinion*, that they are *indeed* in the power of the most holy tribunal?" "Ah! Signor Capitano," replied Jackimo, "I see you have a proper sense of the reverence due to that sacred court, therefore I will venture to tell you my reasons for supposing your friends are under ecclesiastical censure." He then went into a full account of the familiars' midnight visit, Derrick's reluctance to go with them, and Manuel's grief for his master's departure; ending his unwelcome communication, with an eulogium upon the *gentleness, mercy, and candour* of a court, which owed this display of its supposed great qualities, to the superstition its tremendous power imposed. The Count could listen no longer to this elaborate display of Jackimo's eloquence, but impatiently enquired for Manuel. A deep drawn sigh, and significant shake of his head, was the porter's preface to another tedious and unpleasant information; namely, that Manuel, in consequence of his dread of the inquisition, had left Lisbon on the following morning, nor had ever been heard of since.

This account removed De Lima's fears for that honest fellow's safety; as he readily concluded, that the terrified creature had escaped to his father, who was a goatherd in the village of Chamouny, near Geneva; and, as there was now nothing further to be obtained from the communicative porter, our disappointed friends left him, after conjuring him to dispatch the first intelligence he could obtain of Signor Jerome, to the coffee-house where Sir Henry resided; and this command was enforced by the potent argument of a couple of moidores.

That Signor Jerome and Captain Derrick should become subject to the inquisition, was but too easily accounted for by Count de Lima; who had seen in Almeria's cruel arrest, such a striking proof of Polygon's power to do evil. It struck him also, that her husband was implicated in the same process, which included the safety of those who had encouraged him in a marriage so detrimental to his character. "Thus, then," cried Sir Henry, "will those proofs be substantiated, which in point of their futility, had never been submitted to a court of judicature." "*Judicature!*" repeated the Count, who could scarcely bear the weight of his own surmises, "*that word implies justice, candour, patient investigation*;—but can we look for those virtues at a tribunal where confession is extorted by torment; where subtile sophistry assumes the garb of simple truth; where

innocence is confounded by the severity of interrogation, and unrelenting cruelty wears the dress of mercy?—No, Sir Henry, although a good catholic, I cannot yet allow such a triumph to the infernal machination of demons. True, I was led to believe as you do, in the evidence of Laura and her husband; till the death of that beloved sister, the Duchess D’Aveiro, threw into my niece Laurana’s hands, a small manuscript written by that unhappy lady, importing the birth of a female infant more than two years prior to the Duke’s execution; who had repeatedly declared, that the honours of his illustrious house, which he scrupled not to aver, was lineally descended from Braganza’s race, should never descend by the female line (for the Duchess had already presented him with a daughter) to his successors. Intimidated by this assurance, which, as her Grace’s pregnancy again became apparent, was daily impressed upon her maternal heart, she trusted to the Marchioness de Tavora for the management of an affair so important to her own, and her child’s happiness; and fearful of the Duke’s resentment, should he be disappointed in his hopes, she placed a confidence in the excellent Alzira, and was no ways deceived. A plan was thought of, that carried on the face of it apparent success; much of which was owing to the intrigues of De Tavora and D’Aveiro, who, involved in the fabrication of their own treasonable schemes, left the ladies at full liberty to act for themselves; for my sweet Alzira was also in the Duchess’s situation.

“They were permitted to reside together in the Moorish palace, so well known to our Almeria. It was then resolved to bring about a change of offspring, should that be found necessary; but to deceive the Duke, if both were females, they well knew would be extremely difficult; however they were determined to attempt it: and as the event justified this caution, it called for an innocent exertion of their scheming talents. The Marchioness produced a still born son, which by dint of proper management, was lamented by D’Aveiro as the deceased heir of his title and estates; for my lovely disappointed sister, whose fears were unfortunately justified by the birth of a daughter, had transferred the sweet undisguised anxieties of a fond mother, to her amiable friend; and saw her smiling infant acknowledged by that lady, with these alleviations to her disappointment, that the Duke was spared much useless vexation; for in the event of his supposed heir’s death, there was no foundation for bitter reproach, or the indulgence of passions which knew no bounds, and the regret for his loss was by no means permanent.

“How Laura’s husband could mention the unfortunate Almeria as Duke D’Aveiro’s heir, could no otherwise be accounted for than by the hurry of his spirits, which might occasion the mistake; for she had been committed to his care by the Marchioness as her *own* offspring, though such a motive seems hardly justifiable; be that as it may, the Count still adhered to his belief that the Duchess’s manuscript was authentic, which concluded with an affecting description of her own sufferings, when obliged to witness the departure of a little creature, to whom she was bound by every tie, which the horrid death of its father, the affection she had ever borne the Duke, and her tenderness for his desolate infant could strengthen.”

This account, so forcibly delivered, and so highly authenticated, contributed to unsettle the Baronet’s belief; and he began to think the infamy, horror, and grief, which the knowledge of such a crime must bring upon the wretched pair, should be unknown to them if possible. While concerting several plans for the entire developement of this complex story, they thought not of time; but the approach of night, as it stole over the city, reminded them of Mrs. Cleveland’s uncomfortable situation. Lady Tillotson, to

whom after their visit to the hospital, they had immediately returned, proposed an evening visit to the cottage; to this Sir Henry most readily consented, and that amiable woman had the pleasure to see a gleam of delight animate her young favourite's countenance, as she received Sir Henry's cordial salute, when he entered the porch, where she sat to imbibe the sea breeze which had sunk into whispering softness: but upon the Count's features her eyes were bent with anxious solicitude,—the name of Frederico trembled on her lip; while checked by her dread of the Baronet's severity, she dared not give utterance to the question which her affectionate heart meditated. Count Theodore pitied the conflict she endured, but he could not relieve it; and he was happy to leave her to the society of her friends, who engaged to pass the night at the cottage, and as much of the following day as should occur before his return. He then departed in the firm resolution of once more hazarding *his* life, if less would not do, to put an end to the uncertainty which rendered his favourite so unhappy.

It was his first intention to procure, if possible, an admission to the hall of the inquisition, during the time set apart for the prisoner's examinations; when, he thought, there was more than a chance, if his friends were confined there, of seeing one or perhaps both of them; but there were insuperable difficulties in his way. He had already exposed himself to the hazard of discovery, by imposing himself upon the familiars as an inquisitor: to go again, therefore, in disguise, was perfectly impracticable; and there was only one very improbable alternative to abide by.

We have already, in our description of the judges of that court, described one as particularly indulgent to Derrick upon his commitment: of this man's character, the Count had formerly known something extremely to his honour; but it was not till since Almeria's emancipation, that he knew of his delegation to that sacred office. Upon a knowledge of Father Theobald in his former capacity of confessor to Baron de Lima, there was nothing to build; as the well known secrecy of the tribunal of which he was a worthy member, forbid any advances upon every subject relative to it; yet it was worth a trial: and Count de Lima passed a tedious night in arranging a plan for the attainment of his purpose. To obtain an interview with the venerable Father, who resided in the great square, was his first object, and he presented himself before the inquisitor in his real character.

Rejoiced to meet with an individual of a family, for which he retained a sincere respect, the holy man received his visitor with a frankness that characterised the gentleman and the friend; while Theodore de Lima contemplated the urbanity of his countenance with a keen regret, and inwardly lamented the loss of so many virtues to the world, which his profession, as an inquisitor, he feared must necessarily stifle. However, depending upon the existence of such of them as his short experience in the art of tormenting had not yet destroyed, Theodore ventured, after explaining his own situation, to beg his Reverence's attention to a circumstance which occupied his every thought: "Trust my discretion, dear Father," he added, upon observing a shade of seriousness on the priest's features, "I know your holy profession, and the reserve attached to it, nor will offer the smallest violence to your integrity, by soliciting any improper concession to my request." "Be brief then, Count," he replied "It is almost nine, and an affair of importance demands my presence at that hour." "Every affair belonging to a court so solemn must be important to its officers; nor will I tax your patience further than to ask if the case of \*\*\*" Theodore stopped; for the father assumed a stern severity of aspect, and forbade him to



proceed, "yet, only *one* word," continued the Count, "say only, is my unhappy friend, Jerome Passado, to be examined this day, and may I be admitted, merely as a hearer of his cause?" "Rash man," returned Father Theobald, "thy request is presumptuous." "It would be so, Reverend Sir, if I were not speaking to the ancient Baron de Lima's friend."—"Enough, Count, I feel your inference; I understand the nature of your appeal; it is a claim upon my gratitude for past favours, and shall be properly appreciated: but, if you knew the value of a sacrifice which will most probably lessen my consequence in the sacred court to which I belong, you would be more cautious in exacting it; at present I can hear no more."—Perceiving the Count's agitation, for he felt considerably hurt at this reply,—“Go sir” he continued, “and wait in the church till you see some one enter the small well-known door that leads to the prison; give him this paper, and follow his directions.”

The priest then with a courteous salute quitted his apartment, and left the half-gratified De Lima to congratulate himself upon the conquest he had gained over a judge of that dreadful office. He then adjourned to the fatal edifice, but had not waited long, when a familiar presented himself, took the ticket in silence, and pointing to the Count to follow, closed the little door upon them both, with a caution that prevented the smallest sound.

Although our benevolent adventurer had none of those chilling fears, those justifiable terrors which generally agitate the frame of an implied criminal, when he treads the dismal passages that lead to a prison, whose walls he beheld for the first time, yet he could not repress the thrilling sensations of a feeling heart, as he passed by the doors of those apartments that possibly contained the dear friends for whom he had hazarded so much; nor did the perfect silence, which remained undisturbed even by their own noiseless footsteps, contribute to interrupt his painful meditations. Every lamp that he passed, as they winked in sullen gloom above his head, seemed as if lighting him to untried horrors; and indeed he was ready to accuse himself of temerity for thus braving the resentment of those, whose power being superior to Father Theobald's, *might* make him repent the confidence he had placed in that once esteemed confessor! but these doubts were soon interrupted by the termination of his subteranean journey; and he entered a court so often, and so ably described, with every mark of awful astonishment. Indeed so great was his confusion, that he found some difficulty in obeying the signal of his conductor, to place himself among several by-standers, whose appearance bespoke them to be employed in some inferior department; nor could recognise even the appearance of Father Theobald, till he had acquired a greater power of recollection; but this stillness of the faculties, if we may venture so to stile it, was soon interrupted by an address from the grand inquisitor to a prisoner, who at that instant advanced towards the secretary's table, which was placed just before the tribunal. He was attended upon each hand by an officer, his attitude erect and manly; his face, only a part of which could be seen by the Count, was pale and thin; and his eye seemed bent with modest firmness upon his interrogator. After the judge had gone through a little introductory ceremony, relative to the *mercy* and *justice* of a court which had flourished for more than three hundred years, upon the basis of those virtues that were its entire support, he stopped till several prisoners were brought forward, all of whom were examined by Theodore with an eager eye and apprehensive heart.

## CHAP. XXIII.

### ENCREASING PERPLEXITIES.

TOO intent upon the interesting appearance of the prisoner before him, for the contemplation of common objects, Count de Lima had no eye for those who ranged behind their unhappy companion, whose whole figure reminded him so strongly of his lamented Alzira; and this idea gathered strength from the opinion he had formed, that Almeria's husband was actually an inmate of that horrid den.—In the contour of his countenance there was a particular resemblance; from a transient view he caught of his features, Theodore made no scruple to decide upon his identity, and he felt an indiscrutable desire to hear his voice, as that would be a positive evidence of what he already believed. During this state of anxiety, his attention was fixed by the Grand Inquisitor, who solemnly addressing the object of Theodore's meditation, by the title of De Lima, cleared up the smallest doubt which might occasionally arise, and increased the agitation of his heart. In the course of a charge that involved the accused in such a cruel disgrace, many expressions occurred which argued such a want of delicacy, even common humanity in the first judge, as produced a variety of painful emotions in the countenance of his unfortunate victim, who dared not give any oral interruption to so shocking an accusation; but, although *his* prudence pointed out the danger of revolting against the established usages of that despotic court, there was one present who despised the feeble claim of that necessary virtue; for as the inquisitor was proceeding to paint in the severest terms, a crime which (by the way) he described as more derogatory to the importance of the holy church, than even to a more *Sacred Power*, and loading the supposed criminal with unprecedented reproach; owing, as Theodore supposed, to a former vigorous defence—he was suddenly interrupted by one of the prisoner's in waiting, who had unthinkingly advanced within hearing; and who, notwithstanding his former ill success as a pleader, ventured once more to try his powers of conviction; and in an accent somewhat checked by fear, assured the Grand Judge he was upon a wrong tack, "*Becaase why, owld jontlemin,*" added he, and bowing with an awkward air of respect, "the thing is impossible, so that it can't be." "Silence! Retire!" cried the secretary, who sat near him; but Derrick perceiving he was not heard by *him* for whom he had meditated a severe remonstrance, raised his tone to a higher pitch, and to the astonishment of all present, thus continued: "By my *sowl*, now then I will be heard;—and I will indeed, my fine Reverendissimo!" again bending to the tribunal, "What should a man marry his sister for, when there's such plenty of wives to be had?—To be sure it wasn't so in the time of the *owld Patrick's*? but now, indeed, times are altered! Another thing, my-lord chief justice, if that pretty creature was here, face to face, you wouldn't say so much behind her back, that you wouldn't, indeed and indeed, one glance from her sparkling eye, would soon spoil all your musty arguments, and your own withered chaps would—" As if the judge was willing to try how far the Irishman's temerity would carry him, he sat profoundly silent, till the last observation roused his wrath to a dangerous pitch, and Derrick's eloquence was stopped with a command to "bear him to the torture!" two

executioners immediately advanced to obey a despot, who was not to be offended without ruin to the culprit; and Derrick once more repented the indulgence of a talent in a place where it could not shew itself to advantage. The idea of what he had seen in the torture room, darted upon him with an excruciating pang, and shot through his joints with the effect of electricity; but his evident simplicity, and that generous attachment which no circumstance could lessen, created in the benevolent Father Theobald's bosom, an interest of a most serviceable kind; and the good man, after nodding to the executioners to suspend their business, entered into a whispering conference with his coadjutor, whose frown as he listened, deepened into the sternest severity; which encreased the awkward distress that distorted Patrick's rueful countenance.

