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THE FATAL SECRET;

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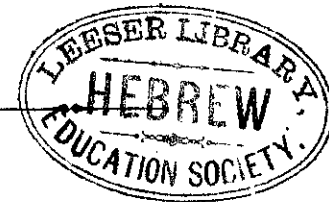
PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

A Novel of the Sixteenth Century.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY NATHAN MAYER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNT AND THE JEWESS," "LEAVES FROM SPANISH HISTORY," &c., &c.



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TO THE
REV. DR. S. MAYER AND LADY,
THIS VOLUME

IS
MOST AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED,

BY THEIR GRATEFUL SON,

THE AUTHOR.

THE FATAL SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

THE NUN'S FLIGHT.

It was a glorious night in May, of the year 15—. The moon from an unclouded sky threw great masses of light on the rustling woods, the leafy hills, and the white gleaming walls of the convent of St. Ursula. The whisper of the trees and the distant splash of a babbling brook were the only sounds, that mingled with, and enhanced the dreamy silence, which covers earth, and air, and sky late at night. Very dark were the woods around the convent, and the purplish silver, which the moonlight poured on them, penetrated not farther than the leafy summits. A feeling of loneliness and awe that checks all admiration, they might else awaken, is created by these silent grandours of night, and the bright cold moonshine strews a ghostly glitter over nature's face.

The bells of the convent had poured their sounds into the dark chestnut woods, to announce the hour of one, when a window in the rear of the convent opened, and the figure of a nun appeared, at the casement. The long black robes of the order closely enveloped her form, but the large white veil, as well as the unshapely cap, were thrown back and disclosed a face of wonderful beauty. Features of exquisite loveliness, but on which dwelt the cold and severe expression of marble; eyes of glorious and diamond-like radiance, with slight but intensely black brows; and hair of a glossy purplish-black hue, that hung in large and damp waves down her back, beneath the upper garments; all combined to give a haughty and cold, but gloriously beautiful appearance to the nun.

She again closed the window, and proceeded by the light of the moon, which

poured a stream of radiance through every casement and orifice, through long galleries and vaulted halls, past the small black doors of cells and the glittering images of saints and martyrs, now unlocking some door with extreme caution, then swinging back an iron grate that barred her way, until she arrived at the chamber close to the chapel. In this room, entered the nuns, as they were received into the convent after taking the veil, and laying aside the gorgeous garments in which they for the last time had been attired, assumed the sable costume of the sisters. The garments and jewels, they laid aside, were kept in a large closet, in the corner of the room, which, containing many valuable ornaments, was securely locked.—The nun, taking a key from the black bag hanging at her girdle, unlocked it, and began, by the light of the moon to examine the various garments that hung from the hooks. She selected a robe of white satin gorgeously embroidered with gold, and edged with white fur; an under dress of gold and silver brocade, and a chataleine, or girdle of jewels, which, after spanning the waist, almost reached the ground. A wreath of white roses and a diamond necklace were taken from one of the drawers in the closet, and then the nun relocked the wardrobe.

"My bridal costume," she murmured, as with quick hands, taking off the robes of the convent, she attired herself in the rich garments and jewels we have mentioned. Then, with a proud step, entering the chapel, the beautiful woman swept to the altar, where pale tapers were burning around a golden cross.

"Long enough," she exclaimed; "long enough have I been chained to the foot of the

cross; long enough have chanted hymns and pronounced prayers, and tried to lift my heart to heaven, while my soul groaned in agonising slavery; now for freedom!"

Then, taking a monk's cassock and cowl from a recess behind the altar, she threw it over her rich attire and pulled the cowl over her head. It is true the large hoops which at that time were worn to expand the skirts of the dresses, gave a somewhat rotund shape to the figure, but this did not make it look less like a monk, since the holy fathers were celebrated for protruding paunches. In this disguise the nun proceeded to a small side door of the chapel, unlocked it and was free; she then carefully relocked the door.

Creeping along the walls, where they threw their darkest shadows, she reached a clump of trees, that extended from the eastern angle of the convent to the principal gate from which a road, bordered on both sides with double rows of chestnut trees, led straight through the forest beyond. On one side of this road, where the heavy boughs wove an arch, through which not a ray glittered, the nun, choose a path which she followed with quick but cautious steps; this footpath being preferable to the open road, since the overhanging chestnut branches concealed her figure, the grass and moss affording a soft carpet to her feet, unused as she was to much walking.

Thus she reached the forest, and was there lost in the deep green darkness that filled its silent space. On every side clusters of trees raised aloft their wide-spread branches.—The path led through part of this silent green wood to a little glade, all covered with moss and wild flowers, and bright with moonlight. In the midst of it a solitary monarch of the wood hung his branches to the ground, clasped and garlanded by a hundred vines and creepers, that sprang up from the luxuriant soil. The moon threw a crown of gold upon its slightly waving top. To this tree the nun proceeded, and sounded a light note on a small whistle. It was immediately answered by another whistle, and soon after the disguised nun was joined by a tall muscular man, in the romantic habit of the gipsies.

"You are punctual SENORA," began the man. "No time was to be lost," the nun replied; "lead on Massor."

The man turned, and led the way again into the forest. They had not proceeded far, when the gipsy stopped and whispered to his companion. "The horses are close at hand; mount Senora!"

The nun, with but slight assistance mounted a horse, which she only ascertained to be such, by a touch; for it was intensely dark. The man now opened the bushes before them, and led the lady's horse out upon the road, we have above mentioned, as crossing the wood. A moment after he appeared again, also well mounted on a beautiful steed of the old Andalusian breed, and called to the lady who still retained her monk's habit, but sat sideways on the horse: "Do not spare your horse, Senora, but urge him well," and he galloped on. The lady followed, and kept abreast of him. The clattering of the hoofs resounded through the forest.

After two hours' hard riding on the same road, the two took a path to a solitary hill, that raised its summit, covered with wild olive trees, high over the surrounding country. With the utmost difficulty the tired horses ascended the rugged, though not steep hillside. The impatience of their riders at the relaxed pace, was frequently vented in short ejaculations. At last a platform near the summit was reached and the gipsy halted, and gave a loud shrill whistle, that pierced the olive grove, which, as we said, crowned the summit.

Scarcely had the sound ceased to vibrate, when they were surrounded by gipsies.—Dismounting, Massor left the horses in their charge, and helped the lady to ascend a steep and broken path, leading to the summit.—Two gipsies walked before them, separating the bushes that concealed and obstructed the path. Thus they reached the mouth of a small cave, in which for the reception of the lady, a fire had been lighted, and a couch of soft woolly sheepskins prepared. No one was in the cavern.

"Where is your tribe, Massor?" inquired the lady.

"They are encamped on the platform below, Senora," replied the gipsy.

The lady turned and beheld on the platform, the encampment of the gipsies. In the midst of the olive copse, a space of about sixty feet in diameter had been cleared. This clearing was surrounded by tent cloth, suspended from one tree to another. In the midst of it burned a large fire, and above the flames hung an enormous kettle suspended from a stick, that was held in the branchings of two upright poles. Savory steams arose, whenever a crone with an orange-colored, shriveled up face, who held the important office of cook, lifted the cover of the kettle and stirred its contents with a wooden ladle. Then would the brown children that, almost entirely naked, surrounded the fire, utter yells of joy in anticipation of the coming meal; and even their parents who were loling in the laziest attitudes, on the ground, would make impatient movements, or urge the old crone to finish her task, by some flattering remark.

It was a beautiful picture. The gipsies, with their dark complexion, raven hair, but gaudily colored habiliments, laying around the bright flashing fire, with the dark seething mysterious looking pot hanging over it, the tent cloth draped in loose folds, from branch to branch; the intensely dark green olive wood beyond, all motionless and silent; and, above all, the beautiful blue sky with its stars and golden moon.

The lady then entered the cave, followed by Massor, and set down on the couch of skins.

"Our plans are all arranged; and it is only necessary now, for you, Senora, to promise strict adherence to my directions. In the altered position you will occupy, should our plans succeed, immense power is at your disposal. The exercise of this power I will require once in a while, for my own benefit, or the benefit of my friends."

"I am ready to yield such aid to you, in reward for your services," replied the lady.

"That is all; and now I will leave you to rest for a few hours. Good night, Donna Gloria," and the gipsy left the cavern.

At the mention of her name the lady star-

ted, and sunk back into a deep revery, which was finally broken, by a shout of the gipsies below. She rose slowly, murmuring:

"Massor is right; Sister Pia has disappeared forever, and DONNA GLORIA DA GOMEZ enters the world again. It is very lonely, here," she added, looking up at the rocky projections encrusted with crystals, that reflected the light of the fire in bright colors. From the walls the moss hung in fringe-like tendrils, and as the fresh night wind waved these delicate plants, they cast large and ghostly shadows over the rocks. The cave was always a rather chilling and lonely place, except perhaps to naturalists; and at night, with a fitful fire chasing the darkness over the walls; the air lifting the feathery mosses and waking faint moans from the holes and crevices of the roof; with the dark branches bending and creaking around the entrance, it was peculiarly lonely and sad. Donna Gloria, by which name we shall designate her, seemed to think so, and, therefore, drew the bed of skins to the mouth of the cave, from whence she could witness the gambols and the conversation of the gipsies in the camp below.

They had finished supper, and the empty kettle testified the justice done to the meal. One of them, a handsome young fellow occupied a prominent position at the fire, and was preparing to comply with the request of the others, and to tell a story.

"I do not remember any story at present," he began, "but I will relate to you an occurrence that happened several years ago, and in which I took a part."

One of the gipsies trimmed the fire, while the others composed themselves to listen.—A haze of of glittering sparks shot out into the darkness, and a bright tongue of flame cast a momentary light over the quiet woods. After a moment of hesitation the gipsy began.

"It may now be four years ago, since I followed the trade of beggar in the renowned city of Coimbra. It is a rich town, and the residence of many noble families; indeed, there, a sweet-voiced beggar at a church door, may collect considerable alms, if he pays attention to the trade. I did very well;

but aspiring to business above my profession, had to leave the city. However to the tale.

"A noble family by the name of Gomez lived there; they were not wealthy, but exceedingly proud, and good reason they had to be so, for their blood was of the noblest in Portugal. Opposite to the University, lived Donna Maria da Gomez, who was a widow, and her only daughter Donna Gloria. Oh, but Donna Gloria was a beautiful maiden, and proud like a queen. She had an uncle, who was a bishop, and a stern, severe man, that had no mercy with the faults of others, and believed himself faultless; he superintended her education, and kept her almost as close as a nun. Well, I often begged at the door of the University. One morning Don Diego da Azambuja, the son and heir of the old duke, eyed me for some moments, and then said: "Thou art a smart fellow, I believe."

I bowed, and replied modestly: "thank your highness for the compliment," at the same time extending my palm.

"I am willing to reward thee well, for easy service," he continued, dropping a gold piece into my hand.

"The holy saints bless your highness; I will poignard the first noble in the land, at your word," I ejaculated, gratefully, thinking of course that he required some service of this sort. But Don Diego turning quite red, said, with a slightly stammering voice: "Silence fellow; dost know Donna Gloria da Gomez?"

"Do I know the greatest beauty of Portugal? She drops a piece of money into my hand, every morning at the church door.—Oh she is kind and beautiful!" He seemed much pleased at my reply.

"Take this note and deliver it into her hands to-morrow morning." And he left a letter tied with silver thread in my hands.

"The Donna shall receive it," was my reply.

"Next morning I waited at the church door, and when Donna Gloria dropped, as usual, a piece of money into my hand, I slipped the letter into her wide sleeve. She turned scarlet and passed on. The morning

after, I left another letter from Don Diego in her sleeve, and on the third day, she dropped a small rose colored note and a large gold piece into my hand. The piece I kept, and the letter was delivered to Don Diego, who rewarded me richly. This correspondence was continued for some time and proved a profitable trade to me.

"About this time, Don Menezes, who had been governor of Ormus in Asia, and grown prodigiously rich there, returned to his castle in the neighborhood of Coimbra. It was not long, before all the city knew that he had been smitten by the beauty of Donna Gloria, had proposed, and been joyfully accepted by the mother and the uncle. Now thought I, my productive correspondence is over. But I was mistaken. It only grew the more frequent. Still, love letters could not stop the course of events, and the wedding day of Don Menezes approached. I was at the door of Donna Gomez's house, when the procession returned from the city hall; next day they were to be married in church. She was attired in a robe of white satin blazing with gold embroidery, and fringed with white fur. An underdress of gold brocade glittered in front, where the skirts were open and looped with diamond clasps. Her beautiful hair was adorned with a wreath of white roses, and a diamond necklace flashed on her swan like throat. Oh, she looked divinely beautiful.

"And Don Menezes walked at her side, his face beaming with joy. A rich dress of purple velvet slashed and lined with cloth of gold, admirably adorned his fine person. A string of pearls hung around his headgear, on one side of which, three superb plumes were held by a diamond brooch.—His sword also hung from a jeweled belt.

"Before them walked the bishop, her uncle. A grand festival was held that evening, and all the neighborhood resounded with the noise of festivity and the rich strains of music. We, beggars, were still grouped around the door, for food and rich alms had been distributed to us; the bridegroom had even ordered wine, and all mendicants of Coimbra made merry.

"Suddenly I felt some one touch my shoul-

der. Turning quickly, I beheld Don Diego, with a pale and earnest expression on his countenance, standing at my back. He motioned me to follow, and, with a chilled heart, I turned away from my merry companions, and in a moment was with him alone behind a pillar of the university portico. There he gave me money, and bid me, with a calm fervor in his voice, to give one more note to Donna Gloria, and then join him in the rear of the gardens that extended behind the Gomez's residence. After a moment's consideration I took the letter, and told the Don that I would do his bidding. Without the slightest hesitation, I entered Donna Gloria's house and pushing aside the servants that opposed me, made my way into the festal hall, and, with a low obeisance, delivered the thanks of the beggars to the bridegroom, in a few extravagant sentences. The company laughed, and Don Menezes bade me approach to receive a golden donation in return. This opportunity I wanted, and while receiving his money, dropped the note into Donna Gloria's lap. She started, at first seeing me, and covered the note immediately with her hand. Two minutes afterwards I was with Don Diego.

"We scaled the garden walls, and sat anxiously waiting for two hours, in a leafy arbor. A rustle, and the bride appeared, and threw herself into Don Diego's arms. She eloped with him that night. They did not leave the city, but hastened to a small chapel in the suburbs, where Don Diego had a priest in readiness. The monk was to marry them and I to serve as witness. The ceremony had just begun, when there was a great uproar outside. The doors were thrown open and the old Duke of Azambuja, Don Diego's father entered, accompanied by a corps of followers.

"God be thanked, that he has spared me this disgrace!" cried the old duke, when he saw that they were not yet married. "Don Diego, you will immediately enter my carriage," commanded the enraged father, and as the young man, pale as death, sank on his knees, the duke signed to his servants.—They surrounded the Don, and in spite of his struggles bore him to the carriage. A

moment after, I was alone with Donna Gloria, for the priest had fled at the duke's first appearance. She slowly turned to the altar and with a cry of agony, sank to the stone floor. I hastened to her assistance, but found that she had not fainted. Till morning she remained thus cold and passive, but conscious, stretched on the floor, and I at her side. As the day dawned, I began to fear for her intellect, and hastened to acquaint her mother and uncle with the events of the past night. All was confusion and sorrow where the eve before, joy had dwelled.

"Don Menezes returned to Ormus and died, a twelvemonth after, in battle. But the bishop, Donna Gloria's uncle, went to the chapel, and when he found his niece, in her rich marriage costume, laying all pale and cold upon the marble, he uttered frightful imprecations on her head. Three days after, he carried her away from Coimbra, and placed her into some convent. I heard this afterwards, as well as, that the severest penances were laid upon the poor Donna. God help her, she was beautiful and good!" and the gipsy concluded his story with a grave bow.

Many of the gipsy women had sunk to sleep during the recital of the tale. And the rest now composed themselves to enjoy a short nap on their grassy beds. But from above the gipsy encampment, from the mouth of the cavern, the night wind bore away the sound of sobs and sighs; and bitter tears watered the little flowers that waved from the edge of the height.

The face of nature blushed with the scarlet of morning. All over the bounding sea and the quiet verdant hills, over the villages, the fields and the silent green woods, the bright red flush of morning was borne by the breeze. And then solitary beams of light flashed through the scarlet East, on the sea and the hills, and disappeared again. At last the waves broke into a smile of joy, as a flood of golden sunshine swept over them; and the trees shook their branches to the morning wind; and the hills seemed so many fairy queens in diamond robes, as every dewdrop blazed and flashed in the glorious light.

Small birds, that generally greet the morn-

ing, with songs of welcome, are not to be seen in great numbers throughout Portugal; few forests are found there; and these birds are not indigenous to the long, arid plains extending in place of them. A solitary eagle floated almost motionless, in the pure blue ether towards the pale indistinct summit of Mount Cintra.

Early in the morning a dust-covered gipsy had arrived, and brought a scroll to Massor; on the scroll were the following words:

"The King will proceed by water to Belem. He returns on horseback at five o'clock, and crosses the chestnut grove adjoining the royal park, on his way to the palace."

Massor immediately communicated the contents of the scroll to Donna Gloria. After considering, she said: "Then we will start now, and when we reach Belem repose for a little while in a hostelry, or the house of a friend."

Massor assented and, in a few minutes, the horses were brought. Donna Gloria, still in her monk's habit, was aided to mount, while Massor lightly jumped on his prancing steed.

The sun stood in the west and was preparing to set, by gathering purple and rosy clouds, around him, when a gallant train of cavaliers entered the chestnut grove that bounded the western side of the royal parks. The road which wound its irregular and serpentine line through this grove, was bordered by clumps of trees, that, however, were sometimes, superceded by low straggling bushes.

The train of cavaliers entered the chestnut grove. In advance, mounted on a coal black steed of great grace and activity, rode Juan the Third, King of Portugal. He was then in his twentieth year, and but slightly tinged with that sombre religious enthusiasm, the effects of which, afterward corroded his mind and weakened his body. His forehead was not high, but very broad and smooth; his nose straight and small with expanded nostrils; his eye darkly and softly brown, with bushy eyebrows; and his mouth small and beautiful. He had black hair and a clear dark complexion; a black beard, of the style now called goatee, graced his chin, and small moustaches surmounted his upper lip. Cov-

ered with a serious expression his face generally looked severe, but when he smiled a world of beauty lurked in the brightened features. A dress of blue velvet, and a cloak of the same material fitted well to his finely shaped limbs, though the color did not suit his style of face. From his cap waved a magnificent scarlet plume.

Behind the King, yet near enough to reply to his questions rode his favorite courtier, Don Alphonso da Costa, count of Almaveda. He was a handsome young man, with a fair and brilliant complexion, bright blue eyes, brown hair that fell in long curls to his shoulders, and a happy expression over his face. He wore, like the King, a small moustache, but his chin was smooth. A dress of blue and white satin; and a black cloak like those generally worn at that time in Portugal, made up his attire.

The rest of the King's suite as they moved in the sunlight glowed with every color, and sparkled with jewels.

The King had just turned an angle of the road, when he suddenly checked his horse, and with mingled feelings of astonishment and perplexity depicted on his countenance he exclaimed: "*Santa madre de Dios!*"

The suite immediately halted, but Don Alphonso pressed forward, to see what had so astonished the monarch.

CHAPTER II.

KING JUAN THE THIRD.

On a small patch of grassy ground stood Donna Gloria, in her rich satin robes, sparkling with jewels. Around her bloomed a thousand bright colored flowers, and the chestnut trees formed a dark back ground to her figure.

The king surprised at the sight of a lady of marvelous beauty in splendid attire and quite alone in the chestnut grove, had halted, exclaiming:

"Holy mother of God!"

When Don Alphonso had spurred forward, and seen the lady, his surprise equalled that of the king. Juan turned to him, and inquired: "Who can she be?"

"I can not imagine; but if your majesty will command, I will soon find out."

"Go, Don Alphonso; but inquire of her, with all respect," rejoined the king. He waited impatiently, while the young nobleman dismounted, and leading his horse by the bridle, approached the lady.

"Fair stranger," he began, doffing his cap, "our gracious king would fain know the name of the beautiful lady that has so suddenly appeared before him, and the business which took her to court."

"Then, sir courtier, tell the king, that but to him, will I disclose my name and business," replied Donna Gloria, returning with a graceful wave of the hand the profound salutation of Don Alphonso.

"But the king desires to know immediately," persisted the courtier, doubting whether he should bear the bold reply of the lady to his master.

"You have heard my answer, sir, bear it to the king," was the proud reply.

Don Alphonso returned, and reported to his impatient master the reply of the lady. Juan, his curiosity excited to the utmost, rode forward until he was opposite to the lady, and then in the tone of gallantry, then current at the Portuguese court, addressed her:

"By our lady, beautiful dame, we can not explain your sudden appearance all alone in this wood unless we suppose you one of the charming fairies Persian tales speak of, and which, by your wondrous beauty, you are well fitted to be."

"And like those fairies, I meet a good and valiant prince, of whom I ask assistance," replied Gloria.

"It is granted, by St. George; for who could refuse any thing to so beautiful a lady?"

"Your majesty is renowned for gallantry and fame does not belie you."

"It is easy to be gallant where the heart feels love," rejoined Juan. "In what can I be of service to you, lady?"

"My business must be communicated to your majesty alone. O sire," continued the beautiful woman, kneeling on the grass and raising her white arms in the attitude of prayer, "I appear to you alone in a solitary wood, unknown to all around and a stranger

in Lisbon; these are equivocal circumstances. But believe me, sire, my rank entitles me to approach you, and my purpose needs all the aid your royal power can give."

The king, enchanted by the beauty, and touched by the words of the unknown, hastily dismounted, and raised her from the ground.

"I have given you my royal word, lady," he said, "and since you are a stranger in Lisbon will you accept of our hospitality, and reside with our cousin the Countess of Solani, in the summer pavilion of the palace?"

"I will not refuse your majesty's kindness," replied Donna Gloria.

"Thank you, fair lady!" exclaimed the king, and gallantly kissed her white hand.

He then remounted, and turning to the suite, who with surprise had listened to this conversation, but did not dare by the least change of face to testify their feelings, the king said:

"Gentlemen, we will proceed on our way; you Don Alphonso and Don Duarte will stay with our guest, until the carriage with a duenna arrives which Don Carlos notifies our cousin to send. On, then!" And the king with a bow continued his way, while the lords commissioned to bear the lady company dismounted, and Don Carlos spurred his horse across the wood, in the direction of the summer pavilion. The king's suite, as they passed, Gloria bowed low.

In a short time, a carriage drawn by two fine horses rolled through the wood, and stopped where Donna Gloria stood. Alphonso opened the door for her, and Don Duarte helped her to enter.

The carriage rolled away.

An old lady, dressed in the height of court fashion, and yet in colors, suited to her age, occupied the front seat. Her appearance was infinitely stiff, and all her features were drawn up in a ceremonious half smile; yet something of kindness peeped, as it were, through her straight, self-sufficient manner. She received Donna Gloria, without a word of surprise; but a girl of about

sixteen years, whose tender shape was almost hidden behind the voluminous gray silk skirts of the older lady, broke into an exclamation of delight, when the beautiful stranger entered the carriage.

The old lady turning to her, said in a cold, formal voice:

"Fie Maria, will you never learn to control yourself, and act properly?" then addressing Donna Gloria, she introduced herself.

"My name, Madam, is dame Margarita Flunoz, and this forward young damsel is my niece and godchild Maria Flunoz; we are both companions to her Excellency the Countess di Solani, of whom your ladyship is a guest, I hear."

Donna Gloria merely nodded, and thus sorely disappointed the curiosity of the old lady, who had expected to elicit the stranger's name and business, from her answers. However Margarita Flunoz was not to be beaten off by silence; she returned to the attack.

"His majesty was happy to see you, I dare say; and so will my mistress be, I warrant you!" This second sally of the old lady's was merely answered by a cold "indeed!"

"She has not been to Court yet, else she would talk more; her dresses, though very rich are long out of fashion, too;" thus reasoned the venerable Margarita, and like a veteran soldier, began again:

"What does your ladyship say to the king's passion for his mother in law? is it not strange? but you know they were engaged when his present majesty was yet prince royal; but when the old king saw the bride he married her himself." Donna Gloria returned no answer to this piece of court scandal; the old lady, repulsed, waxed desperate; for she had been exceedingly imprudent, in allowing herself to be carried away by curiosity, and for the purpose of drawing Gloria into conversation broaching the most dangerous piece of court scandal then talked of. Still it had not drawn a single syllable from Gloria, or produced a change in her features. The carriage had entered the city, and was driving past a

splendid palace, when Dame Margarita made a last effort to retrieve her former failures.

"This is the Duke of Azambuja's residence," she said; "there is——"

"Whose palace?" cried Gloria, all at once startled out of her calmness and silence.

The old lady gave a little jump of joy; she had found a subject of interest to the stranger. Carefully she would unwind the thread whose end she now held, carefully find out all about the beautiful lady. Not to be too precipitate she said reservedly:

"The Duke of Azambuja's."

But Donna Gloria relapsed into silence; therefore, the old lady wisely resolved to recommence the conversation about the Duke.

"Have you ever seen the duke's son? he is the handsomest nobleman in the kingdom. He will be married soon to Donna Estella di Menezes, the richest heiress and the greatest beauty in Estremadura. Her brother died in Persia, and left all his wealth to her. Not but that, Don Diego would have married some one else, if she had wanted him. He gave this diamond ring to me, and used to look at me in such a loving way!" and the old lady smirked and smiled in an excess of conceit. The idea was too ridiculous for even the calm gravity and reserve of Donna Gloria. So she broke into a loud silvery laugh.

The venerable lady, in gray silk, highly offended, threw back her aged head and puckered up her dry purple lips. However the subject of her conversation was so interesting to Donna Gloria, that she immediately asked:

"And does Don Diego love his wealthy bride?"

"I have not the honor to be acquainted with her sentiments," was the offended Margarita's reply. Donna Gloria stamped her little foot in vexation. Turning to Maria Flunoz who till now had looked out of the carriage window, she repeated the question.

In spite of her venerable aunt's furious glances, the damsel replied: "O yes; people say he rides every morning, before day, to Belem, where his bride resides, and waits beneath her window, until she rises and

greet him. Rich jewels, beautiful Asiatic flowers, and gorgeous shawls are selected from every Indian vessel that arrives, by Don Diego, to present to her. Almost every night, it is said, he serenades his lady; and I have often seen him wear her colors and devices."

Almost every word, which the damsel spoke, entered like a dagger into Donna Gloria's heart. "These attentions were all paid to me once," she sighed to herself. Meeting the old lady's eye, scrutinizing her features, she quickly resumed her former reserve, and was silent during the remainder of the journey. But the aged Margarita, with the cunning of a cat, had detected and recognised the shadows that passed over the Donna's face, and a gleam of triumph was in her eye.

This old lady was a curious compound of the prattling, gossiping, malicious old spinster and the stately, ceremonious and strait faced quenna. She had been companion to ladies of rank ever since her youth, and found it profitable, in her line of life, to adopt the latter character; but nature would frequently overleap all assumed manner, and show her the vulgar, spiteful, talking old maid, she really was.

The carriage halted in an ample court.—On the small marble steps, in front of an extensive pavilion, stood a middle aged lady of kind aspect. It was the Countess di Solani. She received the stranger with all the warmth of a kind heart and Southern manners; the beauty and evident distress of Donna Gloria, as well as the great interest with which she had inspired the king, prepossessed the countess in her favor.

After a few expressions of welcome, Gloria was taken to a magnificent suite of rooms, which she was desired to consider as quite her own. The countess made over her young companion, Maria Flunoz, to Gloria, for a chambermaid.

In the evening the king visited his beautiful guest. They had a long conversation.—As he rose to leave Juan, his cheeks all crimson, and his eyes brilliant, said:

"As soon as possible the documents, shall be made out. Bearing the name Countess di

Voga, none will recognise you. Willingly would I lay down my hand and crown at your feet—but these are my people's property. My heart is my own, and I offer you a king's true love!" Juan took one of Donna Gloria's hands and pressed it fervently.

"Who can resist your majesty?" was the answer, pronounced in Gloria's sweetest, most musical tones. The king pressed her to his bosom.

After his majesty had left her, Gloria threw herself into a large arm chair, and wept bitterly. Her cheeks burned with flushes of shame, her heart throbbed with pangs of remorse. "It is done" she sobbed; "the word is spoken, and one of the descendants of Gomez will become a king's mistress. Thus far have I proceeded on my dangerous path" she reasoned with herself, "and now I stand on the brink of this abyss. Is there no escape? yes, I will fly a second time! I will go to Coimbra and throw myself at my mother's feet."

Gloria was evidently a creature of rash impulses. Without sound judgment to control her, without the least experience to direct her, while strong unbridled passions lived in her bosom, she was always ready to follow the impulse of the moment, whether for good or evil.

She hastened to the window, and throwing back the curtains of velvet, deeply fringed with gold, which hung from the ceiling to the bright colored carpet, she opened the long heavy casement. Before it stood an old chestnut tree with its long branches drooping to the window, and its leaves sweeping the wall. From amidst the foliage frowned the swarthy face of Massor. His black eyes glanced coldly at Gloria. With perfect ease he sprang to the ledge, and entered by the open window. Gloria started back with a slight cry of surprise and terror.

"I have been listening during the whole evening" he said, "and I would not have disturbed you, fair Donna, were it not to remind you of your purpose. Are you revenged already on Don Diego, who is now giving his perfidious heart to your husband's sister, rich as she is with the wealth that of right belongs to you? Have you already re-

warded my aid in your escape? Already humbled the pride of the old Duke de Asambuja? Already punished your uncle's severity, and the spite of the abbess of St. Ursula? Have you done all this already, that you are preparing to throw yourself at your mother's feet, to be spurned with a curse? Remember the past! and, also, remember that with a king's love goes his power!" With these last words, the gipsy made his exit, and Gloria, who had listened in silence to his words, gave a sigh of relief.

"Yes," she said repeating Massor's words, "with a king's love goes a king's power!" Her eye met a full length picture of Juan, that leaned against the wall. "He is a handsome cavalier after all," she thought, and rung for Maria Flunox to undress her.

A few days after, all the court knew, that a beautiful Countess di Vega, of whom no one had ever heard before, was reigning mistress of the king. And the proudest nobles, when they had favors to ask of the monarch, paid their respects, to the favorite.

CHAPTER III.

THE BANDIT'S CAVE.

We beg our readers to accompany us to the north of Portugal. Near the north eastern boundary of the kingdom, the Moncorvo mountains lift their blue summits to heaven.—Three or four thickly wooded peaks crowding together, so as to leave but very narrow passes between their rocky sides, form the most extended point of this mountain chain, toward the East. Between them winds the highway from Miranda to Moncorvo.

The mountain sides presented a gloomy aspect of bare rocks and dark green foliage. On inaccessible butments of granite, birds of prey had built their nests; their hoarse shrill cry re-echoed from the mountain sides as they went out in search of food.

It was a few days after the events we have described. The flush of sunset had died on the sky; and the last golden beams vanished from the mountain tops. Pale shadows rolled like volumes of thin smoke down the mountain sides and hung darkness over the valleys. On the sky, the pale crescent of the moon and a thousand bright stars had

risen, and shed a faint, obscure light on the night below.

In a dark gorge behind the last of these mountains, sat two men on a rocky fragment that jutted from the mountain side across a black silent brook winding around the base. The men were engaged in earnest conversation.

"It is a thing of necessity," said the elder, a tall and noble looking man of about twenty seven years. "If we do not make away with him, the noblest and best of Israel die at the stake. Were there a choice, I would choose anything but that; but there is no alternative. Either Firma Fida falls, or the Inquisition is introduced."

"But brother," replied the other, "will not the king sanction it, nevertheless? One messenger dead, will not another be sent?"

"No Enrique; Don Lionel Dian, our glorious prince, has assured me that, this scheme frustrated, the king will make no other attempt to introduce the Inquisition. Besides we act merely in self defence, by destroying one who aims a death blow at our religion, our wealth, and our very lives."

"But murder will stain our soul; by saving the body, our purer part, our innocence, the heaven within our breast is lost," was the shuddering reply.

"My gentle Enrique, you view this thing wrongly. We are executing a doom, resolved upon and spoken by the wisest and best of our nation, as a dreadful necessity. And then, is the command of Israel's prince, whose true knights we are, nothing to you?"

"And is the Lord's command, not above his? However, I have once promised, and will not recede now."

"Nay, if you speak of receding, you are at full liberty. My arm is strong enough to dispatch an old shaveling without your assistance."

"Nay, Hernando; I desert thee not; I will share thy peril, as I have shared thy joy."

"Do as thou wilt, Enrique; still consider, my brother, that improbable as it is, we may be discovered. And then you know what awaits us. We also have a sister, Enrique, and she well needs a protector," and the young man forced down a rising sigh, "Go back my

brother, and let me, alone, accomplish the deed."