Father Theobald, in a glance he threw towards Derrick, perceived the effect of that petrifying frown; and determined, if possible, to conquer a resentment, which himself could not wholly condemn, (considering the offence) he exerted every effort in his power to obtain a suspension of the fatal decree; and succeeded so well, as to be authorized to stop any further process: and then sternly forbade our almost breathless Captain, to offer the slightest interruption to the court, under a certain penalty of penal punishment. There was something so sweetly impressing in the voice which gave this command, (added to our infatuated hero's dread of incurring the said penalty) that he made no difficulty of secretly vowing entire obedience; and he retired to the farthest limits of his station, till a fresh occasion called him into the awful circle.

When sufficiently recovered from the uneasy astonishment Derrick's conduct had excited, and during an interval of silence that succeeded it, Count Theodore contemplated the sad reverse of that poor fellow's case, whom he had formerly beheld in a situation which did honour to his feelings as a man of the highest moral character, when he discovered him upon the rock, weeping over the apparently lifeless corpse of a simple youth. True, there was in Patrick's features, such contradictory sensations, as almost to excite an equal mixture of ridicule and pity.—All that wild animation which once laughed in his eye, and arose to it with a transient gleam, while so injudiciously offending his powerful judge, seemed nearly annihilated, and its expression supplied by fear and indignation; his lips which had not yet profited by those rigid rules that impose continual silence, still quivered with the bitter remonstrance as it burst from his heart, convulsing them, as it were, with the violence of restraint. His garb was such as might be supposed to belong to one who had not known the comfort of a change, during his abode in a place by no means remarkable for the delicacy of its inhabitants; nor did his countenance receive any additional grace from the deprivation of a beard of three week's growth; but with all these disadvantages, there was a trait about him that forced itself upon a generous heart;—that excessive generosity of spirit, that ardent adherence to the cause of friendship, which had induced him to neglect his worldly interest, and defend his cause with a vigour so imprudent, as might end in death, were proofs of goodness that lost not their weight with the Count; who beheld with admiration, his almost imperceptible advances towards Frederico, when his examination was again renewed.

To follow the business of a court so iniquitous, would be both tedious in repetition, and repulsive to those liberal spirits, who cannot enter with patience into the wretched chicanery of prejudiced villainy. Suffice it then, to say, that Theodore de Lima beheld the examination close, without any opportunity of making himself known to either of the prisoners; whose answers, if we except our bewildered Irishman, although clear,

concise, and expostulatory, procured them no relief, and the cause was put off to another hearing. Dissatisfied and enraged, the Count knew not how to proceed; but, at all events, he determined upon a further trial of Almeria's patience: and after communicating his disappointment, with Derrick's incorrigible conduct, to Lady Tillotson, whose presence he previously requested, he once more left that venerable lady to the task of supporting the spirits of her young friend; whom she gratified by an assurance of not leaving her till her fate was decided; for she had satisfied Sir Henry respecting her resolution to avoid any dangerous conversation with Mrs. Cleveland.

After several serious debates upon the dreary aspect of Frederico's affairs, it was settled that Count Theodore should again wait upon Father Theobald, and relate to him the whole of those circumstances that related to the suspected origin of Mrs. Cleveland, her husband's supposed affinity to the Tavora family, Polygon's intrigues, his treachery, and in short every incident relative to the unhappy pair, which he conceived necessary to their advantage. In consequence of this resolution, a message was sent to the inquisitor, importing a wish to know when his Reverence would be at leisure to receive the anxious Count; to which a very polite invitation was returned, requesting that gentleman's company to dinner on the following day. From gaining a point so important, Sir Henry argued much good to their cause; and the cheerfulness of his conversation, when visiting the cottage during Theodore's absence, contributed to divert that anxiety, which communicated its effect to his young friend's voice and features.

While the worthy Theodore is engaged in a task so arduous as unsettling the prejudices of an inquisitor, we will attempt to investigate the mystery of Frederico's fresh commitment. It would be unnecessary to paint that pure delight which filled his soul, when told he was once more empowered to recover the felicity which had been so long suspended; or to dwell with prolixity on that horror of mind he endured, to find his sweet expectations blighted.—Sunk into a repose, the soundest he had experienced since his confinement, he was suddenly awakened by a strong light that waved before his eyes, and occasioned him to jump from his bed in the greatest astonishment. At first he could not distinguish the garb of those fatal disturbers, who had advanced in a foreboding stillness to the side on which he lay; till commanded to get ready with silence and expedition, he gazed in terror upon his midnight visitors, whose appearance drove every doubt from his mind respecting their employment. Not all that patience, resignation, and fortitude, which seldom deserted him in a variety of trying scenes, could stand the test of this cruel shock; and he even dared, like poor Derrick, to question their power and defy their resentment; but these veterans in office, too well understanding the extent of that power, made no scruple of using it in a cruel degree; for the groans Morviedro had heard, were occasioned by a severe stroke their unhappy prisoner received, to bring him to his *reason*, as they chose to stile it, who then made no more resistance, and he was conveyed to his dungeon without the poor satisfaction of guessing wherefore.

To this last barbarous transaction, the wretched Polygon had unknowingly contributed, by his ignorance of those arts, that deep and subtle finesse, which neither the policy of the designing, nor the innocence of a helpless prisoner could detect. Enough, therefore, was gathered from his evidence against Almeria, to criminate Frederico; and

upon his acquittal from civil censure, that unfortunate Cavalier became subjugated to a court still more terrible than that he had just escaped.

As it was impossible for Theodore de Lima to clear up with certainty, the obscurity that hung upon this part of Frederico's fate, he hoped to learn it from the good father; to whom, after the cloth was drawn, and they were left together, he ventured to make his intended communication. Theobald listened with a countenance expressive of various feelings;—jealous of the dignity of his profession, as a member of his office, and doubtful of the extent to which his power might reach, of listening to this tale, connected, as it seemed, with the proceedings of that tribunal, he was several times upon the point of silencing his eager visitor; but, insensibly, as the story became more interesting, this reluctance to hear it decreased. Theodore, who watched every change in the inquisitor's countenance, observed the flush which now glowed in his generally pallid cheek,—now faded into an unusual paleness, with a full hope that he should touch every chord in his generous heart, by a recital so simple and so true; but when he related his own reasons for supposing his wretched friends were not criminally allied, and touched with a skilful hand, the description of their various sufferings, the penetrated Father concealed his face with his garment, as if loth to betray a weakness which, in particular instances, exalts rather than degrades humanity. After a pause which De Lima could only account for as the effect of inquisitorial strictness, he ventured to ask the Father's opinion of a case so singularly affecting; concluding with an earnest petition for his advice as to the means most likely—to penetrate the important mystery,—to benefit his unhappy friend,—and, to punish the primary cause of such extended mischief. Awakened from a painful cogitation by this candid appeal to his judgment, Father Theobald attempted to assume an air of reproof and severity, as though offended with an address that struck at the sacred character he was determined to maintain; but it would not do: there was an interest in every thing relative to Count Theodore's subject, that demanded instant attention, and a lenient hand to manage. Giving up, therefore, every effort to preserve a magisterial dignity, that truly good man recovered his usual placidity of voice and manner; declaring “he never experienced a more awkward situation than the ground on which he stood, if considered merely as an officer of justice; but when the claims which distress of such a nature imperiously force themselves upon the sympathizing heart, are added to considerations so opposite, the difficulty of reconciling them becomes nearly insurmountable. You,” continued he, “must be sensible of all this; as also how incompetent my power is to the matter in question. Already have I gone such lengths in favour of your friends, as to produce an unequivocal reprimand from my holy brethren. Indeed, they pretend to find no precedent for such mistaken lenity; so that any farther exertion on my part might bring on ecclesiastical censure, and perhaps produce a suspension of my functions, which would effectually prevent any future attempt to serve you; therefore, as a judge of criminal causes, I must go with my contemporaries in their decisions. I see, and can appreciate the value of that tear, which this declaration extorts; but even as a man of benevolence—as one who would go to the extent of the *civil* law to procure a favourable judgment for the innocent, I cannot (at present, however) relieve your anxiety; yet will venture to promise, that no judicial sentence shall be executed without your previous information; and as an instance of my sincerity, I will dare to confess that a day *is* fixed for the final issue of this singular cause. Fail not, therefore, to attend daily, as you did yesterday in St. Dominick's church, till the important event is

decided. You are astonished at the freedom with which I have at last expressed myself; but you are not to wonder at the seeming facility I have adopted in dropping a character so impervious to the attacks of mistaken humanity; or, that mercy, which in our courts is founded only upon impartial justice, should take the lead in an inquisitor's bosom. To-morrow perhaps—but, O sacred Dominick, forgive me! yet, O! what events may hang upon the discovery that may then take place?—Pardon me, Count de Lima, I am wrong; I am too unguarded for my holy employment; time alone can give coherence to the reference:—for the present you must excuse any farther altercation upon this subject.”

His interested guest understood the action that accompanied these words, and after sincerely confessing his obligation to Father Theobald, for his courageous interference, arose to depart with sentiments for which he knew no name, so complex were the subjects that gave them birth; and he retired under a strange impression of seeing every mystery, indefinable as they might then appear, completely developed through the means of the inquisitor.

In obedience to that excellent priest's request, Count Theodore presented himself for several days at the low door in St. Dominick's, which led to the dungeons, and was constantly conducted by an officer, to the place set apart for those who were allowed to hear the examinations; but no gratification followed this indulgence: neither Signor Jerome, Frederico, or our unlucky Irishman appeared, and he began to fear for the lives of those unfortunate prisoners, as well as doubt the integrity of Father Theobald. To lessen, if possible, the weight of those suspicions which daily strengthened, the Count, after a day of fruitless expectation, went to pass an evening with his cottage friends, who received him with very different, yet affectionate sensations. Determined to preserve an appearance of tranquillity, Almeria struggled with her ungovernable feelings to maintain it; and assisted by Lady Tillotson, she contrived to give the conversation a cheerful turn. By one incautious observation—one reference to Frederico's situation, Count Theodore could have destroyed every trait of this assumed fortitude; but happy to encourage the effort, he strove to contribute his endeavour, by chusing the most animated topic to strengthen the resolution he admired; and several hours stole away unembittered by useless apprehensions. During an argument upon the uncertainty of human happiness, several opinions were received and rejected by the experienced trio: Mrs. Cleveland, who felt herself encouraged by her valuable friend's consoling statement of a subject he had formerly rejected as incompetent to the demands of human nature, ventured to ask his motive for such an evident change of sentiment; declaring from long experience, in the fallacy of high expectations, that permanent happiness was not, nor ever could be, the lot of mortals; who (so changeable in themselves) could never make *that* stationary, which depended upon their own unsettled principles, tempers, and dispositions for existence.—

“By my *sowl* now, and you are right, my *swate* honey,” exclaimed a voice that struck every one present with astonishment bordering upon terror, “for I am an *owlder* man than any of *you*, and yet I have *niver* had a visit from the phantom without her sure companion Disappointment, close in her wake!” “*Captain Derrick!* is it possible!” cried the Count, who first recovered the power of recollection, “It cannot surely be, that he is liberated without a miracle?” “Indeed now, my dear, it is not only possible, but very true though, that I *have* escaped from those *divils in grain*; who think nothing at all, at all, of frying, broiling, cutting, and carbonating every unlucky hound, who dares only tell them a piece of his mind.—A parcel of blood-suckers, with their forks and their wheels, their

stewpans and their gridirons, first laying an embargo on our tongues, and then taking away our breath to make us speak!"

"It might be as well, Mr. Derrick," said the smiling Sir Henry, by whom he was accompanied, "if that said embargo had continued a few minutes longer, without incurring the penalty you mention." "O, let him talk," said the enraptured Mrs. Cleveland, who that moment received a kiss from lips distained with the Virginia plant, and which she almost as heartily returned; "for though I am at a loss to guess at your meaning, and indeed have often been puzzled to decypher it, yet I know a little patience in your hearers will be rewarded at last: at any rate, I am free to congratulate myself upon this joyful meeting." "Joyful! yes, to be sure; and yet, if you knew what I have suffered for you and—that is, what I might have suffered,"—"Be silent, sir," cried the enraged Sir Henry, as he violently drew him from his seat, where he had just placed himself, "you know not what you say; I entreat you will change the subject." "O, for pity's sake, let him proceed," said Almeria, "he hints at his confinement in the inquisition, I know he does; and indeed his appearance confirms it.—Say then; my poor Derrick, have you really been amenable to that awful power?" "*Mendable?* why truly, jewel, there is enough to mend in the *owld* Harridans, before they can be fit for *sarvice*; but as to *my* mending them d'ye see, sure now, and I would be a true tinker to their crazy carcasses; for I would make twelve holes before I would caulk one, if they were to come in my way." "O then, it is too true that my dear friend *has* been subject to their barbarous tyranny." "*Tyranny?* O yes, and that I have indeed; and so has \*\*\*—why, what the *divil* do you *mane*, Mr. Signor what d'ye call 'em, do you think I am about to tell a lie, that you pull, and twist, and hug one like a Greenland bear! If so be you are a man, prove it; I am not afraid of a pistol: or if you like an Irish set-too in the English stile, I'll meet you upon any ground in Portugal!"

Mrs. Cleveland, whose excessive agitation had rendered her nearly insensible to Derrick's dangerous allusions respecting her husband's imprisonment, felt extremely astonished at Count de Lima and Sir Henry's endeavours to prevent the Captain's usual volubility, and warmly interfered in his behalf; conjuring them to excuse the effect of unguarded affection, which she was sorry to observe, had already exceeded the bounds even of natural politeness: and then addressing Patrick, who had begun to comprehend the motive for such a rough interruption, and looked extremely foolish, she told him "his conduct not only claimed forgiveness, but reward;" and then tried to reconcile them to each other, by observing, "that before she would claim any further gratification of her anxious curiosity, she would venture to present that gentleman to him," taking a hand of the attentive Count, "as her protector in distress, her companion in solitude, her adviser in the most critical exigencies of her life, and one whom she was bound to love, reverence, and esteem." Derrick had hardly patience to wait the conclusion of this eulogium, so eager was he to make reparation for his violence, as well as to learn the name of the Count, which, however, he forgot to ask,—grasping, therefore, the hand she offered, he loudly exclaimed "O by my conscience, honey, and I'll reverence him too; though he wouldn't let me *spake* till I held my tongue.—You'll pardon me then, Signor, for being so rude; but faith now, when a woman's the subject, with her flag of distress hoisted, her sails all aback, and ready to founder upon the rocks of treachery, it was always little Derrick's way to give her a lift if possible; and now as this poor thing has been pining and whining after her husband till she looks like a parboiled turnip, why I was willing

d'ye see, just to set her heart at *ease*, by telling her where he is." "Stupid fool," muttered the Count, who saw the consequence of this incautious speech upon Mrs. Cleveland, which was delivered too rapidly to be prevented; and then raising his voice "One word with you, Captain, in the garden; I will not detain you; do step out with me?"—"Not for kingdoms," cried the frantic woman, "till he has eased my anxious heart, by saying when and where he left my beloved Frederico?" "Why in the inquisition, *swate* one; sure now, and you didn't know that!—aye, and your friend Jerome too. There they are in the *devil's* limbo; but *niver* heed, lovey, for I *mane* to scale the *walls* of that subteranean dungeon with a crew of Irish boys; and I warrant our good shillalahs will soon batter that Pandemonium of infernal spirits about their ears!"