"Not for all the jewels of Ormus," replied Enrique. "God will protect our sister," and he threw himself on his brother's breast.

"Silence," whispered Hernando a moment after, "I hear a voice." Both brothers stood in a listening attitude.

The evening wind brought the sound of the clatter of horses hoofs. Immediately mounting the rocky mass, on which they had been sitting, they climbed to an elevated point on the rocks. From it, they could overlook the highway. A Spanish peasant, on a lean shaggy horse, trotted along. He was returning home from a dance, and beguiled the way by singing short snatches of popular ballads. The mountains rung back the echo. The burthen of the song ran:

Oh, love! will you come to the silvery spring,
Deep in the orange grove;
Where the flowers bloom, and the west winds sing—
Oh come to meet me love!

Perceiving the two young men, who still occupied their prominent position, he stopped his song, and cried:

"A pleasant evening to you my masters! are you going to Moncorvo to night?"

"No, my good man," replied Hernando, and signed to his brother to retreat behind the rocks.

"I am sorry to hear it, it would have been good company for me. Two are better than one, as my grandmother's confessor used to say: and it is not over secure in these mountains."

The young men had already disappeared.

"Every man takes care of himself, as my grandmother's confessor said, when his servant tumbled in the river, and he stood idly on the shore. But either those young cocks are bandits themselves, or they'll know what it is to be robbed, before morning." The peasant murmured this as he rode on.

Other eyes had also observed the young men; and as they retreated behind the rocks, each was seized by two stalwart men. The attack was so sudden, that both were pinned before they had time to show the least resistance. Having tied their arms, the men were proceeding to gag the two youths, who made the air resound with their remon-

strances. Thus bound and gagged they were dragged across the rock, bridging the creek, to the place where they had been sitting. One of the men crept under the overhanging willows; he soon returned with a small skiff that had been concealed beneath their branches. Into this skiff Hernando and Enrique were placed, while two of their captors followed and took the oars. The skiff shot through the black waters of the creek, under an arch of overhanging willows. The branches overhead excluded every ray of starlight. A few minutes had passed when they stopped, and the young men were forced up a rude stairway, hewn in the rock. A large cavern opened its black mouth to receive them. But a sudden turn brought them into the full blaze of a fire.

By its light they saw a number of men gathered around a large table. They were engaged in eating and drinking, short witticisms, and loud laughs, seasoned the coarse supper. The bandits, for such they were, wore costumes of different shape and make. Some were dressed in silk garments and embroidery, all soiled and dirty, some in peasants' garb. At the back wall of the cave a curtain seemed to cover the entrance to another apartment. Arms of the most various kinds lay on the floor in disorder, and guns of the roughest description were stacked, ready to be used at a moment's warning. A small man rose from the head of the table as the two bandits entered with their prisoners, and said:

"You are early, my men; take them to the treasure room!" The two bandits led the prisoners to the back of the cave, pushed aside the curtain and made them enter.—The next apartment consisted of an almost round recess of the cave. Its walls were rougher than those of the outer cave. Here and there, where the fissure of the granite had allowed a little dust and earth to accumulate, plants with thick hairy leaves clung to the walls. From the ceiling, pieces of rock projected, which in the course of time had been shaped into curious forms, and crystalized by the water, that oozed continually through the roof, and fell with an echoing splash. A door on each side led into

two more apartments. The door to the right was thrown open by one of the bandits and the prisoners bid to enter.

After rifling their pockets of all the gold they contained, and taking every ornament of value from their clothes, they were released from the gag, and left to themselves. The bandits carefully barred the door.

"Hernando," began Enrique, in a low voice, "Hernando, we are captives!"

"Our captivity is of little importance, a good ransom will release us; but the priest will pass these mountains while we, to whom this great work has been entrusted; we who ought to have intercepted and killed him, must lay inactive in this cavern. The emperor's letter, will be brought to Juan, and Israel's cause is lost," the young man gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, and tried to break the cords which bound him.

"Is it not possible that we might gain the bandits to our cause, brother? and they would then kill Firmo Fide and blood would not soil our hands." Enrique said this inquiringly.

"The work would still be ours, brother.—I can not comprehend your subtle sophistry, which would throw the guilt on the tool and free its employer. Besides, no bandit would attack a priest!" replied Hernando.

"Brother," cried Enrique in a voice trembling with joy, "my hands are free. The bands were tied so loosely that I could slip my hands out. Wait, and I will undo your cords." He proceeded to free his brother.

The room was very dark. By touch they examined its walls.

"Here stands a large chest, but it is locked," whispered Hernando.

"And here is another," replied Enrique; "wait brother I will force it open."

"You can not do it without tools, and the robbers have taken our swords and daggers," replied the elder.

"Come and help me, Hernando; perhaps our united strength might force open the lid."

After several unsuccessful efforts, they at last despaired and were about to give up the task, when Hernando was startled by a sudden cry of pain from his brother.

"Great Heaven! what is it," he exclaimed, as he turned to the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

"'Tis nothing," replied Enrique, "my foot slipped and struck some substance on the ground."

"See what it is."

"'Tis an axe!" he cried in a joyful tone.

Hernando taking the axe from his brother's hand gave two or three stout blows on the chest, but was interrupted by his brother who exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, hold! the noise will bring the robbers here."

Hernando immediately stopped and listened for some moments. The noise had not attracted any attention. He now carefully inserted the axe between the box and lid; using it as a lever, he forced open the lid in a few moments.

The breaking of the lock caused a crash which, however, penetrated not beyond the thick rocky walls of the cavern. "Be cautious brother," said Enrique.

The chest was full of gold and jewels, in the form of necklaces, bracelets and similar ornaments. This the brothers ascertained by touch. Suddenly, Hernando cried: "I have found a dagger, and here is also a sword!" and he drew from the chest the arms; for amongst other articles of value the banditti had jeweled arms too. Enrique also possessed himself of a sword.

"But," he said, "of what avail are arms against a securely barred door?"

"True; too true!" After a few moments of silence Hernando cried: "I have it; come brother," and they hastened to the door.—It was barred on the outside by two strong wooden planks, laid in massive iron holders from the wall on one side to that on the other; thus completely crossing the door.—Hernando took the sword, and unsheathing its thin, but strong blade, inserted it between the door and the wall. It was done with perfect ease. He then pushed it up to where the plank crossed the door, and tried to lift the heavy bar. It was impossible. The blade turned in his hand, and would have broken, had he not relaxed his efforts. In despair he dropped his arms. The sword still retained its position. He found that it had

entered the wood. A new hope crossed his brain. He moved the blade with a sawing motion, and began to cut the bar through. Enrique, to whom the mode of sawing the plank was communicated began at the lower bar. After an hour's hard work the door could be opened.

The brothers now cautiously listened.—There was still a considerable body of bandits in the outer cave, some asleep, some joking and drinking. "Let us enter the other room, brother," whispered Enrique, "perhaps some more prisoners are there, whom we may release." The two bars which locked the other door, were easily lifted from their holders, and the door on the left side of the round apartment opened. They found a lady there, sleeping on a couch. A tall torch shed a smoky light over the bare, rocky walls, on a small bed, and on the lady that slept upon it. Her hands were tied. On the floor along side of the bed stood a wooden bowl, and a pitcher half full of water. Enrique gently awakened the lady, and bade her be quiet. She was greatly surprised to see the two young men there, and they hastened to tell her how they had been captured, and were trying to liberate themselves.

"We shall not leave you behind, lady," said Enrique.

"Thanks, thanks," replied she, "I have been now a prisoner for two months;" tears streamed from her eyes, and with difficulty she repressed loud sobs.

"We must wait until the dawn of day appears. The bandits tired of their night's work or revel will sleep then. But if a chance occurs we will escape before that time. The difficulty is, that we must pass through the outer hall," so said Hernando. The brothers then examined the room and found that it had an air hole near the ceiling. Enrique mounting on Hernando's shoulders reached it, and saw that it overlooked the road; just then the sound of a horse gallop ing over the stones was heard. Enrique strained his eyes to distinguish any one passing. "That is the priest," murmured Hernando in tones of wrath.

"I can not see him distinctly," said Enrique. "Wait a little yet."

"He is passing now," he continued a few moments after, "yes it must be he; a large figure wrapped in a horseman's cloak."

"The robbers have stopped him!" whispered he again. Hernando also perceived that the sound of hoofs had ceased.

"Strain your eyes, Enrique; for God's sake, look," he gasped.

The sound of voices in altercation was heard below.

"He refuses to surrender," reported now Enrique. A heavy groan was borne by the night wind to their ears, and Enrique saw the dark figure of the priest dragged to the ground.

"They have killed him!"

"The Lord be thanked," responded Hernando, fervently.

The lady had listened in the utmost terror to their broken ejaculations. Enrique now quieted her.

"Stay here, brother," said Hernando, "while I look for an opportunity to escape," and he left the apartment to watch behind the curtain.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESCAPE.

Before proceeding further with our tale, it is necessary that we give the reader more information about the persons that have already appeared, than it has been possible to do in the preceding chapters.

Doubtless the reader has already seen, that the tale which the gipsy related to his tribe at their fire, was the history of Donna Gloria's life. How she became acquainted with Massor, and when the plan for her escape was concerted, we know not. But concerning Massor we may inform the reader, that a few years before the beginning of our tale he entered the gipsy gang, was accepted as one of their tribe, and, in a short time, by his evident talents and sagacity rose to be their chief. He frequently absented himself from the camp, but, returning always with a full purse, which he shared with them, remained the reigning favorite. Of his history before joining them, the band could tell nothing. The same young gipsy who had related Gloria's history to the tribe,

had related it to Massor previously, when they were encamped in the north of Portugal. Thereupon, the chief left the tribe the day after, to discover the convent where the lady was confined. He had no difficulty in discovering it, and, in disguise, hired himself to the abbess as a gardener. This gave him opportunities to converse with Gloria, and, skillfully arousing her impulsive nature by picturing bright scenes of the outer world, induced her to escape. He promised to place her in the way of the king, to whom Gloria intended to relate the history of her life, and ask for justice, and the hand of Don Diego de Azambuja.

But Massor, who knew the ways of the world better, supposed that the king, inflamed by the beauty of Donna Gloria, would make her his mistress. However, in either case the lady would occupy a high position. The events fully testified the justice of Massor's supposition. Donna Gloria became the mistress of Juan.

The reader may inquire: what interest could Massor have in this? It evidently was his purpose to secure a very powerful friend at court. This he accomplished by aiding the beautiful Gloria to escape, and conducting her to the king. Had she become Duchess de Azambuja he would probably have been served equally well. As for ensuring Donna Gloria's aid he always held her fate in his hands, as will hereafter be shown.

Hernando and Enrique, were the sons of Leviticus Costa, an Israelite. He had been captain in the Spanish navy, but was compelled to leave his country, when Ferdinand and Isabella expelled the Israelites from Spain. Emigrating, with many of his nation, to Lisbon, it was not long, before Emanuel the Great, father of Juan, employed the able captain in his East India service. But when king Emanuel married a Spanish princess, and, through the entreaties of his beautiful and dearly beloved queen, was moved to issue an edict similar to that of the Spanish monarchs—an edict which offered to the Israelites banishment, or baptism, and slavery, in case of still remaining in the coun-

try after three months without being baptized—Costa was compelled to accept either the cross or the chains of a galley slave. For, when he returned from the East Indies, the three months of grace had already expired. He was then father of one lovely boy, and knew his wife and child must share his doom. So he received baptism. We scarcely need say, that, like many others, he still practised the religion of his fathers in secret. And truly, the heart can never cast off the faith which we have received with our mother's milk, our father's teachings, and with the first thoughts and first bright pictures that dawned upon our childish mind. Too holy recollections of parents and childhood, too many fond memories and sweet associations, too many reasonings that, because they were the earliest, made an impression never to be effaced, and too many hopes and fears, bind us to the religion whichever it is, that we may have received from our parents. Man may externally conform to this, or that custom and ceremony, but the religion of his parents remains the religion of his heart.

Captain Costa was baptised. About ten years after, having faithfully served the king, he was appointed governor of one of the East India colonies. When the natives soon after, arose to expel the Portuguese invaders, Costa fell, bravely defending his post. His family returned to Lisbon, where the king, in reward of the father's services, ennobled them, and made the eldest son, Hernando, a lieutenant of the royal body guards. Enrique and Maria da Costa resided with their mother at Belem, a suburban village, laying near the sea; they were in possession of great wealth, which Leviticus Costa had brought, partly from Spain and partly accumulated in the East Indies. Their uncle, Joseph Alvira, was body physician of the king.

Juan the third, loved his stepmother, Eleanora of Austria—a princess of eminent beauty—had been engaged to him, and his father Emanuel, intended to resign the crown of Portugal to his son, after the marriage had been completed. But, when Eleanora came to Lisbon, her beauty aroused the love of the fiery old king, and he married the princess

himself, retaining, at the same time, his crown. Juan, disappointed in his love and ambition, was yet wise enough to bide his time. When Emanuel died, he, against all the remonstrances of his counsel, desired to marry the dowager queen. This act would have brought on his land, the Pope's curse and the enmity of Eleanora's brother, the emperor Charles V. The queen herself was opposed to his wishes. She, however, made use of his love, to further her favorite project—the introduction of the Inquisition. In consequence of her prayers, Juan sent a priest, who bore the appellation of Firma Fida, with a letter to Charles the fifth, inquiring of him how best to introduce and organize the Inquisition, as it was then established in Spain. This news fell like a thunderbolt on the secret Israelites. For the Inquisition, once established, would watch, detect, and destroy them. They must either abandon their beautiful Portuguese home, or cast away the last outward ceremonies and observances of their faith, and educate their children as true Roman Catholics. These were the dreadful alternatives open to them should the Inquisition be established. It can then be imagined, how they counselled with each other in what way most successfully to oppose the introduction of their greatest enemy. At a secret meeting it was resolved to send two young men to intercept the priest Firma Fida on his return, to kill him and take the emperor's letter away. Thus, temporary obstacles would be thrown in the way of the hated measure; on adoption of a new plan the Israelites would endeavor to combat it again. At that time, there lived in Portugal a man of great abilities by name of Don Lionel Dian. He was a secret Israelite and, moreover, a descendant of Judah's royal race, the family of David. Therefore, all Israelites looked up to him as their rightful prince. He begged that the work of intercepting Firma Fida might be entrusted to him. But the Israelites anxious for his safety would not consent. Many others offered to undertake the task; but finally the brothers, Hernando and Enrique da Costa were chosen. They proceeded, secretly, to the north of

Portugal, and waited for the priest in the mountains, when they received news of his approach. We have seen how they were captured by bandits, and freed themselves to witness from a small air hole the death of the priest. We now return to where we left them at the end of Chapter third.

Hernando returned, after two hours painful watching. "The bandits sleep," he said; "Now we must endeavor to escape, and should we find one or two sentinels, before the cave we will overpower them as silently as possible."

"It is a desperate plan," replied Enrique. "For, the least noise of a struggle will waken the sleeping robbers."

"It is indeed desperate," said Hernando, "but we can attempt nothing else!"

"Let us on then," said Enrique. They approached the curtain that hung before the entrance to the outer cave. Hernando slowly raised it, while Enrique and the liberated lady crept out.

The fire had burned down to a heap of glowing coals, that emitted a dull reddish light. Around it, on heaps of grass, leaves and straw, covered with their cloaks, lay the bandits. Nothing could be heard but the regular breathing of the sleepers and the soft splash of the water before the cave. The two brothers grasped their swords and daggers in readiness, and proceeded with great caution to traverse the cave, and approach the entrance. The lady walked between them. Suddenly they came to a halt. Immediately across the entrance of the cavern, on the floor, lay the sleeping sentinel. His half closed hand was on the glowing fusee of his musket. They cautiously stepped over his body, trembling with apprehension. The long garments of the lady dragging after her, touched his hand for a moment. It woke him.

Fortunately the dullness of sleep still hung over his senses, and turning his face to the inside of the cave he slumbered on. Our fugitives passed safely by. At the foot of the steps they found three skulls. The brothers choose the lightest one, and, loosening the others, so that they floated down on the black current, entered it, with the lady.

"Hold," whispered Hernando, "I have forgotten something, and he again ascended the steps and entered the bandit's den.— Enrique and the lady waited in almost unsupportable anxiety.

A few minutes elapsed and Hernando had not returned. The night was still as death. Thick drops of sweat rolled from Enrique's brow and his heart stopped, with anxiety; a few moments longer and Hernando was still absent. The night wind rustled through the willows. Enrique arose and began to re-ascend the slippery steps. The lurid light that shone from the rocky entrance on the black brook was intercepted. It was Hernando. A joyous glance—a sigh of relief—and the brothers were seated in the skiff. Hernando carried a bundle wrapped in his silken scarf, and held a parcel, enclosed in a cover of cloth of gold. After the bark had floated down the stream for some time, and was distant enough from the cave, Hernando used the oars, and Enrique steered to the opening in the willows, where they had embarked. They landed and shoved the skiff into the stream.

The brothers now hastened to find the secret place amongst the rocks, where they had hidden their horses, before their capture.— Fortunately they had escaped the notice of the bandits. They mounted, Hernando accommodating the lady with a seat, since his animal was the stronger.

"Now, brother," said Hernando, "let us ride slowly, and with great caution, around the base of the mountain, to where the road enters Moncorvo. Choose those places where the shadow is deepest, and the grass softest; for I am very much mistaken if many bandits are not around, and we need both cover and silence for our safety."

Enrique nodded, and the brothers rode on. The morning star flamed in the sky and gray obscurity began to veil the azure darkness of night.

Suddenly Enrique stopped and beckoned to his brother. "Hist! the sound of steps!" he whispered.

It was the tread of men.

Hernando and Enrique retreated behind one of several clumps of trees, that fringed

the foot of the mountain, like an emerald chain.

They were some bandits returning from the depredations of the night and conversing with each other. "We captured two fine birds, last night," said one; "and call me a skulking coward, if they are not of consequence."

"I hope we'll lift a heavy ransom then," said another. "I must buy me a new sword knot, and a golden cross for my sweet heart."

"Golden birds can not come amiss to me," interposed another tall, burly fellow. "I think these two youngsters were especially sent by heaven on my account," and he piously turned up his eyes.

"Why, what makes thee think so, thou big bellied, wooden headed bully?" cried the first robber.

"Because I owe an account to my father confessor."

"And promised to pay him from the next ransom, I'll warrant."

"Tis true; and father Cyprian, shall get his money."

"Why, thou dull-eyed fool, I never thought the father would lend thee money; but if he has, by the holy virgin's crown, you'll pay good interest," and the robber laughed.

"Tis not for money lent," resumed the tall one, "but for sins forgiven. The father has given me absolution at various times, for which I owe him money yet."

"Let us hear thy account; I have one to settle with the father too," said another bandit.

"I owe him for one farmer robbed, two pistols, for two ladies eight pistols and for a fat citizen three pistols."

The robbers had now arrived opposite the place where the fugitives were concealed. They trembled with apprehension lest they might be discovered.

But not only were they covered with dark shadow, but the bandits were sleepy and careless. Joking and singing, they passed on.

At seven in the morning, the brothers arrived at the gate of a stately house in Moncorvo. It belonged to a secret Israelite, who received them with great kindness, and re-

commended the unknown lady to the care of his wife and daughters. When he had taken the brothers to a pleasant apartment, on the eastern side of the mansion, he anxiously inquired of them concerning their success. Enrique related to him what he had witnessed from the air hole in the robber's den, and all about their captivity.

"But are you sure the priest is dead?" inquired their host.

Enrique was silent; but Hernando quietly dropped one end of the scarf which was wrapped around a bundle he still held in his arm. From it, rolled the bloody head of Firma Fida, and the bright morning sun threw golden gleams over the convulsed, rigid countenance of the dead priest.

Enrique started back, and the Israelite shuddered.

"I found it so in the cave," said Hernando.

"And the Emperor's letter?" inquired their host.

"I have it here," replied Hernando, drawing from his bosom the parcel wrapped in cloth of gold, with some large seals depending from it. They bore the arms of Spain, Germany, the Netherlands and Milan. The Israelite nodded, and embraced the young men. He then left them to their repose.

CHAPTER V.

THE SECRET CONCLAVE.

On the high street of Belem, a suburban village of Lisbon, just where the street made a rather abrupt turn towards the river, stood an inn. Its position, at the bend of the street, enabled the inmates to view this thoroughfare in its entire length, as it came straight up the village, turned and descended to the banks of the river. As this street was a continuation of the road that connected Lisbon with the village, and ended in the public landing place or wharf, it may be imagined that it was alive with men, horses and vehicles during the whole day. At the bend, just opposite the inn, the street of Olives branched off, and led out into blooming fields and green woods. Many noble palaces, and beautiful country seats fronted on this street. During the day, quiet

reigned. But at night the palaces shone with lights, and sounds of gaiety floated from the illuminated windows. Still later, muffled cavaliers would make the air resound with their melodious voices.

All this might be observed from the inn.—

The side walls fronting the High street were adorned with small niches, in which stood rude images of saints, plentifully draped with a mixture of cobwebs and dirt. The inn, itself, was built in that curious style, which still predominates in the cities of the Pyrenean peninsula. At the time we speak of, it was the latest style of architecture.—

The upper stories projected several feet beyond the lower rooms, and were supported by pillars; thus forming the roof of the verandah that led around two sides of the inn.— Again, the windows of the upper rooms were set in recesses that, like little boxes, stood out from the walls, and overhung the street. The roof was flat and guarded by a wooden railing, from the interstices of which bright green branches and gay flowers peeped. In front of the establishment, a weather beaten sign bore the figure of Saint Ignatius, from this the inn received its name.

It was late at night. The heavens were dark and angry. The clouds hung low, and were seamed with rugged and fleecy white. Mighty gusts of wind swept through the streets, and howled past narrow courts and alleys. There was evidently a storm at sea, for though it rained not, the air was filled with fine particles of spray. The waves of the Tagus bounded with a hollow, resounding noise upon its banks, while, loud through the night, could be heard the sound of the billows dashing upon the cliffs of the rocky sea shore.

Every light had vanished, but two or three solitary gleams that struggled through the darkness, from some bedroom windows.

One room of the inn formed an exception to the general quiet and silence, that seemed to invest it. This apartment was large though low, and situated beneath the ground. It communicated by a secret trap door with the cellars of the inn.

Silver lamps filled with perfumed oil hung from the ceiling, and all around the walls

gleamed beautiful brachies loaded with tapers of the purest wax. The light of the lamps and tapers fell on a numerous assembly of men of all ages, and to judge according to their dress, of all stations.

On the Eastern side of this apartment stood, within a niche, an ark of cedar wood glittering with ornaments of silver, gold and pearls. The doors were open and showed a row of parchment scrolls, enveloped in velvet, fringed and laced with gold. To the beautifully carved wood, on which the parchments were rolled, were fastened, crowns of gold and jewels.

It was a secret Synagogue.

The prayers had been finished, and a scroll was taken from the ark, that the law might be read. The words were written on snow white parchment, lined throughout with red silk. The voice of the reader sounded melodiously through the apartment. To this succeeded a fervid and eloquent exposition of a biblical text, and the service was concluded, by earnest prayers and hymns.

The ark was then removed to a secret receptacle, and all evidences of the sacred character of the apartment carefully removed.

The change which then took place in the expression, manner and deportment of all present, would have struck a beholder with surprise. The intense earnestness and devotion of heartfelt prayer, which had dwelled on the countenances of the secret Israelites, had given way to an expression of curiosity and expectation. The humble, beseeching manner of the believing suppliant to the throne of grace, had been superseded by a graceful and highborn ease. But the quiet, respectful deportment of men engaged in divine service was changed for a clamorous, impatient bustle.

In short the meeting for prayer was over, and the conclave to counsel and decide on matters concerning the political and social well being of the secret Israelites of Portugal had begun.

From the darkest, most obscure corner of the Synagogue now stepped forward a man of tall stature and dignified aspect. His

looks and manners were those of one born to command. His features were handsome, but strongly marked. Intense thought and reflection were indicated by the broad, stony forehead, and his eyes, calm and proud seemed to gleam with a supernatural, a holy light. The eyes looked not as if they could pierce your heart, and penetrate your soul with their fiery glances, but rather seemed to read easily and without effort your whole character at first sight. He wore, contrary to the fashion of the age, his black hair combed back and falling straight down behind the ears. A dress of black silk and large white collar, with a heavy gold chain sustaining the sword, suited well to the serious character of his face. It was Don Lionel Diaz, whom the Israelites had styled "Prince of Israel."

This extraordinary man walked slowly through the crowd that pressed around, devotionally kissing the hem of his tunic, and seated himself in a throne-like chair, on a platform in the middle of the room. Immediately all became silent. "Praised be the God of Israel," he began in a voice of organ-like sound, "for he has permitted us to meet again in safety." For a moment his voice ceased, and then again rang forth:

"Have our messengers to the North returned?"

Hernando and Enrique da Costa stepped from the crowd, and dropped on one knee before Don Lionel's throne. He raised them kindly and said:

"Your errand has been successful, I know. Give me the emperor's letter."

Don Enrique presented the gold enveloped epistle, to the prince.

"The priest is dead?" inquired Don Lionel.

Hernando signed to a servant, who raising a piece of silk brocade from a small open basket he held, disclosed the head of Firma Fida. A half stifled shout of joy arose. Blessings were pronounced on the head of the brothers, who had executed, and on the prince who had originated the design. Indeed the joy of the Israelites at their release would have become extravagant, had

not respect for Don Lionel somewhat restrained it. The wealthy nobles threw their purses into the hands of the mechanics; the merchants not to be outdone filled the charity box with costly rings and brooches. And a general air of joy and happiness floated over the assembled crowd.

The voice of Don Lionel hushed this storm of joy.

"Will Don Hernando gratify our loyal subjects, and relate the manner in which our plan was executed?"

"Willingly," replied the young man, and in a modest voice related the adventures, with which our readers are already acquainted.

When he had finished, his audience, with all the characteristic enthusiasm of their nation surrounded him, and gave vent to their satisfaction and admiration in all possible ways. Don Lionel arose, and taking a golden collar with a star of diamonds attached to it, from a pouch at his side, threw it around Hernando's shoulders. "Thanks, highness, thanks!" murmured the happy young nobleman.

Don Lionel motioned Enrique to approach, and affectionately threw his arms around his neck. Again all was quiet. Don Lionel had risen to speak. With wonderful eloquence he addressed that assembly. He conjured up the images of their fathers, woke the old Hebrew enthusiasm with burning words, and turning to the present, drew a picture of their dangers from the serpent of priesthood, pointed to their position with the sword above and an abyss beneath them, and with eagle pinions, as it were, soared aloft and spoke of the newly discovered islands and countries across the broad Atlantic, as lands where the nationality of Judah might be reconstructed. Don Lionel mixed a lofty supererogation with his glorious enthusiasm, high daring and bold projects. He spoke of dreams that had instructed him, and of angel visitors. He spoke of his proud mission, and of their rights as a nation. He touched every noble chord in the hearts before him, and they vibrated to his hand. Fully rushed the music of old recollections, of bright dreams,

of noble rights and of patriotic feelings through their souls. Their peculiar position as the remnants of a sacred nation, meeting in secret to pray to God, and to pay homage to their own prince, their joy at the recent escape from the Inquisition, their enthusiastic nature, all, all gave full effect to the fire of Don Lionel's speech. Almost excited to frenzy, they listened with eager eyes and convulsive hands.

"Let our people not as one man," exclaimed the speaker, "and through the hostile ranks of European nations we will carve a way and with the blood-red sword, cut out a kingdom for Israel. The star on our banner shall shine far above the lions of Spain and the lilies of France. Look to the East, oh my people, and behold our king. All the fair isles of the Mediterranean are under his sway. All the proud lands on the coast obey his sceptre. The day will come, when his and our friend, the Sultan, will put a royal crown upon his brow, and then Israel will again be a nation. Under the vines of Cyprus and the palms of Naxos the orange and fig of Portugal will be forgotten.

On the silver shore of the proud sea we will not sigh for the Tagus. There will be our home! But when the trumpet sounds, and the star gleams hold not back, nobles and merchants, mechanics and artists, all, all, let us gather around the royal throne of Israel! And till that time come we must struggle with the priests, struggle with the people, struggle with the king for life. On then in the bold race."

It is impossible to describe the emotions this speech awakened, well suited as its tenor was to the feelings, opinions, hopes and position of the audience. Don Lionel, in alluding to the Jewish king, designated the Duke of Naxos, great Vizier of the Sultan. He was looked upon by his brethren in faith as their redeemer. And it was one of his mighty plans, to populate the governments presented to him by the Sultan with Israelites, and thus attempt to reorganize the nation.

Shortly after, the meeting was adjourned, and the secret Israelites silently dispersed.

Don Lionel Dian mounted a horse, and galloped, through the street of Olives out into the woods.

It arouses proud emotions in the heart of an Israelite, when, at the present day, he reads of ages when, though persecuted and torn to small fragments, his nation preserved a high and glorious religious and political existence separate from the nations they lived among; when they, apparent Christians and Portuguese, adored their God, devotedly, and regarded the descendant of their kings with loyal and patriotic love; nay, when under the lash of persecution they planned the reconstruction of their religion, nationality and liberty.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE IN THE STARLIGHT.

Thousands of silver flaming planets blossomed on the deep, dark sky. There was no moon, but the pure white starlight, hung over the palaces, hills and woods of Belem, like a mantle of holiness. The sea breeze as it swept over the waters, gathered diamond-like particles of spray, and hung them upon the dark trees, that bent their wreathed tops to receive its kisses. The rustle of the air, the dreamy fragrance of the flowers, the whisper of the river, and the dim sweeping outline of the hills, all combined to make the scenes around Belem and the adjoining seacoast, the most enchanting on earth. And above all this, as it were, towered the beautiful queen of night, culling starry flowers from the gardens of paradise and scattering them in gorgeous profusion over her azure robe.

A solitary yellow light, burned in the window of a noble mansion.

The rays of the moon and stars are so clear and soft, that the garish flash of any other light seems to cast an unchaste stain on their pure radiance. Unless the night is dark and stormy, or we know that loved ones are assembled around its flame, the glow of a light, from a window, mars the beauty of nature to the poet's eye.

The window opened from the rear of the mansion on a balcony. A small staircase descended from one end of this balcony,

along the wall of the house, to the garden. In marble and gilded pots bloomed Indian flowers and creepers, that hung garlands of foliage on the light banisters, and the sculpture ornamented wall. Where the balcony opened upon the stairs, a marble figure of Diana the huntress stood, covered with flowers. Small blue forget-me-nots and velvety violets concealed her feet, and a bush of purple roses clung to the body of the statue with a hundred flowery branches. By this figure, and leaning over the banister of the stairs, stood a lady.

It was Donna Rosa Bananda, the young lady whom Hernando and Enrique da Costa had liberated from the rocky prison in the bandit's cave.

She was a beauty in the land of beautiful women. Her features were small, her complexion pure and pale; and her hair very, very dark. Her eyes were large and black; her figure of rich shape, and her movements and manners full of sweetness and grace. She was robed in a wide mantle of milkwhite Indian muslin, here and there tied with a silver cord. The sleeves hung to the ground and left the lady's arms bare. Her black curls, as from beneath a net of silk and seed pearls, they rolled over her shoulders, contrasted finely with the pure color of the muslin robe.

At her side stood Enrique da Costa.

He was handsome and exceedingly well formed. An expression of great sweetness and gentleness dwelled on his features, and was further enhanced by the long silky ringlets of soft brown color, which hung to his shoulders. His eyes were dark brown and dove like in their expression.

A dress of black velvet heightened the effect of his delicate, almost feminine, complexion. He wore it very low in the neck, and the undercoat was garnished with a costly lace collar, very much starched. The velvet tunic was confined to the waist by a scarf striped with purple and gold. Enrique held his plumed hat in his hand.

"Sweet lady," he began, in his soft gentle voice, while his lips trembled with suppressed emotions, "I love you. It can not be a secret, for my manner has betrayed what it

was impossible to conceal. I asked for this interview, because I turn to hear you assure me, that I am loved in return."

This was certainly great assurance in a youthful lover. But Enrique was so open and calm in all his actions, and so direct to the purpose in all his means, that he overleaped the extravagant customs of that age, and the crooked, round about way of lovers, and declared his passion in quite a sensible manner. The lady, however, used to hear warmer expressions than these, from even the coldest of her admirers, was stung to the quick, and slowly raising her head with a proud and disdainful air replied, in a chilling voice:

"I fear, you have come on a bootless errand, Don Enrique, yet I doubt not, but what you will soon console yourself for ill success. But next time presume not too much on the momentary preference of a lady, and call it love."

Enrique looked at Rosa, doubtingly. His hand grasped the rose-entwined arm of Diana's statue, heedless of the thorns; his head dropped on his breast, and the hat he held fell to the floor. This lasted but one moment, and his confidence had returned. His clear, sweet eyes were again raised to her face, which remained proud and cold.