"O merciless!" cried the wretched Almeria, "this is indeed the very climax of misery! but tell me," and she rose with a wild and maddening gesture,—“tell me, I conjure you, what demon has glutted his insatiate revenge by a punishment so horrible? Say, Sir Henry, *you* who have ever been an enemy to our connexion, *you*, perhaps can tell me *who* to thank for this completion of our sorrows?" "Patience, my love," said Lady Tillotson, "you are unjust in your application, and injure one of your tenderest protectors, by an address which conveys such a cruel suspicion." "Pity me, dear madam," said the poor Almeria, shedding tears as she spoke, "I would not be harsh in my conjectures, but this is an evil of such magnitude, as to deprive me of common candour.—Sir," she continued, turning from her venerable friend, and speaking to the Count, "do *you* confirm the dreadful intelligence? Am I indeed doomed to experience the worst of tortures, through the medium of a husband's sufferings; and if so, cannot those sufferings be lightened by *my* participation? but no: you turn away; you weep; you are all affected!—Generous friends, how soothing is this attention to a hapless woman: yet to me, to my lost Frederico, it bodes no good.—It puts a negative upon every hope of seeing him emancipated by your efforts.—Well then," and she heaved a mournful sigh, "we must submit to the merciless decrees of a savage court. My kind Derrick be comforted: you meant well, but was mistaken in the means; another time I may thank you for a fuller communication; but now, I feel unequal to a farther shock, and will retire, if Lady Tillotson will indulge me with her company."—

She then, after affectionately wiping the tears from the rugged cheek of her self-accusing informer, who was rendered speechless from a violent emotion, departed to humble herself before that Being, who alone could reconcile her to a lot so terrible.



## CHAP. XXIV.

### PARTIAL EXPLANATION.

THE pathetic silence which this dreaded discovery had occasioned, remained uninterrupted till Derrick began an awkward apology for the mischief his indiscretion had produced, by declaring “he only meant to comfort the poor little *sowl*, in letting her know her husband was *safe*, and so near her; but women, for the matter of that, were but fair-weather vessels—mere pleasure-boats: could make no way but with the wind right astern; for if a slight squall overtook them on the starboard tack, down went their colours; their gingerbread work was damaged; smack went their rudder, and the poor hulk was left to drift upon the shoal of despair.”

To this mixture of self defence and technical allusion, no answer was returned; till the Count, who had never ceased wondering at Derrick’s astonishing appearance among them, solicited an explanation of it from his own mouth, and immediately received the following account: namely, “That after his unlucky attempt to convince an inquisitor of cruelty and injustice, he had been confined in a worse dungeon than the Black Hole at Calcutta, of recent memory,—without the means of amusing himself; and as to a drop of grog, or even a comfortable quid, St. Patrick himself couldn’t be worse off, had he been under their clutches; *because* why, the *owld divil* who had thought proper to punish a man for *spaking* his mind a bit, could only have mulct *him* of that, any more than another man. Well, sure now,” continued this strange narrator, “I began to wish for a book, or”—“A *book*, Captain, and without light!” “O, *niver* heed an Irish blunder, Sir Henry, you put me out with your untimely remark: what signifies what a man wishes for when he is shut up with himself? However, I didn’t see a *christian sowl* but a poor cat, who came in with the man that brought my Olla Podrida, as he called it, a nasty mess, and only fit for a ratgut Portuguese. Well, I kept poor puss, and shared my little abundance with her; which by the way she couldn’t see”—“And yet you saw the cat!” observed Count Theodore, who could not be displeased with this artless son of nature. “Poh! poh! Mr. Signor, if you put a man so out of his way, how is he to get to his journey’s end?”

There was truth in this observation, and the Count nodded assent; while encouraged to pursue his tale, Derrick thus went on: “Well now, I think it was about midnight yesterday, when I heard my door unbar, and saw a lamp, with a piece of paper, thrust in by somebody, who immediately retired. O then and to be sure, I didn’t take up the paper and read it directly, the contents of which made my heart jump; for they *towld* me, I was to wait till somebody opened the door again, when I was to go before my conductor, who would *lead* me out of the prison; and when I had got free of the church, I was to go to St. Peter’s Street, in the last house of which I should meet an acquaintance. Well, it was soon after this, I heard the bar let down, and one of the gaolers beckoned me out. By my conscience, I was glad enough to get out of Lucifer’s den; but when I thought of the Signor and poor Frederico, my courage failed, and I asked if they were not to go too? O how the surly Cerberus grumbled, and bid me be quiet, if I wished to avoid the punishment of the rack; O then I tried to *howld* my tongue, till I got to St. Peter’s Street,

where I saw this *jontlemin*, who *towld* me where I might find my *swate* child; but indeed and indeed now, I didn't *mane* to distress her so."

"We believe you, Captain," said the Count, "and can readily pardon an error grounded upon mistaken tenderness. At present, I believe it will be necessary to adjourn to our respective abodes; and to-morrow, the Baronet with myself, will consider of every means that can give consolation to our unhappy young friends." Somewhat reconciled to himself by this assurance, the Captain accompanied Sir Henry to his lodgings, with more satisfaction than he would otherwise have done, had not that gentleman by his evident affection for Mrs. Cleveland, conquered the prejudice he formerly entertained against him; for in their walk to the cottage, the Baronet had dwelt with such an affectionate energy upon her misfortunes, and her merits, that Derrick absolutely embraced—alias, *hugged* him for it.

Too much involved in the contemplation of Frederico's impending cause to think of rest, Count Theodore adjourned to the banks of the Tagus; where he lost for a minute, every idea of mortal calamities, while admiring the sublime effect of a rising sun, as it threw its glorious beams across that noble river, and tinting every object on its western shores with vivid beauty; but the scene soon faded, or became irksome to the eye, as he beheld St. Dominick's portentous spires glittering in the distance; for beneath its deep foundation, was confined the wretched Frederico, and his unhappy friend Jerome. Returning, therefore, to his comfortless meditation, the strange deliverance of Derrick occupied his thoughts: certainly, he could not even *suppose* that it was brought about by Father Theobald, who so lately professed his inability to render the poor prisoners any essential service. Yet this was exactly the case; for that humane man, who dreaded the consequence of Patrick's simplicity, had dared to liberate him under a certain impression that he was innocent of the charge so maliciously laid against him. To do this, it was necessary for the good priest to assume the disguise of an inferior gaoler, which his authority in that place rendered easy to be procured; nor did he hazard much by this manoeuvre, as he chose the opportunity of effecting his design, when the attendants and familiars were fully employed. If it be asked why Signor Frederico and the Cavalier were not equal subjects of his attention, we must refer to Father Theobald's motives, as they will soon develop themselves; for the present, Derrick's escape answered his benevolent purpose, and he quieted his own apprehensions of a discovery, with the assurance, that none of those who occasionally supplied the dungeon with provisions, would bring a certain punishment upon themselves by owning he had escaped their vigilance, at least so he tried to believe. It was also in *his* power to account for an inferior prisoner's absence, at least till the cause was decided, when some favourable circumstance *might* arise to cover the deception.

Employed by a multitude of erroneous conjectures, Count Theodore saw the hour advance at which he was to attend his usual hopeless appointment; and after a slight refreshment at his abode, he once more entered a prison so abhorrent to his soul.—When, contrary to the awful solitude of those gloomy regions, he beheld an air of busy importance in its voluntary inhabitants; several of whom were appointed to conduct such of the supposed criminals, who were on that day to receive their final sentence, to the spacious hall. Those deep, but low sighs, which stole from bosoms agonized with inexpressible fears, caused a torturing sensation in that of Count de Lima; and the countenances of two prisoners, as they passed, leaning upon their conductors, brought to

his anguished mind all he had heard of remorseless inquisitorial vengeance; but pity was useless, nay, dangerous under that roof, and he hastened from a sight so inimical to his fortitude.

From all he could collect, it appeared as if *that* day was indeed to be the epoch of Signor Frederico and his companion's fate. There was an air of solemn dignity in the extra ornaments of the tribunal, the judges, and superior officers, that bespoke an unusual distinction; even the most holy Father Padrillo San Cervantes, Grand Inquisitor, and Chief Judge of Criminal Causes, seemed to gather consequence from his situation, which reflected a proportionate degree of importance upon his third in command, who was his servile copy and officious admirer. Every feature of this mean adulator, seemed as if cast in the same mould with his haughty contemporary, whose proud unbending aspect, formed a striking contrast to the mild dispassionate countenance of Father Theobald; which, during the ceremony of calling over the names, of such as were to receive sentence, betrayed a degree of emotion not unnoticed by the Count. When that of Derrick was announced, he was represented as being too ill from the severity of his confinement, to quit his dungeon; and the court went on to finish the business relative to Signor Frederico and his friend, both of whom were ordered to approach the tribunal; when the same questions were put, with very little variety of manner, as Theodore had listened to upon a former occasion. The answers of Signor Jerome, which were perfectly clear and tended to exculpate him from every part of the crime laid to his charge, were admitted as sufficient to exonerate him from censure; and Frederico, who had attended the issue of his friend's examination with evident anxiety, no sooner heard the important fiat which set the Cavalier at liberty, than he lifted up his eyes in pious gratitude, and silently pressed Jerome's hand as he retreated to make room for that persecuted man; who then advanced with an air of mild resignation, to hear a decree which must set aside the painful suspense he had so long endured.

It had been that devoted Signor's employment for several preceding days, to prepare himself for the approaching trial.—Fervent prayer, cool investigation of a cause for which he could not account, tender recommendations of his beloved Almeria to the protection of heaven, and a strict enquiry into the state of his mind as to its particular frame, had rendered the intermediate time less dreadfully tedious than might be expected; nor did the solemn intimation, that he was expected in the hall, raise such sickening emotions as might have been supposed. Conscious, from some indefinable motive, that he was innocent of the heinous charge, he felt no difficulty in forming a defence, grounded upon a sort of intuition which he tried to encourage.—Of the chicanery, impenetrability, and settled resolves of an inquisitor, Signor Frederico was well aware; and on their jealousy of defied authority, dread of controul, and proverbial severity, he built his expectation of determined opposition to his pleas. Father Theobald's manners, indeed, claimed an exception to the general rule; but still he was an inquisitor—zealous in his duty, and from him he had nothing to hope. To stand or fall, then, by the decrees of omnipotence was his fate, and he submitted with fortitude.

After a long and elaborate repetition of the patience and tenderness attributable to their court by themselves *only*, Father Dominick, the official interrogator upon this occasion, particularized every circumstance of Signor de Lima's offence, with a bitterness and unbending rancour, that marked his servile attention to his haughty superior's propension to rigid treatment; ending with a request to know if the prisoner

chose to make any further defence, or would bring forward any proofs of his innocence? Unawed by the penetrating aspect of the chief judge, whose eye half-closed, and obliquely fixed upon his powerless victim, betrayed the latent exultation of a hardened heart, as he leant over the table upon his crossed arms. Frederico collected fortitude sufficient to ask for a recital of those *proofs* which had been brought against him, assuring the most holy Father Padrillo, (for he felt too much contempt for the Father Dominick to address him) he felt perfectly at ease respecting the charge imputed to him, and though denied the indulgence usual in other courts of facing his accusers, yet he would rest his cause upon the moderation and justice of his lordship, if he would indulge him with the grant of his wishes. A most taunting denial followed this request, and the prisoner was accused of contempt of court, in daring to oppose any of its established usages. Almost breathless with terror, Count Theodore heard this additional charge—but he heard in trembling silence; for to have betrayed any symptom even of compassion, must have encreased the danger of his friend.

“Pardon me, my lord,” said Frederico, “I meant not to incur your censure by my petition, however derogatory to the maxims of this tribunal it might be worded; I meant *only* to establish in your lordship’s opinion, by the success of that appeal, a belief of my innocence, not conceiving this can be done by any other method.” “*Innocence?*” retorted the mortified Dominick, who felt offended by the prisoner’s neglect, “Why, truly that is a strong word.” “*It is*, Reverend Father; but in this instance, it is applicable to my conduct.” “You must be humbled, proud sir.” “*I am* humbled; deeply humbled: for I have lived to answer a charge which strikes at *all* that is dear to me in existence, and which, if substantiated, will—O God!” and he lifted up his tearful eyes, “What will it not do?—render me hateful even to *thee*.” Then recollecting himself, and addressing the Grand Judge, “My lord, it still remains with you to rescue an unhappy man from obloquy and wretchedness, by indulging him with the means of self defence; but if the proofs already hinted at, must remain dormant to me, I frankly confess myself unable to adduce any serviceable ones from my own experience. Your lordship has already heard all those I could bring forward upon former occasions; but if they be inefficient, my claim is hopeless, and I must abide by the consequences of an imputed crime.” “Know you where your partner in this iniquitous compact resides?” asked the remorseless Dominick, who shewed no great policy in this application. Frederico was silent. “You hear the question, prisoner, from our brother? this is fresh contempt!” “Not so, my lord, but I do not understand it; or if I do”—“You would not answer.” The Signor bowed respectfully. “Enough, prisoner, we shall proceed accordingly: you, brother Dominick, will pronounce sentence.”

“Then it is all over!” thought the pitying Theodore, whose tears became troublesome to him, “O Almeria! how torturing to thy conjugal feelings will be the intelligence I must communicate! And that dear victim of a dark conspiracy, how composed he seems! alas, those features now so placid, so expressive of mild and manly resignation, how soon will they be distorted with actual pain!” The picture his fancy formed, grew too horrible for further contemplation, and he turned from it to a theme little less painful;—the subject of sentence, which Dominick was preparing to pronounce. At length, after a solemn and impressive silence, during which every one present, not excepting the members of the tribunal, uncovered their heads and stood up: Father Dominick began in a whining tone of insincere pity, expressive of his regret at being

called upon to condemn a fellow creature, whose crime demanded a severe punishment: "Had you, Frederico de Lima," continued the pompous being, "made an ample confession of that most horrid, most diabolical crime, which has rendered you subject to ecclesiastical justice; had you considered the consequence of offending a court so justly tenacious of its sacred privileges, a milder fate had been your lot; but you have added insolence to impertinence, and must abide by the effect of such a conduct. Yet, such is the unprecedented clemency of a tribunal you affect to defy, that they are willing to allow you a longer respite, if you will make some attempt to justify, or exculpate yourself, which *we* can notice in a regular way; something that may amount to a proof."

Frederico, who was unable even in a predicament so terrible, to conceal his abhorrence of Father Dominick, professed his inability to produce any serviceable proof, since his responsibility was so decidedly denied; therefore, he respectfully entreated that his suspense might be shortened, and sentence given. At this unusual request, the inquisitors exchanged a meaning look, and Dominick was proceeding to gratify this refractory culprit, when he was once again interrupted in the work of death, by a little disturbance near the door; from whence several strangers silently advanced, and ranging themselves at a distance from the tribunal, appeared attentive only to the business in question. Their approach was noticed by a severe frown from the Great Judge, who bid his holy brother go on;—the father immediately resumed his delegated office, and again addressing Signor Frederico "You are contumacious then, prisoner, and will not"—"*Can* not, revered judge," said he, catching the meaning of his cruel tormentor, and bowing respectfully to the stern Padrillo San Cervantes, "No, my lord, I can *not* bring forward any satisfactory proof."—

"But I *can*," said Father Theobald, in a voice calculated to impose belief; while he turned a look of awful severity upon his mortified brother, "and will pledge my life,—nay, what is still dearer, my character, as a member of this most sacred office, that Frederico de *Tavora*, no longer *Lima*, is innocent of the atrocious crime imputed to him." "You are mysterious, brother Theobald; we do not understand this assertion; nor does your information come to us in the usual mode: we shall therefore withdraw to take a regular cognizance of what you have advanced." "That will be needless, Lord Padrillo, our witnesses are present, and are ready to give the court full satisfaction on this head, under a positive impression of our claims to the attributes of justice and mercy; which they aptly conceive will be highly gratified, by the prisoner's exoneration from that load of infamy he has so long endured." "We are not disposed to countenance innovations, my lord," returned the offended Padrillo, "this business must stand over till each witness be separately examined; and if the prisoner encourages a certain hope of his deliverance, he will not murmur at the delay. And now cryer, adjourn the court, till we have leisure to scrutinize this extraordinary business.—Officer, lead your prisoner hence."

It was with deep reluctance, that Frederico felt himself obliged to obey the rigid command; his eye wandered alternately from Father Theobald to the newly arrived strangers, as if eager to catch some propitious intelligence from their mutual glances, but he was allowed no time for explanation.—Father Theobald quitted his chair without uttering another word.—The strangers retired with an air of vexation and disappointment, leaving Count Theodore employed in a painful, but delicious reverie; occasioned by a strong hope, which would not be repelled, that he should see his beloved Frederico restored—if not to his illustrious rank and title, as heir to the houses and estates of

Tavora, yet to that he held in society, as an honourable and useful member of it. Leaving, therefore, the tribunal where he had been so unexpectedly relieved from the horror of hearing his young favourite condemned to a cruel and ignominious punishment, he hastened to his almost equally anxious friend; and delighted that worthy Baronet with an account so foreign to his expectations; giving him at the same time, permission to trust Lady Tillotson with the discretionary power of lessening, though in a distant way, her unhappy companion's apprehensions.

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## CHAP. XXV.

### ELUCIDATION.

AS the Grand Judge had omitted to fix a time for a fresh enquiry into a business, which it was plain he wished to conclude in a way unfavourable to Father Theobald's hopes, whose earnest and indiscreet opposition had given that haughty Portuguese an unpardonable offence, Count Theodore lost no time in applying to the good Father for an explanation of his extraordinary conduct; and he requested an interview upon the following morning, devoid of that timidity which had given his manner, in his foregoing visits, a tincture of awkwardness. Admitted to the inquisitor's breakfast table, he was struck with the appearance of those gentlemen he had previously seen on the preceding day; one of whom exhibited in the traits of his venerable, but noble countenance, a high degree of Spanish grandeur; the other had nothing in his looks to excite particular attention; but for the aged Cavalier, he felt an indistinguishable emotion—a somewhat bordering upon affection, connected with reverence; even his features, shrunk as they were, indicated a confused remembrance of former occurrences, and Count Theodore fancying them familiar to his memory, gazed till his eye dropped beneath the Cavalier's equally scrutinizing glances.

Father Theobald beheld this mutual embarrassment with a benevolent smile, and taking the Count's hand, he put it into that of his ancient visitor, saying "Receive, my son, the father of thy loved Alzira; and you, Don Arthurio, recognize in this gentleman, Count Theodore de Lima;—the protector of your grandson Frederico de Tavora, and his wife, daughter to the late unhappy Duke D'Aveiro." Unable to controul those agonizing feelings which such an introduction excited, Count Theodore groaned convulsively.—In the father of Alzira he again beheld her persecutor; and although he had freely forgiven that avaricious Spaniard, he could not forget the long-long years of anguish his love of money had produced. Too well understanding, and as heartily condemning the primary source of this distress, Don Arthurio, who had bitterly deplored the consequences of that attachment, had no consolation to give: he could only press the hand of his injured son-in-law, and then dropped into a chair nearly insensible.

"This useless retrospection must not be indulged," cried their common friend, while he strove to raise the half-fainting veteran, "Count Theodore has much to learn, and our time will admit of no delay; perhaps the fate of your Frederico depends upon dispatch.—In this man," turning to one of the strangers, "you see the husband of Almeria's nurse: Don Arthurio therefore, to whom some papers have been transmitted which establish Mrs. Cleveland's right to the late Duke D'Aveiro's title and estate, (supposing the latter not totally confiscated) has taken a long and painful journey, not only to ascertain *her* claim, but to clear the injured Frederico's character from the infamy which rests upon it."—"Blessed combination of unexpected events!" exclaimed the enraptured Count, "Now indeed, may that persecuted pair look forward to a happy development of those cruel circumstances, which have clouded their early days and embittered a tender union. Complete indeed will be the evidence in their favour; for *I* also have papers to produce, that must correspond with, and strengthen your testimonies.—

Papers written and signed by my lamented sister Theodora Duchess of Aveiro, and mother to Almeria, explaining with affecting precision, her motive for giving up her maternal claim to the lovely infant. We have now then, only to wait the leisure of Lord Padrillo, and I trust he will not tax our patience too severely.” “There *are* forms” observed Father Theobald, whose serious aspect gave force to his assertion, “which my holy brother will not dispense with, that may possibly militate against our eager wishes to restore Frederico de Tavora to his liberty; and we must submit to irrevocable decrees.” “And we *will* submit,” replied the Count, “to every dispensation which this excellent friend and spiritual director shall deem necessary. At present, if Don Arthurio be sufficiently recovered for conversation, I would wish to hear by what means he became possessed of those important papers, that promise such great advantages to my nephew and his lady.”

“Would to St. Anthony,” returned Gonsales, “I could as easily \*\*\* but forgive a wretched old man, in whose faithful memory, one idea alone is uppermost: I was about to touch a chord that vibrates in every vein of an exhausted heart.” “No more, Don Arthurio, I understand your hint; its object is too sacred for discussion; proceed therefore, if you please to gratify my curiosity.—*Curiosity*, did I say? but proceed, my father.” The noble Castilian then informed his auditors, that made extremely wretched by the report which had reached his ears from Jeronymo, lieutenant of the citadel appointed for state criminals, that a cavalier who had been involved in the late process against the house of Tavora, was moved from that prison to the inquisition, in consequence of a report which rendered him cognizable to the tribunal, he lost no time in investigating the motive for such a proceeding, and soon gained a knowledge of his supposed crime. Still more unhappy to discover the stigma that would hang upon the posterity of a family to which he owned a collateral affinity, Gonzales endeavoured to trace the luckless Frederico’s real origin; but in vain: till he recollected a conversation he once held with an Alguazil, who had formerly been distinguished as a confidential servant to his lamented daughter Alzira. Fond of hearing any little anecdote relative to the virtues of that suffering lady, he used to encourage the Alguazil to be frequent in his communications; but there *was* a secret in Thomo’s possession, which Don Arthurio could not fully develop; although from several hints, he judged both his daughter and the Duchess D’Aveiro were concerned in it; also, that Thomo was somehow engaged in the preservation of a child of De Tavora’s house. However, till Frederico’s unfortunate situation became interesting to Gonzales, the Castilian had not felt himself induced to tamper with the honour of a Spaniard; but fired by the hope of rendering an essential service to a young man, on whose excellent character his friend Jeronymo had expatiated with uncommon warmth, he no longer scrupled to aim at the possession of Thomo’s cherished secret; and sending for the Alguazil, he described to him with great exactness, the person, character, misfortunes, and connexions of Frederico; so far at least, as Jeronymo’s representation enabled him to do; in which the lieutenant had been assisted, not only by his prisoner, but from Count Theodore, while that nobleman had been so actively engaged in procuring his favourite the indulgences he enjoyed.

True to the characteristic of his country, Thomo gave evident marks of displeasure while Don Arthurio was delivering an exordium, containing several situations in which a person might stand excused for a breach of promise; but when he adverted to the *real* cause for an act so derogatory to Spanish dignity,—when he urged his reasons



for supposing Frederico had some claim upon Thomo's attention, the Alguazil listened with an eagerness that betrayed a very particular interest in the business; and he asked several questions respecting this unowned branch of a family he had venerated, in such an unguarded manner, as to raise Gonzales hopes to their highest pitch. When that gentleman had concluded his narrative, Thomo appeared excessively disturbed. "It was singular" he observed, "that an heir of Tavora should have been so long secreted from public observation, unless—but then," as if recollecting himself, "there *might* be another branch, that some friendly hand had extricated from the destruction which \*\*\*\*\*" Here he paused, uninterrupted by Don Arthurio; who knew enough of human nature to leave it to itself upon this occasion, for he saw the secret bursting as it were, from the lips of Thomo; who unable to contain himself any longer, offered to go to Lisbon, and convince himself of Frederico's identity and particular claim to the family of his beloved lady; candidly declaring, he had been entrusted by that Signora with her young son, on the eve of her husband's commitment to prison, whose principles had rendered him an object of suspicion three years antecedent to his death; and that he was to convey him to England when a convenient opportunity should offer, but under a seal of secrecy which admitted of no reservation.

Happy to be thought worthy of such a trust, Thomo took charge of the little boy; scarcely ever trusting him from his sight, but when employed in engaging a vessel to carry them to Britain. "Yet," said the poor fellow, while a tear gathered in his eye, "I was not thought worthy of executing that dear saint's commission; for, upon a day never to be forgotten in the annals of Portugal, I left my little treasure to the care of Ires, and rising with the sun, made the best of my way to the harbour, where an English ship had just completed her cargo, and was to sail on the following morning; but scarcely had I left the quay, when, stunned by a horrid noise, I hastily looked back, and beheld the whole of that vast place torn from the solid earth, and slide, if I may so say, into the Tagus. Alarmed beyond expression by the earthquake which had occasioned this awful mischief, I ran to my cottage; but it was in ruins: overwhelmed by a church, near which it stood. From that moment I never more beheld the unhappy babe, who, with my dear wife, I supposed to be buried under the walls of St. Augustine; but your account, Don Arthurio, makes me hope he has escaped, and that I shall again see the dear offspring of my sweet lady."

Satisfied with this intelligence, Gonzales prepared for his journey to Lisbon; at the same time he employed the Alguazil, who could not be spared from his post as an officer of the police, to draw up a full and circumstantial relation of all he knew respecting Alzira, and the child entrusted to him, which he was to attest upon his oath, made before the chief magistrate at Seville; with a particular description of the cross, &c. which his lady had fastened upon her son, and which exactly tallied with those formerly noticed by Count Theodore as attached to Frederico. This memorandum Don Arthurio produced to De Lima, who, in conjunction with Father Theobald, made no scruple to coincide in the reverend Castilian's opinion, that the little boy discovered by the muleteer who consigned him over to Sir Henry Tillotson, was the Marquis de Tavora's youngest son, and the last relict of his race. We shall pass over a description of those general congratulations, which this unequivocal discovery produced among people to whom that noble young man was so truly dear; and take some notice of Anthony, who had been introduced as the husband of Laura, and one whose evidence would tend to strengthen their young charge's claims upon the Duke D'Aveiro's family.

How Anthony could substantiate Almeria's title to that honourable, but in the event of her father's death,—affecting distinction, after his assertion that she was daughter to De Tavora, was an enigma Count Theodore ardently wished to have explained; and with some degree of impatience interrogated Anthony upon the subject. At first, he betrayed some symptoms of confusion not very favourable to his cause, or rather, to the success of his mission. “By what appellation,” asked De Lima, “did you announce the child to Captain Derrick?” “By that of heiress to Duke D’Aveiro, I confess it.” “What then could be your obligation to keep her true origin a secret from me?” “A promise sacredly given both to the Marchioness and Duchess.” “But you certainly forgot that obligation, while giving your charge to her friendly protector?” “I did, my lord; for my terror was so great, as to deprive me of all caution, and it was not till some hours after that I recollected my error; but still I was consoled with a hope, that the gentleman might be a native of Britain, the evil then might not be of such magnitude; and I engaged my wife Laura to contradict every report, should any be circulated by the Captain, charging her to declare if called upon, that the infant Almeria, for by that name we received her, was *indeed* a daughter of the house of Tavora; and strengthened this notion, by sending Sir Henry Tillotson the same intelligence, whom I *knew* to be acquainted with some part of the Lady Almeria's history;—nay, we also gave my lord the Count a similar account.” “Still,” replied that nobleman, “it remains to be told by what means you are now induced to give up this important secret?” “That I can easily do; for, terrified by the late prosecution set on foot against the relations of Duke D’Aveiro, I dreaded, although but a servant, that I should be included in the danger; and having lost my poor wife, I determined to part with my effects in a private way, being perfectly wretched till I was secured from such destruction. In order to do this completely, I made the best of my way to Seville; when knowing Thomo the Alguazil, I applied to him for employment. This he soon procured; and in the course of conversation, we frequently recurred to the dreadful destruction of two families, by whom we had been so confidentially honoured; when one evening I was amazed with an account from my friend, of Don Arthurio's application to him for anecdotes of those families, and painting that gentleman's agitation whilst describing Frederico's distress, his marriage with the Lady Almeria, and the shocking suspicion of their affinity, which threatened such dreadful consequences to both. Although my young Lady was mentioned by the name of Mrs. Cleveland, I knew who was meant, when the name of Sir Henry Tillotson was given, as one who was deeply interested in her welfare; but I cannot describe the agonies I felt at this intelligence, justly considering my foolish adherence to a promise, which had long ceased to be of consequence to any one, as the cause perhaps of two people's death, whom I would have suffered any thing to preserve. However, determined to make all the amends in my power, I made a full confession to Don Arthurio, and he immediately resolved to secure my evidence in favour of Signor de Tavora and his Lady. May the blessed St. Anthony smile upon our best endeavours; and may the Holy Fathers (solemnly bowing) indulge us with a quick and patient hearing.”