"I can not plead the heart's suit, with the bright and hollow language of a glittering court. My love, warm and true I offer. You will not reject it," said he.

"I can not give, for a cold, calm emotion, without romance, without ardor, the fiery and entire affection, which I am capable of," said Donna Rosa, candidly. "It is late, Don Enrique," she added, and wrapped her robe closer around her heaving bosom.

"You could have made us both happy, and have made us miserable," sighed Don Enrique; and with a low bow took up his hat and descended the stairs to the garden.

Donna Rosa stood irresolute, one moment. The recollection of her release, swept over her mind; her heart loved Enrique, but she was vexed at his calm assurance. Then, with the impetuosity of a Southern lady, she hastened down the stairs, ran after En-

rique, and threw herself into his arms. And trembling with shame and happiness, she lay on his breast. Her beautiful head rested on his shoulder, and her white gleaming arms were thrown around his neck. Enrique, surprised and wild with joy, again and again strained the beautiful form to his bosom. And the orange trees strewed down their fragrant blossoms upon the lovers, and the night breeze enveloped them in clouds of perfume, and the twinkling stars hung a veil of silver light over them.

The love which filled their hearts with happiness, was only the product of a few days of friendly intercourse, it is true. Yet in the bright south where earth, air and heaven are teeming with a soft voluptuous beauty, where the fiery rays of the sun call brighter flowers from the bosom of earth, and richer emotions from the hearts of men; and where the passions, those weeds of the heart, often splendid but useless, are timely and extravagantly developed, it is common to find this sudden falling in love. In those Southern climes, the morning leaps suddenly upon earth, and all is bright; spring descends suddenly from heaven and all is green; and love suddenly enters the heart and all is fire. Our lovers surrendered themselves to the charm of their affection; and, because it was a heaven to them, it seemed immortal. Enrique knew his religion, as an Israelite, raised a barrier high as heaven, between him and Rosa. Also, Rosa knew, that her mother had destined her for another. But those obstacles, by their very opposition, made their love romantic, and gave it additional charm. Not being powerful enough to strangle a love, which was born a giant, they only goaded it to higher action by their obstructions. Our lovers were yet in the pure heaven of love, all poetry, romance, and refined, chaste affection of the soul, all surrounded, too, by vague, uncertain, unlimited and obscure hints which, however, they sought not to penetrate. They were yet far from the flowery isthmus that leads from the heaven of love to earth; far from that state of affection, where the pure, elevated and chaste happy emotions of the soul's love mingle

with the sweet and golden streams of mortal desires.

Our lovers were young. The heart, a virgin soil, full of strength, full of luxuriance. Life's lightning had not scorched it; life's disappointments had not chilled it; life's storms had not blighted it. Fresh and full, it received love's sunshine, and ran riot, yet only produced beauty, affection and happiness.

While we are young, it seems as if we could never die. And, flushed with our own seeming immortality, and all the divine feelings of youth, how deathless are the heart and its creations in our eyes!

The world's history tells us of the youth and love of Earth. How it adorned itself with beauty, and woke the melodies, and shapes of the classic age, and peopled its woods and fountains with forms of sweet divinities. How its youthful heart created patriots, philosophers, orators, and heroes, and its creations became immortal. How in its youthful generosity it made great and good men; whose actions are deathless. These were the products of earth's youth; and when it was thus, beautiful, noble and good; a golden heaven, bright with glorious gods, clasped it to its glowing bosom, and earth loved!

The memory of this golden age hangs still like a rosy cloud above the world. And its melodies and shapes, and fancies start into life and reality, whenever a youthful heart contemplates them. It lives again and again in the youth of men. And as the bright beams of that long past age still cast a golden glow over literature, science and art, so will the memory of first love, gild after-life. When we have drained the crystal cup, we still find at the bottom a reflection of its joys.

Rosa now disengaged herself from Enrique's arms.

"Good night, my love," she whispered.

"Will you be at the Countess di Vega's to-morrow, my dove?" inquired Enrique.

"Yes, love; my mother will introduce me," was the reply.

"Farewell, then, till to-morrow eve!" and, with another embrace the lovers parted.

When Rosa had retired to bed, it was long before she could sleep. Bright visions, in which Enrique's form was most prominent, appeared to her enamored eyes, and her heart beat quick with joy when she reviewed again and again the events of the evening. We will leave her to those golden dreams which love brings to the sleep of youth, and take note of another interview of lovers that took place the same night.

The summer pavilion of the royal palace stood in the midst of a chestnut grove, separated from the palace by long strips of park, terraces and gardens. It was a mansion of considerable size, and constructed in the light and fantastic Moorish style, here and there interspersed with the Gothic. A verandah surrounded it, with slight pillars and curiously carved ornaments that rolled out into gilded arabesques, where the pillars sustained the roof. Lawns and beds of flowers, with but few trees, lay immediately around the pavilion; while here and there stood tall marble vases filled with beautiful foreign plants, like white sentinels, waving their green flags. In front, on each side of the smooth lawn, was a fountain, that raised its snow-white pillar of water, to a height almost equal with the chestnuts; and fell in sparkling clouds back into its marble basin. Where the chestnut grove touched the most obscure corner of the pavilion, in the shadow of the trees, stood a man in the dress of a page.

It was Fidaro, the gipsy, whom we found in the first chapter, relating to his tribe, Donna Gloria's love, wedding and elopement.

At the request of Massor, Donna Gloria asked the old duke of Azambuja, who did not know her, to take Fidaro into his service. The noble courtier could not refuse the favorite's request. His son Don Diego, had, at the instance of Gloria, been made governor of Capaso, and so sent away from court, before he had seen the Countess di Vega, the king's mistress.

Fidaro was in love, and the object of his tender passion was the sweet Maria Flunoz, chambermaid to her excellency the Countess di Vega. This had drawn the shrewd and indolent gipsy from his bed, and now he

stood attired in all the finery his wardrobe could muster, with a Moorish guitar in arm, beneath the window of his lady-love. He was a tall, muscular fellow, with a fine black eye, and a musical voice. Fidaro was proud of his appearance and singing, and, therefore, placing himself in a graceful attitude, where the starlight would enable Maria to see him at once, he began to play a wild, simple air, accompanying it with a rude love song.

"The stars loved the roses,
They kissed them at night;
From the valley ———"

The window was hastily thrown open, and Maria Flunoz appeared in her white night dress shaking her arms at Fidaro.

"Wretch," she whispered in a low, hissing, angry voice, "do you wish to wake my aunt?" The serenader stopped suddenly.

"Pardon, beautiful Maria; pardon!" he cried. "I knew not that the old dragon was near you."

"For shame, Fidaro! but we are even now too loud; can you not manage to come nearer?" inquired the easily appeased maiden.

"Surely, my wild rose!" and the gipsy, with easy alacrity climbed the nearest tree, and setting astride of a long pliant branch swung it backward and forward until it landed him safely on the window ledge.

"Queen of Heaven! I meant not that you should enter the room," cried the damsel, as the bold lover, embraced her, and kissed her slightly pouting mouth.

"It is the will of Heaven, let us be content!" was Fidaro's assured reply.

"Let me alone, will you!" and the damsel tore away from his arm. "Sit on the outer window ledge, and if you allow yourself any imprudence, I shall push you down."

The gipsy made a grimace and obeyed. "Has the king been here to day?" inquired Fidaro.

"Certainly; his majesty comes every day. And why should he not, seeing that he loves my lady so much?"

"Aye, and he brings his suite along too. Is there not a young jackanapes page of the count Almaveda, who looks at you too often?"

"And I look at him too."

"I thought as much. Women are the most deceitful creatures on earth. Why do you look at him?"

"I am not your wife yet," cried Maria, "that you have the right to ask me. You are a wretch!"

"Tush," said the gipsy; "if he makes any advances to you, my steel shall make advances to him. And now child, you must do me a favor."

"I don't see why I should do anything to please you. You vex me constantly," said Maria.

"No, I don't, I love you and that pleases my dear little Maria. Now, here is a small casket, heavy and securely locked, which you must bear to your mistress. Say it comes from Massor."

"But, why do you not give it to her yourself?"

"True; and I should like to see her too, and remind her of old times," said Fidaro, musingly.

"Old times? Did you know the Countess before she came here? Oh, tell me something about her!" exclaimed Maria.

"Silence, girl! your nose is not enough pointed, nor are your eyes sharp enough, to pry into mysteries of higher importance than a love intrigue. Wait till you are as old as your dragon aunt, and then root up secrets."

"You are a brute! I have vowed never to get as old and ugly as she is," said Maria.

"That's sensible. I think I'll bear this casket myself to the Countess; which had I best come?"

"About vesper chimes. Come to the small door below this window, and I'll procure you audience," replied Maria. "You will then, also, have occasion to see, how many fair nobles play the gallant to my poor self."

"Will it there may be broken heads then! but I warrant me, your aunt takes good care of you all day!" and Fidaro laughed loudly.

"Hush, for the sweet virgin's sake!" entreated the maiden. "She sleeps in the next apartment."

"The fiery dragon!" continued the lover. "She is not so very bad, after all!"

"She is the sourest, ugliest, most poisonous

monster that ever kept watch over a rich treasure."

"Stop, stop! you know she has been as a mother to me," whispered Maria. "But Fidaro, you——"

The door of the room opened and Margarita Flunoz entered. She had heard a whispering, and now came to her niece's room to ascertain the cause.

"Holy Mother, and ye ten thousand angels! what are you doing here?" and with this, she shot across the room, and seized Fidaro with both hands.

He tried to escape from her grasp, but in vain. Maria fled from the room. Fidaro took a quick resolve.

"Do not be angry, beautiful maiden," began Fidaro in soft flattering tones, "It was my misfortune to behold you to day in the train of the Countess Solani. I love you madly, and trying to enter your chamber, came to the wrong one."

A dash of water could not extinguish a fire quicker than these enamored words appeased Margarita's anger. She saw by the faint light, that the gallant was young and handsome, and a doubt about the power of her own charms never entered the venerable virgin's head.

"But what presumption, to enter my bed room!" she whispered; her voice modified to a girlish treble.

"My excuse is my too great love! how could I resist your charms, fair Donna?" said Fidaro.

"Considering that you are in love, I will pardon your imprudence. But it is chilly here! come, my beloved to the bosom of your Margarita!" and she opened her arms wide.

No sooner was Fidaro free from her grasp, than he dropped lightly to the ground, and to the astonishment of the love-stricken spinster made off at full speed. Then, with the brightness of lightning, flashed his cunning deception upon her mind, and forcing down her mortified and bitter feelings, she calmly considered, whether it would be better to cry, "thieves, murder, fire," or to retreat quietly. Adopting the latter plan, the disappointed virgin returned crestfallen to her chamber.

When Maria saw the coast clear, she entered her room, closed window and door, and went to bed, to enjoy sweet sleep and happy dreams.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CASKET AND ITS CONTENTS.

It was the day after the events had taken place, which we described in the last chapter. At the appointed time, as the bells of the royal chapel were ringing for vespers, Fidaro knocked at the small door beneath Maria's window.

The maiden opened the door, and bade her lover enter.

A few moments after, Fidaro stood in the presence of Donna Gloria, Countess di Vega.

"Wait in the next apartment my child, until I call," said Gloria to the chambermaid.

Maria retired.

"You are of the Duke di Azambuja's household now?" inquired the lady of Fidaro.

"I am, your excellency; thanks to your kindness," returned the page.

"And Massor has acquainted you with your duties?"

"The chief has given me some directions."

"May you repeat them to me?"

"I may, he directed me to gain the confidence of the duke and his son, to watch their proceedings closely, and to bring him accurate report of everything passing in the ducal palace."

"Is this all?"

"He also introduced me to his royal highness, the Prior of Castro,* as a fit messenger between him and the duke."

"Enough; do you bear any message for me now?" inquired Donna Gloria.

"I do," replied Fidaro. "The chief bade me give this casket to you with the request to keep it safely for him," and he presented the casket to the Countess.

It was a casket of brightly polished steel, inlaid with gold, and richly enamelled with the arms of Beja. On the lid glittered the

*The Prior of Castro was the natural son of Emanuel, and engaged in almost constant intrigues against his brother Juan III.

names of "Emanuel and Maria," surmounted by a ducal crown.

The reader will readily understand the surprise and interest, with which Gloria received this casket, when he knows that Emanuel the Great, the father of Juan, before he succeeded to the crown, bore the title of "Duke di Beja." He was of a side branch of the royal family, and was only raised to the succession, by the sudden and unexpected death of the prince royal, the son of Juan the second.

Donna Gloria, her face animated and her eyes shining, examined hastily the casket. It had no lock, nor exhibited any crevice to indicate the point where it could be opened. She, therefore correctly conjectured that it opened by a spring.

"Do you know how to open this?" she inquired, hastily.

"The chief gave me no directions concerning it," replied the gipay, with his eyes on the floor.

But I command you to open it!" repeated Donna Gloria, vehemently; for, from his manner she guessed that he knew how.

"Your excellency will pardon me; but——"

"No buts! open it, or——" Gloria ceased, suddenly, and, with a powerful effort, changed her expression, manners and voice.

"Good, page, you knew me before this," she said blandly, sweetly, and approached so near, that her damask robes, almost touched him, "you will certainly not refuse me this slight request. You know it is ungallant for gentlemen to refuse anything to a lady."

The bewildered page wavered.

"But the chief has forbidden me!"

"You will not refuse, page!" and the proud Countess di Vega laid her hand on the page's arm.

Fidaro, gazed at the gloriously beautiful lady, who, with her brilliant eyes, looked at him entreatingly. His cheeks glowed, his bosom heaved, and a flash of fire seemed to have entered the heart of the young man. He knelt down, and devotedly kissed the beautiful hand of Gloria.

"Henceforth, I obey only your commands!" he cried, and with a slight movement of his hand, touched a concealed spring

of the casket. The sides were so thick that there was only room for four pieces of parchment, which were all it contained. They were covered with writing in a mysterious cipher.

"Can you read this, page?" inquired the lady.

"I can not Donna!" replied Fidaro, still gazing at Gloria with burning eyes.

"Where did you get the casket?"

"At the command of Massor, I entered the bed chamber of the Prior de Castro, and, from the secret closet behind his couch, took this casket. After the chief had read the papers, he commanded me to leave it in your keeping."

"I will keep it well. Now, Fidaro, watch the duke and his son well; watch also your chief, and bring me true report of all their intents, purposes and actions. I will give orders that you be admitted at all times. Go now!" and the lady held out a purse of gold to the page.

Fidaro kissed her hand with eager lips, but dropped the purse on the floor.

"I accept not gold for serving you," he said.

Gloria took a purple rose from her girdle, and dropped it, as she turned and, with the casket in her hand, entered the next apartment.

The page picked up the flower and hid it in his bosom. As he went out Maria met him. His eye softened for a moment, but he passed her quickly, saying:

"I must hurry away, my dear, do not detain me."

"Fidaro, I wish to tell you something," she cried, but the page passed on.

That night the gentle girl wept herself to sleep.

Donna Gloria, as soon as she found Fidaro gone, sighed. "Poor boy! how sanguine is his youthful heart! I have been wrong in thus alluring him. But I must free myself from this Massor, whose power hangs, like invisible fetters around me! I must, also, have Don Diego in my grasp! In my power alone, either to crush or pardon him. Massor says, wait until we have drawn the net around him! wait until he is lost beyond re-

damnation! and then destroy him openly, legally. But no, I must have it in my power to pardon him also. Who knows, but when this Massor, with his mysterious power, has used me as the tool to accomplish some wicked design, he may desert and destroy me also? No, no! I have set a spy upon his actions, and the gipsy-chief may overshoot his mark."

"As for this casket," she continued, opening it and gazing again at the cipher covered documents, "I shall keep it. Who could decipher this, I wonder?" and she sat down resting her head on the gilded back of the chair.

A few moments might have elapsed when Donna Gloria rose quickly, and sounded the rattle of steel that lay on the velvet covered table.

A page in gorgeous livery appeared. "Go to the private secretary of his majesty, and request him to attend me to-morrow at eleven."

The page bowed. "And boy! none need know your errand!" "I shall be careful to obey!" and the page left the room.

Meanwhile, another scene took place in the lower apartments of the pavilion. As Fidaro, all abstracted, and full of the golden visions that had appeared to his eyes, walked carelessly through the hall of the pavilion, he was met by the waiting woman of the Countess di Solani, whose guest Donna Gloria still was, until another, more splendid palace could be prepared for her reception. Dame Margarita Flunoz, waiting woman to her excellency, had passed the night, musing on false lovers and horrid deceivers. During the day she had nursed her wrath, and waited a suitable opportunity to discharge her ire. Maria, who well knew her aunt's temper, had managed to elude the ancient maiden; Margarita was, therefore, still brimfull of boiling anger, when she beheld the gay deceiver, who had so betrayed her withered heart.

Her eyes dilated; her gray hair bristled; her flat bosom heaved; her dry lips opened; and her yellow teeth, and agile tongue trembled like the woods before a storm.

"Monster, inhuman monster!" she screamed, and dropped the mass of lace she held, to fasten on his head with both hands. "Was it for this, that I yielded my virgin heart to your entreaties? That you should betray my love, and desert me! Oh holy virgin of Bemposto, look down on a weak unprotected female; have pity on a loving and deserted woman! Serpent, crocodile, base betrayer, look at me, whom you have vowed to love, and repent in time!"

A crowd of servants had gathered around the valiant Margarita and her victim, and were enjoying the scene with infinite mirth. "Get him to marry you, dame!" exclaimed one.

"Run away with him!" suggested another.

"Tear him to pieces!" counselled an inferior chambermaid.

The mortified Fidaro stood immovable, securely fettered by the bony hands of dame Margarita. The golden vision of Donna Gloria, the sweet face of Maria, all vanished before this gray haired reality.

"Well, deceiver, false betrayer, speak!" cried the dame.

As she shook him, Donna Gloria's flower fell from his bosom.

Aroused to consciousness by this circumstance, inspired by love, and mad despair, he planted a kick in the venerable maiden's abdomen; with a scream of agony, she doubled up.

Snatching his flower from the floor, Fidaro hurried away.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE SUMMER PAVILION.

The summer pavilion blazed with light.—Through the heavy curtains, the bright rays streamed out on the green lawns, the marble vases and dark trees. Sounds of music and song, mingled with merry laughter, and gay voices floated on the night air. To one looking from afar upon the royal gardens and parks, the pavilion must have seemed a fiery gem in the dark setting of the surrounding grove, and the sweet music vibrated on his ear, like the song of merry fairies.

In those brilliant apartments, overflowing with golden light, gorgeous with flowers and gilding and marbles, moved hither and thither, like the waves of a sunset sea, a splendid assembly of nobles and courtiers. The glowing dyes of the Persian carpets and the exquisite pictures, that seemed magic windows, from which to look on the fairest scenes of other lands; the gilded cornices and the Venetian mirrors in frames of silver flagree; the velvet and brocade curtains and the marble fountains in the Moorish taste; the rich dresses, waving plumes and sparkling diamonds of the beautiful ladies and graceful chevaliers, that now moved in the gay dance, and then conversed in glittering circles and knots; and the cloud of light, music, and perfume that hung over all, combined to form a scene, whose gorgeousness no Persian poet ever imagined, or Arabian tale-teller described. Nor was this assembly one distinguished for magnificence in that age of splendor, when the wealth of the Indies lay at the feet of Portugal, and European taste combined with Asiatic luxury to create wonders of extravagance.

Nominally, the Countess di Solani gave this entertainment, but really Donna Gloria presided. She stood at the upper end of a saloon, conversing with the king. A plain dress of stiff black brocade and lace heightened the effect of her snow white arms and transparent complexion. A veil of black lace hung in the Spanish manner of the present day, from the back of her head to the floor. Her arms, neck, and hair were blazing with diamonds. The king was even more enamored than usual. He attended Gloria with all the courtesy of an humble admirer.

"Don Antonio is quite unable to disentangle himself from his fair captors," remarked Donna Gloria, looking toward the door of the saloon, where a diminutive old man, with an intelligent face and commanding brow, was in vain endeavoring to escape from a crowd of merry ladies.

"His bald pate reflects the light, like the surface of an Indian sea," laughed the king.

"Your majesty's simile is appropriate in more than one way. Pearls of wisdom are

found beneath that bald pate, of more value, than the richest gems of Indian oceans," rejoined Donna Gloria who was a friend of Juan's minister, Don Antonio.

"We must not acquaint the good man with your high opinion lest he might turn gallant in his old age," said Juan.

"I could not perceive him. The moon and stars are invisible when the sun shines."

"You are even more charming than usual, countess!" said Juan with a smile of gratified vanity.

"Your majesty's approbation makes me so. Can you inform me sire," she inquired, "who this stately old lady and beautiful girl are, that now enter the saloon?"

"The old lady is Donna Bananda. The maiden I do not know. Don Antonio," asked Juan of his minister, who had now succeeded in disengaging himself from the knot of laughing ladies, and approached the king. "Don Antonio, you, who are such a favorite with the sex, can perhaps name the young beauty, now approaching with Donna Bananda?"

The minister bowed. "Your majesty is pleased to be facetious.—The young lady is Rosa Bananda, the daughter of my fair friend, and the betrothed of Miguel di Soussa."

"Miguel di Soussa," mused the king, "the valiant captain who served us so well at the coast of Congo?"

"The same," replied Don Antonio; "a nephew of his eminence, the Cardinal Giorgio."

Donna Bananda approached; she was a middle aged lady, who had once been a beauty, and still preserved well, the remains of that period. She was celebrated as one of the most sensible and wealthy ladies of the Portuguese court. Her husband, a nobleman of much influence, had died, leaving to his wife an immense fortune and a beautiful daughter.

"Sire," she addressed the king with a deep reverence, "I have a request to prefer."

"Donna Bananda has a right to ask favors of us," replied the king.

"It is," continued the lady, "that your

majesty appoint a time to receive my daughter at court."

"Let it be at the next reception, madam, by all means," replied Juan. "Present her to us now."

Donna Bananda, who had left her daughter in charge with some female friend at a little distance, now signed her to approach, and then presented Donna Rosa to the king, who thought proper to make some flattering remarks.

The ladies then approached Gloria, and Donna Bananda paid her respects to the Countess di Vega, with great stateliness.

Gloria replied to her with coldness; it seemed the two ladies were not the best friends.

When Donna Bananda and her daughter had passed on, the minister drew the king aside.

"A courier has arrived from the north of the Kingdom, bringing important news," he whispered. "A foul deed has been perpetrated, which must be looked into immediately."

"What can you mean?" inquired Juan.

"Firma Fida has been assassinated!"

"Death of God, sir!" cried the king, in a voice of thunder; a dark flush flaming in his face.

A perfect silence followed. The music ceased; and all conversation came to a halt. Every one held his breath and looked at the king.

"I have already summoned the members of the council; and we wait but for your majesty," said Don Antonio, in a low voice.

The king composed himself.

Calmly and slowly, but in a voice, the sound of which was heavy with unalterable resolution, he said:

"By our royal crown, this shall be punished?" Then turning to Gloria, he kissed her hand and said:

"Matters of state call us away. Our fair friend must excuse scanty courtesy."

Gloria made some appropriate reply, and the king, followed by the minister, left the pavilion.

Conversation was resumed, with renewed vigor, after this interruption, and every one

exhausted himself in conjectures about the cause of the king's emotion.

Donna Gloria soon retired to her apartments. Meanwhile, in one of the windows that opened on a small balcony, conversed a group of men with anxious faces:

"Can anything be discovered?" inquired a tall, lean, sallow-faced man. "Impossible!"

"You have the best opportunity to ascertain, my lord duke!" replied a stout, gentleman, with dignified manners, and a handsome face. His dress was a medley of the priest and the courtier. For, over his magnificent tunic, he wore a cape of white cloth, and a golden cross suspended around his neck by a broad ribbon. His crown was shaved, but the rest of his curls arranged in such a manner as to conceal almost the shaven part.

"If we are discovered," rejoined the duke,

"I go but to——"

"Hush!" interrupted the other, "here is another summons!"

A page in the royal livery, approached the two men, and after reverently bowing to the stout one, he addressed the duke.

"His majesty requests the Duke di Asam, buja's attendance at the council board."

"I follow," was the reply; and the old gentleman hastened to attend.

"Now, St. George, guard my interest, if Juan has discovered the plot!" thought the stout gentleman, who was the Prior de Castro.

We hasten to catch a few sentences of the conversation in another quarter.

Hernando and Enrique were amusing Rosa Bananda.

Enrique, bright and joyous, looked at Rosa; and Rosa, happy, gave back his gaze of love.

Hernando was enchanted at the beauty of Rosa, whom he had not before seen in circumstances that allowed him to contemplate her loveliness.

Her beauty threw a beam of fire in his inflammable heart. His dark eyes were chained to her face.

"We are grateful, gentlemen, for your polite attention," said Donna Bananda. "I think it will soon be time to return to our home, Rosa."

"If you wish it, mother, I am ready," replied Rosa.

"Oh, let but the Donna take one more dance with me," entreated Hernando, of the old lady.

"Very well, if Rosa is not too tired!"

Enrique answered the inquiring look of his beloved, with an assenting glance from his gloriously bright blue eyes, for it was of the first importance to him, that Hernando should be pleased with his choice.

So the dark eyed, black haired youth led the beautiful maiden to the saloon, where the musicians, stationed in a small gallery, played merry tunes.

Our couple joined the dancers, while Enrique, with Donna Bananda, remained in the door of the saloon, looking on.

After the dance was finished, our brothers escorted the ladies to their carriages, and were about to return to the saloons, when a servant in dark livery, gave a note to Hernando.

By the light of the torches, that flamed in the hands of the numerous servitors, now crowding the lawn in front of the pavilion, to attend their masters home, Hernando read the note:

"Fly with your brother to castle Salonga; the bearer of this will conduct you, and find the means to travel fast. You may trust fully to him. Remain, as secret as possible, in that retreat, until I give you further notice. My servants have orders to obey you in all respects."

"The priest's murder has been discovered and suspicion has fallen on you."

LIONEL DIAN.

Hernando reverently kissed the signature, and, retreating with his brother to the dark chestnut grove, they looked for a group of trees, that stood dark and lonely, amidst the rest, and seemed most fit to conceal their conversation.

"What are we to do, brother?" inquired the elder, after he had imparted to Enrique the contents of the letter.

"I can not leave this city, brother," cried Enrique; "diamond fetters chain me to it. I would be the most despicable traitor, to stir one step."

"I can not understand your reluctance,

Enrique," replied Hernando. "But I myself am deeply in love with a beautiful lady, in Lisbon, and, therefore, am pained by this order. Still the command of the prince, and our own safety, require us to obey."

The necessity of obedience was too evident for either to hesitate long. After a few moments of consideration they summoned the messenger of Don Lionel, and inquired after the means of travel.

"Two horses await your excellencies, beyond the park," said the servant.

"Lead us to them, then," said Hernando, and both brothers were about to follow him, when he whispered:

"You have been watched; remain a moment as you are, and I will secure the person; she must accompany us."

He crept softly through the grass, and suddenly springing up before the listener, who was no other than dame Margarita Flunoz, gagged and bound her.

"We must take this female with us, or she will betray your flight!" whispered the servant, and he dragged Margarita Flunoz with him through the grove. The brothers followed. They soon found two horses browsing under the dark chestnut branches.

"Where is your horse?" inquired Enrique of the guide.

"He will obey my call, senor," and in the manner of the gipsies he sounded a shrill whistle, which summoned an active and fiery mule to his side.

All three mounted and rode off in the direction of Belem. Slowly at first, that the clatter might not call attention to them, then faster, till the trees and meadows seemed to whirl past their eager gaze. Lights sparkled in the distance, and the steeple of Maria Anunciata towered in a robe of moonshine above the quiet roofs of Belem.

"Softly," cried the guide, "we must not enter the town, and, before day, have passed the defiles of the Cintra Mountains."

They choose a small footpath, that led them around the outskirts of the town, and then regained the road, some distance beyond. Enrique turned in his saddle many a time, and sent regretful kisses and loving blessings, to his fair betrothed.

But Hernando, at the bottom of his heart cursed this flight; that took him away from his friends, relatives, and above all from one whom he loved more than life.

But there was no doubt, in both their minds, but that iron necessity compelled their absence. The discovery of their journey to the North, the way they had taken, their presence in the Moncorvo mountains, at the time of the murder, all could easily be ascertained, and used to fasten the charge upon them. They had intended to accomplish the deed themselves, had gained possession of the priest's head and the emperor's letter, and delivered them to Don Lionel Dian. These latter were circumstances only known to secret Israelites, but, even among them, a traitor might be found. An ignominious death awaited them on discovery, while a timely absence might throw suspicion on a different scent.

We will now turn to the bound and gagged Margarita that was held securely on the crupper of the saddle by the guide, and was an unwilling and unwelcome companion of the young men.

She had, by the scene in the hall, where Fidaró so unceremoniously treated her, excited the fiercest jealousy in the heart of a little dried up superannuated footman, who went by the name of her lover. The footman called Matto, vented his jealousy in divers violent expletives; he swore by every saint in the calendar, to drown himself or cut his throat. Matto's oaths and protestations made such impression on the tender heart of Margarita, that the spinster, resolved not to lose both strings of her bow, conquered the rumblings and pains of her throbbing abdomen, to sooth the indignant lover. Nay she even went further, and promised to meet him in the chestnut grove, while the attention of all the servants would be engaged by the feast. Thus the longing and amorous virgin happened to overhear Hernando and Enrique's conversation. The servant of Don Lionel discovered her slyly retreating, and secured the valuable prize in the manner above described.

Now, far be it from us, to state that the virtuous Margarita had any objection to

elope with any fine built, goodlooking man upon the face of the earth. But to be thus torn away, when almost within the clasp of Matto's arms, to be bound and gagged—gagged! was treatment too bad, to be borne quietly by any female living. And now, riding on a hard trotting mule, whose every step brought into agitation the parts Fidaró had wounded—was horrible. She was helpless, however, and could do nothing. Had she been free, there exists little doubt, but she would have swallowed both mule and rider.

The morning flamed and glowed and turned red and orange and purple, and sent the sun all fresh and golden upon the blue sky, when our riders saw the sea foam around the cliff of Cintra.

Hernando inquired the name of their guide.

"Pinnoro, Senor," replied the servant.

"Does our road lead along the shore?"

"It does, for one day's journey, senor," was the reply.

"The castle stands by the seaside?"

"It does; upon a high rock, overlooking the waves."

The three rode on, turning again and again to look at the glorious and rippling sea.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNCIL BOARD.

In a circular apartment, tapestried throughout, with dark red damask, the council were assembled. A table covered with the same material which hung from the walls, occupied the center of the apartment. Around three sides of it sat, on chairs of a brightly polished black wood, the members of the council. On a gilded chair at the head of the table, raised on a small platform, sat the king. Don Antonio was speaking:

"This document," said he, taking one from the table, "signed by the chief justice of Trazos, shows the deposition of the mayor of Moncorvo. Two young men arrived at the city, two or three days previous to the murder. They tarried at the house of Abrahamo Cenna and were seen, by the guard, to ride from the North gate one afternoon.

Next morning, when the gates were opened, they re-entered Moncorvo. The gate warden noticed that they looked pale and wild. At that time, a female accompanied them. They again staid with Abrahamo Cenna. The day after, they departed on the highway to the south. Abrahamo Cenna has been examined, but refuses to confess the names and condition of the young men. Thus far goes this document."

"But here is the other," continued Don Antonio. "A peasant riding to a neighboring town, for a cloak that he had forgotten at the dance the evening before, asserts: 'As I came to the angle of the mountain pass, about a league from Moncorvo, my mule suddenly stopped, and something white glistened in the road, at a little distance. On nearer inspection it proved to be a headless corpse. Horror struck, I remarked that it was dressed in a priest's gown. Saying my prayers, I called assistance from the nearest village, and had the body conveyed to Moncorvo.' The same peasant reports having seen two young men, at that point of the pass, the evening before."

"Again, here are some letters, that enable us to trace the young men along the highway, up to Belem. We will now easily find out who were the perpetrators of this horrid murder," and Don Antonio seated himself. The duke di Azambuja rose and said: "Firma Fida has no enemies but the secret Israelites, that, like a worm, eat into the core of this fair realm."

"There are no secret Israelites, I believe," said Alphonso, count of Almaveda, "and should there be a few, they have not the courage to lift their heads, much less murder a messenger of his majesty."

"The count probably underrates their numbers and their stations," remarked Don Manuel Perez.

"True," cried the duke, "they have their friends and protectors even in council."

"Do you allude to me, my Lord?" asked Almaveda.

"Silence!" commanded the king. "I have summoned the council to deliberate on the manner of action in regard to this audacious murder, not to hear their private dissensions."