“The tribunal must not be hurried in its decisions,” observed Father Theobald, “At present, I see no reason to fear an unfavourable decree; but it is not in *my* power to say when that shall be given. Of course, you, Count Theodore, will prepare her, who must in future be stiled the young Marchioness de Tavora, for the happiness that awaits her. *I* will be careful to console her husband, and inspire him with patience to bear the untoward

delay." "Already, I believe, my good Father," said the Count, "has Lady Tillotson administered the precious cordial to her young friend, though with a proper reservation."

He was going on, when a voice at the door of the antichamber, was heard to contend with some one for admittance, while the soft tones of a female seemed employed in expostulation; but (as it appeared) to very little effect, for the door was burst open, and discovered—the imprudent Captain Derrick, with a countenance on which were depicted the wildest expressions of excessive joy, as he was drawing forward the shrinking reluctant Almeria Cleveland, or, as we ought to denominate her—Almeria Marchioness de Tavora.

Hurt, beyond idea, at the appearance of one whose deliverance Father Theobald had ventured so much, he was preparing a bitter rebuke for the impenetrable offender, and had already demanded how he dared to defy the vengeance of provoked justice, and involve *him* in his danger by publicly treading the crowded streets; when he *must* know that *he*, the said Father, who so generously procured him his liberty, might incur not only his holy brethren's displeasure, but be subjected to a punishment equal perhaps, if not in penal anguish, yet completely so in the disgrace he must endure. To hear a censure so replete with an implied reflection upon his *own* selfish want of attention to his deliverer, as well as for his temerity in venturing from his assylum, was quite sufficient to contract the triumphantly happy features of our thoughtless Irishman; who, in the exuberance of his joy, at hearing from Sir Henry the delightful turn his favourite Frederico's affairs had taken, ran immediately to the cottage; but being too late for admittance, was obliged to return to his venerable friend, from whom he received a severe lecture, for attempting to supercede *him* in that important office. However Derrick might outwardly accede to the Baronet's wish of staying within, he no sooner saw Sir Henry set out upon an errand, in which *he* was so eager to officiate as principal informer, than, maugre all that gentleman's fruitless cautions, he daringly followed; and arrived just in time to hear from Lady Tillotson, that her husband had left them to join Count Theodore at Father Theobald's, though she did not exactly know for what purpose. "O, but then I do, honey," cried Derrick, who immediately took it into his wise head that Frederico was that morning liberated, and would meet them at the inquisitor's, "So come with me, my pretty Almeria, and we will beat up the *owld* bucaneer's quarters, and bring the poor prisoner off in triumph."

This indiscreet supposition lost none of its effects upon our heroine, whose spirits were thrown into a rapturous agitation by Sir Henry's guarded account, and she felt herself no longer the docile patient sufferer, that had endured the torture of protracted hope for so many tedious days; for to know, or even to imagine, that this long lamented husband was once more in a state of freedom, and at so small a distance from her, without making one effort to end a suspense so cruel, was quite beyond her patience to endure, and she resolutely gave her hand to Derrick to lead her to him; who joyfully offered to conduct her to Lisbon, heedless of Lady Tillotson's assurance that there was no foundation for Patrick's suggestion. "For pity's sake, dear madam," exclaimed the anxious Almeria, "do not check the hope I would encourage of meeting my beloved Frederico; but indulge me with your chaise to make this important trial." "As you please, my love; but yet, I must think you to blame for a conduct which the inquisitor himself will doubtless condemn."

Without attending to further objections, Almeria ran to prepare for her eventful visit, while Derrick as eagerly hastened to order the chaise; and such was their speed, that they passed Sir Henry on his way to Lisbon; who, tempted by the beauty of the morning, chose to walk to Father *Theobald's*, and was astonished to see the carriage which he had left at the cottage; and would have checked its velocity; but, encouraged by Patrick's pecuniary sacrifices, the driver rendered his master's attempts to stop him useless; and our impatient heroine beheld herself in the inquisitor's vestibule, before she could collect her ideas, so as to form a tolerable excuse for this strange visit. Here she would have stopped to recover the breath, her eagerness to see Frederico had nearly impeded, and try to compose her hurried spirits; but the very mention of her intent, was sufficient to increase her companion's impetuosity; who, after *ordering* a servant to shew him to his master's room, almost forcibly drew Mrs. Cleveland towards the door. Unused to our whimsical despot, the man refused to let him pass, till his lord was apprised of this unpleasant interruption; and placing his hand upon the lock of a door which led to an anti-room, civilly informed Derrick, that he must take in his name and business before they could be admitted. "And who *towld* you all that, Mr. Snap-Dragon? what, I warrant, you expect we should come down handsomely before we can see your raree-show, hay! but *howld* hard a bit, and stand off, that this poor *jontlewoman* may go to her husband, or my good shillalah shall *taech* you better manners, Mr. Signor Tawny-chaps—d'ye hear!" shaking a stout oaken stick at the half-terrified fellow, and then in defiance of poor Almeria's soft entreaties, abruptly entered, unconscious of the censure he had so justly incurred. Too much mortified even to utter an excuse, he could only stare wildly round, in hope of meeting in Frederico's presence, an apology for his inexcusable behaviour; but keenly disappointed in the notion he had so rashly taken up, he stamped with vexation, and then dropping his eyes, absolutely slunk away to a distant window; while Count Theodore, feeling for his half-fainting niece, presented her in the most affectionate way to Don Arthurio and the good Father, as Marchioness de Tavora, and the only surviving descendant of Aveiro's Duke.

Oppressed with sensations almost too keen for discrimination, Mrs. Cleveland, whom we must call so for the last time, sunk upon her kind protector's bosom. In vain had she cast a timid eye upon every countenance, eagerly hoping to recognize her beloved husband; but agonized with all the misery of defeated expectation, she turned a look of such meek despair upon her luckless conductor, as drew tears from that mortified being, as his eye half raised, just caught the penetrating glance. Count Theodore, without exactly appropriating the cause of that anguished look, by his surprising information, soon effected a considerable alteration in her sentiments.—To find herself the acknowledged daughter of that once illustrious house,—wife to a branch of one equally distinguished, and so warmly received and protected by her husband's nearest relatives,—that husband too, so favoured by a lord of the inquisition, whose power was doubtless equal to any purpose he might undertake to effect, (for she knew not that he *could* be subjected to a superior authority) O! what a prospect of happiness opened upon her delighted senses! even that laudable pride, which had sometimes received a shock from an idea of inferiority, no longer put in its claim for mortification; and after the sacrifice of a few grateful tears, she ventured to ask if the young Marquis was yet liberated? Father Theobald gave an encouraging negative to this question; gently

insinuating his hope that it would be soon, though he could not exactly mention the day, as that depended upon particular arrangements.

Scarcely satisfied with a confession, which seemed to limit the venerable Father's power, she attempted an air of satisfaction, and then paid her tender acknowledgments to her surrounding friends, with a grace that recommended her to their esteem and affection; when Patrick, who had been thrown into the back ground by self condemnation, no longer able to contain his feelings at a change so advantageous to his protégé, and forgetful of his situation with Father Theobald, congratulated the Lady Almeria with an energy of expression, so artless and so sincere, as to establish himself even in the opinion of those who had the most reason to condemn him.

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## CHAP. XXVI.

### *THE CASE IS ALTERED.*

AFTER Derrick had vented the first effusions of his ungovernable joy, Count Theodore proposed to conduct his neice to Lady Tillotson, but the entrance of Sir Henry, who was but just arrived, rendered his attention useless, and he recommended her to that gentleman's care in terms which explained the foregoing scene, and gave the utmost pleasure to our Baronet's worthy heart. It was then settled that Derrick also should return to the cottage, there to remain, unseen by every stranger, till he could reappear without hazard to his person. Don Arthurio Gonzales, with Anthony, were to stay with Father Theobald till they should be called upon to give their important evidence; and our young Marchioness quitted her beloved uncle with filial regret: for Count Theodore had agreed to remain also with Father Theobald, in consequence of a wish expressed by the aged Castilian; who felt renovated by the society of one, whose forgiveness he considered as essential to his present peace, and future happiness.

Notwithstanding the injunctions laid upon Derrick to continue a close prisoner, he meditated a visit to the crest-fallen Polygon; having been previously informed of his arrival at his own house, after experiencing numberless mortifications. It was a fact, that the unhappy creature needed no stimulus to arouse a conscience completely awakened, nor any addition to his grief, for the deprivation of his ill gotten advantages; for the suit which Don Carlos had instituted against him, in behalf of his wards, had just been obtained, to the utter ruin of their iniquitous guardian; and in consequence of their chusing the said Don Carlos to act for them, they were returned to that gentleman's Casa, unawed by any future attempts of the wretched Isaac's. It is possible to suppose hearts tender enough to decline any further mortification of a man so completely miserable;—but *Derrick* was *not* of that opinion, when he meditated his triumph over Polygon; for, added to *all* the mischief he had fabricated against Frederico and his Lady, there was a circumstance which, although Patrick scarcely dare own it to himself, struck our enamoured Hibernian in his most vulnerable part; and every generous sentiment for a man who had universally opposed those schemes, that had the happiness of his dearest friends for their object, seemed totally annihilated in his bosom; but before he could put in practice this ardent design, Derrick was fated to experience a very different attack upon his passions, which came from a quarter he little suspected.

To a man of Patrick's description, the ceremony of Count Theodore's formal introduction had not been thought indispensably necessary, either by Sir Henry Tillotson or Lady Almeria; the latter of whom, however desirous she *might* have been to remove his former prejudices against the hermit of the rock, was effectually prevented by Patrick's abrupt disclosure of Frederico's danger in the inquisition, when her terrors, which he had so incautiously raised, obliged her to quit the room. Previous, however, to the interruption we have hinted at, he received an additional spur to his intended attack upon Polygon, by the arrival of Francisca and her sister at the cottage; to which place an affectionate invitation from our young Marchioness had brought them, a few hours after *her* departure from Father Theobald's.

It was with the utmost difficulty Captain Derrick could restrain his indignation to a few grumbling execrations, as Anica related the particulars of Polygon's base conduct towards them; but held within decent bounds by the presence of the lively Francisca, whose good opinion he was unusually earnest to secure, he barely kept pace with the company in their severe remarks upon Isaac's wickedness; till totally unequal to the painful task of dissimulation, he suddenly arose, swearing, "there were two people upon earth against whom he would plant all the artillery of his unsatisfied revenge!" Lady Almeria smiled at the hyperbolical expression, and guessed to *whom* his threats extended; but for Count Theodore, she encouraged no fearful presentiment, well knowing, that nobleman could easily undeceive her impetuous friend.

As we have already asserted she had found no opportunity to set him right, at the time he was so mischievously engaged in explaining Frederico's situation, consequently he still remained ignorant of the Count's abode at Cabo Roco; who happened to enter the cottage just as Patrick was about to leave it. "You are in a hurry, Captain," observed Count Theodore, taking his arm to lead him from the door, and almost forcibly conducting him to the company he had just quitted; "I cannot part with you just yet, we must be better acquainted." "With all my heart, honey, but pr'the don't run foul of a man when he is in chase of the enemy; *bacase* why, it looks all's one as if you sided with him." "Enemy! Mr Derrick." "*Enemy?* why sure now, would you cavil upon words?—enemy, or foe, or pirate, or Frenchman, d'ye see, being as they are all the same thing to little Patrick." "Well, but Mr. Polygon is no Frenchman," observed the laughing Francisca, for she guessed at his meaning. "Mayhap not, Signora; but he is a tiger-hearted, hypocritical *owld* sinner, and that's one and the same thing, you know, as I have said before; being he is no better than a cunning crocodile.—And not the only crocodile of our acquaintance neither; and now I think of it, I should like to come athwart-house the *owld* Reverendissimo of the rock once more; by the way, I should so belabour his double tanned hide, that he shouldn't be able to plot mischief for a month to come at least." "And yet you have professed to venerate that unfortunate object of your resentment for his attachment to me, Captain." "*Venerate?* Mrs. Cleveland, d'ye say—Almeria, I *mane*;—faith now, and that I do most heartily; if so be you *mane* I should express myself, by the operation of a good cat-and-nine-tails!"—"Now then is your time, sir," said Count Theodore, who really enjoyed the Irishman's mistaken resentment, "for in *me*, you behold the Hermit of the Rock!"—

"That's a good one," replied Derrick, colouring very high with rage at the bare idea of such a deception, and unconsciously clenching a most formidable fist, "for supposing a man *can* be in two places at once, still he can't be a handsome Cavalier and an *owld* wizen-faced baboon at one time, sure now!" "I will not make my claim to either of those descriptions, Captain, and yet I am the very Count Theodore de Lima,—the Hermit you allude to, and your sincere admirer." "Then you are a rogue, a *chate*, a bug-a-bo, to good little girls; and if I thought \*\*\*\*" "Stop, sir," cried his beloved niece, as he still continued to stifle Almeria, who did not like the turn of his countenance, "You mistake this gentleman's character, as I myself did, when under the influence of doubt and fear. Much as I appreciate *your* affectionate kindness, both to Frederico and myself, during the several stages of our recent misfortunes, it is impossible to rate it higher than that of Count Theodore; who supplied with paternal ardency, the attentions *you* were necessitated to remit. *He* watched my weary footsteps, and secretly protected me through

the barren desert,—the lonely wood; *he* procured an honourable assylum for me at his father's palace, when under a dreadful proscription; *he* rescued me, at the hazard of fame, fortune, and life, from the abode of suffering and penal torture; and *he*, has nobly stood forth, through the medium of a generous friend at the dread tribunal, a successful advocate for persecuted innocence. Through him, even *you* are delivered from oppressive tyranny; and through *him*, under heaven, we shall be permitted to hope that the time is not far off, when we shall rejoice in peace and security."