"I humbly propose, that the investigation of this affair be committed to my care," said Don Antonio. "It is necessary for its success that the inquiries be made as secretly as possible, and very quickly too. When the criminals are in our hands, the council may deliberate on their punishment. Meanwhile your majesty can send another messenger, or leave the organization of the Inquisition to the Cardinal of Portugal."

"Our minister is right; I leave the matter in your hands, Don Antonio," said the king as he rose from his chair.

The council adjourned.

Immediately an order was given to the officers of the coast, to search each vessel before it left the harbor.

We shall now enter the apartments of Donna Gloria. The clock has struck eleven, and the sun tries to pierce the richly colored curtains, but succeeds only in throwing now and then, a broken beam upon the carpet.

All is yet quiet; still the lady has long since risen, and even taken a ride through the fresh and dewy park. But Donna Gloria dislikes all noise and bustle. People walk on their toes in her apartments.

In the reception room, where a single looped curtain allows a flood of sunshine to waken the splendid colors and polish of the tapestry and furniture, the figure of an old man leans on the pedestal of a Greek statue. The long dark robe confined to the waist by a cord, and the white bald pate, at once show him to be a priest. It is Pater Marcus, the private secretary of the king.

"All this magnificence, all this splendor! it must cost enormous sums! But the king loves her, and the king can do as he pleases with the nation's money. I look around, in the wide world, and see nought but oppressors and oppressed, nought but cheats and cheated; kings lavish the wealth of their people, on the most vicious of the female sex. The chief passport to posts of honor and emolument is to procure pleasure to royal debauchers. I stand within the factory, and see the dirty wheels, the iron screws, and the sweating workmen, that combine to weave the bright pleasures of a king, and the magnificence of a court. I love my master, but

there is no liberty, no justice and no right but within the church of Christ. There is no salvation but in the cross."

The old priest murmured thus, all alone in the reception room. Gloria had ordered that he should be admitted immediately.

In the ante room, a crowd of courtiers awaited the pleasure of the favorite. They talked loudly and merrily, and witty sayings, on almost every high personage, flew about.

Suddenly they were silent, as Donna Gloria, who had finished her ride, flushed and heated with the morning's exercise entered.

All bowed low.

"What has brought Don Pedro from the side of his young wife, this beautiful morning," inquired Gloria, stopping before a young and handsome man.

"To assure myself of your health, Donna."

"This is not all?"

"I also came to make a request."

"Let us hear it."

"My sister Maria wishes to become lady of honor to the dowager queen; could—"

"It shall be attended to, Senor."

"My sister will thank you in person; and allow me to send you, by her, a beautiful diamond, which I selected for you."

Donna Gloria passed on.

She again stopped before a man on whom sat an air of importance. His face was red and blown up; his attire gay and in bad taste.

"What gives us the pleasure to see you, valiant captain? It must be a glorious thing, to stand upon the deck of your ship and look over the broad Tagus and the glittering sea, this fine morning! Be on your guard, captain, for I intend to surprise you, one of these mornings, and to take the Santissima Trinidad by storm."

"Take her, lady; and her captain to boot!" cried the rough seaman, in undisguised admiration.

Donna Gloria was not displeased; she replied, smilingly:

"I thank you, captain; I shall remember your offer, and perhaps one day remind you of it." The lady grew pensive, during the latter part of this reply.

"But what have you to ask, Captain Poila?" she inquired.

"If it please your excellency, my nephew, Juan Poila, has long served on board of my ship, and honestly earned his promotion. But now I hear that the duke of Azambuja has proposed a nephew of his, to succeed my lieutenant, who died at Ormus, and cheat my nephew of his just promotion. They told me that your excellency had great power with our gracious king, and I came to request you to speak a word for Juan Poila," and the sailor opened his mouth in expectation of Gloria's reply.

"The matter shall be investigated," was Gloria's reply, and she signed to the page following, to make a note of it on a tablet of ivory, which he carried.

Gloria passed on, and entered the reception room.

Seeing the priest, she exclaimed:

"Oh, father Marcus, I hope you have not been long kept waiting!"

The priest merely answered by a bow.

"But now," continued the lady, whose animal spirits had been raised by the morning's exercise; "now, you must share my repast."

"Your excellency will excuse me, I hope," said the priest, seriously, "for I have broken my fast already. Let us proceed to the business for which I was summoned."

"Nay, uncourteous priest, you shall even first sip with me, the delicious decoction of Araby. Let us see whether it will put you in better humor."

Father Marcus gave vent to a grumbling sound—half refusal, half unwilling assent.

Donna Gloria now sounded the steelen rattle with an energy that brought several pages at once to the apartment.

"Will you let me die of hunger!" she asked them; "I am here, with an appetite like a famished beast, in instant danger of starvation, and none attends with my breakfast; bring a cup for father Marcus, too!"

In a few moments, one of the pages reappeared with a tray, on which were two small cups of gold, half filled with a syrup-like decoction of the coffee bean, a silver plate in the shape of a large grape leaf, heaped with delicate pastry, and a silver flagon of wine, flanked by high Bohemian glasses.

"Taste this drink, father," urged Gloria, while she satisfied her appetite.

"I like not the decoctions which, in imitation of the luxurious Musselmans, we swallow; the materials from which they are made, are bought at heavy cost in foreign lands, while our home agriculture is not patronised or encouraged."

"But, to meet you on your own ground, father, does not the consumption of the coffee bean and other Asiatic products give an impulse to the trade with the East; and how much that trade has benefitted Portugal, I need not say."

"Let us leave the business of state to his majesty's ministers," said the priest.

"You are unbearable, this morning," cried Gloria. "This exceeds even your usual moroseness."

Father Marcus munched a sugared star.

Gloria needed, however, the priest; and he was deep in the confidence of Juan. She, therefore, said:

"Drink a glass of this fiery wine, raised in our own land, on most Catholic mountains, by most Catholic peasants, and then we will proceed to business."

Father Marcus finished his glass of wine, and Gloria left the apartment for the documents.

She returned presently, holding them in her hand, and signed the page to retire.

"Father," she addressed the private secretary, "I submit to your scrutiny, documents, that, for ought I know, may be of the highest importance. They are written in a cipher which I can not read. Before I deliver them into your hands, promise me, not to divulge anything contained therein, to any one, but by my permission."

"Suppose, I should refuse to look at them?"

"Menial! you deserve to be scourged for such a supposition! Then I will compel you, by the commands of your master, to read and interpret them!"

"Hold, lady," said the priest, awed by her manner, and the power he knew her to possess; "of what advantage will it be to me to read and interpret them to you alone?"

Donna Gloria softened at this question.

"You will have me for your friend; if you desire gold, name the amount."

"I desire no gold," replied father Marcus. "What then; explain yourself!"

"I must have a promise, upon the holy cross, to be requited with a service on your part."

"Name it," cried the lady.

"I can not; I know not yet what I may require, or when; you must leave that to my discretion, lady."

"But, it is impossible that I should promise to perform, what I know not whether it is in my power to do."

"Rely on me, lady," said the priest, "I will not ask too much."

Gloria considered for a moment, and then kissing a golden cross that hung from her neck, said:

"I promise!"

"Give me the papers, then."

The priest looked long at them, while Gloria's eyes were bent upon him in expectation.

"I know not the cipher," he said at last; "but let me take the papers, and by the aid of the cipher-record of the royal secretaries, I will interpret them and copy them out in fair Portuguese."

"Very well," said Gloria; "but if you play me false, priest——!"

"My life is in your excellency's hand."

"True; and I will have your heart's blood for duplicity," replied Gloria.

"I have the honor to wish you a good morning!"

"Let me soon hear from you!"

The priest was gone; Gloria still doubted him.

"The papers can implicate me in no way," she mused, "and while I retain my power over Juan, father Marcus is in my hand."

Gloria summoned her favorite page, and ordered the curtains, that veiled each window, to be looped back, and the windows to be opened.

Golden streams of sunlight poured into the apartment. Throwing a black veil over her head, to protect her complexion, the lady seated herself at the open casement and looked out.

The sun did not yet shine with that heat, which ripens the glowing grapes of Portu-

gal, and pours sparkling fire into her wines. A late spring, and unusual cool weather for that clime, tempered the rays of the glorious luminary, so the mild splendor with which he looks on more Northern climes. This made it pleasant to sit in the sunlight at a time of day, when, later in the season, it would have been impossible to venture from the shade.

The fountains threw their foaming spray aloft, and received it back in millions of brilliant globules, that colored, and glittered, and invested the watery pillar with gorgeous drapery, woven of broken sunbeams and falling water drops. Gloria saw near one of the fountains, a group of the higher servants of the house, engaged in earnest conversation, now and then broken by exclamations and gestures, that indicated a state of excitement.

One footman tall and lean, seemed to be the chief orator; two women, however, tried zealously to emulate him, and each other. After a while, Gloria becoming curious to know what was the subject of their conversation, sent a page to inquire.

"If it please your excellency," said he, returning to the lady, "old dame Margarita Flunoz is missing, and they exhaust themselves in conjectures, concerning her whereabouts."

"What do they say about it?"

"Some think the evil one has carried her off; others say she compelled a young lover to elope with her; and a footman thinks, pirates must have stolen her, for he found her scarf, in the grove and the footsteps of men near it."

"Enough!"

CHAPTER X.

THE BROTHERS.

How it wakens the animal spirits to take a walk in the fresh air of a fine spring morning! What an exuberance of life we feel throbbing in our veins! What a mad joy dances in our brain, lending the most sober into all kind of extravagances! The brisk air and the fresh sunshine seem to pour their invigorating influence into every pore. The sky is so fresh and dim; the trees so dewy

and quiet; the flowers so glad and sparkling, that the man must indeed be dead whose mind re-awakened to life, light and beauty feels not and reflects not the young day.

When quite a child, my mother was accustomed to take me out for a walk, early in the spring and summer mornings. Every one who has visited Germany, will recollect the beautiful walks and promenades that surround so many towns. Along one of these promenades, with fine old trees and green strips of meadow, we were wont to walk, inhaling the fresh morning breeze, and looking at the sunlit dewdrops. Oh the mad joy of those mornings, when the child felt as if he could toss mountains aloft, and grasp the snowy cloudlets of the sky! And the sweet and pious words from the lips of a mother which restrained the wild exuberance of those feelings! When, sentiments of piety and love, principles, whose excellence was proved in later years, were instilled in my heart, and great changes of time, scenes and condition, have not been able to efface the teachings of a mother, on a spring morning! And in what a sacred spot of my heart have I preserved and kept the memory of those early walks! Mothers! if you wish to speak to your children of the greatness of God, about his love, mercy, and benevolence, take them early in the morning to a spot, where nature's wonders may impress their mind, and, in their own extravagant feelings, they will understand the Deity's omnipotence; in their glad and joyous hearts throbbing with affection for you, they will comprehend the Universal Father's love; in their pleasing view of the aspiring life of flowers and insects they will venerate his mercy and benevolence.

After this digression, we confess some reluctance to return to the scenes and actions of our tale.

It was also a spring morning, and the breeze was fresh and crisp, and the sun was pale and fresh, and the wavelets sung melodiously, for the voice of the sea was not hoarse from murmuring a whole day.

On the Western coast of Portugal, in the Northern part of Estremadura, a peninsula extends into the Atlantic Ocean. On that

Jagged coast, cut up by bays and long streaks of water, that, like fingers of sea, seem to grasp the land, and presenting an appearance of irregular scallops of rock and land, a peninsula is not rare. On the contrary, one can not travel even a few leagues without meeting bodies of land deserving that name. The peninsula, we speak of, was not distinguished by any peculiar characteristic from others; but it lay to the northward and within sight of the town of Peniche, and Cape Carvoeiro. The Cape is the extreme point of a considerable tract of land springing off, as it were from Portugal. And Peniche is a town of business and wealth built upon this tract of land. The peninsula, which lay a few miles distant, was bound in and faced by rocks, which, on one side, rose to a considerable height, and hung, as it were over the sea. On the extreme point of this overhanging cliff stood the castle of Salonga, an old and strong edifice, whose architecture bore traces of taste of the Gothic and Moorish races, that had successively inhabited it. Gray and weatherbeaten, it had looked for ages on the tumbling billows of the Atlantic ocean, and faced the wildest storms of that mighty water. But now the huge stones, which crowned the walls began to crumble, and small traces of vegetation, on the sides sheltered from the weather, indicated the crevices.

The castle could only be approached on the side toward the land by a narrow and steep path leading up the cliff, and which horses ascended with great difficulty.

From the seaside the approach was a ladder of steps cut from the rock, where it was least steep, and on one side of which a row of wooden stakes aided the ascent. The rock itself, was bare and jagged, with a few melancholy looking bushes hanging on its sides.

This was the castle where Enrique and Hernando had taken refuge, according to the advice of Don Lionel Dian, whose property it was.

The castle, though old, was still in good state, and had some fine apartments with the heavy antique furniture; another part of the building, arranged in the Moorish style

with fanciful carvings, fountains and galleries, being less durable than solid Gothic architecture, had fallen a prey to the ravages of time. In the former apartments, which looked out upon the sea, the brothers had established themselves. Margarita Flunoz, was lodged in an isolated tower at the landward angle of Salonga. She was a prisoner, it is true, but treated with more consideration and respect than she had ever been before. For, having arrayed herself in some garments of her mistress, (an ancient custom of chambermaids,) to grace the meeting with the amorous footman Matto, she was mistaken for a person of rank. This mistake, it is needless to say, the prudent Margarita thought it superfluous to rectify.

The brothers stood upon a small balcony that projected from one of the windows in Hernando's room, and looked out upon the sea. Far away it stretched, until their gaze tired by the monotonous beauty of the rolling water, rested upon some nearer object. Toward the south the horizon was bounded by the dim outlines of Cape Carvoeiro and the town of Peniche, with the vessels anchored before it.

Some days had passed since their arrival at the castle, and the necessary secrecy forbidding the customary amusements of the chase, the time began to grow long to them.

"Hernando," said Enrique, "I begin to chafe at this confinement. After all, we might have been safe enough in Lisbon.—Who would have suspected us, if we had not fled? And why need we fly since we are innocent?"

"You are unjust to our preserver, my brother," replied Hernando. "Believe me, that our journey to the North, and our presence in the mountains, which can easily be discovered, are enough to criminate us in all eyes. Oh, my heart also urges me to return to Lisbon! My soul is chained there! My feelings and passions, like wild horses, seem to drag me back to the capital.—Still I can not be so unreasonable, as to mistake the necessity of this flight, and the good service the prince has done us! But oh!" he added bitterly, "why can not I free

myself from this sect which makes me a hypocrite to religion, and a traitor to my king? Which keeps a sword suspended by a hair constantly over my head!"

"Hernando," cried Enrique, "an evil spirit has put those words into your mouth! Free yourself from the religion for which our father suffered so much, and of whose truth you are convinced! and why? because your coward heart shrinks and trembles at the dangers which attend it! you surely meant not what you said, brother!"

"It was merely the cry of a vexed heart," replied Hernando moodily.

"And is it the desire to be with mother and Maria, which as you say, draws your heart so towards Lisbon? Surely, our mother and sister have been instructed by the prince, of our whereabouts, and we will see them, when it can be permitted with safety," said Enrique.

"I have often been parted from them, Enrique; and, although it would be a great comfort to be at their side, yet it would not wholly appease the cravings of this heart."

"Then you have formed a dearer connection, brother?" inquired Enrique—a blush mantling his own cheek.

"If you will know then—yes!" replied Hernando. "I have formed a dearer, sweeter and stronger connection. That is, I am not quite sure yet!" he added, in some confusion. Then throwing his arms around his brother's neck, he whispered in a low confiding voice:

"Enrique, I love!"

"Confess, my dear brother, and I will absolve your sins! then, in turn, be you my father confessor, and I will hope also for a kind absolution."

"I love a beautiful lady of Lisbon. She knows not yet of my passion, but I have reason to hope that she will listen to me. Oh, she is an angel, Enrique, and I love her with a passion strong as life itself."

"Pronounce her name, Hernando. Do I know the beloved of my brother?"

"You do, Enrique; can you not guess?"

The door of the apartment opened, and a full, melodious voice said:

"How good and how pleasant is it, when brothers dwell together in peace! Happy am I to see that you verify this verse, and that warm affection is between you. Let peace be always with you, chevaliers!"

The brothers who had sprung up at the first sound of this voice, now bent reverently and kissed the hand of their prince, Don Lionel Dian. He was in plain attire, and wore a dark cloak and slouched hat.

"I came to see that you were well attended, as it is seemly the guests of a prince should be. The safety of the castle will somewhat make up for its inconveniences and loneliness. However, a rich library of manuscripts is collected in one of the apartments, and you can avail yourselves of it to pass the time."

"Gracious prince," said Hernando, "accept our thanks for your kindly warning, and the safe asylum you have placed us in. We are unworthy of your care for our convenience, and happy in the consciousness of being esteemed worthy of your highness' notice."

"I am also happy to inform you, that your mother and sister are well. Suspicion had nearly fallen on you, but the pursuers are on the wrong scent now. I shall be careful to bring the bandit-murderers to justice, and thereby put an end to your confinement here."

"Can we not return till then?" inquired Hernando.

"It will scarcely be safe to do so," replied Don Lionel. "Farewell, meanwhile, my brave young men," and the commanding figure of the Hebrew prince disappeared, behind the curtains of the door.

Hernando and Enrique separated, lost in deep reflections; the first to examine the library, and the latter to tend the flowers in a small patch of garden, which he had made his especial care.

In the afternoon, the brothers again met in the same apartment and sat down to continue the conversation, so abruptly terminated, in the morning by the entrance of Don Lionel Dian.

"Now, my brother," began Enrique, "name to me the lady that has captivated

your heart, and then I will return your confidence."

"You also love, Enrique! Then you will understand my passion! I love, madly, passionately, and all the more violently because I have tried to conceal it, I love——" and Hernando hesitated.

"Whom?"

"Donna Rosa Bananda!"

"My bride!" ejaculated, in a voice of fearful agony, the thunderstruck Enrique.

"THY BRIDE!" retorted Hernando, while all the blood of his body rushed to his head, and swelled the knotted veins and arteries of the brows, until they seemed an angry net of cords. Both were silent for a moment. Then Enrique without a trace of the usual gentleness in his voice and mien, said sternly:

"My bride. The maiden whom I love, and whose heart has been given to me, in return. She is affianced to me before high Heaven, and shall be so before men ere many days pass. Dare not to think of her, brother!"

Hernando turned pale as death, whilst Enrique said this. All the blood which had run to his head, streamed back to his heart. This lasted but a moment, the agony and suspense of which are indescribable: Then all the wild anger, the imperious and fiery nature of Hernando was capable of, arose in his breast. Then was swept from his mind, every thought but that a man, had stepped between him, and the first object of his passionate affection. Then vanished all but the maddening knowledge that a man had robbed him of the highest blessing of life; of a heart, for whose possession he would have sacrificed all and rejoiced. A child of the South, with wild passions like evil angels tugging at his heartstrings, with resistless anger and mighty love conquering and treading down reason, Hernando was for the time mad.

He seized his brother at the girdle of his tunic, and his strength increased tenfold by passion, lifted him from the ground and carried him to the small balcony. Holding Enrique at arms' length, over the foaming billows, that far, far below, lashed the foot

of the cliff, he howled in a voice, almost inarticulate from passion:

"Will you give up Rosa to me?"

"Never! Consider, brother, that she loves me! Hernando, you mean me no harm!" and Enrique tried to grasp his brother's shoulder, while the cold sweat of agony and dread stood on his brow.

"I will dash you to pieces on the cliff below, if you do not consent!"

"Brother! remember that one mother bore us! for her sake, hold!"

Hernando faltered.

"For God's sake, brother!"

"Will you give up Rosa?"

"Never!"

"Then die!" and, with fearful energy, Hernando hurled his brother down into the deep and wild sea.

And the sun looked from the blue sky, and the waters blazed like beds of gold and fire, and the birds rose from their nests in the crevices of the cliff, and skimmed over the waves as the body of Enrique disappeared beneath the snowy foam.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WRITING ON THE DOOR.

Sunday morning dawned on the city of Lisbon, and the first bells sent their clear, ringing notes to the ears of the pious, as a summons to rise, and not be too late at church, when Pater Sylvester, the sacristan of the cathedral, opened his eyes.

The first object that presented itself to his sleepy glance, was a woman standing at his bedside, with her tongue busily engaged in discharging scolding terms at his devoted head. She was about the middle age, fat, but hard featured, and dressed in a flashy, slattern style. The worthy sacristan made several conciliatory motions with his head and short flabby hands, at the same time pronouncing a few Latin benedictions; (his stock in trade,) to allay the wrath of the female scolder. But the dame was not to be pacified so easily. Nothing would content her, but that the drowsy priest should rise. Would he deprive Christians of their chance of salvation, by opening church too late? Would he lose his situation? Would he dis-

please his superiors? and a host of other interrogations poured from the mouth of the woman, until she had fairly compelled Pater Sylvester to rise.

The reader will, by this time, be anxious to know who this woman is, that exercises such powerful sway over the worthy sacristan, as to drive him from a comfortable bed and soft morning dreams without a show of opposition. Is it his mother? His sister? His aunt? None of these, but one more powerful yet. It is his cook.

Dame Katalina, (this was her name,) did not leave the room, when her master rose. On the contrary, she helped him to put on his garments. The pious woman had too often been cook to reverend fathers, to retain any particle of modesty about her.

"The bells have been ringing this half hour, and still you lie there sleeping and dreaming, as if there were no such thing as a cathedral to open, or tapers to light, or altars to adorn. Oh marry, I think, I could attend to your duties much better than yourself. I wish I were a man and you my cook."

The Pater thought that he certainly would have no objection to the exchange.

However, before he went away, the worthy Katalina softened down to a proper humor, and some love passages occurred during the breakfast of the pious couple, which it is not necessary to record here.

As the sacristan issued from his house, a bundle of keys in his girdle, and a scarlet flush upon his small round nose, his lips still agreeably tingling from the last draught of wine, he immediately perceived that, early as it was, numbers of men flocked to the cathedral, and that quite a crowd was already assembled before the door.

He hastened, therefore, as fast as the majestic proportions of his paunch would allow him, to the cathedral.

"Perhaps they are desirous to hear the new Cardinal preach," he thought as the crowd respectfully opened to let him pass through. Had the thoughtful sacristan not been lost in his own reflections, but properly opened the thick ears that hung at the side of his head, he undoubtedly would have dis-

covered the reason of this early assemblage immediately, for men were talking loudly and excitedly. But, as it was, he proceeded through the crowd and arrived at the door of the cathedral.

Upon the oaken doors, covered with crosses and saints elaborately carved, was fastened, in the most conspicuous part a scroll of paper. Upon the scroll in letters large and bold, were inscribed the words:

THE MESSIAH HAS NOT YET COME!

JESUS IS NOT THE TRUE MESSIAH!

And below, in smaller writing verses from the Bible to prove the above.

The astonished sacristan dropped his keys and, I verily believe would have dropped his swelling paunch, to do full justice to his horror at this bold sacrilege, had it been in his power to do so.

With the aid of some of the crowd; he took down the scroll, and opening the cathedral cried:

"This shall be laid before our Lord, the king!"

"Yes, bear it to the king!" cried a host of voices.

The excitement increased every moment. Sunday morning service was forgotten; horror and rage at the sacrilegious scroll fastened to the very door of the cathedral, took possession of every mind.

As the crowd increased, it was reported that similar scrolls had been found on the doors of all the churches.

The cathedral was filled with an excited multitude. The sacristan and his busy assistants had lighted the tapers, and adorned the gorgeous altars, and now stood in robes of scarlet and white on the steps of the high altar. Master pieces of painting adorned the walls and ceiling, while to the pillars were fastened stands of gold and silver, on which stood exquisitely carved saints. Shrines of martyrs and holy men, sparkling with gold and jewels, and bright with lighted tapers, lined the walls. The altar itself, full of gilding, flowers and lace, blazed with the flames of wreathed tapers, and glittered through the clouds of incense and perfume, that from swinging censers arose around it, like the sun, through the mists of an autumn

morning. Every where crosses, madonnas and saints were repeated in the most various forms, with the richest materials.

Now the organ lifted its mighty voice, and in waves of harmony floated through the long aisles. Mass was performed. The papal nuntius, Cardinal Georgio, in his magnificent robes, led the service and preached the sermon.

And with burning words, alluding to the scrolls fastened to the churches, he inflamed still more the wrath of the populace. When the service was concluded, and the high dignitaries of the church had retired, the congregation left the church to wait before the doors for the sacristan.

As he issued forth, with the scroll in his hand, to return home, they told him of their determination to bring the matter before the king immediately. They wished him to be their spokesman, well convinced that his learning and sanctity fitted him to be so.

With some reluctance, the worthy pater allowed them to place him on the shoulders of a couple of strong mechanics. Thus mounted in the midst of the still increasing crowd, pater Sylvester was borne to the royal palace.

The king entered into the spirit of the multitude, and received the scroll brought by pater Sylvester. Don Antonio, the minister, appeared on the balcony and assured the people, that his majesty would endeavor by every means to discover the perpetrator of this sacrilege.

For this purpose, Juan sent the same day ten thousand gold pieces to Luke Giraldo, one of the most prominent merchants of Lisbon, to be paid to the man who would discover or lead to the discovery of the writer.

His eminence the Cardinal Georgio, nuntius of the pope, added five thousand gold pieces more, to those already deposited by the king.

Public criers proclaimed in every street, that Master Luke Giraldo had orders to pay fifteen thousand gold pieces, to the man who discovered the wretch that had dared to write the words, and to affix the scrolls to the door of the churches.

The king was furious. Two such acts, as the murder of Firma Fida and the writing on the church doors, occurring within a short time of each other, in bold defiance as it were, of his authority, showed him that there must exist in Portugal a power opposed either to the church or the government. He consulted with Don Antonio. The minister's opinion not only coincided with that of the king, but he also assured Juan that this power must be strong, very strong, thus openly and boldly to defy the royal authority. Still there was no evidence of dissatisfaction among the nobles, or among the people. Who would conspire against the king? None but the Prior de Castro! And who would conspire against the church? none but the New Christians, that still were Israelites in secret! Then the king and his minister came to the conclusion that the Inquisition would be the most effectual means to control both these powers, and the king ordered Don Antonio to prepare a letter for his signature, requesting his holiness to appoint officers of the Inquisition in Portugal. Meanwhile every endeavor was made to discover the guilty ones. Let us see what the people said on the subject.

A knot of men were sitting in front of a tavern, that looked upon the Tagus. They conversed upon the scrolls on the church doors.

"It will go hard with him, who did this!" said a sailor whose sunburnt sallowness of skin showed that he had been in India.

"He will but get his deserts, and Lisbon will have a holiday. Oh it is a fine show to see a man burnt," said the host, a fat chubby little man.

"Have you ever seen it?" inquired the sailor.

"When quite a child; but since then I have seen a man torn to pieces by wild horses, which is also a spectacle not to be despised."

"You should be in Spain then," cried a meagre lantern jawed Spaniard, who regaled himself with bread and onions. "I have seen numbers burned; and such magnificent processions, with the holy fathers,

the condemned, the San Benitos* and the lay servants!"

"Well you need not brag; we will soon have the Inquisition here too!" said the host.

"Bring me another measure of wine," cried a country man, "and then let me hear all about the man torn by wild horses." The host ran into the tavern and returned quickly with the wine.

"Now, I am curious to hear that too," added the sailor, laying down in a convenient position to listen.

The host who liked nothing better than to talk, played an overture of hem, hems, and small preparatory coughs, after which he began:

"I can't say exactly how long ago it is, but I suppose its about—" and he counted on his fingers,—"five—ten—fifteen—"

"Stop, stop," cried the sailor, "Never mind how long ago—begin with the story."

The host threw a furious look at the impatient sailor, and said:

"I tell the story my own way, and who doesn't like it may go. It was about fifteen years ago, when great dearth was in the land. Rain, we had none that year, and the smaller streams began to dry up from the heat of the sun. The crops were destroyed. The farmers could expect nought but famine and ruin instead of a plenteous harvest. Then people crowded the churches; saints were beseeched, innumerable wax tapers burned, and splendid presents made to the convents and abbeys. But still no rain fell.

"Then the country people began to grow rebellious. They demanded rain of the church and of the king. They thronged to Lisbon and their growls reached the king and Patriarch. But neither king nor Patriarch could compel the clouds to rain."

"Oh host," cried the sailor, "how long must we listen to your clattering tongue, until you are satisfied that we know, there was no rain?"

*San Benito; the punishment of the Inquisition for some light offenses, was to dress the culprit in a yellow shirt painted with flames and devils, and thus lead him through the streets. The shirt was called San Benito.

"Sailor, I am on my own threshold, and have a right to talk as long as I please."

The sailor heaved a gigantic sigh, and said, "Proceed!"

"Then a miracle occurred on the great Praça of Lisbon, where formerly a high cross of black wood stood. From the crevices, where the different parts of the cross were joined together, a golden light streamed. All Lisbon assembled and hailed the miracle as an omen that God would listen to the prayers of the people.

"At that time, Jews were still allowed to live in the country. And one of these unbelievers, a tall, strong man, (I stood near him, and saw him well,) cried from the midst of the crowd, who knelt down to adore the miracle: 'were it not better your saviour, performed a miracle with water, than with fire? were it not better he send rain to your fields, than make light shine through the holes of a cross?' when the people heard that, they began to murmur. But nothing daunted the unbeliever cried; 'Do you not see that the priests have made this cross hollow and concealed a lamp in it?' then a monk, that stood by the cross cried: 'Bind him, for he has blasphemed!' and a hundred hands were stretched out to bind him. And the same day he was tied to four horses, by the four limbs of his body and torn to pieces. Then we had good times. The monk told us, that all Jews should suffer for this, and we, nothing loath, accompanied him through the city, and every Jewish house was pillaged, and the owners killed, beaten, or driven away. This ring," and the host, raising his hand, exhibited a costly gem on his finger, "is the only thing that I have yet to remind me of that time. The Jews were rich and every thing fell into our hands. Men often paid me for a few measures of wine with a silver spoon, or something else they had been enabled to rob. If you—"

"Now that's enough! your story is done. Cease to prattle, my fat friend!" said the incurable sailor.

"Well if they catch the fellow, that wrote

†Square.

those words, I hope they'll have him torn to pieces," yawned the countryman.

"I love these executions, first for their own sake," said the host, "next for the sake of the church, and lastly because they bring customers to town."

"A happy man is he who discovers the fellow, for fifteen thousand gold pieces are his," said the sailor turning around to doze.

We turn to an assembly of Israelites that had been hastily convened in the basement room of the inn of St. Ignatius. Their countenances were troubled; alarm and fear were evident in the hasty questions and short replies. Don Lionel Dian was absent. An old noble of great learning presided.

The general question was: who had done this? Was it a secret Israelite?

The general answer could be no other than, it was for who else, in Lisbon believes not in Christ?

While the meeting was thus agitated and awayed by fears and doubts, a young man entered, and stepping up to the platform on which the chairman was seated, requested permission to address the assembly. The chairman raised his hand, all were silent. When the young man looked around, with astonishment all present recognised in the pale haggard features, the sunken eyes, the brow hung over with wild mottled hair, and the bent form, the ere brilliant and handsome *Hernando da Costa*!

"I have written upon the doors of the churches the words which so excite the rage of the people, and your alarm! I have, in the face of Christianity proclaimed the truth of our religion, and thrown into the teeth of an idolatrous nation the false maxims they bow to. I have done this, and am ready to die for it. Be under no apprehensions,—brethren in faith—I will deliver myself up to the king's justice! for *Hernando da Costa* has nothing left but death!"

At first the assembly had listened with anger, for this dangerous and useless proclamation of Jewish principles had needlessly re-awakened the old hate of the Portuguese nation against the Israelites. But gradually a deep sentiment of pity prevailed.

The young man seemed to labor under such a load of misery; his physical beauty was broken; his mind evidently distracted; and his actions and demeanor wild. His dress was in the greatest disorder, and his beautiful hair hung in tangled locks around his head.

"But my son," said the venerable chairman, "know ye not that, by this action, you have excited the wild rage of a people that may destroy us? Will not the king be urged now to introduce the Inquisition? Can we again intercept the messenger? Will all the king's ambassadors travel without suite like the simple priest? Son! you have done very wrong. Still, even to ensure our general safety we will not deliver you up to the officers of the king, nor permit that you should voluntarily devote yourself to death."

"But what can we do to stop the mouths of those, that now cry: 'ferret out the secret Israelites! they have done this!'" said a stout middle aged man, a merchant who trembled for his magazines filled with rich wares.

"What will become of us, if the Inquisition be established," cried two men, in the garb of monks.

Each one began to represent and bewail the peculiar danger which would threaten him and his possessions, if it were discovered that the pretended New Christians had relapsed into their old religion. None proposed any plan of action. It was clear that the leading spirit, Don Lionel Dian was absent.

After all had finished their descriptions of a danger, of whose greatness they were convinced beforehand, their eyes fell again on *Hernando*, and their thoughts reverted to delivering him to the king as the only chance of safety.