During this warm defence and liberal eulogium, Captain Derrick exhibited various emotions; at the first assertion of Count de Lima's active benevolence, by the young Marchioness, his uplifted fist forsook its station, and as she proceeded, gradually sunk to its former position; his angry glances were suspended, his bushy brows slowly expanded, tears gathered in those eyes which just before shot beams of indignation, and the hand that was so recently animated by hostile intentions, now extended itself as a token of cordial amity, and grateful remembrance of the obligations Almeria enumerated; till no longer able to restrain his usual impetuosity, he rushed upon the smiling Count, and grasped him with energy that threatened to derange de Lima's superb appearance; (for in consequence of the late event, and in compliment to the venerable Castilian's regard to state, he had once more assumed his customary adornments,) loudly exclaiming that "a man should *niver* give up a bad cause, till he found it to be a good one; *because* why, he might chance to wound a friend in his foe; and though that, d'y'e see," added the happy blunderer, "*might* kill two birds with one stone, yet the odds are greatly against him; seeing as how, a person had better keep a hundred enemies, than lose one friend; since he may find *plenty* of the first in every corner, but as for the latter"—"They are to be met with in every corner also, if we confine our research to this delightful circle," subjoined the Lady Almeria, and bowing with a look of gratitude upon her surrounding companions, "or even extend it to distant countries:—What think you, dear sir, of that pattern of goodness, the venerable Baron de Lima? or the ever to be regretted curate of Amesbury, with his maternal partner? all of whom cherished, supported, and protected your once poor helpless child, when threatened with various evils."—"Think! why, that a good action is its own reward, pretty one; and as bad ones ought to be rewarded also, and I am very deeply indebted to *owld* Midas on that score, sure now, it may be as well to rub off a few chalks to make room for more, before they are all paid with a halter."

He was then about to leave the room in an unceremonious way, when Count Theodore gently reminded him of a very unpleasant circumstance, by asking him if he preferred the *cheerful* and safe society of *familiars* and *executioners* to the present? or, if in settling an account due to resentment, he did not overlook the heavy bill he had so lately drawn upon Father Theobald's extraordinary benevolence, making that good man responsible for his dangerous blunders? Derrick felt the reproof, and the necessity of its observance, but Polygon so near him, so much the object of a revenge he had long meditated,—how *could* our Irishman give up such an exquisite gratification? and even demurred to a remonstrance that carried such weight in the balance of prudence, generosity and friendship. To lessen the conflict between his principles and his passions, Francisca tried her power over him, by indulging her vein of sprightly, yet delicate satire; which she varied so artfully, adapting it to his peculiar situation, and knowing more of his sentiments respecting *her*, than was even known to himself, that she gained her point



most effectually; and he promised to give up every attempt at meeting Polygon, till he could do it without injury to his noble deliverer, or hazarding his own safety.

But while Derrick was enjoying the sweets of comparative liberty, and recommending himself to the woman of his choice, by that simple sincerity which governed his thoughts, words, and actions, Father Theobald was in danger of suffering for his daring innovation upon the privileges of the inquisition; while the ill-fated Irishman, whose escape was soon made known to the Grand Judge, became once more the object of their search. That Father Theobald *should* have ventured so far, could only be accounted for by his fear that Derrick's thoughtless conduct might bring irreparable ruin upon his fellow prisoners, as well as himself, and unacquainted with the great Padrillo's inflexible disposition, he rated his *own* powers of persuasion as more than equal to the obstinacy which he scarcely suspected; nor had it once occurred to him, that *his* advancement to the dignity of second inquisitor, had been obtained in defiance of Padrillo's intention to fix his brother in that important office; but this was exactly the case, and proved a powerful incentive to that vindictive man's opposition to every suggestion of Father Theobald, which had its own gratification for its object. Eager, therefore, to seek for any cause of detention of the prisoners, and not quite satisfied with the reason stated for Derrick's non-appearance at the tribunal, Padrillo San Cervantes immediately took such methods for investigating that business, as soon brought on a discovery which gratified his eager hope of revenge; and instead of bringing the depending cause to a final issue, he flatly accused his unhappy coadjutor of the flagitious crime of permitting a supposed criminal's escape.

This dreadful intelligence soon reached the ears of his admiring friends, spreading consternation and sorrow over every countenance; but when Derrick was informed of the consequence of his *own* imprudence, (in behaving so as to put the good Father upon such a dangerous measure) his grief was without bounds; and every epithet a warm indignant spirit could suggest, was freely vented, both against himself and that "son of Beelzebub," as he made no scruple to call the man whom yet he dreaded; then turning to the poor Marchioness, and perceiving her mute, but affecting distress, he flung himself at her feet in an agony, that her displeasure at his primary conduct changed into pity, imprecating vengeance upon the folly which had plunged her into so much grief, and ruined the man who had preserved *him* from death, while tears of repentance poured along his rugged cheek. "For your own sake rise, my dear mistaken friend," cried the sobbing Almeria, "this is no place of safety for you.—Fly, therefore, while it is yet in your power: the mischief now is irremediable, nor can *your* presence avert it. Fly, then, and give me the satisfaction to know, that *all* my protectors are not involved in the mighty ruin, which sooner or later must overwhelm us." "Fly! did you say?" repeated the half-frenzied Derrick, as he arose and looked wildly round him, "Where, honey, answer me that? *Who* will shelter a wretch like me?—No, I will *not* fly: perhaps my worthless life may satisfy that grizzled monster, and he shall have it." He then stalked about the room with a bewildered air, at times muttering the word "*Fly*" with a look of scornful ridicule, as if despising himself for giving any occasion to suppose he would be guilty of such a cowardly action.

Sir Henry Tillotson, who had conveyed this melancholy information to the cottage, had seen enough of Derrick's eccentricity, to avail himself of it in the present instance; and by giving a dextrous turn to the whole representation, not only reduced the

violence of his feelings, but made him see the necessity of obeying the Marchioness; and she had the melancholy pleasure of receiving a note from his own hand on the following evening, indicating his arrival on board the Caduceus, bound for England. Too much agonized at the dreadful idea of his revisiting the horrid inquisition, Francisca had been easily prevailed upon to comfort him with a promise "that if her friend Almeria was permitted to revisit Great Britain, *she* would accompany her thither; an engagement which, at a more tranquil period, would have excited no small degree of wonder and astonishment in those, who knew not the value of a heart which Francisca so justly appreciated, and which, notwithstanding the disparity of years, she had scrupled not to affirm to the Marchioness, was in her opinion a jewel of inestimable value. Leaving, therefore, our reluctant emigrant to the prosecution of his involuntary voyage, we will return to the unhappy sufferers by his thoughtlessness. Of these, Father Theobald may be considered as foremost; who had been arrested by an order from Padrillo, and was consigned to an apartment in the inquisition, not much more convenient than those assigned to strangers. It is true, that the young Marquis and Signor Jerome were still confined, but still they knew that the strong testimonies, which no sophistry could refute, must soon be brought forward to their complete exoneration; and even Almeria, whose heart bled for the distress of the benevolent Theobald, still enjoyed a sublime confidence in her dependance upon those testimonies, although she wept with Count Theodore that delay, which this cruel attack upon their venerable supporter would doubtless create.

It was with some difficulty the Count could pronounce a cordial farewell to Captain Derrick, so keenly did he feel the consequence of that simple being's thoughtless conduct, which deeply touched his feeling heart, while a shade of apprehension for the safety of *all*, clouded the prospect of brightening hope; yet, eager to know the particulars of Father Theobald's attainder, he left Almeria to her sympathizing friends, and ventured to the Casa. Arrived at Lisbon, he found Don Arthurio, with Anthony, preparing to quit their splendid abode, as it was immediately after the venerable priest's departure, subject to people put in by the tribunal. Here, Theodore learnt that he had been conveyed away with all the mystery so usual to them; but not before he had announced the court's intention of calling up the witnesses necessary to Frederico and Signor Jerome's final acquittal. This communication had taken place on the evening previous to Father Theobald's seizure, and they had just received due notice to attend accordingly.

"At least, then," observed Theodore, "a part of our suspense will be concluded, and the deliverance of our friends will certainly follow; but my heart bleeds when I consider the price of that deliverance.—Worthy inestimable Theobald! what a sacrifice must be offered up in thy guileless life to cruelty and heedlessness!" Don Arthurio joined in this tender apostrophe, and both agreed in their respective eulogium on the excellence of a character so barbarously treated.

## CHAP. XXVII.

### *BLUNDERS REPAIRED IN CHARACTER.*

TO explain the several events that hung upon inquisitorial decision, we must introduce our readers, for the last time, to that awful tribunal; where justice, as well as mercy, too often yielded their precious privileges to the decrees of unrelenting severity and hardened self importance. After a private and tedious examination of those proofs adduced by Don Arthurio Gonzales in favour of the prisoners, and which the great Padrillo evidently attempted to confound by subtle sophistry, invidious reflections, and puzzling questions, he remanded them back to the place of public business, where the young Marquis Frederico and his companion Jerome, with Count Theodore, were waiting in anxious expectation of the consequences of this decisive stroke, but their appearance produced no immediate satisfaction to Frederico and his friends. A frigid silence followed the witnesses' re-entrance, who were placed at a distance from every other person, while all eyes were turned towards the great door, which was left open for the judge; when, to the surprize of all, and the utter regret of the few by whom he was admired from interested motives, a person entered to announce his incapability of filling the sacred chair, owing to an epileptic fit; a complaint not unusual to him, and by which he had been suddenly seized. This communication was followed by the entry of a majestic looking figure, who, in the event of Lord Padrillo's absence, a circumstance that frequently happened, mounted the first inquisitor's throne, and exercised the usual functions of that high office; a business to which he was undoubtedly competent, from acting in that capacity for many years at the Brazils.

After reading to himself the depositions just taken by his holy brother, this able veteran went through a slight but clear investigation of those circumstances, a knowledge of which he could not obtain from Don Arthurio, and this he effected with a celerity very seldom practised by that formal court. The case of Father Theobald was next taken into consideration; whose character was evidently held in high veneration by his new judge, nor did he scruple to express his pity for that good but *mised* being, for so he called him. An order was then issued to bring up the venerable culprit, and during its execution, Frederico had an opportunity, unchecked by the frowns and half stifled exclamations of Father Dominick, his professed enemy, to prejudice this unbiassed judge in his favour. The appearance of those deputed to conduct Father Theobald interrupted Frederico, and he threw a glance of tender pity upon the prisoner, as he advanced with a quick unequal step between his guards, who attempted to confine him to their own solemn motion. Shocked to behold one equal to himself (in office, and not inferior in his great qualities) thus disgracefully manacled, his whole form enveloped in a coarse garment, his head and face nearly covered with an ordinary cowl, and forbidden even to exercise the alertness common perhaps to him, our candid deputy ordered the officers to disencumber the prisoner of his degrading shackles, and also to deliver him from the hot and heavy clothing by which he was so evidently incommoded. One of the guards, instead of obeying, respectfully informed the inquisitor, that a compliance with his commands might be attended with considerable danger, as their prisoner had evinced undoubted

signs of insanity. At this assertion, the unhappy captive gave strong proofs of the most violent indignation, pointing as well as he could towards his mouth. "He is gagged, my lord," continued the man, "for the language he used nearly amounted to blasphemy! not sparing even the sacred person of our most holy father the Pope." "Unhappy effects of mistaken zeal," cried the candid inquisitor, "Too delicate in his notions, and too firmly persuaded of the wound he had given his hitherto unimpeachable character, by deviating from the rules of a court which, till then, he had been a worthy member, his mind was not strong enough to support such a reverse of situation; it is therefore my decided opinion, that he should be taken from hence, and treated in the manner best calculated to restore his deranged intellects."

To this arrangement no objection was offered, and the poor prisoner was forcibly led from the bar, while his dreadful emotions filled every heart with compassion. Frederico was particularly affected: a noble mind once vigorous, comprehensive, and benevolent, thus reduced, thrown from its equilibrium, and plunged into irreparable ruin—what a reflection for the man who felt himself responsible, in a degree, for what he then beheld. Regardless, therefore, of the censure he might incur by deviating from established custom, our young Marquis ventured to approach the poor maniac; who seeing him advance, stopped, and struggled to free one of his hands, which he eagerly held out; but, with an action descriptive of his situation, immediately withdrew it, and made a violent attempt to remove the gag. In this he so far succeeded, as to be able to pronounce the words "*Hear me?*" "He *shall* be attended to," said Padrillo's deputy, overhearing the emphatical request, "lead him hither." This was done without any opposition on the prisoner's part, who cheerfully obeyed the peremptory command; while with a tenderness that would have done honour to humanity, and defied every selfish fear, the Grand Judge surveyed his helpless state; assisting even to remove the tormenting impediment to speech, and free his limbs from their troublesome bondage. No sooner was this generous purpose effected, than the liberated creature threw off his heavy disguise, presenting to the astonished audience the identical figure of——*Patrick Derrick!*

For two or three minutes all was unutterable silence: even the deputy was deprived of his usual presence of mind. Father Dominick gazed in malignant astonishment. The guards exhibited the portraits of terror. Count Theodore was tempted to believe in phantoms; while Signor Jerome, with De Tavora, felt divided between wonder and regret. But, as it had never been Derrick's practice to keep any one in ignorance of his motives, whether friend or foe, he found himself upon this occasion, less inclinable than ever to break through his usual customs; although he pondered a little upon the manner in which he should announce himself. At length, addressing the inquisitor, he complimented him upon his exemption from that "pride and severity which distinguished all the *owld* Reverendissimos of that court, who were *all* more mad than *he* was, for supposing that an honest Irishman would leave his friend in the lurch; as to the good *owld* Theobald, who was as innocent of his escape as Father Abraham, or any other saint in the calendar, being why \*\*\*" Here Patrick's intended eulogium was interrupted by several questions from the deputed judge, relative to his strange appearance there, his being brought thither by the guards under the idea that they were conducting Father Theobald, and in what manner he again became subject to the tribunal. "Avast, my lord," cried Derrick, who in the joy of his heart, at once more meeting the friends he loved, had forgotten the penalties attending indiscriminate loquaciousness, "Avast! you are upon a

wrong tack, and bring too many guns to bear at once; therefore fair and softly, one at a time, and every shot will tell." "My lord," said Father Dominick, "this unprecedented insolence ought not to be tolerated." "Who talked to you, *owld* Cerberus, *howld* your tongue, and be *asy* can't you; sure now, and I wasn't *spaking* to you." "Speak to the point prisoner," commanded the judge, "and remember where you are." "O yes, that I do indeed, my lord, and was posting full sail into the wake of your *maning*, if this *jontlemin* hadn't clapped a stopper on my tongue."