But the old noble who presided could not bear this thought. He arose and said:

"Never let us be base enough to throw a fellow man and brother into the jaws of death, for what we know to be no crime, but even an act of virtue. Let us rather attempt to avert public wrath, and direct it into another channel, by affixing to the church doors a second proclamation, which shall

lead all to think, that an Englishman and Protestant wrote the first. Thus we will be saved."

No one else had any other plan to offer and, therefore, the proposition of the old noble was adopted. Still it seemed to many but a trivial measure to allay public wrath. The materials for writing were brought, and Hernando had to sit down and write upon large sheets:

"I am no Spaniard and no Portuguese, but an Englishman; I am a stranger and sojourner among you. But if you spend hundreds of thousands you shall not learn my name."

Hernando did all this in a listless manner, like one who, as it were, had no spirit, no mind, no will to move or act himself, and was impelled and moved by others. With the greatest astonishment all saw this change in him, the reason of which none suspected.

Let us retrace our steps and follow him from the moment when mad with love, rage and despair, he threw his brother Enrique from the balcony of castle Salonga.

After, in a moment of wild madness, when reason, reflection, and even consciousness was absent, Hernando had committed fratricide, the reaction of his feelings was as sudden as it was violent. The fraction of a moment after he had unclasped his hand from his brother's girdle, he would have given his life and soul, heaven and earth, to have it once more in his power to undo the horrible deed, to save Enrique. With the quickness of thought all the better parts of his being, fraternal affection, reason, and kindness of heart returned to him, and like the lightning's flash in a dark night, served only now to show his forlorn, lost and damned condition to his mind's eye.

And it is always thus. When the evil spirit, offspring of our own untamed passions and undisciplined mind, has darkened our eyes, and led us to steps beyond redemption, has plunged us into the deep, deep abyss of sin; from whose mire a whole lifetime of excellence can not cleanse the soul, he takes away the blindness, and with tenfold light illumines the depth to which we have sunk,

and the heights we can never hope to climb again.

The terrible deed, and indirect consequence of his love for Rosa, wiped away all the brightness and fire of that love, and left it a burning sore in the heart of Hernando. Let not the reader understand that now he loved Rosa less. Far from it. But every thought of that beautiful lady was attended with agonizing remorse, with terrible pain, and with a dreadful conviction that his own doing now separated him more from her, than when the bright form of Enrique stood between them.

The excitement and consequent reaction of his feelings, seemed to have prostrated his mind and soul. He was in a kind of stupor most of the time, only broken here and there by flashes of a transient wildness. In one of these intervals he fled from castle Salonga to Lisbon. His family alarmed by his looks, and behavior would, send for a physician. But Hernando locked the doors of his apartments and would admit none.

In another fit of wildness, he had written that bold declaration, and affixed the scrolls to the church doors.

We have seen that he freely offered to deliver himself up. Indeed he would have considered it a blessing, to be allowed to steep his heart in the water of death. For he was tired of life and the sore pain in his breast. Yet death alone would not satisfy him. With severe justice he wished to die in the most painful way as a partial punishment for his crime, and to appease the angry spirit of Enrique, which he imagined to attend him constantly. To appease the wrath of God, he intended to maintain his creed and principles in the face of the world. Thus, vain man, he tried to lay life which was painful and burdensome to him, an appeasing sacrifice at the altar of God, and the tomb of his brother! And thus it is with all of us.

We know that justice is preferable to injustice. Every one feels intuitively what is just and unjust, which from this point of view are but other names, for good and bad and, therefore, whenever we have wronged justice, we feel a criminal consciousness of

it, and then try to soothe ourselves, by bringing a sacrifice to justice. Still even then our selfishness lets us sacrifice things, become useless to us by the very injustice committed.

On the Monday following the day when the scrolls had been found on the churches, Lisbon was astonished by other scrolls being attached to the same places, with the words:

"I am no Spaniard or Portuguese; but a stranger and sojourner among you. Yet if you offer hundreds of thousands you shall not discover my name."

But the effect was different from what was expected. The people, and the priests who preached to them, said: "This is a trap to mislead us. An Englishman and heretic, although he believes in Luther, does not deny Christ. None but a Jew could have written those words," and the inquiry was diligently continued.

CHAPTER XII.

DONNA GLORIA AND THE PRIEST.

Father Marcus again waited on the Countess de Vega. She received him graciously, and, when the servants had left the room, inquired:

"Have you been able to read the documents?"

"I have; if your excellency will wait, but till I can take them from the pocket of my gown, I will read to you, their contents."

"Be quick father, for I am very impatient. Are their contents of interest to me?"

"I can not say how far they may interest your excellency," replied the priest, searching and fumbling in his voluminous pockets.

"Now, God help you, if you have lost them!" cried Gloria, giving way to her impatience.

"Here they are," replied father Marcus, calmly, producing the articles in question.

"Now read them," cried the countess, leaning forward eagerly; and in her eagerness almost grasping the priest's arms.

Father Marcus began.

Not to weary our readers with a tedious translation of the documents, we will briefly acquaint them with their substance.

The first was an agreement of the Duke di Azambuja's to secure to the Prior di Castro the adherence of the nobles of the council, and of the leaders of the Cortes, on his royal excellency, the Prior di Castro, being able to prove, by well attested documents the marriage of his mother, to his majesty Emanuel the Great. Also to prove, by certificates of baptism, his birth to have occurred before that of Juan III, the present occupant of the throne.

The second document contained a promise of Don Diego di Azambuja, to bring one thousand men, of well trained troops, to Lisbon, whenever a written command of his excellency the Prior, countersigned by the Duke di Azambuja, was sent to him.

The third was a sanction of the prior's claims, by his eminence the Cardinal Giorgio.

The fourth was the plan of a new Constitution.

"This document," said father Marcus to Gloria, "I will restore to his eminence," and he put the Cardinal's sanction again into his pocket.

Gloria was satisfied. Now, a glorious view of revenge opened before her mind's eye. Don Diego was her's! her's entirely! what more could she wish to accomplish! She had his life in her hand! She could crush him! and crush him she would. She would break the pride which made her a nun! She would revenge the years passed in the convent! Her blood rushed to her head, and scarcely could she command herself to listen, to what the priest said.

"Here!" and he showed her a small paper, "here is a letter which I found amongst the documents; it makes mention of a general meeting to be held in two days. The place of meeting, the required signs for admission, the disguises are all so described, that, if you permit me, I will attend the meeting myself, to convince my own eyes of the truth of these statements. You, as a friend of the present king, certainly wish to explode this conspiracy, and punish the traitors?"

"Certainly. And, priest, I will even accompany you there."

"You, lady!" exclaimed the astonished secretary.

"I, myself."

"But consider, the impropriety!"

"I will go there!"

"Consider, the danger, lady!"

"Have you heard me? I will go there! bring the necessary disguises, at the time, and I will accompany you!"

Father Marcus bowed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

At the appointed time the priest attended Gloria. He brought two gowns, such as the inferior monks were used to wear. To the bosom of each was fastened a cross of white cloth. The cowls, that were attached to the upper part of the gowns, were large and heavy.

"This, then, is the disguise we must assume?" asked Gloria.

"It is, lady; are you yet determined to go?"

"I never give up my purpose."

"In God's name, then."

Father Marcus wore an uncommonly serious expression, even for him, this evening. Perhaps he repented of having projected this dangerous errand.

"Be my chambermaid, for once, father, and help me on with this cassock!" cried Gloria gaily.

The priest did as he was bid. Gloria fastened the cord around her waist, and drew the ugly cowl over her head; none would have recognised her. She seemed one of the tall poor monks, that throng the streets of Lisbon to beg, or collect money for charitable purposes.

The private secretary covered his simple, but fine black garb with the other monk's habit. They were ready to go.

"Where is the place of meeting?" inquired Gloria, as she cast a last glance into the mirror, and smiled at the complete metamorphosis of her figure.

"In a private chapel, hard by," replied father Marcus.

"Let us go then," replied Gloria, opening

a secret door which by a winding staircase, led to the rear of the pavilion.

"One thing I must communicate to your ladyship, ere we start," said the priest hastily.

Gloria turned.

"The sign on entering is to raise the hand, with all the fingers closed, but the first and the last. A watchword was also alluded to, but not mentioned. If a watchword is necessary we will have to listen, for what those preceding us pronounce."

"Very well," replied the lady, and both were about to descend by the secret staircase, when an opposite door opened, and Maria Flunoz entered. Seeing the two priests, she said in great astonishment, "I thought my lady were here!" The apartment they were in, was the last but one of that suite.

Gloria knew that her chambermaid would enter the next and last, to look for her. On not finding her, she would be alarmed.—Therefore, the lady said, in a voice as deep, as possible:

"What have you to say to your mistress, girl? I am going in to hear her confession, and you must not disturb us."

"Nothing, holy father; but that the page, Fidaro, has a message for her from Massor."

Gloria entered the next apartment, saying: "Wait a moment," and presently she returned without her disguise.

"Father," she said to the priest, "enter, for a few moments, this apartment," and she pointed to the one she had just left.

"And you, Maria, bring the page here."

In a few moments, Fidaro stood before the Countess; the chambermaid retired. The page threw burning looks upon the beautiful lady, and throwing himself upon one knee seized her hand and seemed to devour it, with a kiss.

"Rise, Fidaro! this is not seemly," cried Gloria slightly blushing, but smiling upon him with her velvety eyes.

The page arose.

"What have you got for me, from Massor?" inquired Gloria.

"This letter, lady; he is about to return to the vicinity of Lisbon from the North."

Gloria tore the thread that tied the epistle and inquired:

"Can Massor write? 'tis a great accomplishment for the gipsy chief!"

The letter contained these words:

"To morrow night, I will be with you when the clock strikes twelve. I then will, for the first time, avail myself of your promises, and prefer a request. Be ready. MASSOR."

"Do you know what he will require?"

"I can not even imagine."

"Have you any other message, Fidaro?"

"Not for you, lady."

"For whom else; you have no secrets before me, I hope?"

"Oh yes! my God, I have a great secret, which I shall not dare to tell you," and the page sighed deeply and cast imploring looks at the Countess.

"Secrets of the soul are best kept within one's own heart, where they sing beautiful songs, and weave golden hopes. When they are once let free, they leave us, and the torn remains of golden hopes, the sad memories of beautiful songs are all that remain."

"But one heart is too small to contain this secret."

"Let us talk of other things," cried Gloria, alarmed at the turn the conversation had taken: "let us talk of your message. To whom is it?"

"To his excellency, the Prior di Castro, and to Don Diego di Azambuja, my young master."

"What are you to say to them?"

"I am to give them these two letters," and he showed to Gloria two epistles.

"Did Massor bid you do anything else?"

"To report to him all that passed at a certain meeting to be held this evening."

"Excellent!" cried Gloria. "Quick, tell me the password which is needed for admission; for I am also going there."

"You!" cried the page.

"Certainly; I have already a cassock with a white cross, and know the sign of raising the hand, and extending the first and last finger."

"I am lost in astonishment," cried Fidaro.

"And I in impatience; the password!"

"God and the rightful heir!"

"Thank you. Is nothing else necessary to gain entrance?"

"One thing more, lady, and this will prove an insurmountable obstacle to you. The name of the person must be given, who enters."

"The name of the person. Pshaw!" the lady considered for a moment, and then said: "Fidaro, do you know of any one that will remain absent?"

"I know of none; and even if one stays away, his friend will state the reason of his absence and excuse it to the others."

"A bright thought! Fidaro, do you assume a monk's habit, when you go there?"

"Yes, lady. All there wear the gown and cowl."

"Then let me go there in your place."

"Impossible, lady!" cried Fidaro.

"Nothing is impossible; give me the letters, that I may deliver them there," said Gloria.

"But if you should be discovered?"

"I will not be discovered. Hasten, Fidaro, and give me the letters."

"Oh lady, do not go! I will faithfully report to you every circumstance that happens there; do not go!" cried Fidaro.

"I must go; that is enough. Give me the letters."

Fidaro handed them to her.

"Is anything further necessary to be said, on delivery of these letters?"

"Nothing, but that Massor will be in Lisbon, tomorrow night, and see the Prior and Don Diego himself."

"Very well. Await my return here," and Gloria re-assumed the monk's habit with the white cross, called father Marcus, and disappeared with him behind the door of the secret staircase; Fidaro was left alone.

They passed out of the pavilion. Donna Gloria, ignorant of the streets of Lisbon, allowed herself to be guided by father Marcus. While they were walking along a solitary lane in the rear of the park, she related to the secretary, what Fidaro had told her concerning the necessity of giving the name to gain entrance.

"Then it will be impossible for us to enter," said the priest, stopping.

"On the contrary it will be easy for me; since I shall deliver two letters, and appear in the name of this Fidaro, who is the servant of the duke di Azambuja."

"But will you not be recognised by the duke?"

"Scarcely; I can act well the manners of another, and hope to imitate the voice of the page tolerably well."

"You venture into great danger, Countess," said the priest.

"I do; but by what means do you intend to gain entrance? be careful in what you undertake, priest; for you run the greater risk of discovery, and are in a more hazardous situation than I, when discovered."

"Leave that to me, lady; by some means or other, I will enter, and be a witness of the proceedings of this meeting. There are more doors leading into a chapel than the principal gate."

They were proceeding towards a rather dark, silent part of the city. The streets were lonely, and perfect canals of mud. Donna Gloria had to accept several times of Father Marcus' aid, to extricate herself, from the deep yielding mud that clung around her feet. At last they saw the chapel.

It was old, and had an abandoned look about it. There is a certain hang-dog, desponding, and guilty expression, which may dwell upon buildings, trees, woods and other inanimate substances just as well as upon the human countenance.

The church or chapel to which Gloria and the priest were proceeding had this expression. Not all the flood of moonlight that poured over it, could brighten it, but rather flickered among its suspicious looking stones, as if anxious to get away.

Like ravens to a favorite rendezvous high among the branches of a lofty tree, so, many figures in the dark guise of monks hovered around, and flocked to the chapel. It stood in a rather elevated position, on the steep steep western side of the middle hill, upon which Lisbon is built.

Above the door of the chapel was a pic-

ture of St. Jago, and the chapel bore the name of the saint. Now, the small bell in the little tower sounded its clear voice and struck nine. The figures immediately began to enter the chapel. A considerable press seemed going on at the doors of the chapel.

"Walk up, boldly," said father Marcus to Gloria; "I will enter by another way."

Let us here stop for a moment to discuss the reasons that Gloria gave herself, for undertaking this hazardous adventure.

First of all, there was the spirit of fun and adventure, which was constantly stirring within her. Then, there was the prospect of getting possession of an important state secret. Thirdly, the romance and danger attracted her. Fourthly, there was the great charm of hearing what was not intended for her ears; the latter is always a great charm for ladies. However, these were trivial and minor reasons.

The first and greatest reason she could not give herself. Nay, she would not even acknowledge it to herself, that such a reason existed.

"I can do the king and my country a service; it is my duty to go." This was the manner in which she gave her own mind account of her caprice.

Who knows not the heart of woman? The first, the only moments of happiness that Gloria had enjoyed, were passed on the bosom of Don Diego di Azambuja. His soft voice and tender words stole away her senses, his fiery embraces inflamed her soul, his looks, his kisses, his letters, all were not forgotten—for what woman does ever forget the object of her first love, the man who stirred up the first troubled, sweet and intoxicating emotions of her heart?—no, too well remembered, they shone from the misty past, like the reflection of stars from the bosom of the deep sea.

In youth she imagined love to be a gorgeous flower that sprang up in the human heart and streamed with clouds of perfume. An angel that nestled in the bosom and warbled songs of paradise. A sweet draught that sent sparkling happiness through the veins.

She had loved, and found love to be a fire that filled the heart; a flame that devoured the senses; and a hunger that dried up the soul, increasing with each endeavor to satisfy it.

Where flame and fire have been, ashes remain. Where insatiable hunger has dwelled, exhaustion follows.

Still we hold to the memory of early love, destructive as it must be to us, wherever it takes hold of the heart, as to the remains of the brightest portion of life. Life is so commonplace, so earthly that the heavenly emotions must necessarily jar with it. And in the combat of visionary, ideal happiness with practical life, it is easy to say which will conquer. Therefore, love is a happiness which exists to be destroyed, which lives, but to be entombed. Still the anticipation which precedes it, and the memory which follows it, are portions of its happiness. Donna Gloria felt herself drawn towards Don Diego. She would see him again. Hate, revenge, all held their proper sway; she would do their bidding at the proper time, but now they must yield to the desire, unseen by him, to behold her secret lover again. Perhaps she would sit near him, perhaps—but we will not indulge in all the sanguine castles, which the heart, though only illuminated by the memory of former love, can build.

She walked boldly up to the church door, where most of the monks had entered, and, passing in, was encountered by two persons.

"God and the rightful heir," she said, imitating the full voice of Fidaro, so that even the page would have been astonished at hearing his own voice thus re-produced.

"Your name?" inquired, one of the persons, who, also in the attire of monks, seemed to guard the entrance.

"Fidaro, page to the duke di Azambuja."

"The sign," said the other.

Gloria made it, by extending her first and last finger, and raising the arm.

"Pass on."

If there had not been some one pressing on behind Gloria, and drawing off the attention of the doorkeepers, she would surely have been discovered. For, could that ex-

quisitely shaped, plump, white hand, flashing with jewels, belong to the page Fidaro? As it was, none remarked it, and the lady entered the body of the chapel.

A few dim lights beamed through the darkness, and illuminated the interior with the feeblest possible light.

There were altars, saints, old and torn drapery, and crumbling pillars. But nothing else. All was solitary, and quiet. When Gloria's eyes had become more used to the darkness, she saw those that had entered before her, silently proceeding up the middle aisle and disappearing near the high altar. Gloria followed and on nearer approach discerned that a slab of marble, covering the entrance to the vaults, which still exist beneath every old church, had been lifted, and that people as they entered, descended into these dark receptacles of the dead. With a shudder, the lady followed the others, and after descending for some time, found herself, in a vaulted apartment, where the conspirators were assembled. The coffins, that probably for long years had mouldered away beneath these arches, had been removed to another part of the edifice, and except the close smell, and the confined, chilly air, there was nothing that told of the neighborhood of the dead.

Lights had been placed around the walls, and a great number of them illuminated a small platform, upon which sat three persons in the garb of monks. Gloria remained, leaning against a pillar, near the entrance of the vault, until all the conspirators had assembled, which became evident, when the door was closed; a small bell, quieted the whispers, in which those present had conversed.

The three monks upon the platform put back their hoods. The middle one was the Prior di Castro, the two others, the duke di Azambuja, and the Cardinal Georgio.

Gloria slipped along the wall up to the platform, and addressed the duke:

"My lord, I have a letter from the gipsy chief for his highness the Prior, and for Don Diego."

The duke recognised his page Fidaro in the voice and manner, and said:

"Give the Prior's letter to me. My son sits yonder."

Donna Gloria delivered the first letter to the duke, and then turned to where Don Diego sat.

He was completely wrapped up in his disguise.

Stopping up to him, Gloria said:

"A letter from Massor, my lord!" and held it out to him.

As he turned, his cowl was thrown back partially, and Gloria could see his face.—She trembled violently on recognising her lover.

"You tremble, boy?" asked Don Diego in the old musical voice.

"It is the first time that I have attended such an assembly," replied Gloria, in a very low tone.

"Be not frightened; stand behind me until this is over; you are my father's page?"

"I am; my name is Fidaro!"

"Well, Fidaro, when did the gipsy chief give thee this?"

"Day before yesterday; I found him near Coimbra."

"Coimbra?" and Don Diego sighed.

Gloria had placed herself, behind the young nobleman. That sigh! Like the loves from the seafoam, so new hopes and joys appeared from the depth of Donna Gloria's heart at that sigh. Was it breathed to the memory of that early love? Was it a tribute to the recollection of her?

She stood behind Don Diego, and dreamed, and hoped, and hated, and trembled, and gnashed her teeth, as various emotions rolled through her soul. Men spoke, and argued, and proposed, and accepted—she heard nothing saw nothing but the form enveloped in the dark monk's habit, that sat before her. And her dream was suddenly broken in upon, by the conclusion of the meeting, and the departure of those present.

We, however, who are perhaps interested in the events of this meeting, will briefly recapitulate what passed there.

The Prior di Castro was greatly embarrassed. He had promised to exhibit the proofs of his right to the nobles, that had assembled, and but a short time ago dis-

covered that the casket containing those proofs, had been stolen from his private closet. He was, therefore, forced to prevaricate and satisfy the nobles with the word of the duke di Azambuja who had seen those proofs. The nobles were bid, meanwhile to prepare and muster their followers, and gradually draw them to Lisbon.

Don Diego had promised to bring a thousand men, to forward the scheme.

The gipsy chief had promised to bring five hundred stout fellows, well armed, and twenty thousand gold pieces.

The other nobles all named the number of men, and the money they could furnish.

Each hesitated not to make remarks about the reward of their services.

His excellency, the Prior, promised to take their request into consideration.

The duke di Azambuja was to be prime minister; Don Diego to be commander in chief of the army. The gipsy chief had preferred, in his letter, a singular request.

"Religious liberty!" Moors, Roman Catholics, Israelites, all he wished to be put upon an equal level, in a social and legal point of view. The assembly was paralysed with astonishment. The Cardinal was the first to declaim against this. Others followed. The Prior was forced, to rise and promise to accept on those conditions nothing from Massor. Another meeting was to be held a week from that day in the same chapel, and which was to be attended by many of the Cortes.

Then the conspirators adjourned and dispersed. Don Diego arose and said to Gloria:

"Follow me home; I wish to put off this disguise, and then we will proceed upon another errand."

Gloria bowed, and followed Don Diego into the palace di Azambuja.

"Lay aside your cowl, and wait for me below," said Don Diego, entering his apartments.

The embarrassing situation of Donna Gloria increased every moment. The pages and servants, that filled the palace of the proud duke, looked half inquiringly, and half suspiciously at her.

The door of Don Diego's dressing room again opened, and his own servant, or as he now would be styled, *valet de chambre*, came out, and giving a black mask to Gloria, said:

"Go Fidaro; change your dress, and keep this mask in your pouch; then await Don Diego, at the palace gate."

A dark-eyed youth that stood by, laughed and whispered to Gloria, thinking that it was his friend Fidaro:

"What mad adventure took Don Diego, out to night? Has he a desire for the heart of some fair nun, that he assumes a monk's garb?"

"Silence," whispered Gloria; "come with me to my room, and help me take this cowl off, for as you hear, he is going out again, and I must accompany him."

"You speak in such a strange manner to night, Fidaro," observed the youth; "Ho, there! give me a torch," he called to some servants.

"No, no," cried Gloria; "I can change my dress in the dark."

And she drew the youth's arm, through her's. Thus she was led to Fidaro's chamber without discovery. Chance which had favored her thus far, deserted her not now.

The room was dark, very dark.

"Hand me some of my clothes, while I strip this gown off," she said, in a low whisper.

"I will; but when you return, tell me all about the adventure."

Gloria tore off the gown, and hastily stripped herself of dresses and skirts.

"I can not find any thing, without a light, 'tis so very dark here," said the youth.

"Then go and get a light, but quickly," replied Gloria.

The youth left the apartment.

In a moment Gloria had ascertained everything that was in the chamber, by feeling. She ran against an open chest. With a quickness only possessed in such cases, and which at other times it seems as impossible to imitate, as it is for a strong, healthy man to assume the strength and power of delirium or madness, she had drawn from it hose, tunic, and cloak, and slipped into

them. A pair of boots was next looked for they were found together with a hat, on the chair near the bed. A moment more, and the hat was drawn deeply over her face.

The boots also were put on.

Then she heard the steps of the young man bringing the light.

With a spring she reached the place where her dresses had been thrown, seized them, and forced them into the chest, from whence she had taken the hose, tunic and cloak.

The light already shone through the slightly open door, when Gloria shut the lid of the chest. As she tied the strings of her mask, the youth entered with a torch.

"Why Fidaro," he exclaimed, "you have taken Amaso's clothes. What will he say?"

"So I have," cried Gloria. "But it was so dark; and now I have no time to change them."

"Well, he will not perceive it. He will sleep already when you return, and then you can replace them in his box."

"What is that?" continued the youth, picking up a splendid ring, that had dropped from Gloria's hand.

"For God's sake be quiet, I must hurry down to accompany Don Diego. When I come back, I'll tell you."

"Very well, take it"

Donna Gloria not caring to expose her hand said:

"Keep it till I return," and hurried down the long corridor, down the staircases, and with bended head, stopped at the gate, where she was presently joined by Don Diego.

"I need not tell you, that what you see, and wherever you accompany me, must be forgotten by tomorrow's light. My father has told me that you were intelligent and trustworthy; you will find me a good master if you preserve those qualities," and the young noble walked rapidly down the silent and deserted street, closely followed by the disguised Gloria.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOLY INQUISITION.
A crowd of idlers lounged around the gates of a stately palace, not far from the Praca di Parano, in Lisbon. Some were seated upon

the hardened heaps of mud, that arose at intervals in the midst of the street. Others lay upon the ground beneath the shadows of the houses, in the listless attitude of Italian loafers. Some talked and argued. Others stared dreamingly at the blue sky. Some seemed to wait with curiosity for the occurrence of something within the palace, or the issuing of some one from the gates. Others, with indolent indifference, slumbered. In short, idle people had come to see the great Cardinal Savelli, and his renowned secretary Domingo, a Jesuit. Both had but recently arrived from Rome, with a Papal bull, and letters from the Emperor Charles V. The papal bull established the Inquisition in Portugal, and appointed Cardinal Savelli its head, and legate of the Holy See.

His eminence had been summoned to the council. For the matters to be discussed there partook much of the ecclesiastic. People had not yet seen the Cardinal Savelli. It was for this reason, and to receive the blessing of a holy priest just arrived from Rome, (then the prime factory of salvation,) that around his palace had assembled a Lisbon crowd.

That is to say, a crowd enthusiastic and easily excited, but the moment after again relapsing into languid indolence. A crowd alive to all show and splendor, but dead to everything that did not amuse or excite them. The sun shone as a Portuguese sun is wont to shine in summer. The Tagus blazed with the reflection of intense light like white hot brass. The sky hung like a shady blue dome, far above the city.

The gates of the palace were thrown open. From the ample entry rode three Jesuit priests, on sleek well fed mules. Then followed six servants in black, riding in couples.

Their countenances looked severe from under the broad black band of their caps. Next, two noblemen, whom the king had sent to meet and attend the Cardinal. Then followed his Eminence.

Cardinal Savelli was a strong, tall man, with a broad but rather low brow, bulging out at the temples. Piercing gray eyes, that could soften so as to look tenderly beautiful,

flashed from beneath the thick, well arched eyebrows. His mouth was handsome, but with a very sensual expression about the thick muscles around it, and on the full, proud chin.

He was dressed in a long scarlet robe, confined by a broad scarf of the same color, around the lower part of his chest. A cross of gold hung by a broad ribbon on his breast. His head was covered with a small scull-cap, around the edge of which, the black hair curled.

Behind him, rode Father Domingo, the Jesuit, upon a stout, rough black horse. He was attired in dead black, and carried a large cross of gold in his right hand. This man was of herculean frame; his face seemed originally to have possessed a noble and handsome aspect. Nay, the features were still handsome and noble, but a curious expression of ferocity and cunning seemed, as it were, forced upon them.

Then a considerable train followed the Cardinal.

The crowd was now all alive with curious eyes and gaping mouths. It is true, there was nothing peculiarly attractive for them; in the appearance or retinue of the Cardinal. But the fame of his sanctity, the knowledge that he was to organise the Inquisition, and the honor with which the king received him, combined to give him a high position in the eyes of Lisbon. Above all, there was something new about him and his ways, which attracted the people.

Every knee was bent as his Eminence rode past. He replied to these salutations by spreading out his right hand and several times pronouncing the blessing:

"Benedicite, mei filii!"

Arrived at the royal palace, the Cardinal dismounted. A royal official held his stirrup, and another received his bridle. Father Domingo, also dismounting, held the golden cross he bore, behind the Cardinal's head, taking care to keep equal steps with him. A brilliant throng of nobles and household officers awaited him at the gates, while the soldiers of the body guard, were ranged in glittering lines to receive the Cardinal. He, again, blessed all, with proud humility bend-

ing his head, ascended the staircase with stately step.

The council were assembled. Their Eminences, the Cardinals Savelli and Georgio, sat to the right and left of the king. Above the head of Savelli, the Jesuit held the golden cross.

Another priest performed the same office for Georgio. From the back of Juan's throne, and above his head, glittered a crown.

"We are now assembled in council," said Don Antonio to those present, "for the purpose of investigating the act of attaching certain scrolls, with sacrilegious writing to the door of the churches of this city; also to reconsider the mode of action in regard to discovering the murderers of the priest Firma Fida. Then lastly to invest his Eminence, the Cardinal Savelli, with full powers to organise the Inquisition."

"My authority is derived from his holiness. I bear a papal bull!" cried Savelli, in a deep proud voice.

The minister bowed.

"We will invest your Eminence with power to judge and execute in the kingdom of Portugal." The king nodded approvingly. He was jealous of his royal privileges, however much devoted to the church.

"In regard to the sacrilegious writing, an event has occurred, which will happily end all inquiries. The perpetrator of the crime, — probably tormented by conscience — has delivered himself up to justice." There was a movement of surprise among all but the king, whose eyes merely gleamed with a joyous flash.

"I considered it best to place him before the council," said Don Antonio; "doth your majesty desire to interrogate him?"

"No, do you inquire of him concerning the deed; let him be brought in quickly," said Juan.

Don Antonio gave a sign.

There was a bustle and movement without, and Don Hernando da Costa, surrounded by guards, was brought into the apartment.

"This youth!" exclaimed the king; "impossible!"

"So it might well seem to your majesty. For favors have been heaped upon him, and upon his family. Yet he confesses himself the perpetrator of this crime," said Don Antonio.

The duke di Azambuja murmured: "His father was a baptized Jew, and the children are unbelievers. But give me rather ten thousand heretics than one Inquisitor General," and he threw a look of hate upon the proud Savelli.

"So think I, my lord," said the count di Almareda, who leaned upon the back of the duke's chair.

"So think all good men," rejoined the duke. "Still, there is but one way to avoid this, and that must soon be tried!"

"I know, what you mean! God and the rightful heir."

"Silence!"

The prisoner looked up. Every eye was bent upon him. His own cheeks again were covered with a bright flush; and his eyes flashed with excitement, when he perceived the presence he stood in. Juan threw a glance, in which surprise and anger were mixed, upon the young man.

Hernando's cheeks were hollow; his eyes had sunk far down beneath his forehead, and gleamed like wild *ignis fatuus* from the depth of a marsh. His hair hanging smoothly down, made only the more evident by its black color, the mottled, ghastly pale complexion, which now disfigured the young man.

His right hand was torn and covered with clotted blood. For in the wildness of his remorse, he had dashed the hand which had committed fratricide, against walls and corners, until the flesh was severely lacerated. The young man had suffered terrible torments. He writhed under the punishments of the damned. He felt the fate of the accursed.

Let theologians believe and teach, that heaven is ever so far above, and hell ever so far beneath us, the experience of life will show, that there is a heaven and a hell within the bosom of man. These are, as it were, looked and guarded by a good and an evil spirit. Do we resign ourselves to the in-

fluence of the evil spirit, we imagine still that we preserve dominion over him. We think him our slave, to be used and put away as we choose. But the evil spirit may then be compared to the witches of German fairy tales. When the slightest part of any one's body, as a lock of hair, or a scraping of the nail had been given up to them, they had power to ride the man each night through storms and seas and deserts. In this way they inflicted torments on the sufferers, until they had broken their strength, health, beauty, mental faculties and religion. At last the unhappy victim was released, either by death or by a resignation of his soul to the witch. And so when we have given up to the spirit of evil the least part of our actions, passions or feelings, he has power over us, and rides the soul and body either to death or perdition.

Hernando had resigned his passions for once to evil influence, attired, as it was, in the rosy fires of love. And, since then, day and night, the evil spirit sat on his heart, and spurred it through the bitter storm of helpless remorse, the deep sea of irreparable guilt, and the barren desert of hopeless despair. This had broken his strength, beauty and faculties of mind. This had spurred him — not to perdition — but perhaps to death!

"Do you confess having written this scroll, and affixed it to the Cathedral door?" inquired the minister.

"I do!" replied Hernando, in a firm voice, looking boldly up.

A start of surprise shook the company at this bold manner, in a criminal, whose condemnation was certain.

"Give us the reasons of this strangely sacrilegious act!"

Hernando was silent for a moment. Then looking full at the king said:

"What I believe to be true, I openly affirmed. When you demanded the criminal I delivered myself up. I am an Israelite, a believer in the God of Heaven and Earth, and as a slight atonement to my God for having so long bowed before the idols in your churches, I am ready to die. Kill me ten thousand times, if you can, but know,

that your creed is false, and the religion of Israel is true! Know that only tyrants compel their subjects to adore the same darkness to which they prostrate themselves! Know that you are blind slaves to the tricks of cheating priests, and —"

"Blasphemy!" cried both cardinals, rising in great wrath.

"Choke that blaspheming dog with a flaming firebrand!" added Savelli, almost springing on Hernando.

The Jesuit that stood behind the cardinal did not move. Great drops of sweat rolled from his face and hands, and his eyes were cast down.

Hernando relapsed into listless silence.

The noblemen looked at each other in blank amazement. The count di Almaveda sat with calm face, but with hands so convulsively closed that the nails entered into the flesh.

The king bit his lip with but ill-suppressed wrath. He felt, as if he should like to spring at the young man, and tear him to pieces. Don Antonio was the most composed of those present. For even the guards shot looks of anger at the unfortunate Hernando.

A moment this silence lasted.

Then the Cardinal Savelli turned to the king.

"Sire," he said, still flushed with wrath, "if such men exist in Portugal, the Inquisition is indeed the only measure, which can avoid the fall of the church and throne. The cursed heretics of Germany and Switzerland, are saints compared with this youth. The church is poor in tortures to punish sins like his. Nevertheless, we shall do our duty. The justice of the king must deliver him into the hands of the Inquisition for, against the church he has sinned most. This afternoon, I shall, with the permission of your gracious majesty, organize a tribunal. Tomorrow, this heretic shall be submitted to the question."

"The question?" inquired the king. "Is that necessary?"

"Assuredly Sire!" replied the cardinal.

"He doubtless has accomplices."

"If you think so, Cardinal, submit him to the question!"

A cold thrill shot through the assembly, at these words. The king's permission had been granted to employ the question, properly called, the torture. Hernando was led out scarcely conscious of what had been spoken. Torture or no torture—the greatest torture was within his bosom, and no rack could tear his limbs more than remorse had torn his soul.

"I place the castle at your disposal, Cardinal," said the king.

"It is not necessary, sire," replied Savelli. "I have already chosen the Convent of Santa Cruz to be occupied in the service of the holy Inquisition, until a proper palace can be erected. The convent has strong prisons, and deep vaults."

"Do as you please."

"Thanks to your majesty, the true cross will reign undefiled in Portugal. A solemn service, and mass shall be held this evening, at the royal chapel to celebrate the establishment of the holy tribunal in this land."

"But sire," the duke di Azambuja ventured to say, "will the nobles and Cortes accede to this?"

"Need I ought of their consent in the establishment of this institution, my Lord of Azambuja?" inquired the king, angrily.

The council was over. The cardinals blessed the king. His Eminence, Cardinal Georgio departed, not quite satisfied with the mode of proceedings, for he was thrown entirely in the shade by his brotherly colleague. Yet Savelli bore a papal bull, letters from the emperor, and was charged by his holiness to establish the Inquisition, while Georgio had no such charge.

Savelli remained to give orders in regard to Hernando's prison. He gave lengthy instructions to the officer, who was to take him to the convent of Santa Cruz, and guard him there. He spent some time in advising the Dominican monks, who would visit the prisoner, and exhort him to confess his accomplices. And, lastly, he ordered the royal headman to be summoned. With this official the Cardinal had a long conference. The executioner gave an inventory of all the racks and instruments of torture on hand. Savelli selected such as suited his purpose,

and ordered him to have them removed from the torture chamber in the castle, to the great audience hall of the convent, and there kept in readiness. Finally, the executioner was bid to attend in his official garb, next morning, at the convent.

The reader will have seen, that Savelli was determined to introduce the Inquisition in style, as the present day would call it—Don Antonio had given him an order placing at his disposition everything he might require, for the execution of his project. Hernando was conducted to prison.

We look into a small dark vault. The arches that formed the ceiling seemed ready to break down with their own heavy weight. From the keystones upon the walls and the ceiling, grinned faces, that seemed to wear a demoniac smile, as the light of the single torch, which illumined the vault, rose and fell. The shadows slept thick in the corners. The floor was composed of large solid blocks of stone. A table, hewed from the same material, stood in the midst of the vault. Upon an iron spike, that projected from the stony slab of the table, stuck a smoky torch, that cast a flickering light upon the scene.

Near the ceiling was a round aperture through the thick walls. The diameter of this air hole might have been about seven inches. But its dimensions were still diminished by a strong iron bar that divided the air hole into halves. The external mouth of this hole opened upon the pavement of a chapel, which, again, by open windows, communicated with the court yard of the convent of Santa Cruz. The vaults, used sometimes for penitential exercises and punishments of transgressing monks, had been appropriated by Cardinal Savelli; they were now prisons of the Inquisition. In the vault above described, Hernando was placed. The smoky light leaped over his form, as he lay stretched upon the straw that had been heaped up in one corner. All was silent, very silent.

What different kinds of silence exist!—There is the sweet quiet of the summer noon, under green leaves, and a dreamy sky, with flowers and bees, and velvety grass around you, all quiet, sweetly quiet.—

Then there is the solemn quiet of the pale moon and the star-lit sky. There is the breezy quiet of the early morn, so fresh and rosy. There is the dreadful quiet of the storm, to be followed by bellowing thunders. We have also the quiet of the rich library; the quiet of the lofty hall, and the silence of the prison. How close, confined, dreadfully quiet the latter is, only those can conjecture, who have seen one of those ancient ruins designed for prisons, by former generations. In early college days, I was once, for lessons neglected, confined in the career* of the college. After carving my name upon the walls, that were covered over and over with names and initials, I felt so lonely. This loneliness was soon succeeded by a wild anger, and irritation at the confinement. I tore my hands in vain endeavors to pull away the gratings of the windows and the locks of the door. Again, exhausted by these efforts, I lay down to suffer, for the remainder of the time, all the dreadful prison quiet, which almost maddens the mind. I afterwards took good care not to enter the career again.

Hernando now suffered all the influence of this silence. It poured the sound of his brother's voice into his ears. It roused the dreadful scene of his crime from the bed of memory. It stirred anew the mighty remorse that crushed his heart. He could endure it no longer. Wildly the young man sprang up. Was it a dream? The face of his brother seemed to look at him from the opposite corner. He threw himself upon it, and fell against the rough walls. It was but a creation of his fancy. He rose again and see! upon the wall flashed the flickering light, and high on one of the arches, Hernando saw himself dashing Enrique down! Down he seemed to come, down along the walls; the floor opened; still Enrique was falling, falling far, far down.

With a cry of anguish, Hernando sank upon the table. He was again startled by something heavy, that fell upon his forehead.

When one is writhing under some dreadful dream, or oppressed by harrassing fan-

*A cell used for the purpose of punishing idleness and bad conduct.

cies, the lightest touch, or the least noise will often instantly dispel the creations of imagination, and restore man to a proper perception of surrounding circumstances. It was so in this case. All the wild fancies that overshadowed Hernando's brain vanished, at the slight touch of a heavy body, and the sound of its falling upon the floor. He started up. Taking the torch from the table, he turned its light upon the floor, and picked up the object which had fallen.

It was a piece of lead, with a paper tied around it. Evidently some one had thrown it through the narrow airhole into the cell. Hernando unrolled the paper, and found written thereon the words:

"Be very careful. Watchful eyes are constantly observing you through crevices, and apertures. Every word and look will be brought up against you, at your trial. Be ready this n'ght to receive a friend."

Who had written this? to whom could he attribute, friendship enough to hazard a visit, in his present circumstances. He threw himself upon his bed of straw and buried in sleep the pains of his heart, and the reflections of his mind.

Three hours passed. The door of the vault opened and a man of high bearing, in the attire of the monks of Santa Cruz, entered.

He slowly crept up to the straw bed, and laid his cold hand upon the young man's brow. Hernando awoke with a start.

"Softly," whispered the stranger, "we must converse in darkness." And he extinguished the torch.

CHAPTER XV.

DON DIEGO'S ADVENTURE.

Don Diego went down the street, and then abruptly turning, entered a small, narrow alley, which conducted him to the suburbs of the city. Lisbon is built along the river Tagus, and though broad in some parts, at others shrinks to very narrow dimensions. It was at one of those points where the city could be crossed in fifteen minutes, that Don Diego entered the alley which took him to the suburbs.

Donna Gloria, in the guise of Fidaro, closely followed him.

He stopped before an old and rambling mansion, which stood upon the slope of the Western hill. The moon shone fully upon it, lighting up the dark walls, and verdant gardens. The streets were deserted. Silence, only interrupted by the lazy chirping of a few birds, and the distant murmurs of the Tagus, hung over the city. Now and then, the cheering bark of a dog broke on the quiet of night.

Don Diego unlatched a gate, which opened upon a broad gravel walk, leading to the front entrance of the mansion, and entered, followed by Gloria. They did not proceed up the walk, but turned into a small path, that skirted the walls and led to the rear of the house.

"Stay here, Fidaro," said Don Diego, "and if you see any one approaching, or any signs of awaking within the house, give me notice by whistling."

Gloria placed herself beneath a tree, while Don Diego, with the aid of certain projections, and sculptured ornaments climbed upon a kind of terrace which jutted out from the verandah. I have already remarked, that the old houses of Lisbon were then built so that the upper stories projected, to some distance, beyond the lower and over the roof of the verandah. That window which was above the point where Don Diego stood, emitted a feeble gleam of light. It was adorned on the outside by a small shelf laden with flowerpots, and vases full of creepers whose luxuriant branches, hung around the window panes. A silken cord was attached to a large rose bush upon the shelf, and hung down to the terrace. Don Diego seized the cord, and pulling it several times, caused the roses to beat against the window above.

The window was opened hastily, and the head of a lady became visible from between the flowers and leaves. She looked beautiful, as she bent down and exclaimed:

"You have come, dearest!"

"I have, Miranda. Throw the ladder!" replied Don Diego.

The lady disappeared for a few moments and, returning to the window, threw a ladder constructed of silken cords, to the young noble.

He grasped it, and rapidly ascended to the window, where his neck was immediately looked in the white arms of the lady. Don Diego entered the room, without further accident, than the precipitation of a flower-pot, which was dashed into fragments at the feet of Gloria.

"So the hopes I formed this evening are broken to pieces," sighed Gloria and sank to the ground. The refreshing breath of the night breeze revived her; slowly she rose, and walked around to the side of the house where some steps led to the terrace. She ascended them and returned to the rear of the house. Grasping the rope ladder she fastened the lower end to the ground, to steady it. Then ascending with difficulty, she looked through the open window upon the couple. They were reclining upon a small divan, their faces turned from the window. This gave Gloria a chance to observe them, without exposing herself to discovery.

The lady might have entered her eighteenth year. Her complexion was soft and transparent. Her eyes bright and brown; her hair dark, and of the same color with the eyes. It hung down her neck contrasting with its whiteness, and shone with an auburn golden sheen where the light struck it. Her features were small and an embodiment of voluptuous beauty.

She rested upon her lover's bosom; his head, all tossing with dark curls, was bowed over her, and his lips kissed with eager pleasure her mouth, eyes and forehead.

They conversed in that soft, low and sweet tone which is so peculiarly adopted to the dear nothings which lovers say to each other. There is a vital point in human feeling, as well as in the human body. This vital point in the body if struck extinguishes life at once. If this vital point of any feeling or passion is touched, that feeling or passion ceases to exist any longer. Gloria still continued to nourish a faint but lasting spark of love for Don Diego, in her bosom. But now, the vital point of that passion was pierced—her love ceased to exist. Calmly, quietly, she descended and walking around the house she was about to go out into the street, when she perceived

an old man, at a window, calmly looking out upon the sky.

She imagined immediately that this must be the father of the young lady, and, prompted by hate, stopped, and called to him.

"What do you do at this time in my garden, and what do you wish," inquired the old gentleman, startled and surprised.

"There is a young noble in your daughter's chamber, making love to her, Sir Nuna di Perez," cried Gloria in reply. The old man often attended her balls, and she knew him well.

"You lie, caitiff!" was the angry reply.

"Ascertain the truth, by entering your daughter's room!"

"It is false!"

"Act as seems best to you!" said Gloria.

We may disbelieve a thing, still we prefer to be certain about it, and assure ourselves either of its truth or falsehood.

It was so with the Sir of Perez. He rose and quickly proceeded to his daughter's room. Gloria as quickly returned to the window by the rope ladder.

Sir Nuna di Perez had surprised the lovers. Miranda lay weeping on the floor, thrown there by the indignant father, and Don Diego stood near the window defending himself against the furious attacks of the old man.

Gloria beheld all this from the window. She hastily entered and threw herself between Diego and Sir Nuna; not urged by love, but the fear that Don Diego might be snatched from her own revenging arm.

"Out of my way page or I will run you through," cried the old man, holding his glittering sword at Gloria's breast, who was unarmed.

Donna Gloria was undecided, and the angry father already aimed his stab at her, when Miranda rose and held her parent's arm.

All this passed in a moment. Don Diego mounted the window and would have escaped, had not Sir Nuna torn himself from his daughter's grasp, and thrown upon Don Diego.

Again, Miranda fell upon his arm as he raised his sword.

"Silence," she said in a calm, sang froid tone. "What excites you thus, father?"

Nuna, still holding to Don Diego with one hand, dropped the other, in astonishment at his daughter's calm impudent tone. He was about to utter a terrible curse upon her, when she calmly, and rapidly continued:

"Are you astonished that I have a lover? What maiden in all Spain has not a gallant? And why do you enter my chamber at midnight, and conduct yourself so noisily? You probably wish to arouse the servants that my fault may be trumpeted through the city. Is this proper and wise? Better for you to have retired at once, and thought of a son-in-law to cover my fault. For Don Diego is as good as married to another, and I must be a wife very soon, or bury the effects of my fault in the Tagus."

All this was said so calmly, in a voice of reasoning and argument, that the spectators, except Don Diego, who knew his paramour well, were transfixed with astonishment.

"What do you say?" inquired Sir Nuna, trembling.

"I say to you, let these young men retire, and remain here, to consult with me on the necessary steps to be taken now."

Great drops of sweat rolled from the brow of the old noble, as he realized the situation of his daughter.

"Go," said he to Diego, "go!"

"Good night, my dear, dear Diego!" said Miranda to her lover, embracing him once more.

Nuna fell upon the divan, helpless and weak as a child.

Diego descended the rope ladder, followed by Gloria. They walked away, neither speaking, Don Diego buried in reflections, and Gloria waiting for a chance to escape, and return to her home in the pavilion.

Ere we accompany them, let us return to Don Nuna di Perez and his daughter.

Donna Miranda took a seat at the side of her father upon the divan. She was as calm and beautiful as ever. The events of the night had not paled her cheek, nor dimmed the soft luster of her velvety, brown eye.

Her father, on the contrary, had suffered unsufferable agony. He was of one of the oldest and proudest houses in Portugal. His

family, his station, the history of his house, were the darlings of his heart. To be an ornament to that family, to adorn that station, and worthily to continue that history, were the aims of his life. His daughter was his only child. She was once destined to bear the honors of his house, perhaps, by a noble alliance, to add new titles and wealth to it. So many proud hopes had the sanguine father founded upon Miranda, when he saw her grow up in beauty, and endowed with a more than ordinary share of wisdom. He had given her an education extraordinary even for a princess, at that time. After acquiring all the accomplishments usual to ladies of Portugal, she was sent in the train of the present queen dowager to the lively and brilliant court of Spain. Miranda had also visited the voluptuous and vicious court of Francis I, and finally returned to Portugal—a lady of the court, with beauty, accomplishments and worldly wisdom—but without the least particle of virtue, piety, and nobleness.

Don Nuna was dizzy with looking at his misfortune. He could not believe it, that the fair creature now sitting at his side, and smiling so calmly, had dishonoured his house, and was in fact a thing the world scorns and scoffs at.

When he had partially recovered, Don Nuna inquired in a broken voice:

"But, Donna, if no husband will be found to cover your shame?"

"Then a convent will! The family of Perez shall not be dishonored by me! I am too proud of my name to make it a scoff and by word to the rabble!" replied Miranda, taking up a magnificent fan of ostrich feathers.

"But whom do you propose to marry?" inquired again the old noble.

"Why," replied the lady, "there is my cousin."

"The governor of the East India stations?"

"Correct! he is expected to return to-morrow."

"Will he marry you?"

"Do you doubt it?" and the lady threw a look into a splendid mirror at the foot of her bed.

"Miranda, Miranda! I can not believe that all this is true. It seems to me like a hideous illusion, a terrible nightmare. It can not be so!"

"But Don Nuna, I assure you that nothing can be more true, than that I have a lover, whose embraces have unfortunately made me a mother. This unfortunate circumstance forces me either to marry soon, or to enter a convent. I have decided for the first," and Miranda arranged her snowy robe in graceful folds.

The old man was again composed.

"I will aid you in your purpose, for the sake of the name you bear. But remember," he added fiercely, "if you are not married, or a nun ere the consequences of your fault appear, I will redeem the honor of our house, though it should cost the life of my—" he hesitated,—"of you, lady!"

Don Nuna made a grave bow, and left the apartment.

"After all not so bad!" murmured Miranda, "I shall marry my cousin, and continue to keep my lovers. How disagreeable that my father should disturb us! He might have retired discreetly, when he saw Don Diego. But these Portuguese have such exalted notions of morality. So much behind the times."

A half an hour afterwards the noble lady had retired to her couch to sleep sweetly, and dream of past and future pleasures.

Her father returned to his apartment and sat down, with his brain frozen to ice, his heart heavy as lead, his blood turned to water, and his muscles rigid. There he sat throughout the long dreary night, motionless. The morning mounted the skies, and the golden beams of the sun fell upon the old man. Oh! how sadly had the events of one night changed him! His proud head was bowed, his florid face pale as ashes; his dark and lively eyes, sunken and surrounded by tinges of rusty red; his dignified mien had given away to a desponding, heartbroken look of despair.

Don Diego walked rapidly through the streets, lost in thought. He had reached the palace di Azambuja before he remarked that he was alone.

"The page may have gone somewhere," he mused, and dismissing the circumstance from his mind, entered the palace, and sought his bed.

Don Diego had loved too much, and too easily to grieve deeply about the discovery of his amour with Miranda. Especially since he saw how calmly the young lady bore it.

Donna Gloria had separated from Diego a few steps from the palace di Azambuja, and retreating into a doorway, waited until the young noble had disappeared beneath the stately doorway. Then she continued to walk along the street, unconscious of where it led to. For Gloria was so ignorant of the streets of Lisbon, that it was impossible for her to return to the palace without a guide. But where could a guide be found? Gloria was perplexed. She looked up and down. All empty, not a being to be seen upon the streets.

She bethought herself of the river, which passed by the palace. So she turned down the street and descended the declivity, until she arrived at the water. Along the river were at that time some of the vilest, lowest inns, where sailors and negroes rioted in dirt and filthy wine. From the windows and doors of these inns, light shone out upon the street. Noise and sounds of quarrelling resounded through the night. Men drunk lay sleeping in the soft mud. Others growled and cursed, as they tottered around. Anon angry voices were loud in altercation, and the crash of falling tables and chairs, bespoke scenes of violence. Gloria, the highborn lady, who was used to silk, and gems, and gilding and marble, to scenes of beauty and words of wit and elegance, was thus suddenly thrown into the vilest part of a great city. Some drunken sailors had perceived her and staggered towards the trembling lady.

"Well youngster," cried one, "do you not long for the merry life of a sailor?"

"He says he wants to serve under me," growled a boatswain, taking hold of Gloria's arm.

"Let me proceed on my way," begged the lady, earnestly shaking off the boatswain's grasp.

"What a tender voice," laughed another

sailor; "take off your mask, my merry boy," and he endeavored to tear it from the lady's face.

Wild with fear Gloria tore away, leaving the mask in his hands. Away she ran, down the street with the rapidity of the frightened hare. Behind her sounded the shouts of the sailors. She saw nothing, heard nothing, but ran on with all her strength; suddenly she ran against some one, and with such suddenness and force that the shock threw her upon the ground. There she lay gasping for breath.

The man she had run against, kindly bent over her and inquired:

"Are you hurt boy?"

"No," replied Gloria.

The man assisted her to rise, and then turning the light of the dark lantern he carried, full upon her face exclaimed:

"The Countess di Vega!"

The light had also fallen upon his features, and Donna Gloria in her turn recognised, Pater Marcus.

"Conduct me home, father, if you please," said Gloria and took the Pater's hand.

Father Marcus conducted her to the summer pavilion in silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOY IN THE DUNGEON.

"Who are you?" inquired Hernando, sitting up, upon the heap of straw serving him for a bed.

"A friend, young man; but let us converse in whispers. Although the guards, and monks are secured by a sleeping draught, one can not be too cautious, in circumstances like these."

"It is well enough for you to call yourself a friend. But what assures me that you are not one of the spies of the Inquisition?"

"Was it not I myself, who drew your attention to these spies in my letter?" inquired the stranger.

"Then the whole may be a plan to decoy me into your traps. If I should trust you let me see you, and know who you are?"

"Young man, I fear that you are over cautious. In the dungeons of the Inquisition, under a charge well established and

proved, with the doom of a terrible death hanging over you, you speak as if you had your choice of friends, and means to escape." The visitor said this in a strongly reproving voice, as if displeased with Hernando.

"One can not be over cautious in these circumstances," you said a few moments ago. However should I trust you, let me see your face."

"There will be no danger I hope, in this light," replied the stranger. "I will grant what you ask." He fumbled in his pockets for means to strike a light.

When the conversation thus ceased for a few moments, the quiet and darkness again brought on a fit of Hernando's madness. The visitor, while opening the side of a dark lantern, he had brought along, was suddenly startled, by hearing a moan from Hernando's bed. This was quickly followed by mad cries: "Hold him, hold him!" "Come up again, come up again, dear brother! Do not fall Enrique! Enrique! Enrique!"

Thus moaned and cried Hernando. The stranger hastily struck fire, and, lighting his dark lantern, turned its focus upon the bed. Hernando, stood there grasping the shadows with his hands, while the long hair gave him a terrible appearance as it stood upon his sweating brow. The stranger stepped up to him and grasped his wrist:

"If this occurs again, I shall leave you to your fate! What strange madness has possessed you?" he whispered angrily. Hernando became again calm.

The stranger threw back his hood. It was Father Domingo, the secretary of his Eminence the Cardinal Savelli.

"And you have come to save me?" inquired Hernando scornfully.

"Even I. What else brings me here to night?"

"It is as I thought. Oh, I know of Jesuit wiles! they ruined our brothers in Spain."

"Can anything criminate you more yet? Are you not doomed to death and torture? Have you not confessed your crime? What, then, do you suspect me of, in coming here?"

Hernando was silent.

"Hasten, young man, I will liberate you. Follow me ere the time, when escape is yet possible, has passed. Come!"

"Stay priest. I will not follow you. I have committed a hideous crime, and must suffer the punishment. I will submit to be tortured and burned."

"What," cried the priest, turning around, "can Hernando da Costa as an Israelite believe that the writing of those scrolls is a crime?"

"These expressions,—your behavior,—your professed intentions,—all are so at variance with your character, priest, that I can scarcely believe my senses. Are you the secretary of the Cardinal, and intend to aid my escape?"

"Your senses inform you rightly. I am the secretary—I will aid your escape. Accept my help without reflecting on my reasons for so acting. Quickly!"

"No priest. I am dying of remorse. Not for the act of writing the scrolls, as you seem to think, but for the deadliest, blackest crime, that ever soiled the soul of man. Away priest! Hernando suffers justly; thanks for your kindness. Leave me now to my fate."

"You are mad," cried the secretary. "You not only condemn yourself, to the stake, but also your innocent brother!"

"My brother!"

"Yes, your brother! who is imprisoned in the next vault. And do you know for what? For his connection with you! For—"

Hernando had leaped up, and with features in which despair struggled with wild flashes of joyous expectation, seized the Jesuit by his coat, with both hands, and interrupted him, uttering quickly and hoarsely:

"My brother Enrique in prison here! Do you play with my heart, man!"

"It is a sad truth, that your brother has been imprisoned, on suspicion of being your accomplice."

"For God's sake, for the sake of all that is holy and dear, tell me," cried Hernando throwing himself at the Jesuit's feet, "tell me that Enrique is alive!"

"Surely he is alive, but in prison!" re-

plied Father Domingo, in a tone of irritated astonishment.

"Then he lives, and is near us!"

"We have no time, to waste in this idle bandinage of useless words. Why should your brother not live? Be like a man and follow me!"

"It is false; it can not be true! Enrique is dead! You deceive me, priest; I will not follow you!" Yet Hernando said this, in a voice showing that he expected, hoped, and wished to be contradicted.

"Obstinate youth! follow me, and in a moment you will be in the next vault. There you can see, hear and speak to your brother. For I see, nothing else will convince you that he is alive, although I see not the slightest reason why he should be dead."

Taking up his lantern, father Domingo left the vault, followed by Hernando. The young man scarcely breathed, so intense were the doubts, hopes and fears that agitated his bosom.

They proceeded about twenty paces along a low vaulted passage, and stopped before a door of iron, like that of the cell, which they had just left. The priest unlocked it.

Disturbed by the noise, the prisoner leaped up and cried:

"Who are ye? what do you want?"

Hernando gave a cry, a moan of joy, and the priest, turning the beams of the dark lantern into the vault, illuminated the form of Enrique!

He stood erect, pale, but beautiful as ever, his hair, floating unarranged over his shoulders. Hernando gave a sigh of joy, of intense relief. Things swam before his eyes, dizziness overcame him, and he sunk fainting at the feet of Father Domingo.

When a dropsical man has been tapped the water accumulated in his body, discharged, the sudden relief from the pain and uneasiness which it occasions him, produces fainting. The change is too quick. Physicians are, therefore, careful to evacuate the water in such cases, gradually.

When too quick a change from joy to grief, or from sorrow to gladness is felt in the heart, the same effect is produced.

The priest bent down and raised Hernan-

do's head. The fainting was but momentary; almost immediately Hernando recovered again. Rising, he threw himself at the feet of the trembling Enrique.

Let the reader portray to himself, the dark vault, the stream of dim light from the lantern, the figure of the priest, large and gloomy, standing at the door. In the low, heavy vault, the fair, beautiful Enrique, and at his feet, sobbing with joy, Hernando.

"Forgive me, my brother, forgive! I have suffered awfully. I have been punished terribly! forgive me, my brother!"

Enrique slowly bent over his brother, and kissed his forehead.

"Brother, I forgive you! Come to my bosom, Hernando!"

The two brothers embraced.

"I do not understand this. I will ask an explanation at some future time. Now we must hasten not to lose all chance of escape. Follow me!" said the priest. The two brothers arm in arm followed his steps. He led them to one end of the passage, and there touching a spring, turned a large stone aside from its position. Through the dark opening, the Jesuit followed by the brothers crept, and stood in a damp, low, apartment of circular form. Around the walls were small niches, with heavy pillars between them. In each of the niches, was the figure of a coffin in raised stones.

"Formerly, nuns occupied this convent. In these niches, those who broke the vows of celibacy were immured. They died of hunger and want of air," said their guide to the brothers. Both shuddered.

"How terrible is the vengeance of the Church," whispered Enrique. Meanwhile the Jesuit proceeded to one of the niches, and opened a small door that seemed to lead into one of the pillars. The pillar was hollow and contained the landing place of a flight of steps. They closed the door again, and ascended the steps.

"Now hasten," said Domingo, still walking quickly in advance.

The brothers kept behind him. They ascended gradually, by a long and narrow passage. The floor was streaming with water. The roof was loose and crumbling. At last

another door admitted them to the chapel of the royal palace. They entered it.

"You will find gowns and cowls, in the sacristy," said the priest. "Attire yourselves as monks, that we may pass unchallenged any prying guards."

The brothers did so. Hernando supremely happy in being free from guilt and deadly sin, Enrique overjoyed also in having found again the brother of former years.

When they had assumed the cowls, the priest extinguished his dark lantern, and unbarring a side door of the chapel, went out, accompanied by the two brothers. The precincts of the palace were very dark, but many bright stars smiled from the blue sky. The bells of the city called two o'clock in their musical voices.

The Jesuit led them through the gardens, and out into the streets. He took such precautions in choosing ways, that no one observed the fugitives. They arrived, after a small walk, at an obscure house, standing in the bottom of a court. The priest knocked. The door was immediately opened by a servant. They entered the house. The rooms were furnished with a degree of comfort and wealth, which the exterior gave no evidence of. The Jesuit requested the brothers to be seated, and sounded a rattle. In a few minutes a collation was served up.

"Eat, eat," said the priest, "it is pure and prepared according to the laws of Judah."

The brothers looked at each other in astonishment. However they were hungry, and, therefore, paused not, but fully enjoyed the good cheer. A beautiful girl entered and brought the wine.

"Retire, my daughter," said the priest, "I thought you were long since at rest."

"I waited for you, dear father," replied the girl, modestly casting down her eyes and retiring.

The brothers were evidently destined to constant astonishment during that night.

"Father!" "Daughter!" Was the priest the maiden's parent, or only her spiritual father?

After they had eaten, the Jesuit sat down, and addressed them.

"My work, this night," he said, "is not ended by liberating you, and placing you in safety. I have another task. I must inform you of a mission, which the Hebrews of Lisbon intrust to you. They have determined to send you to Rome."

"To Rome!" cried both.

"And for what purpose?" added Hernando.

"To request the Pope's absolution for all past sins of the New Christians. Unless you succeed in obtaining this, the Inquisition will destroy them, root and branch. This is absolutely necessary, if the Israelites should continue to reside in Portugal."

"But how do we know that all this is so; excuse me, but that you, the secretary of the grand Inquisitor, should act thus, on the part of the Israelites seems—"

"Seems to you suspicious? You are right. But here is an order from Don Lionel Djan commanding you to believe me, and obey my orders," and he handed a paper to the brothers, who looked upon it, and then kissed the signature.

"You see that I am empowered by your friends and co-religionists to act as I do. Besides there is no more safety at present for you in Portugal. Your wild conduct and acts, Hernando, have been instrumental in establishing the Inquisition!" The young man hung his head.

"It is but proper," continued the priest, "that you should try to prevent its evil effects now. The Inquisition is like a tiger, when it has once lapped blood, its ferocity awakens, and there is no satisfying the stake and torture. You will go to Rome, and demand an audience of the Pope. There you will confess the backsliding of the New Christians, and pray for absolution. I have no doubt that it will be granted to you. Here are further instructions," and he gave a parcel of papers, to Hernando, "and here are letters and recommendations to influential Israelites, and to two Cardinals."

He gave Hernando some letters and parcels, tied with a silver cord, and sealed with white wax.

Then stepping to a closet, he unlocked it and took a full leather bag therefrom.

"Here," he said, "is money to defray your expenses. And now, having instructed you regarding your mission, let us mount."

"But where are horses?" inquired Enrique.

"Come!"

They followed the priest into a stable at the opening of the court, at the bottom of which, the house stood. Three fine horses were there. They mounted and rode toward Belem. Not far beyond the village they stopped. A boat awaited them in the midst of the river. At a sign from the priest it came on shore and received the brothers.

"This boat will take you on board of a ship, which will not start away before tomorrow. To night, I will visit you on board the ship and convey to you letters from the Cardinal Georgio to his Holiness. Farewell, till then."

The priest turned his horse's head and returned to the city.

The sailors whipped the water with their long oars and the boat flew over the waving surface to the side of a large Dutch built vessel, that lay beyond Belem in a small harbor, all concealed and surrounded by rocks. Hernando and Enrique mounted the deck, and were kindly received by Mynheer Sporaso, the captain.

He immediately explained that he was a Spanish Israelite escaped to Holland. He had formerly been in the Spanish navy, and a companion of Captain da Costa, the father of Hernando and Enrique.

He now continued his old trade of seafaring in the merchant service of Holland. For the sake of the father, he received the young men in a very affectionate manner. They entered the cabin to enjoy some rest after the exhausting events of the night.

Enrique communicated, next morning, to his brother, the manner of his escape from death. We will acquaint the reader with it in a few words.

When Enrique was thrown from the balcony of castle Salonga, he fell into the water. Happily a fisherman's bark lay at the foot of the cliff, shaded from the sun by its overhanging top. When the fisherman saw Enrique fall he immediately approached, and succeeded

in drawing him from the waves.—The young man had fainted. The fisherman took him to the town of Peniche, from whence after a slight illness, which lasted several days, he returned to Salonga. Hernando was already away; Enrique fell now into a severe fever, during which he was attended by the old dame Margarita. When sufficiently recovered, he returned to Lisbon, taking the old dame along, to restore her to the countess Solani. But before reaching the city he was arrested, on suspicion of being an accomplice of his brother Hernando. Dame Margarita Flunoz was also arrested, being found in his company. Both were imprisoned in vaults near Hernando's prison. What further occurred in regard to Enrique we know. Of the venerable virgin Margarita, we shall relate anon.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE KING AND THE FAVORITE.