To a language so new, and a behaviour so adverse to any thing he had ever witnessed in that court, the inquisitor hardly knew how to suit his reprimand; for that indiscribable humour, which gave interest to all our Irishman uttered, though his pronunciation was so defective, would have conquered even the gravity of age itself, in any place less tenacious of its privileges. However, Patrick perceiving his error, and recollecting somewhat of his former mortifications, proceeded in a more decent way (although interlarded with his usual expletives) to inform the court, that "from the time he had heard of Father Theobald's commitment upon *his* account, his poor brain was quite bewildered and full of emptiness; that is," said this self corrector, "it was blown up with *grief*, as well as my heart. At last I began to think, sure now, an exchange is no robbery; and why not offer body for body, seeing as how Irish oak may do as well to make a bonfire with, as any *owld* withered stick of a Portuguese, though perhaps I didn't always think so. Well, and so I e'en quitted the little ship *Caduceus*; and delivered myself up to one of your *devilish*—no, no, I *mane* one of your merciful,\*\*\* (here he made an arch inclination of his body) yes, my lord, one of your merciful officials; and he—O by my conscience now, if he didn't dress me up as warm and as snug as a Siberian bear, that he did in truth; and when I would have expostulated a little with him, in my way d'ye see, why he saddled my jaws with a pair of nutcrackers, so that I couldn't *spake* a word without *howlding* my tongue; but finding me pretty quick, he took off that cursed iron. Well, then he thrust me into a dismal hole, where I lay till this blessed morning, when they brought me to a chamber where poor Father Theobald had been confined."

"*Had* been confined," repeated the judge, and addressing himself to the guards, "why is he not *now* there?" "No, most holy father," returned one of them, "and that has caused this mistake; for when your lordship commanded us to bring the prisoner, we went to the Father's room, and found only this man, who said so many impious things,"—"It's an infernal \*\*\*" Patrick could not finish his imprudent denunciation, so much was he checked by a severe look from the inquisitor, who demanded how it was possible to take such a person for an aged priest? "Aye, how indeed, my lord, for I *towld* them I was an honest Irish *jontlemin*, and had nothing to do with any such blood-sucking cannibals." Another stern glance silenced the loquacious prisoner, and the gaoler went on, "We were deceived, my lord, by an opinion that this fellow was mad; and being but lately admitted to this holy employment, had never seen the other prisoner." "And yet you knew the room in which he was confined?" "True, holy father, of that we were informed by one that formerly attended in that part of the prison." "Enquire then, for the other delinquent."

Happy to escape without further censure, the men glided away to execute this command; while our candid deputy proceeded to pronounce a final sentence upon Frederico and Signor Jerome, whom he did not keep long in suspense; declaring from *all* the evidence he could collect, *all* the proofs they had been able to substantiate, the

depositions formerly taken, and even from Lord Padrillo's representation, which had been made to him in the preceding week, that he felt himself perfectly justified in giving his suffrage in favour of Frederico Marquis de Tavora, and Almeria his wife, asserting that they were innocent of the heinous crime attached to their charge; in consequence, those friends who had been accused of abetting and concealing the supposed crime, were likewise cleared by the same sentence.

"Huzza! huzza!" cried Derrick, at the same time throwing up a wig that pretty much resembled a rook's nest, and which alighted exactly upon Father Dominick's shaven crown; who shook off the indelicate covering with an air of bitter disgust, "Huzza! my good one: by my conscience now, *owld* Solomon himself *niver* gave a better *jidge*ment? No, not even when he overhauled dame nature, and steered her safely through the shoals and quicksands of treachery." And then turning to Father Dominick, whose contemptuous rejection of the coarse favour so accidentally conferred, had not escaped our Irishman's notice, he frankly assured him, that "however a greasy jasey might disgrace a friar's head, it could do no injury to his heart, since that was too black to receive any damage from trifles, and too deeply intrenched by cunning and cruelty to be injured by common assaults."

All this nonsense was delivered with a rapidity not to be opposed; yet, had not the venerable Theobald's appearance diverted that torrent of resentment, which even the deputy could scarcely repress, and Dominick sought not to restrain, it is possible Derrick might have found cause to repent his mischievous volubility; but so much was the attention of every one present engaged by the meek submission, yet firm dignity which adorned the Father's venerable countenance, and impressive manner, that neither Count Theodore, or his liberated friends, could indulge their joyful emotions, while the ultimate promoter of such happiness was not in a situation to rejoice with them. Even Derrick could not restrain the flowing tear, while he muttered a petition for forgiveness to that patient sufferer from whom he received a heavenly smile, indicating peace and pardon. Father Dominick then began to recapitulate the prisoner's offence, in holding at defiance the pious establishments of a society of which he was an unworthy member, by setting at liberty a supposed criminal, for whose security *he* was responsible; and although the same person had again surrendered himself, yet it could not exonerate Father Theobald from the penalties annexed to his crime. "True," observed the candid deputy, "for I am clearly of my pious brother's opinion, that every slight shewn to our court ought to meet retributive punishment, and shall proceed accordingly." He then ordered the hall to be cleared of every person but the aged prisoner, and those who composed the sacred tribunal.

This was an event which, however it tortured Patrick's insatiable curiosity, gratified him in a material instance; by giving him an opportunity of congratulating his friends upon their deliverance,—condoling with them the Reverend Theobald's fate—and condemning his own thoughtless cruelty in accelerating it. It was impossible for people so fully impressed with a sense of this rough diamond's interior worth, to behold his evident penitence, without according a full and free pardon for his involuntary fault; and so much were his spirits raised by their gracious manner, that he began to plot against the remorseless Padrillo, and his servile auxiliary Father Dominick, before his own safety was secured.

As soon as the deputy perceived himself at full liberty to speak his sentiments, he again touched upon the ill effects of departing from the line of conduct established in a court so sacred; naming various instances which he had witnessed abroad of such a pernicious dereliction: "One of which I believe comes under *your* cognizance, brother Dominick." "I disclaim your reference, my lord," replied the offended priest, whose cheek betrayed a confusion he would have hidden. "Perhaps the crime I hint at, may not come exactly under the head of *contempt* of our rules, but it is certainly subject to inquisitorial censure, since it was committed by an ecclesiastic." "You speak in riddles, holy father."—"I speak but a plain, yet horrid truth, when I affirm, that Isaac Polygon, once resident in the Brazils, entrusted me but yesterday, in the way of confession, with an assurance that Father Dominick Calivari, had formerly aided and abetted him in the diabolical scheme of robbing his wife's nieces of \*\*\*" "I see I am betrayed," said the treacherous priest, "and also for what reason: Polygon is a villain! but that is of no consequence.—Dispose of my opinion as you please, in favour of Father Theobald, but permit me to retire." "Not till our suffrages are collected," replied the benevolent deputy. He then applied for them to three other inquisitors, who readily pronounced the good Father perfectly innocent of intentional defiance; and secured by the solemn seal of secrecy, which was never violated by any of the members, Father Theobald saw himself once more in a situation to rejoice with his friends, and recover his consequence as Second Inquisitor in Criminal Causes: while Father Dominick, happy to escape the horrors of a prosecution, which must totally ruin his ambitious hope of further preferment, congratulated the venerable sufferer with a cringing servility, characteristic of his principles.

Nothing now remained but a formal discharge of the prisoners; who were again summoned for that purpose, and also to take the usual oath of secrecy upon every subject relative to *all* they had seen, heard, or said, during their abode within those gloomy walls. As this was well known to be an indispensable ceremony, it was cheerfully complied with by Signor Jerome and the young Marquis; but Derrick, who had not so good an opinion of his own powers of retention, demurred to the request; affirming, that "he never kept a *sacret* in his life, and he was sure he could not answer to his conscience to keep this: *because* why, the divulging of it might save many a poor *sowl* from running blindfold into Beelzebub's bosom, to be burnt, pinched, and scratched by his merciless *dilligates*."—"Ill-fated fool," cried the exasperated Jerome, "are you determined to be the destruction of us all?" "Perhaps," said the patient deputy, in a cool sarcastical manner, "he is unacquainted with our modes of proceeding towards the refractory:—guards, shew him the torture room!" A door was then thrown open opposite to our obstinate Irishman, who immediately recollected the place in which he had been so extremely terrified; and shuddering with apprehension, he begged the secretary to administer the oath, sacredly promising to keep profound silence in Portugal—"And every where else," added Father Dominick, who enjoyed his agitation. Derrick would have put in a caveat to this addition, but the fatal door remaining open, his eye was involuntarily attracted by the formidable instruments that were displayed in dreadful disorder, and he went through the ceremony without further limitation.

The tribunal then broke up, as it was past midnight. Father Theobald, who still felt a pang of degradation, although mixed with an impatient wish to congratulate the liberated gentlemen under his own roof, proposed their adjournment thither, which was

gratefully accepted; and on their way home, Derrick (being included in the party) made so many awkward attempts to renew the late subject, that brought him under general censure; and the venerable priest declared himself obliged to take severe cognizance of a behaviour so inimical to the oath he had taken. Thus effectually silenced, the restless mortal evinced his disappointment by various awkward grimaces.

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## CHAPTER THE LAST.

### TRIUMPH OF PATIENCE.

AS if the various trials our heroine had undergone, were insufficient to establish her character, as a woman of fortitude, she was fated still to endure the pains of harassing expectation, and to endure it ungratified by any progressive elucidation; for a dark cloud still hovered over a prospect, which her venerable friends knew not *how* to remove; and a melancholy day and night elapsed, uncheered with any certain hope of a speedy revolution. She knew, indeed, that Father Theobald's case was upon the point of decision; for this intelligence had escaped Sir Henry, in his zeal for that truly estimable priest; but whether the Marquis's fate would be ascertained at the same time, he could not easily determine. It was impossible, in a situation so perplexing, to support a cheerful conversation; and as Lady Almeria had ever avoided the usual custom of lightening her own heart, by loading those of her friends, she wandered away from their society, to indulge in the profound solitude of the nearest vineyard.

Thus engaged, she heeded not the approach of Sir Henry Tillotson, till awakened from her reverie, by his calling upon her name, she started—looked up—and saw him accompanied by several ladies, whom she immediately recognized as Francisca and Anica S-forza, and her affectionate companion Laurana de Lima, whose sable dress announced some new misfortune. Impatient to embrace her friend, Laurana released her arm from the Baronet, and flew towards her; when, after a most affectionate embrace, she informed the sympathizing Almeria, that her venerable grandsire had paid the debt of nature; and that in consequence of this loss, she directly quitted Tavora for Lisbon, and had arrived on the preceding night at the Casa of Don Carlos; where, from Signora Francisca (to whom she was indebted for a prior invitation) she learnt all that Lady knew respecting Almeria's situation. Already softened by her own painful meditations, the young Marchioness shed many tears for the death of one so truly dear, as they slowly proceeded to her little cottage; but in compliance with that generous sentiment which made such an amiable feature in her character, she strove to assume a tranquil manner; and Lady Tillotson felt happy to see in prospect, the good effect of Laurana's arrival; who, with her agreeable companions, Francisca and Anica, used every effort in their power, to sooth and amuse their beloved Almeria. "Do you not perceive," observed Francisca, "a certain improvement in my sister's countenance?" "I do," replied our heroine, "she looks unusually animated." "No wonder, my dear, she has received a visit this morning from Alonzo de Castro: and pr'ythe Anica, lay aside that prudish air?" "I am not prudish, Francisca, but you are"—"*Imprudent*, ridiculous! granted child: however as the company may be ignorant of your attachment to the Signor, I will only say, that it is the person whom our *worthy* guardian would have superceded in the Brazils."

The appearance of a carriage, followed by a numerous cavalcade of servants, through a vista in the orange grove, (as it just shewed itself upon the distant road, that wound in intricate mazes before the front of the cottage) diverted Francisca's attention from her confused, but happy sister; and she ran to a side window, to catch another view of the superb equipage. Before she could amuse herself with any conjectures respecting

the destination of a coach, evidently calculated more for shew than celerity, Sir Henry left his chair, and joined her at the window; when Lisetta suddenly approaching, delivered a note, at the same time informing him, that it was brought by a very odd looking person, who she believed had been at the cottage before, and which proved to be Manuel, Jerome's servant. Almeria glanced at the note, and listened to Lisetta's opinion respecting the messenger, with a trembling earnestness; while the Baronet was secretly reproaching himself for not guarding her against a surprise, which he foresaw might produce some dangerous consequence; for the paper contained an intimation, that the prisoners were acquitted, and upon the road to Lady Almeria's residence.

There was no time for consulting his wife, upon the most cautious manner of breaking this business to her friend, for the coach was again in sight, and soon came near enough to discern Derrick's bulky frame, and enraptured visage, as he extended himself beyond the window; and maugre every attempt to prevent it, thrust out a silk handkerchief tied to his oaken stick, waving it with a tolerable grace; excluding those within it from the slightest view of their friends, as they eagerly removed the lattice to recognize their visitors. The appearance of Patrick, who was supposed to be on his way to England, was but the prelude to one of a more interesting nature; and before Almeria could testify her astonishment at a sight so unexpected, she—but to attempt a regular description of *her* feelings, and those of her long lost—long lamented husband, as he clasped her to a bosom that throbbed with a thousand sweet emotions, would rather expose our inability to paint such affecting scenes, than gratify the sympathizing reader. Turn we then, for a moment to Patrick Derrick, who somewhat rudely put himself at the head of Don Arthurio, Count Theodore, and Signor Jerome; giving way, however, to the impetuous Marquis, as first in command: "Seeing as how, it would be a pity to stop a man in his chace of the prettiest frigate in all Portugal." The sight of Signora Francisca weeping over her senseless friend, (for excessive joy had obtained a powerful victory over Lady Almeria's feeble faculties) soon changed the form of Derrick's laughing features; and he declared, he would rather face a Turk in his fury, than see a lovely woman cry.—Francisca turned—gave him her hand—and discovered a countenance nearly restored to its usual animation; and as the young Marchioness was evidently recovering, it soon regained its arch expression. Derrick saw the alteration—rejoiced at the cause—and approaching the delighted—still agitated pair, poured forth his congratulations in a stile, rather better suited to his own conception, than the sense of the company. Don Arthurio, as an ancient (consequently) *proud* Castilian, knew not how to estimate that worth, which made such abruptness excusable; but Signor Jerome took his Irish favourite's part, with an energy that highly gratified his female friends.