When Gloria had entered her apartments, Father Marcus inquired:

"Well lady, how happened it that I found you lost among the streets, attired in men's clothes, and so long after the conspirators had dispersed?"

"I will tell you, father," replied Gloria. "For certain purposes, I found it advisable to follow the duke di Azambuja into his palace. From thence, it was impossible for me to escape again, without recognition, in the monk's gown. I, therefore, entered one of the page's rooms and changed my habit, making use of his wardrobe."

"But without cowl, your face would have betrayed you! You deceive me, lady, I think."

A flush mounted to Gloria's brow.

"You dare say this to my face!" she cried; but then feeling how much she was obliged to satisfy the priest to prevent premature disclosures, she added:

"Your suspicions are natural. But I wore a mask. Searching for my way along the river, I was accosted by some rough sailors, who tore my mask away. Then I fled, and happily met you."

"Met me with the force of a cannon ball," said father Marcus.

"But found it an impossibility to prostrate such a worthy pillar of the Church, as you are?" cried Gloria, laughing. "Well what have you seen at the meeting?" she further inquired.

"All," was the reply. "Lady! we must acquaint the King with the existence of this plot. Having promised secrecy to you I can not act without your permission. Best it would be, for you to inform his majesty, and then refer him to me for particulars," added father Marcus.

"I will do as you advise," replied Gloria, "but not yet."

"If we delay, the information may come too late."

"His majesty shall know all within three days. Will this do?"

"Perfectly! Good night, Countess."

"The priest retired, and Gloria entered her sleeping apartment.

Fidaro had waited and waited, until late at night. Still the Countess had not returned. At last he fell asleep. When Gloria entered the outer apartments, her conversation with the priest awakened him. He listened and waited. Finally the priest departed, and Fidaro, who expected to see the lady enter, saw the door open. But it was not the Countess, but a man, with his hat drawn far over his brows, that stood before him.

The reader will recollect that Gloria was disguised in male attire. But Fidaro knew it not. Jealousy like a poisoned dagger pierced his heart. With a cry of rage he sprang at the man, and bore him to the earth.

"What brought you here?" he inquired, in a husky voice, full of wrath, holding his dagger at Gloria's throat.

"Do you not know me, Fidaro?" inquired the countess.

In a moment he had released her, lifted her from the floor, and pressed her to his heart. Unable to resist, Gloria resigned herself to his passionate kisses. When a young lover has once touched the lips of his beloved, he is in no haste to leave off kissing. Gloria found it at last necessary to say:

"Fidaro, leave me! what madness possesses you?"

Fidaro pressed her still closer to his bosom.

"Page, I command you to cease! Do you hear me!"

Fidaro released her from his arms. There is a fire in the embraces of youth, which, so to say, is contagious. We learn that the embraces of Prometheus warmed a marble statue to life and love. The embraces of Fidaro at least caused a small feeling of pity and liking for him in the heart of Gloria.

"Fidaro," she said, "I have admitted you to my confidence, and hope you will conduct yourself accordingly. A gentleman admitted to a lady's chamber, under these circumstances, will conduct himself at night and alone, in the same way as he would at noon, when she is surrounded by servants."

"Oh! lady, be not offended! my passion got the better of my reason."

"I am not offended. But what was done in a moment of passion, must not be repeated."

Fidaro's face fell. His eyes rested sorrowfully upon the floor.

"I have assumed these clothes in the palace di Azambuja, and accompanied Don Diego to night, in your stead. The letters are delivered. Go home now, and return tomorrow for these clothes."

The page was reluctant to leave.

"Go," and Gloria preceded him, and opened the secret door.

Fidaro looked so desponding, that the Countess smiled kindly upon him, and gave him her hand to kiss as he went away.

When Fidaro had gone Gloria retired to bed.

There was one person however, in the summer pavilion, whose eyes closed not in sleep that night. There was one whose bosom felt the pains of deceived love, in whose heart jealousy covered affection with black spots of decay.

It was Maria Flunoz. With the curiosity so natural to women, and to chambermaids in particular, she had arisen from her bed, when she heard the sounds of conversation in her mistress' apartment, and listened outside the door.

She saw enough to convince her that Fi-

daro was faithless, and to let her suspect that Gloria was not true to the king.

When a woman is jealous, she is a fox in cunning, a wounded tiger in her thirst for revenge. Maria retired to her bed to suffer the torments of disappointed love, and to plan schemes to make others suffer likewise.

"Is she not satisfied with seeing a king at her feet? Must she rob me too, of the only heart I prize? But she will find, that even I can upset her. She shall not have the pleasure of—" here the maiden began to cry and sob.

It was the evening of the second day, when the king visited Gloria. His majesty had dismissed his suite, and was about entering the apartments of the Countess di Voga when Maria Flunoz, who had waited for him, appeared and, throwing herself upon her knees, said tremblingly:

"Pardon me, sir; but I have something of importance to communicate."

"Tell it to me hereafter, fair child," said the king, endeavoring to pass, for he was eager to see Gloria.

But Maria maintained her position and repeated:

"It is perhaps of importance that your majesty should hear it now."

"Well then," said Juan, "impart quickly this great secret."

Maria related rapidly and concisely what she had seen and heard the night before. The king's brow darkened. His pride, his affections were wounded. His eyes assumed that white, dilated brightness, which foreboded a storm of wrath.

"Enough maiden," he cried, "Come!"

To the astonishment of the pages and servants who could see all his actions, but were not near enough to hear the words of Maria, the king pushed the trembling maiden into the apartments, himself following. The doors were all thrown open, and "his majesty the king," was announced.

The surprise of Gloria can be imagined, when she saw her royal lover enter, with clouded brow and angry eye, accompanied by her waiting maid. The beautiful countess sat upon a divan in a costume of purple silk and lace, which was adorned with

silver embroidery. A diadem of jewels was entwined in her dark tresses. Like to all persons of stately figure and splendid proportions, the hoops, which were then used to expand the skirts, suited her admirably, and gave dignity to her appearance.

The king was wont to be exceedingly polite in the presence of Donna Gloria. But now he removed not his hat, and, without even turning to the Countess, said:

"Repeat your tale, girl, and let us hear what madam has to say to it."

Without heeding the surprised and flaming glances of Gloria, Maria repeated what she had told the king.

Gloria listened calmly.

"Well, sire?" she inquired when Maria had ceased.

"Well Countess!" shouted the king, who meanwhile had paced the apartment, with hasty impatient steps, and now stopped short opposite to Gloria, "What have you to say to this?"

"That it is true!" replied the lady.

"You acknowledge then to have had a man in your bedchamber, at two o'clock last night?"

"Not only this, but more; I have had two men there."

"Are you sporting with me, Madam? Do you know that you play with your fate?" almost screamed the king, as he dashed his sword against a pedestal of marble, and shivered it to pieces.

"I am merely completing the tale, which your majesty was pleased to receive second hand from my waiting maid," replied the Countess, with icy coldness. "I was, last night at two o'clock, in my sleeping apartment, in company with father Marcus, your majesty's private secretary, and with a page of the duke di Azambuja."

"With father Marcus!" cried the king. It puzzled him. He was convinced of his secretary's high integrity and faithfulness.

"Even with father Marcus," repeated Gloria. "We both, in disguise, attended a meeting of conspirators at the Church of St. Jago."

"A meeting of conspirators?"

"In which I had the pleasure to see his

excellency the Prior di Castro, and the Duke di Azambuja presiding."

"My brother!" The reader may remark, that in the sixteenth century the prejudice against bastards was much less strong than it is at the present time.

"Lady! be kind enough to explain the particulars of all this," said the king.

Gloria obeyed. From the time of receiving the casket to the events of the past night, all was made known to the king.

Juan sounded the rattle.

Pages appeared.

"Call Father Marcus, immediately," commanded the king. The pages hastened to summon him.

In a few moments the priest stood in the presence of the king. He attested all that Gloria had related. The papers were also produced by Father Marcus, who had kept them, and deciphered by him.

The king was satisfied; nay more he was glad; glad to find his suspicions unjust; glad to see that Gloria had, by her own means, saved him from imminent dangers. Glad to discover causes that enabled him with justice to remove a conspiring brother, and to put down treacherous nobles. The king, therefore, glad and grateful, embraced Donna Gloria with ardent expressions of love.

But the lady was not yet satisfied. Arching her stately neck she met the king's embrace with a face of cold disdain, and turned to leave the apartment. Anxious to obviate the impression his suspicions had made on the Countess' mind, Juan took her hand, and, by the most affectionate words only, succeeded in somewhat allaying Gloria's outraged feelings.

"Ask for a peace offering my beloved," said the king. "I swear upon this cross, to grant you, any thing you ask!" and he touched a cross upon the table, with his lips.

"Well, sire," replied Gloria considerably pacified, "I will retain the right to make a request until a suitable opportunity occurs. You will always be ready to grant it?"

"I have sworn," was the reply. "But," added Juan, "could you not give me the cas-

ket in which those papers were contained? His late majesty, my father, once mentioned a casket of steel, which in a secret drawer contains important documents. Perhaps it is the same, you now possess!"

Gloria rose and said: "Your majesty shall see it," and left the apartment. Entering her bed chamber, she turned to the closet wherein she kept her valuables. At its side stood Massor, the gipsy chief, the steelen casket in his hand. The door of the closet was open. Its lock had been forced.

The gipsy chief quickly approached her.

"Lady," he said, "you have been prying into mysteries; thank your stars that no harm is done, and that I have abandoned those to whom you have acted as a spy. You have destroyed a conspiracy and men, whom it would now have been my province to destroy. Therefore, I forgive you. I came merely to get this casket. But you will see me again, shortly. Good night." The gipsy bowed, and disappeared through the window ere Gloria could speak a word, or even recover from her astonishment.

She returned to the king, and said:

"I can not find the casket, sire!"

"No matter, Donna," replied Juan.

Maria had listened to all this, indifferently, except to perceive that she had not been able to harm Gloria. The Countess however, who could appreciate the pangs of disappointed love, said kindly:

"Go, child, I forgive you. Go to your apartments." Maria went weeping.

The king had his attendants called, and instantly sent two of them to summon Don Antonio the minister and Don Pedro di Garcia, the captain of the royal guards.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ARREST.

On the same evening, when the things related in the previous chapter occurred, Don Diego di Azambuja returned rather late from a visit to his bride.

He had scarcely divested himself of his hat and sword, and laid down upon a couch, when Amaso one of the duke's pages, and Carlo, the young man who had taken Gloria to Fidaro's chamber, entered. Perplexity

was upon their face. Amaso carried in his arms, the rich dresses which Gloria had thrown off, and the monk's habit.

"What do you want? What is this?" inquired Don Diego, in a petulant voice, wearily turning toward them.

"A very curious thing, and it please you, sir!" replied Amaso.

"What is curious? speak out!"

"And it please you, my lord, I found a suit of mine missing, and these female garments in its place."

"Let me alone; one of the maids borrowed your clothes for a frolic, I suppose," replied Diego.

"But, my lord, these are not the garments of a servant maiden."

Diego opened his eyes fully and looked at them. The page was certainly right. The garments were rich and must be those of a lady of high standing. Let the reader remember that those were the times yet when a rich dress was a sign of the wearer's nobility and wealth. In the present age the reverse seems applicable.

"And it please you sir, Carlo knows something about this circumstance."

"What have you to say?" inquired the noble turning to Carlo.

"Why sir," replied Carlo, "when Fidaró changed his dress last night to accompany you, he would do it in the dark, and so put on Amaso's suit. At the same time he dropped a ring, which he left in my hands. On the whole, Fidaró behaved in a very remarkable manner last night."

"Let me see the ring."

It was given to Don Diego.

"This is very costly," he said. "Did you see," he cried at once springing up, "did you see Fidaró's face, even once last night?"

The page mused. At last he replied: "I did not, my lord!"

"Neither did I; not a single time!" exclaimed Don Diego. "It is possible then, that some one else has accompanied me," he reasoned. "By the garments left behind, this intruder may have been a lady, and moreover a lady of standing. She may have assumed the page's clothes and the mask covered her face. But why did I not recog-

nise her before? The cowl concealed her head before! Oh, if intruder there was, that intruder was present at the meeting. Holy mother of God, have mercy on us!"

And to his mind recurred every circumstance of the preceding night. The meeting, where this person was present. The things that had passed there.

He now recollected the soft voice of the page, the circumstance of his disappearance ere they arrived at the palace, and a thousand other little things, that, insignificant as they were, now served to confirm Diego's opinion that a spy, disguised as Fidaró, had accompanied him. Regaining composure, he cried:

"Call Fidaró, if he be found, and tell my father I desire to see him."

The pages went on their errand. In a few moments, that seemed hours to Don Diego, so impatient was he, the Duke di Azambuja was with his son. Don Diego quickly related to his parent, all he knew and feared. The old noble grew pale, and his teeth began to chatter. He wanted to say something, but all his faculties were paralysed.

Fidaró was brought in by Amaso.

"You may retire," said Don Diego to Carlo and Amaso; "but keep with some servants within call. I may need you presently." The pages bowed and retired.

"Were you with me last night?" inquired Don Diego.

"I was my lord!" replied the page.

"What clothes did you wear?"

"A suit of Amaso's and a black mask."

"Why did you take Amaso's clothes?"

"They were the first I found."

"What did you wear before you assumed Amaso's suit?"

"A monk's gown, with a white cross."

"Where did you accompany me to?"

"To a house, where your highness met a lady."

This had been communicated to Fidaró by Gloria, when in the morning he returned for the clothes.

"What happened there?"

"Excuse me sir, but I saw not everything."

"True, you were below. Fidaró you are faithful?"

"Your highness ought to know; we were acquainted years ago," and Fidaró turned his face to the light.

A dim recollection flashed across Don Diego's mind.

"I saw you before," he said; "where was it?"

"At Coimbra, my lord?"

"I remember! I remember!" exclaimed the young noble; "Oh those happy days."

A sigh escaped his bosom, at the sweet recollection. But Fidaró shot dark glances at him from his flashing eyes.

Here the old duke interposed, and said: "After all, then, there is no cause of fear, and Fidaró has been true to us. It was you, page, and not a stranger, that was present at our meeting?"

"How should a stranger gain admittance my lord?" innocently inquired the page.

"We have suspected you of treachery," said Don Diego; "but our suspicions were false. Had they been verified, this would have been your reward," and he half drew out from its sheath the jewelled dagger at his side.

Fidaró only replied by a glance of hatred, which was unobserved, however, by Don Diego. The impulses of his wild nature and the teachings of his gipsy education urged him to spring at Don Diego and stab him. But the better sense and training he had lately received told him to wait and enjoy the sweeter revenge which was coming. So he waited calmly until his masters bid him to retire.

Scarcely had Fidaró left the apartment when Amaso again entered and said:

"Don Pedro di García wishes to speak with your highness!"

"The captain of the guard?" inquired Don Diego.

"Yes, senator; and several officers accompany him."

The duke and his son silently looked at each other.

"What can this mean?" asked the old noble, his face paling at the thought of discovery.

Another page ran in breathless:

"My lord, the palace is surrounded by the guard!"

"No doubt all is discovered," cried Don Diego. "Now, action must be quick, or all is lost." He reflected for a moment and then said: "Father, fly immediately through the secret outlet of the palace. You know where to find horses. Mount, and get to your estates as quickly as possible. Amongst your own people they can not harm you. A conspiracy is no more possible—it must become a revolution. You my sons," and he turned to the pages, "you, my sons, love me, I know. Let one of you tell Don Pedro di García that as soon as I am properly attired, I will receive him. And you, Amaso, will do a service of hazard for me, will you not?"

"And if it cost my life, senator!" cried the page, with tears in his eyes. He had been born on the estates and raised in the house of the duke.

"Thanks, my friend," replied Don Diego, and quickly continued, "take these spurs to the Prior di Castro. I have borrowed them from him, and relate what has occurred here. That is, tell him that the guard surrounds the house. Go with the speed of wind!—and if any one asks you where you go, say: to the Cardinal Savelli, to present these spurs."

"Now, Father," continued the young man, "hasten! the conspirators will meet in the northern mountains, collect an army, and then take by force, what it now is impossible to attain by cunning. The Cortes are with us! Go, father."

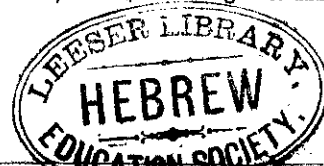
"And you," cried the duke.

"I? some one must remain to divert the attention of the king's party, for else the pursuit will be too hot. I will remain! They dare not harm me! Beside, they can not proceed quickly in a case like this, and before long your army will give them something else to employ their thoughts on. Good bye." And, embracing his father, he pushed the weeping old man through the door.

"Hasten, dear father, for on your safety depends mine!" He called after him. Then opening the other door, he cried in a loud voice:

"Admit Don Pedro di García!"

The captain of the guard entered. He was a stout, tall man, with a rough face and



a scar across his forehead. He was followed by one or two of his inferior officers.

"Welcome, Don Pedro! What lucky chance causes your visit this night?" inquired Don Diego, calmly and gently, as if he had feared or anticipated nothing.

"A very unlucky chance senior, as I take it!" replied Don Pedro, in hard loud tones.

"It can not be unlucky since it has brought such a valued friend to our house!" quickly said Don Diego, with a polite bow. The reader will observe that Don Diego wanted to gain time that his father could escape, and the Prior receive notice.

"But," repeated the captain, "*it is unlucky*: I come at the command of his majesty the king, to—"

"I hope his majesty is well," cried Don Diego, still endeavoring to protract matters.

"Perfectly, senior," said the captain, in an irritated voice; "but let me perform my duty. I arrest you in the name of his majesty the King!" and he drew from his pocket, an order signed by the monarch.

"For what offence, senior!" exclaimed Don Diego, feigning to be extremely astonished.

"For high treason!" was the reply.

At this moment Amaso entered. Don Diego exchanged glances with him, and knew that he had executed his mission.

"Senior, surprise at this charge almost deprives me of my consciousness!" said Diego to the captain. "However, you have an order signed by his majesty, and I must obey! Here is my sword!" and unhooking his weapon, he delivered it to Don Pedro.

"I am deeply grieved," said the rough captain, "but my mission ends not here. I have orders to arrest the duke. I hope that the ancient house of Azambuja will quickly clear itself of this heinous charge." The captain of an ancient family himself, felt sympathy for the prisoner.

They searched for the duke but could not find him. At last they were compelled to depart without him. Don Diego, under sufficient escort, was sent to the castle, while Garcia went to arrest the other conspirators. But astonishing to say, none were at home. Through Don Diego's timely notice, all had been enabled to save themselves.

The king was greatly enraged when he heard of this. More yet, when in a few days trusty spies informed him, that his brother, with a body of the most distinguished nobles, was drawing to the North where they had most adherents, and would probably gather an army there. As yet they had not been able to gather any considerable body of troops, but their followers were preparing to hire and enlist great numbers. This news caused the king considerable uneasiness.

CHAPTER XIX.

DONNA MIRANDA AND HER COUSIN.

It was late in the afternoon. The sun beamed richly and dreamily through the high windows, and cast flickering shadows of the vines that veiled them, upon the gaily variegated mosaic floor. The mosaic was arranged in a bright and fanciful Moorish pattern, and the floor so highly polished, that it resembled a surface of glass. Hangings of a faint colored silk, with rich scarlet border, simple but elegant furniture, a small Persian rug in the middle, and a desk, for prayer surmounted by an ivory cross, made up the features of the apartment.

Upon a stool, or rather a high cushion, sat the beautiful Miranda. She was simply robed in white, with a few roses of the same color, in her golden brown hair. Upon a chair opposite to her, his brown face lit up by admiration, and playing with the tassels of his sword, sat Don Isidore di Canaroo, her cousin. He was an old soldier, full of all the noblest qualities, but with a rough exterior.

"Miranda," he said, "I imagined you yet a child. I have indeed brought curious toys for you, from the Indies. But now I am ashamed to show them, for you are a grown maiden."

"My dear cousin," replied Miranda, rising and putting an arm around his neck, "I hope there is no difference in your sentiments to me, whether I am a girl or a grown maiden?"

"Oh no! on the contrary, I love you even more!" and the brave soldier blushed. "But I must now look for a present suitable to your age, Miranda!"

"I want no other present but your heart!" said Miranda, gaily, giving him a rose from her hair.

"How mean you?" cried Don Isidore, his forehead burning, and his eyes bright.

Don Nuna di Perez put an end to the conversation, by his entrance. After a little while he said:

"Come, Isidore; let us ride a little."

The soldier unwillingly assented, and took leave of Miranda.

While they were riding in the cool evening air, the East Indian, extravagantly expressed his undisguised admiration of Miranda. It was dark, and, therefore, impossible for Don Isidore to perceive the deadly paleness, which sank on his uncle's features at his words. At last Don Nuna made an effort:

"If you admire her so much," he said, "marry her! I am sure I would be content." Don Isidore stopped, and cried in a voice of extreme joy:

"Is it possible, uncle? Do you think I can gain her affections! Oh, if such happiness were in store for me!"

At that moment they passed a house from the windows of which, streams of light flowed. The face of Isidore was bright, smiling and flushed with joy. The features of Don Nuna pale and haggard. Could the heart of these two men have been seen at the same moment, still greater differences might have been observed.

"I think that my daughter likes you," said the old man hoarsely; "she was an ardent admirer of your deeds in East India." What a forced slow voice to pronounce those words! But Isidore listened to the words only. Besides, he had been away long, and thought 'twas age had changed his uncle's voice.

"Thanks," he cried, "thanks! How happy you have made me!"

Two days after, Isidore proposed, and was accepted by his beautiful cousin.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NOBLE AND THE QUEEN.

An old ruined tower not far beyond Belem, looking upon the wide mouth of the blue Tagus, and upon the heaving sea be-

yond indicated the place, where formerly an extensive and strong fortress or castle stood. It was a roughly built, and uncouth looking edifice, and, although of vast dimensions and great strength, had never been much used. But now, the widowed queen of Emmanuel, and sister of Charles the fifth, occasionally resided there.

The night was murky. Great heaps of clouds lay like vast pillows upon the sea, and the winds tossed them about, like a busy housewife airing her beds. As it struck the sharp angles and walls of the castle, the wind moaned and sighed, and sometimes shrieked with a shrill unearthly voice.

The dark figure of a man walked along the solitary banks of the Tagus to an old ruined chapel, which, as it were, formed the most extreme point of Belem. The chapel belonged to the town yet. Around it was a court yard, filled with rubbish, and loose stones. Springing with a light foot over the stones, and avoiding, as carefully as the small light would permit it, the heaps of rubbish and pools of accumulated waters, he entered the ruined portal and walked through the gray aisle of the little chapel. Arrived at the back part, he stopped for a moment, in a listening attitude, and then, hearing nothing, bent down and cleared away some stones. Thus an oblong slab of granite was disclosed, which seemed the cover to some ancient grave. Removing it, the man uncovered the top of a coffin, set into a grave of stone. A touch upon a small iron nail that slightly projected from the right side of the grave, opened by a spring, the coffin lid, and disclosed a narrow staircase. Closing again the lid, the man walked quickly down the stairs. He must have been acquainted with the localities, for he walked in the dark. At the bottom of the stairs a passage began, and along this, he proceeded until brought to a halt by a heavy iron door. Taking a key from his pouch he opened it, and entered a room, furnished luxuriously. Striking fire, he lighted two massive candelabras. Rich, very rich, were the adornments and the furniture of the apartment.

The man threw off his hat and cloak, and, turning to a large mirror, surveyed himself for some moments. He was of herculean proportions, with calm majestic and dignified features. It was Don Lionel Dian.

He seized a silken cord on one side of the mirror, and pulled it.

The tingle of a bell was heard through the silence, from far away.

In a few moments a door opposite to the one through which Don Lionel had come, opened, and the figure of a female entered. She was wrapped in a robe of silk brocade, embroidered with gold, and lined with snowy white fur. In the corners of her robe were the double eagle of Austria, and the lions of Spain, embroidered in gold and seed pearls. Her head was covered by a rich veil fastened to the hair, by diamonds and rubies. It was Eleanora of Austria, dowager queen of Portugal.

The young and beautiful widow of Emmanuel, entered with a hesitating, yet eager step. Don Lionel threw himself upon his knees and kissed her hand immediately.

"Thanks, Eleanora, that you came. It is so long since I have had the happiness! Oh could we always remain together."

"Dear Lionel," replied the queen, "you are selfish! You do not seem to think that I have counted the hours of separation, as well as you!"

Don Lionel had arisen, and silently looked at the illustrious lady, but with looks of such burning love that they exceeded any eloquence, his tongue might have produced.

"Let us sit down, Lionel," continued Eleanora.

The noble pressed the beautiful queen to his bosom, and both sat down upon a Moorish divan.

The reader may remark that, in royal amours, whether of males or females, royalty takes the initiative and courts the object of its love. For, a subject dares not raise his eyes, until majesty bends down. Don Lionel had, in his youth, been a page in the household of queen Joanna, and later, been attached to the suite of her daughters. There, at the romantic court of Spain, and the brilliant one of Netherlands and Bur-

gundy, Eleanora first loved the beautiful and dignified page, there the sentiments of a deep, live-long passion first bloomed in the heart of Don Lionel. From that time, but one shared the rich heart and grand, noble soul of this remarkable man with the princely Eleanora—it was his nation. A secret Israelite, half his being was devoted with constant affection to his faith and the welfare of his nation, the other half with a love pure, holy and calm as the stars—to Eleanora.

The princess knew that he was a secret Israelite. But, she also knew that he was descended from the heroes of the olden time, whose valor and splendor resounded through the East, from David and Solomon. She knew that he was of the lineage from which the priests told her Christ and the mother of God were descended. And honoring his ancestry, the Catholic princess forgot that he was of a heretic faith.

An Israelite in those days, was hated, but not despised. For Spain's sweetest poets, and bravest knights, and wisest statesmen were the descendants of Israelites.

So it had come to pass, that the granddaughter of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, loved Don Lionel Dian, with a love that overleaped the boundaries of religion and station.

Don Lionel loved her in return, with an affection worthy of its object, and of the heart that gave it.

Yet he had seen her become the bride of Emmanuel, without despairing, though not without poignant sorrow. Because, from the first, he had considered, that though he might love a princess, he never could possess her. But Eleanora's heart was almost rent. Yet the presence of Lionel, at the Portuguese court, consoled her somewhat. Still she hoped to be once—how or when, she troubled herself not to find out—united with the object of her affections. Woman's hope never dies.

Eleanora was beautiful. Her complexion was pale and delicate; her eyes dark and soft; and her features eminently pure and regular. Upon them rested that proud, self-possessed and commanding expression which

we find to be an attribute of the scions of noble and ancient families, especially of the descendants of royalty.

Don Lionel gently put back the veil that concealed the queen's face, and said:

"Some very important affairs have prevented me from seeing you for some time, dearest; and now affairs of importance bring me to you."

"Then it was not your own heart, Lionel!" reproachfully said Eleanora.

"When we are elevated above the general mass, and the destiny of a people depends on our actions, our own affections, however strong and ardent, are forced into the background, princess!"

"Oh, but too true! The interest of Spain wedded me to Emmanuel," replied the queen.

"In the days, when we were young, and the dowager queen of Portugal was but princess of Austria, when Don Lionel Dian, the leader of Israel, was but a page at the court of Philip and Joana, when we both were children, in the sunny groves of Castile, then we could meet and part, as the heart wished. But now—"

"Our love is the same, nevertheless, and will endure while life lasts! Not so Lionel?"

"While life lasts! Embrace me again Eleanora, and then let us talk of more important, though disagreeable matters."

The queen drew the handsome noble to her heart, and covered his forehead with kisses. His pale, noble face, all overshadowed with black curls, rested on her heaving bosom. Both remained silent for some minutes. The queen's eyes dwelled on her lover's face, his were upraised to her countenance.

"Then slowly raising himself, he said: 'Eleanora, a messenger from your brother Charles is on the way hither.'"

"With what purpose?"

"To prepare you for a new alliance!"

"Gracious heaven, again! are my feelings never taken into consideration? the Emperor knows that I do not wish to marry again! and the beautiful lady walked agitatedly up and down the apartment.

"My queen, my princess, my love!" cried Don Lionel, "be calm! have not I, with a composed countenance, heard that the king of France will possess in future, her, whom my soul loved from youth, whose image will be enshrined in my heart when death hath calmed it? Oh, Eleanora, were not my love so great, so pure and spiritual, the dagger or the poison would long have silenced the painful cries of this breast."

"You are, indeed, an example to me Lionel," replied Eleanora. "But is it really so, that I must wed the king of France?"

"So the Emperor has decided. The fleur-de-lis will adorn that pure brow, whose whiteness they can not match. The crown of France will glow upon that dear head."

"And the thorns of that crown, shall pierce the heart beneath. Oh, to wed the gay, volatile Francis, to mix with the pleasures of the French court, will be gall to my soul."

"Francis is a proud and chivalric knight!"

"I hate him, already. Then his mother, that bad Louise de Savoy, whose vices and cunning are the by word of Europe! Oh, Lionel could we both die together now!"

"We both must live for future purposes still."

"But can not this be avoided? Francis and my brother are enemies!"

"It is to cement their new union and peace, that this marriage is proposed."

"And I must be the victim."

"Dearest Eleanora, I will always remain at your side. Let that console you!"

"Console me! Is not mine a fate like that of Tantalus? Is not happiness always within my reach, and yet always eludes my grasp. I shall not marry France. I will resist to the last. Speak to me no more of it, Lionel."

The noble was silent for a moment, then rising, took the queen's hand, and with graceful action led her back to the seat.

"There is something else, I wished to speak to you of. The Prior di Castro is at open war with the king. His adherents are many. But they would melt away like love before jealousy, were Juan to abolish the Inquisition. How much in mine and in my

people's interest it is that the Inquisition be abolished I need not tell you. Will not Queen Eleanora, whose influence over the king is so great, attempt to remove the hateful tribunal?"

"But, his holiness has sent the Cardinal Savelli, and my brother has recommended him in letters. Can Juan now abolish the Inquisition without offending both the Holy Father and the Emperor? Beside the abolition of the holy tribunal will only conciliate the rebels, while its support will overpower and crush them."

"To your first objections, Eleanora, let me reply, that I doubt whether Savelli's credentials, from the Pope, and your brother are genuine."

"What! a Cardinal cheat, or even present false credentials? Impossible."

"So it might well seem. But I believe I have reasons for this suspicion. You know the Emperor's writing, as well as I do. Look!" and Don Lionel drew a parchment, heavy with seals from his pouch.

The queen looked at it.

"It does not look like my brother's signature, but may still be it," she said.

"I have no doubt that it is forged, but, in a little time, will be certain about it. Meanwhile, Eleanora, while the Inquisition exists, I am in constant danger of my life."

"They dare not harm you. Should any mischance occur, I, the Queen, the Emperor's sister, will step in and put a stop to the proceedings. Fear not, Lionel."

"Oh, had I known that it would come to this; that you would be the bride of Francis at last, I would not have rejoiced at your rejection of Juan. Fool that I was, to think you would be left in peace, by the ambitious Emperor."

"I am not the bride of the French king yet. That hateful diadem, which is my curse through life! How happy could I have been, had I not been born a princess. But being born so, I shall uphold the pride of my rank and name," continued the queen slowly; "Lionel, though I love you more than all else, I would rather die than marry you!"

Don Lionel's face flushed. "This," he

said, "is the just feeling of your race and nation. I, myself, could never wed you, though you should leave the throne and the Church. The pure blood of David can only unite with a race equally ancient and noble."

"Will you not," he continued, "use your influence upon Juan, to suspend, at least, the Inquisition for some time?"

"Will I possess any influence on him yet, when he hears of this French alliance?"

Don Lionel Dian reflected for some moments, silently, on the position of things. Then he said:

"The ambassador shall not arrive in three weeks yet. This will give me time enough to prove the documents of Savelli false."

"Do you still think they are—forged?"

"Such is my belief; but I must be able to prove it."

"Very well; I shall try my best to cause the suspension of the Inquisition, for a short time. This I do merely for your sake, Lionel."

"Thanks, beloved, thanks!" They embraced.

They still talked, and called up old memories of beautiful Castile, and of the happy times, the pleasures, the joys, that had been their's in that romantic land. Alas! Portugal was not less fair than Castile, the Court of Lisbon not poorer in pleasures; but Lionel and Eleanora were no longer young. He was no longer the handsome, brilliant, and imaginative page of eighteen; she no longer the child-princess of twelve. The poetry and romance that had occasioned their attachment had fled, but the love itself remained. Spring was gone, and the flowers faded, but fall found the fruits ripe, where blossoms had bloomed. Their love had grown stronger, as youth, romance and poetry fled. At first, it had been a love of the imagination—now it was a love of reason. At first fancy had bound their souls, now philosophy chained it. Still the heart burned with the same ardor yet, as when love first lighted it. For their love was pure; the fire was chaste as that of Vesta, and, therefore, everlasting.