"At last, then, my beloved niece," said Count Theodore, addressing the young Marchioness, "you are once more upon the point of settling your claim to mortal felicity: may every succeeding day strengthen that claim, and then *I* shall put in mine for a share of the welcome stranger's attention." "No one, my dearest uncle," replied Almeria in a feeble tone, "has a greater right to happiness, than the man who regarded his own life, merely as it might be a means of procuring ease and comfort to others.—We" and she turned a humid eye upon her supporting husband, "have experienced your wonderful ability and inclination to serve two hapless beings:—in the dark cell—the wild forest"—"Yes," added the grateful Frederico, "and to Count Theodore, we are indebted for those interpositions which have so miraculously succeeded.—O! my love, how many friends

have *your* sufferings—*your* innocence procured for us! although to this generous nobleman,” here he arose, and led Don Arthurio to his lady, who received him with her usual grace, “I owe *my* deliverance from a disgraceful confinement, and our exoneration from unjust obloquy; *your* purity was the ostensible inducement in \*\*\*”—“Stop, Marquis,” said the cautious Theodore, for he half feared that the conclusion of this speech might detract so much from the Castilian’s merit, who had certainly ventured much to this happy eclat, as to bring upon Frederico the imputation of ingratitude: “Stop, I repeat, there is nothing so galling to a generous spirit, as listening to commendations which he cannot answer. If any one present, have contributed to this scene of general joy, *they have their reward*; and, in interdicting any further effusion of these tender acknowledgments, I speak but the wishes of all present;” bowing respectfully to those concerned in them, “and now, permit me,” added he, “to account for the tender partiality existing between my niece Laurana and her beloved Almeria;—but perhaps I am to blame, in making an addition to that sweet surprise, which has so materially affected my worthy child?”

“Count Theodore is an excellent judge of human nature,” observed Signor Jerome, who guessed at his purpose, “and we may trust to his discretion.” “Thank you, Cavalier, but what says my child, to a proposal which has already deepened the faint tint of her varying cheek?” “O sir,” returned the lovely woman, and glancing expressively upon her enraptured Frederico, “nothing can surprise now!” “Really! why then approach, my Laurana, and embrace your sister—your real sister—the daughter of Theodora Duchess of D’Aveiro, (whose portrait has so often occasioned to her children such bitter sensations,) and grand daughter to the late illustrious Baron de Lima.” “And is it indeed so! art thou, sweet Laurana, my sister indeed? whose pity when torn from that honourable asylum, I *then* thought the mere emanation of feminine tenderness, and knew not the true source from whence it was derived!” “Yes, my Almeria, I am indeed the daughter of that suffering creature; whose pensive countenance exhibited such striking traits of you, as often beguiled the venerable Baron, and myself, of the tender tear. You, I am sensible, have sometimes wondered at that shade of melancholy, nay anguish, which a contemplation of that sweet portrait never failed to excite: but ah! you knew not that I mourned—a father—a mother—consigned to \*\*\*”—“O, that father! that mother!” exclaimed the Marchioness, bursting into tears, and sensible of nothing in that cruel moment, but the certainty of their poignant misery: “Often have I, in the sad and silent hour, dwelt upon their terrible fate! come then to my arms, dear participator of my griefs; yes, we will weep together a loss which nothing can supply.” “*Nothing?*” repeated the young Marquis, as he fondly clasped the lovely sisters. “Forgive the thoughtless expression, beloved husband of my heart, and place it to any cause rather than neglect of thee.”

“I have been wrong,” said Count Theodore, “in trifling with feelings already too highly raised: pardon me, sweet sisters, and you, Lord Marquis, excuse the error.” “Never was error so sweetly acknowledged, if it *be* one, which yet I cannot fully allow, since this explanation might have taken place at a more uncongenial season.” “Thank you, my dear nephew, and by way of compensating entirely for it, I move that the ladies should adjourn, for the purpose of composing their agitated spirits.” “And *I* move,” cried Derrick, who was happy to put in a word, “for an address to *owld* Polygon; to whose plotting avaricious diabolical spirit all this is owing: for sure now, if he hadn’t been the

wickedest *owld divil* in all christendom, he could *niver* have done so much good!" "Your logic is meant to be unanswerable," replied Signor Jerome, "since we are told that out of evil comes good; but in allowing for this position, we deny the usefulness of Don Arthurio, Count Theodore, yourself, and others, in bringing about, under Providence, such extraordinary events."—"Inquisitors, and all that, Signor, you know," winking, nodding, and assuming his archest stile of countenance, "Hay, Signor, and what harm?—I'm no free-mason—can't hang me for thinking!" "But they *may* for speaking, imprudent man:" retorted the angry Castilian, "and you have taken a solemn oath, not to betray the secrets of that most holy tribunal." "*Sacrets!* truly now, as if a *holy sacret* ought to be kept! why I will tell what it is now,—a good *sacret* cannot be *towld* too soon; and faith, but a bad one isn't worth keeping: however, I'll beat up *owld* Beelzebub's quarters, and tell him how much good he has done by making us all so miserable." He then, seeing there was no opportunity of enjoying the society of his Francisca, hastened off, to put his mischievous design into execution; leaving to the Marquis, Sir Henry, the Count, and Cavalier, the task of reconciling Don Arthurio to his rude manners; whose religious, or rather superstitious principles, had received such a shock from the thoughtless being, as required the united force of those gentlemen to set aside.

Impatient to complete his triumph over the man of science, Derrick mounted one of the servant's mules, and spurring the sluggish beast with an impetuosity that marked his profession, soon found himself at the Casa of Don Carlos; where, hastily alighting, he requested to see that gentleman; who, he had been told, was well acquainted with Polygon's abode, and by whom he was directed to a wretched house in the suburbs. Leaving, therefore, his sure-footed nag at an inn, he made the best of his way to the dirty dwelling. Full of his intention to retaliate upon the unhappy wretch, some of the mortifications he had endured from his base conduct, Derrick observed not the contrast of Polygon's situation; till after repeated denials from the old woman, who acted as housekeeper and nurse, he was introduced to a back room upon the ground floor, and perceived his wretched opponent seated at a small window, before a little table covered with mutilated dirty papers, which he was attempting to sort and examine. At the noise Patrick made in entering, he intuitively, as we may say, gathered the objects of his painful attention into his hand, and thrust them into the table drawer; then turning slowly round, discovered to our half astonished Irishman, a countenance on which sickness, poverty, and disappointment, had set a sure and fatal seal.—The look of anguish and terror which he cast upon his unwelcome visitor, would nearly have set aside Derrick's intention to be mischievously provoking, if the idea of such a being forming views of an amorous nature upon his lively Francisca, had not given a fresh fillup to his peculiar eloquence; nor did the papers so hastily secreted, contribute to lessen the force of it.

"Why, how now, little Isaac, what new compact are you studying?—hay, *owld* dry bones!—some new agreement with your master, I suppose, before the *owld* one is concluded; or a fresh scheme perhaps, to cheat the revenue!—Let's see—mayhap you may want a witness:" drawing some of the papers from their assylum, notwithstanding Polygon's feeble attempts to prevent him, "and if you want a testimony of your *good* qualities, why I'm the body to give it, d'ye see!" "Neither one nor the other, Mr. Derrick," replied he, speaking with much difficulty, "I was only making a calculation of the next eclipse."—"Or rather, trying how to get out of the shade yourself! for methinks you are pretty much down in the mouth; but take courage, *owld* one,—by my conscience

now, there's one below will give you a lift yet, even to the very bottom of his dominions; and yet, it's as well to make a sure bargain; for his seconds in command there, General Beelzebub's arch *dilligates*, is waiting to pop you into limbo, and give you a specimen before-hand, of the treatment you are like to receive from that diabolical veteran." "I do not understand your tropes and metaphors," said the exhausted creature. "O, don't ye, honey! why then, ask Signor Jerome—Frederico—his pretty wife—and my own self, sure now, how they liked—the forks and the wheels, and the gridirons and the racks, and all the rest of St. Dominick's implements, that you were so kind as to recommend to their notice:—hay! don't ye understand me now, cunning Isaac?"

Polygon trembled at the unwelcome hint; but artfully informed the Captain he was betraying secrets!—"All the better for you, old boy; for then *you*'ll be at no loss for a tale when you get there." "There!—where?" cried the thoroughly vexed Polygon. "Where!—why in the inquisition, sure now; where you will be before to-morrow night." At this dreadful intelligence, a certain confession rushed upon his memory, which he had made to the deputy inquisitor; and he saw himself in imagination, subject to Derrick's list of tormenting implements.—At a thought so replete with terror, a cold perspiration bedewed his countenance, and sinking back in his chair—he groaned—sobbed—and fainted! Patrick gazed upon the unhappy creature with sensations not devoid of pity, while the nurse, who had followed him into the room, was busied in the use of volatiles; which she feared were needless, as his features seemed shrunk by the hand of death. "By St. Anthony, he will never recover, Signor;" said the terrified woman, "this is the worst fit he ever had, and I am sure he has had twenty within these few days!" Still Derrick spoke not: for his conscience accused him of hastening the poor creature's destiny; and so much was he affected by the awful scene, that the ready tear began to flow.

At length a smothered groan broke from the heaving chest; Polygon struggled, and slowly evinced signs of recollection: at last his speech returned—he unclosed his heavy eye, and seeing Derrick assiduously supporting him, gently squeezed the hand that was next him, and feebly asked the heart struck Irishman, to forgive a monster who had introduced so much misery to him and his friends; adding a pathetic request, that he would, if possible, procure the pardon of those he had so cruelly treated. "And that I will, by my *sowl* now, Isaac; so cheer up, and get well as soon as you can."—"Yes, Mr. Derrick, to linger out a miserable existence in the inquisition."—"Psha! honey, *niver* heed that; why, I only hung out false colours to draw you into the wake of repentance." "But will you,—will you indeed?" interrupted the dying creature, who again sunk helpless in his chair, "will you get—my pardon!—signed!" "O, sure now, and didn't I tell you so before?" "Then, heaven forgive—me too!" faltered out the poor man, and drawing his hand hastily from Patrick's grasp,—sighed convulsively, and—spoke no more!

A death so sudden, and which he could not help attributing to the shock his words had occasioned, was more than our Hibernian could easily endure; he even stamped with fury; execrating his own heedlessness in a way that greatly alarmed the nurse, who was not sorry to see him depart, as she began to think him insane.

Prior to his return to the cottage, the happy circle he had left, had reassembled to enjoy the sweets of a conversation, which had every charm to recommend it. Recovered from the transports occasioned by such a meeting, Almeria, with her beloved Marquis, took the earliest opportunity of detailing their late misfortunes to their sympathizing

friends; who felt themselves still more endeared to the worthy couple—more convinced of their excellence—and more ready to execrate the cause of so much of their sorrows as originated in Polygon's treachery, by the temperate manner in which they expressed their sense of it. Don Arthurio then proposed his palace at Seville for their reception, till they should be disposed to visit Amesbury, to which place the whole of this delighted society, were pressingly invited by Sir Henry Tillotson and his Lady; but a proposal so contrary to Count Theodore's private arrangement, met with his decided opposition: for, as co-heiress, with Laurana, to the Duchess D'Aveiro's private jointure, which had escaped confiscation, the young Marchioness was necessitated to take personal possession of it; and, as it lay in the kingdom of Algarve, and but a few leagues from Tavora, Count Theodore urged the propriety of their return to his late father's estate—now become his.

As this claim could not be overrated, it was finally settled, that after a visit to that place, they should all adjourn to Don Arthurio's palace; and from thence to England. This gave much satisfaction to the venerable Castilian, who declared Frederico presumptive heir to *his* estates in right of the deceased Alzira; while Count Theodore confessed *his* intention of leaving his whole property to the two heiresses; settling upon each of them, a sum adequate to the situation of both. "You act with considerable generosity, my friend," said the delighted Gonzales, "therefore, whatever sum you shall nominate for Almeria's use, *I* will double to the Marquis her husband." It was exactly at this period of their conversation, that the appearance of Captain Derrick prevented the acknowledgments which were bursting from the happy trio, who felt themselves so much obliged by such a splendid arrangement. Entering in a confused sort of way, he abruptly seated himself by the door, and began to whistle. "Something is wrong, my dear sir," whispered the anxious Almeria.—"Wrong! yes—I am wrong—you are wrong—and we are all wrong, for letting a poor crazy hulk sink, without making some effort to prevent its foundering!" "You have seen Polygon, I presume?" asked Signor Jerome, who suspected some mischief from that quarter. "O yes, and you may say that, poor *sowl*; yes, I have seen him sure enough;—for the last time too!" Here the tear of remembrance, or rather regret, again poured over his honest countenance;—a phenomenon so strange to those who knew his hatred of that once miserable man, that they with one voice entreated to know the cause of his agitation. "Why, he's dead, I tell you:—dead, upon my *sowl*—and I killed him!" "Then you must fly, dear Derrick," said Sir Henry; who, with the others, supposed he had really sacrificed the poor wretch to his resentment: but, when in compliance with their earnest entreaties, he briefly informed them of what had happened, all present joined in clearing him from any intentional cruelty: and he felt rather reassured; and the more, when Francisca frankly protested he had lost no credit with *her*, by his treatment of a man who, though she freely forgave him, was by no means entitled to her commiseration. Anica owned a similar sentiment; and peace and hope again laughed in Derrick's expressive eye, while he caught from Francisca's the glance of amity and love; which he rightly translated into an assurance that she would soon meet him at the altar; a circumstance which took place on their arrival in England.

The appearance of Manuel, who then approached with refreshments, awakened an ardent curiosity to know what befel that worthy servant, after his dear master's commitment; his statement was brief: importing, that previous to his departure for Chamouny, he ran to Count Theodore's little assylum; but finding no one there, he prepared to visit his father's abode; when, having reached Alicant, he was detained with a

friend, till the news arrived of the attachment being taken from the Tavora family. Conceiving himself at liberty to return, and eager to know if his beloved master was emancipated, to whose attention to Almeria he attributed that gentleman's misfortune, he returned just time enough to meet him at Father Theobald's; and after congratulating the Cavalier upon his liberation, was dispatched with the beforementioned note to Sir Henry Tillotson. Derrick was happy to run over with his convivial friend, the particulars of their last unfortunate meeting; while Don Arthurio noticed the warmth of Patrick's expressions, which, so great is the influence of real worth over a candid though lofty spirit, that he could not help observing, that such intrinsic goodness ought to be rewarded, although transplanted from a foreign soil.

"O, *soil*, did you say, honey? come, come, no reflection upon soil:—Portugal, indeed, is out of the question; *because* now, she always loved little England!" Here he threw up his hat with three cheers, and then went on, "But *belave* me, *owld* Reverendissimo, the time is not far distant, when Albion and Hibernia shall know no difference of opinion; but strongly—firmly—and invariably unite in the great—the just—the glorious cause—of

KING AND COUNTRY!

FINIS.