Don Lionel Dian rose and bid the Queen

farewell. Again and again they embraced, and could not part.

At last Eleanora wrapped her robe around her, and leaving a corn-ear of gold, like those she wore in her hair, in the hand of Don Lionel, disappeared.

Don Lionel kissed the golden keepsake, and put it into his bosom; then extinguishing the lights, he left this secret apartment, and ascending to the chapel, replaced the slab of stone, kicked some rubbish upon it, and returned to Lisbon.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GIPSY'S DEMAND.

We left Massor leaping through the window of Gloria's chamber, with the casket in his possession.

'Tis the evening after Don Lionel's interview with Queen Eleanora of Portugal.

We enter a small apartment in the western wing of the royal palace. Seated alone at a table covered with documents, is Juan. His plumed hat and jewelled sword are thrown carelessly aside. The king is evidently in deep meditation, for he does not notice the small but beautifully proportioned spaniel that is violently tugging at the lace of his boot. He speaks:

"That my crown, aye, my very life should thus have been endangered, and the ministers of my council themselves among the foremost of the conspirators—and that base born-weed in the royal garden, the bastard offspring of my father's illicit love, as usual at the head. Holy Mary! defend us—and, by my right hand, I swear to plant my foot upon this Prior di Castro."

He rose, and in his excitement struck the table with his clenched hand, to the evident astonishment of the spaniel, which slunk silently away at this signal of its master's wrath. After nervously pacing the room for a moment, Juan again resumed his seat and continued:

"But, I have them in my power, and my new born minister, the Inquisition, shall destroy them, root and branch. The pope shall excommunicate them my army—"

A hand is laid upon his shoulder.

He grasps his sword, and, half drawing

it, turns and confronts the intruder, exclaiming: "Wretch! What ho! Guards!" His angry glance falls upon a man of herculean proportions, whose swarthy features and motley dress denote him a gipsy.

It is Massor.

"King! you cry in vain, I have long since removed your guards," said the latter, in a contemptuous tone.

"Who are you, that thus enters my chamber?"

"Who am I?" retorted Massor. "Like thyself, I am a King!"

"A Gipsy chief!—A king?—Of cut throats. Who gave thee entrance?"

"Thou'lt learn, anon," significantly replied the gipsy. "'Tis, perhaps, for thy own safety that I come."

"Ha! What mean you? explain or I summon my attendants to chastise thine insolence."

"You may call and call again, still none will obey your summons. For the present at least, we are on an equality."

"Once for all, state thy object here, or thou'lt be ejected."

"And art still not convinced? Dost think that a Rommani would trust himself in thy palace without sufficient precautions? Hmph! King, you mistake my people."

The King without deigning an answer, rang the call that lay upon the table.

The sound died away unanswered.

"It is indeed as you say. No matter.

What purpose brings thee here?"

"Thy own safety, King."

"Speak definitely, fellow."

"I will. Thou hast introduced the Inquisition."

"What of that," cried Juan, losing patience.

"All of that; it has been the cause of thy brother the Prior di Castro's revolt."

"Aye and it will crush that revolt, too."

"'Tis easier said, than done."

"The Cortes shall raise an army."

"They already waver; they will declare for your brother, if—"

"If—"

"They but behold that which I have to show them."

"You? Gipsy; and what have you that can influence the Cortes?"

"These documents," replied Massor, drawing the casket from his pouch.

By touching a spring, the bottom flew open and disclosed some papers laying within the cavity.

"Give them to me," said the King.

"Excuse me, Senor, I can not trust you with them."

In his rage the King bit his lip, so that the blood came.

"What are they?" he inquired in a voice hollow with rage and mortification.

"The marriage testimonials of your father."

"They are in the hands of our chancellor."

"You mistake. They establish the marriage of the Duke di Braga with the lady di Castro."

"Great Heavens! I do not understand."

"Then I will speak plainer: They establish the marriage of your father with the Prior di Castro's mother. They establish the Prior di Castro's legitimacy and consequently his claim to the crown of Portugal."

The King is paralyzed. Great beads of sweat stand upon his brow. Anguish furrows his features; his lips turn livid. Suddenly an electric thrill shoots through his body; his eyes dilate, and become white. He suddenly bounded forward and, with the fury of a madman, grasped at the documents in Massor's hands. But the gipsy was not unmindful of what was passing; his eye had, at a single glance, detected Juan's object, and as the King thought to have the papers already in his possession, the strong arm of the Bohemian checked him in his course, and forcing him with herculean power back into his seat, whispered:

"In a combat of strength, I would be in the advantage, King?"

The King unnerved and exhausted did not move, but remained pale and silently seated.

"In Heaven's name what do you wish?" at length gasped out the astonished Juan.

"I wish that, which you will find it to your advantage to grant!" answered the gipsy.

"And what is that?" inquired Juan.

"Hear me, King," continued Massor, "all these papers, all the evidence of your brother's legitimacy, all and every proof connected with your father's marriage with the lady di Castro—all, all, are yours, on certain conditions."

"Hail say you so; name them, gipsy; any thing you demand shall be granted; you shall have honors showered upon you, gold shall be yours, my treasury shall be at your service, jewels,——"

"Silence," interrupted the Bohemian, "and do you think that I came for gold?—No!—Thank God, I am not what you take me for. Jewels—Honors—I know enough of them,—what are they? dross, glittering nothings, fit for such as you, and your fawning courtiers, who forget the past, who have not the soul to meditate on futurity, who live but for the present, and whose minds, do not, will not, and can not comprehend, the Almightiness of that one Being, to whom we should bow the head in supplication. And the honors, empty baubles, bestowed by Kings such as you, upon subjects whom your people curse, upon those who can best aid you in your tyrannical and oppressive sway—these are not the things, I have come here to obtain."

"You are not a gipsy," said the king.

"It is immaterial what I am," replied Massor, "I have come here for a certain purpose, determined to obtain it."

"But," said the King, rising, "let us again start from the first point. You intend to force some concession or promise from me, by a threat to furnish my brother with the proofs of his legitimacy?"

"It is so, senor!"

"I will not conceal from you, that I have heard of the existence of these proofs. But should I refuse to believe in their genuineness?"

"Then terrible facts shall attest to it—The Cortes will depose you, the army of your brother will be increased in an unprecedented manner, and the country will hail Antonio di Castro as King! The nobles will flock to him, and the Church crown and anoint him!"

"But you are here in my palace, and I need but cry from this window, to call multitudes to this apartment. I can imprison you and destroy the proofs."

"You deceive yourself, King. In the first place I will not let you approach this window; again, ere any one could reach this part of the palace, I could murder you; again these papers are not the genuine documents, but copies. You may look at them, king," and Massor handed them to Juan.

The King was very pale, even greenish pale, and at the last words of Massor, a shade of disappointment stole over his eyes. He took the papers, however, and read them.

"They confirm my worst suspicions," said the King, returning them to Massor.

"Reflect, oh King, on your present position. Rebels in the North, a dissatisfied people, an obstinate Cortes—your brother will grant everything I wish, for these papers—reflect, King, and grant what I ask."

"I have heard enough," said Juan, "if you wish neither gold nor promotion, what then do you require?"

"You have established the Inquisition, not so much for the purpose of punishing malefactors, as to force others to the same religious belief of which you are a disciple."

"Well!"

"You would make the faith of others subservient to your own, and, finding that you could not accomplish this by persuasion, you will use force."

"What mean you? What can an unbeliever want with that which concerns him not?"

"It concerns me much, as you shall hereafter find."

"Concern you! a wanderer on the earth, a traveling vagabond," said the King, his anger again overcoming his discretion.

"Aye, it concerns me," continued Massor, not heeding Juan's epithet; "if it did not, suppose you I would make mention of it?"

"It matters not; but to come to the point. What do you request for your silence, also to tender me the papers?"

"Independence! Freedom, for my nation."

"Independence? Freedom?" repeated the surprised King—more and more astonished; "Are not you already free, do you not wander where you please? You pitch your tents where best it suits you, you proceed without interruption, and no one asks you whither you go, or whence you come. Who, in all Portugal, is more independent than the Zingaro, the Romani from Bohemia?"

"Your majesty mistakes," replied the Bohemian, "it is not for the dusky tribes of the South that I ask, but for all Portugal."

"What! Then I suppose, you would have me abdicate the throne and establish a republic? For sooth, Senor, you are modest in your request."

"Again, your majesty is in error. They do not wish the privilege of doing as they please, but only permission to think, and speak their thoughts, as seems best fit."

"I do not comprehend your meaning."

"Then before I leave, you shall fully understand."

"Proceed then!"

"I am a friend of the Israelitish people, and it is generally understood that the engines of your new organization, are to be chiefly directed against them, for knowing that their belief was the first one, you think that on that account, it is the first to be suppressed."

"They must be subdued. Until the present have they withstood the oppression, and assaults of others, but now they will, shall, and must yield."

"Oh, your majesty's words are widely from prophetic; you may subject, and oppress, with all the bitterest hate, but anon they and their friends will arise in overwhelming force, and triumphantly verify that they are still God's chosen people. How ever to the point. I must have a promise, a royal promise, a royal oath, that the Inquisition shall be abolished. Grant this, king, or your brother is seated ere long on the Portuguese throne, and you are a hopeless exile!"

"The Inquisition is established. Let us temporise."

"No temporising! either the Inquisition is abolished, or your brother—"

"Then listen to my answer," replied the king. "On condition that, at a certain time, you deliver up these documents, and until then keep silence, I will suspend the action of the Inquisition for the present; at least in relation to the Israelites."

Massor reflected for a few moments. Then he said:

"'Tis sufficient; in a few weeks, I hope to be able to prove to you, how you have been imposed upon, and to give you reasons why the Inquisition should be abolished. But remember King, these papers are in my possession until religious liberty has been established. They are, of themselves, sufficient to kindle a revolution at any time. Portugal must, therefore, have religious liberty if Juan wishes to continue on the throne."

The King said:

"We will speak about this subject—about religious liberty—" at this expression Juan could not contain his rage at being thus bearded in his own palace, and he stamped his foot and struck the table; however, he, almost immediately, continued: "we will speak of this hereafter. Meanwhile keep silence, and I will endeavor to suspend the action of the Inquisition for the present."

"Very well, have I your royal word?"

"You have it!"

"But this agreement must not prevent me from treating with the Prior di Castro. He may offer better terms."

"I will agree to nothing, if you put in that last clause. After all, I am King! I am able to crush the rebels; I have a faithful army. The Cortes are in my hand. The first of them, that dares to show his crest against me, shall rue it in the dungeons of the Inquisition. The emperor is mine uncle, and my friend.—To possess those papers would be a great advantage for me—but, at the worst I would rather lose the crown than retain it, robbed of its prerogative." The King closed his lips firmly and resolutely.

"Spoken like a King! But the pillars on which you intend to lean, will become the instruments of your enemy to crush you. The army are true—only to the rightful King. They will desert and betray you, if the Cortes acknowledge the Prior. The

Cortes you need but threaten, or imprison, and the whole nation will see, in you, the violator of its rights. The Emperor will foster every quarrel of Portugal, for should the royal race die out or be deposed, who will be the heir or King elect? Who but Spain? I will not touch the prerogatives of the crown, and, therefore, agree to keep silence while the Inquisition is suspended. Then you may act as seems desirable."

A number of men were heard approaching the royal apartments.

"Slave!" cried the King, who now was 'himself again.'

"Slave! into no contract will I enter with you. My guards are without; you shall be imprisoned, and racked until your foul mouth discloses where the documents are."

Massor grew pale for one moment.

The doors were thrown open, and Don Antonio entered with his suite.

"Sire!" he said, respectfully bowing, "I found the guards of your apartments in lethargic slumber. No noble, no page in attendance; all asleep in the antechambers. Your majesty is pale, excited, alone with this strange individual——?" and he threw a look of surprised inquiry at Massor.

"What does it mean you would ask," cried the King, "it means treachery; foul treachery! Thank Heaven that you came at the appointed time. Gentlemen," he said to Don Antonio's suite, "arrest and bind that wretch!" and he pointed to Massor.

"Beware of what you do, King," cried the gipsy chief. "The genuine papers I have left in the hands of one who, if I return not within a short hour, will mount a fleet horse and bear them directly to the Prior di Castro. You may rack and kill me, but the papers will—*depose you!*" the last words, he whispered so that the King alone could hear them.

Again Juan had been foiled. After a moment's reflection, he bid the gentlemen, who were approaching Massor, to desist.

"You may imprison me at your own risk!" again the gipsy taunted him.

"Let him leave the palace free, and do not detain him," commanded Juan. "Gipsy! our agreement remains."

Massor bowed and with the steelen casket in hand, walked slowly through the ranks of surprised courtiers. As he left the palace, he murmured to himself:

"I have escaped great danger, thanks to the God of Israel. The casket and papers had nearly been lost to me. Oh! if Juan could have dreamed that he held the real documents in his hand!" and he disappeared in the parks, adroitly foiling the attempts of all the attendants whom the King had sent to dog his steps.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ROYAL HUNT.

Don Miguel di Sousa, the betrothed of Donna Rosa Bananda, was a courtier. It is true he had served in the navy, at the coast of Congo, but after his return he turned courtier; and King Juan employed him, several times, as an envoy to foreign courts. He arrived in Lisbon, having executed a mission to the court of England, and, after having announced his arrival to the King, and in a private audience, given account of the result of his mission, he obtained leave to retire for a few months.

"With your gracious permission, my Lord King, I am about to marry," he said.

"I have seen your bride," said Juan, who seldom forgot anything. "In truth she is fair, and well endowed I believe."

"Your majesty is well informed. I hope to recruit my fortunes with the rich dowry."

"It pleases me to see my courtiers wealthy. Perhaps I may be able to attend your wedding, personally. Meanwhile let me wish you happiness."

"Your majesty is overgracious. Oh if you would bestow the favor of your presence upon our wedding feast, nothing would be wanting to complete our happiness."

"Have you settled a day yet, Senor?"

"I have not; will your majesty deign to appoint one?"

"I will, my trusty Don Miguel. Let it be a month from to day. By that time the rebels will be no more, and the country quiet. An army has been gathered, and from various points they even now surround the mountains where the revolted nobles have encamped."

The doors were thrown open at a sign from the King, and Juan, booted and attired as he was for hunting, walked briskly between the bowing ranks of courtiers and officials, through the antechambers, and down the staircase. Miguel followed him amongst a throng of gaily attired cavaliers.

In the court yard of the palace, the King's steed was held; the grand huntsman and other officials of the royal hunt in their green, gold embroidered costumes, awaited his coming. Grooms, immovable as statues held the prancing and impatient steeds by fringed and ornamented bridles.

Juan bowed slightly, as all heads were bared, and approached his steed. The Count di Almayeda, who had not joined the rebels, and therefore, still enjoyed Juan's favor, held the stirrup. The King was about to mount, when a sudden commotion was occasioned, not far from him, by a dust bespattered youth, with crushed hat and dragging plumes, who breaking through the guards cried:

"I must see the King!"

Juan stopped.

The guards endeavored to eject the individual from the palace yard.

But still he continued to cry:

"A message from the King!"

"Bring that man hither," commanded Juan.

He was brought before him.

"I bear a message from the Duke di Azambuja," said the man respectfully.

Juan's brows darkened.

"Keep this man secure; when I return, he shall be heard," he said, turning to the captain of guards. Then, mounting his horse, the King rode hastily from the yard.

In a moment, the courtiers were all mounted, and a wave of silk garments, plumed hats, and velvet cloaks seemed to follow him.

They rode towards the summer pavilion. The Countess di Vega, was to accompany the King.

He entered the apartments, where Gloria's chambermaid was giving final touches to her toilette.

"The sky smiles like your own glorious

face, Senora," said the King. "It will be a fine day for hunting."

"Oh, I hope so. It is glorious to gallop beneath the dark shades of the deep, silent woods, and see nothing of the sun, except glowing patches of blue sky."

"You are pale to day, Senora; you are not ill?"

"No; I thank your majesty for your kind concern."

Gloria directed her curls to be laid further back, and another bracelet to be clasped around her arm.

The King, meanwhile, full of animal spirits had thrown himself upon a cushion, and to try the edge of his dagger, slashed it several times across a thick Persian carpet.

"Oh!" said he, pausing to look upon the design of the rug: "how beautiful it must be, in the lands of the East and the South."

"True," replied Gloria, "and your majesty possesses some of the finest provinces of those lands."

"But I have never seen them. Often have I imagined a scene like this. See! enormous palms; there, swarthy savages in combat with the golden-brown lions of Africa! A sky rich and burning, above all! Oh, could I but travel! To Congo and India, and to the pearly shores of the Spice Islands, I can send nobles and governors, but as for myself I am chained to Portugal."

"A King is truly chained, but by diamond links."

"Some of my predecessors traveled. But they enjoyed a more tranquil reign than has become my portion. Oh! and when I look at you, Gloria, who are so much like an Eastern fairy——"

"The horses are impatient. Content yourself, my Lord King, Portugal is one of the fairest lands on earth, and not the less fair to him, who wears its crown."

"With you, lady, any land would be paradise!" said the King gallantly.

He extended his hand, and led Donna Gloria down, to her horse, courteously assisting the lady to mount. Then again bestriding his own steed, the train moved briskly away.

Donna Gloria rode at the King's side. The

trail of her long scarlet robe hung almost to the ground. Her velvet head gear was adorned with a scarlet plume that floated upon the wind, and mingled with the long raven curls of her hair. With one hand she held the reins all sparkling with tassels and fringes, upon the other which was well gloved, sat a proud hawk with silver bells and a hood of purple silk.

The King looked pleased and handsome. He was attired in green velvet. A little in the rear of his horse, rode a page with bared head, holding the lash of several splendid hounds.

The King hunted for several hours. We will not accompany him and his beautiful favorite in their chase after the fleet deer, or the winged inhabitants of the air; we will leave the silken courtiers to ring their bugles and scatter among the old trees of one of the few forests, Portugal possesses; and will return to Juan and Gloria at the time of their return.

Chatting and laughing, the King rode at Gloria's side. But her smile was less brilliant than usual, and her cheek more pale.

"Have you received news yet from the rebels, my lord?" inquired Gloria.

"I have not; I do not think my troops have encountered them yet. But a messenger from the treacherous Azambuja has arrived and awaits, even now, my bidding at the palace."

"From Azambuja? And for what purpose?"

"I have not yet inquired."

"He must bear proposals for the liberty of the Duke's son."

"If such is his errand, he has come in vain."

"And has your majesty already decided upon Don Diego's fate?"

"No; we do not like to terrify the rebels. For, but yesterday, Father Domingo, the Grand Inquisitor's secretary, was despatched to them, with offers of pardon on dispersion."

"Sire! this mercy is ill placed! The King with the full confidence in his right and justice should not hesitate a moment in punishing a conspirator against his throne."

This dreadful example will have more effect on the rebels than——"

"My mercy?"

"Your majesty's merciful hesitation. For, the latter gives a weak and vacillating aspect to the royal position."

"Perhaps you are right, Countess!"

They were riding in a deep shade, considerably in advance of the courtiers.

Donna Gloria was pale. There was a baleful gleam in her eyes, and a triumphant frown upon her brow.

What were her feelings at the moment? Wild, urging and passionate. She felt herself hurried onward in a storm of actions. She was not glad, not sorry. A wild bitterness pervaded her, and beginning to taste of revenge, she found it not to be a feast for the gods, but a punishment for the dark hatreds of the human heart. Still, she had begun as it were, to run down hill, and the impetus, thus acquired, carried her to the bottom. She had gone too far to stop.

"Were I King of Portugal, and had a conspirator against my crown in prison while a rebel army threatened from without, I would not hesitate a moment to give him full justice!"

"What do you call full justice, Senora?"

"In regard to a conspirator?"

"In regard to Don Diego di Azambuja?"

"Full justice in regard to him," said Donna Gloria, slowly, "I call: striking his head off, like this," and rising in her saddle she struck the petal of a flower, from its stem, with a blow of her whip. The flower had stood at the foot of a tree, and as the whip struck the tree, it broke.

"The dealer of death has been broken, Countess!" said the King.

"My Lord King, it becometh your dignity as a monarch to execute Don Diego."

"Doubtless, Countess. I think to follow your counsel would be best."

"Have you a truer counsellor, sire, than Gloria di Vega?"

"Assuredly not. But in matters like these——"

"The most faithful counsel is the wisest; depend upon it sire, in circumstances like these."

"I do not doubt it. I will reflect, and then adopt whatever course is most suitable for a King."

"There is but one course, and that is plain."

"Not so plain to me, as it seems to be to you, Countess."

"You will not subject this matter to the Cortes. Such a deference to them would be dangerous."

"No fear of that. My own council shall decide upon the course to be pursued. You interest yourself much in these matters, Countess!"

"And to some purpose, I hope. Your majesty's interest is always nearest to my heart."

"I will not blame your interference in matters of state and policy. For, by that very quality of yours, this late conspiracy has been discovered."

They rode on silently, for some time.

"If we only had a reason, a plausible reason to give to the people, to the Cortes and the Cardinal, for suspending the Inquisition," said the King.

"Why suspend it?" inquired Gloria.

"We find it necessary to do so. The reason I can not state to you even, Countess, much less, to the Cortes and the people!"

"But sire, will not the Cardinal protest, if you give not sufficient reasons for proceeding thus?"

"Therefore, I must find reasons!"

The Countess was silent.

Shortly after, they arrived at the palace and the King ordered the duke di Azambuja's messenger to be brought before him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROSA.

Picture to yourself, the gardens of Donna Bananda! Portray to your mind, the balcony with its fringe of flowers, and the windows that open upon it, from the apartments of Donna Rosa Bananda! The statue of Diana is still chastely wrapped in a cloak of late, autumnal blossoms! The banisters of the stairs are still covered with their gorgeous tapestry of green leaves.

The sun has been blazing all day, and

now melts into a sea of pure, sober gold, on the verge of the Western horizon. It garnished the solitary rags of clouds that, here and there float on the air, with trembling veils of light. They seem the sun's footprints upon the blue sky.

At her window sits Rosa Bananda. Paler than when we last saw her, bidding good night to Enrique after the entertainment at the Countess Solani's, but not less fair.

She holds a letter in her hands. Happy maiden! it is a letter from Enrique. Now she reads, again and again, the words, over which the earnest fire of his love has been poured.

Again her hands sink into her lap, and her gaze sweeps dreamily over the sunset sky. Does she see the splendors of Nature? No, for her heart is stirred by love, and greater splendors, sweeter visions occupy her mind. Happy Rosa! build on, the proud castles of thy fancy! Nothing which reality has to offer equals the magic gifts of imagination.

Long had doubt filled her bosom, when Hernando and Enrique so suddenly disappeared from Lisbon. Sharply had despair gnawed her heart, when it at last became known to her, as it became known to all Lisbon, that Hernando and Enrique were imprisoned by the Inquisition.

Before Enrique left Portugal, he had, through the agency of Father Domingo, sent an epistle to her whom his soul loved. This, together with the news that the brothers had escaped, swept a sea of sorrow from the maiden's heart. And as should the seas be displaced, treasures of pearls and gold would be found in their bed, so Rosa retained one joyful knowledge from her great affliction. She knew now that Enrique was a secret Israelite!

The family of Bananda had long been Israelites. But Rosa's mother was a Christian. The gentle girl had been instructed in her faith by the relatives of her father. For several years past, she had endeavored to prevail on her mother to adopt the faith of her husband and child. But not until lately had Donna Bananda consented to become an Israelite.

A suitable occasion was only awaited to complete the conversion in an imposing manner, and to receive the lady among her brethren and sisters in faith. The feast of Passover was appointed, for that ceremony, and Donna Bananda had, therefore, still time to prepare herself during several months. The introduction of the Inquisition strengthened Donna Bananda's resolution to become an Israelite. For, great and just minds are only attracted to, not frightened back from, things they have acknowledged as truths, by obstacles.

Enrique had gone to Rome, and Rosa, imagined she saw him among the churches and palaces of glorious Rome, the city of Salvation. For, though a faithful Hebrew maiden, external custom and usage made Rome holy to her. Every one knows the force of custom and the strength with which it clings to us.

A plumed hat became visible from among the trees of the garden, a step was heard upon the stairs, and Miguel de Sousa stood at the side of his betrothed, Rosa di Bananda.

Uttering a loud cry, the maiden started up and looked upon her cousin and bridegroom.

"Forgive me, my tender dove, forgive me! I have startled you, by my abrupt entrance!" and he joined his hands in the attitude of prayer.

"Miguel de Sousa!" exclaimed Rosa.

"It is I! For such a long time I have not seen you, dearest! But your portrait told me how fair you were!"

"Cousin, when did you return?"

"Only yesterday; I saw your mother, and she informed me where I could find my sweet bride! And oh, your beauty exceeds my expectations, as our own Portugal exceeds England."

"Miguel! This must not be. You can not love me!" said Rosa, in a hurried tone. "We were betrothed through the agency of relatives, while hundreds of leagues distant from each other. It is altogether an arrangement of convenience."

"An arrangement of happiness for me, Rosa; you mistake if you say I love you not, for, from earliest youth you were the darling

of my heart. I am considerably older than you, and not until encouraged by your relatives, did I ask your mother for your hand."

"Miguel! I am sincerely attached to you. I look up to you almost as to a father," — Miguel made a grimace — "but your wife, I can never become."

Rosa felt easier, now that she had told her betrothed.

"And, why, in the Holy Margarita's name? Are we not bride and bridegroom, and has not his majesty, the King, promised to attend our wedding? What prevents you becoming my wife? I love you; I am wealthy; I have favor; you confess loving me; your dowry is arranged; the day is appointed; in short what can prevent our wedding?"

"Listen, Miguel; I love another?"

"What? What! Another!"

"Another, Miguel. You are too kind not to yield claims, which can never be established. I can never marry you, for I love another."

"And never will I yield the slightest particle of a claim, to another. Mine you are, mine! and my wife you must become!"

"Miguel you make yourself and me unhappy! How is it possible for you to desire me as wife, when you know, I love you not, as husband!"

"No matter! you are my betrothed, you will be my wife! A month hence, I will lead you to the altar, and if your lover were the King of France!"

"For God's sake, for the sake of my happiness, Miguel, consider!"

"I have considered! In your own hands lays your happiness!"

Miguel approached Rosa. The first storm of his anger had subsided. He took her hand and simply and plaintively said:

"I am not any more young; I am not handsome, Rosa. But I love you with all the strength of a manly heart. I have not wasted the hours of youth, not idled away the days of manhood, in serving fine ladies. But with all the love of a true heart, I love you; with all the despair of a blighted and despised affection you will overwhelm me by your refusal to become my wife. Will you make me unhappy?"

This appeal was more painful to Rosa, than the raging of his anger would have been. It cut, as with sharp-edged knives the most tender emotions of her bosom. Still she felt that more pain yet was to be endured, in replying to him. Yet reply she must. And let every emotion, every feeling of her soul be pierced and lacerated — no matter, she possessed a balm to heal every wound — she possessed Enrique's love.

"You will find consolation for the sorrow, I unwillingly inflict! God is merciful, and will bless you with the affection of a fairer one than I am. But, Miguel, I can never become your wife. Remember, never!" and Rosa disappeared from the apartment.

With a cry of rage and sorrow, Miguel looked after her. He possessed a dark and revengeful character. All the cunning and bloodthirsty anger of the Portuguese was his. All the revengeful hate of the South slept in his bosom. The gate of his heart was unclosed and headlong swept out the dark passions of human nature.

There sat Miguel de Sousa, upon the same balcony, and almost on the very place where Enrique had declared his love. And the sun looked down upon him, before he sank in the far West. And Miguel de Sousa sat long and thought. At last he arose with a look of quiet composure upon his features; and smiled up to the starlit sky, with those wicked eyes of his.

In few moments he had joined Donna Bananda in the brightly lighted saloon of the mansion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARGARITA.

Let us retrace our steps, and at present, return to Dame Margarita Flunoz, of whom, the reader will recollect, we heard as imprisoned with Enrique.

Poor old lady, with her whimsical affections and kind heart, enclosed as they were in the prim angular body of an old maid! Imagine her in the dark prison of Santa Cruz. Alternately raving and nursing her wrath in silence, praying and disconsolately crying, she passed the night, during which the brothers escaped. And in the tumult

of his emotions, at his reconciliation with Hernando, Enrique had quite forgotten the venerable spinster, that had nursed him in his sickness.

Ah! laugh, young men, at old, staid ladies, with their habits, customs, and manners of half a century ago, with their primness and their curious notions! When sickness afflicts the frame there is no hand so skillful in administering medicines; when fever devours the blood, there is no hand so soft and cooling; when sorrow strikes the heart there is no voice so tender and consoling. Respect, then, love those old, staid ladies; and may their race never die out.

We will leave it to the reader's imagination to portray the morning, with its surprise, anger and search. No prisoner could be discovered but dame Margarita. An immediate search was instituted for the fugitives, and Father Domingo directed the search. But, unfortunately, all the trouble of the Father was in vain, and, at noon, he reported to his Eminence the Cardinal Savelli, that the fugitives had probably fled beyond the reach of Portuguese justice, for no trace could be discovered of them. Both the Cardinal and his secretary, the Father Domingo, regretted this circumstance very much. But the secretary especially was loud in his expressions of rage and sorrow.

His Eminence then ordered the remaining prisoner, dame Margarita, to be brought before him.

She appeared.

Fear and awe had broken Margarita's high spirit. The dungeon, the priests, the great Cardinal, in whose presence she now was led, even more by their spiritual greatness than by their physical terrors, awed her.

The Cardinal threw back his head, and questioned in a slow, haughty voice:

"Woman! what is thy connection with those infidel brothers, da Costa?"

"None, your holiness, none," cried poor Margarita, "except—"

"Except what?" repeated the Cardinal. "Except, that the younger brother loves me!" spake out Margarita, bravely, for where she believed her affections were engaged, she was bold and courageous,—he

loves me; and he is a good Christian, so help me St. Margarita de Villa Franca, my patron saint!"

Even around the thin lips of Cardinal Savelli a suppressed smile curled, as he heard the former part of this answer. But when St. Margarita was mentioned, he crossed himself devoutly. What a difference between the proud Cardinal Inquisitor and the poor chambermaid, in all respects! Yet they had the same superstition, in common.

"Woman! before you give testimony in behalf of others, prove first to us that you are yourself a good Christian."

"Your holiness can not doubt that."

"What is your name?" inquired a secretary, to whom the Cardinal signed to proceed in the examination.

"Margarita Flunoz, born in honest wedlock of my parents, in the village of Pecosa."

"Your station?"

"Waiting woman to her highness the Countess di Solani! And a good servant I have been to my noble lady."

"How came you to be in company with the heretic Enrique di Costa?"

"It is not proper to relate all about it."

"We must know all!"

Margarita remained silent.

The Cardinal gave a sign, and a curtain at the end of the apartment was withdrawn.—There stood, prettily arranged racks with their saws of polished steel, screws and instruments of torture of every kind; cords and iron clasps with sharp points. The instruments had not been used for some time. Some of them had a pretty clean look about them, to others adhered portions of human skin, hardened to a horny mass, by time.

Margarita screamed and pressed her hands to her eyes.

"Mercy! Mercy!"

"How came you to be in the unbeliever's company?"

"He abducted me. His love was so violent, that he abducted me. He took me to a fine castle on the sea side and we staid there a long time. One day he fell from a rock into the water, and when he was drawn out he was very sick—the good youth. Then I took care of him, ever so well, for many

days. And after this, we returned to Lisbon, where he doubtless wanted to marry me, when we were taken prisoners."

"This is an improbable tale. You must state the truth."

"I can not affirm any thing else, for that is the truth."

"Then you maintain to have been the mistress of Enrique di Costa?"

"No, holy Father! Our love was chaste and pure. I am no lewd woman. I deserve every praise for so long resisting temptations, and—"

"Take her back," ordered the Cardinal.

The truth of Margarita's statement, as far as could be, was ascertained, and the grey-headed chambermaid was sent back to her mistress.

It is a few days after the return of Dame Margarita to the summer pavilion.

She is in the garden with a group of servants around.

Margarita is repeating something that calls up a good many smiles from the younger part of her audience.

"See this necklace of gold, worth at least a hundred broad pieces; this is a present from my lover! Ah! you may smile young ones, but it will be long ere you get as rich a lover as I have had. The day will come when Margarita Flunoz will be a lady. Yes you child, you needn't be proud of the plumed page I found in your room one night—" Maria grew scarlet and ran away, "mine wears finer plumes and golden chains than yours can ever get."

"And what is the name of your lover, my fine dame?" inquired the jealous Matteo.

Margarita's vanity would not let her conceal it.

"Enrique da Costa," she said loudly, "a fair name, and a noble one."

A middle aged man was just passing, and about to enter the summer pavilion.

It was Miguel di Sousa.

He had informed himself, partly by bringing the servants, partly by conversation with Rosa's mother, who the lover of his betrothed was.

He now heard this name mentioned, by an aged female servant to a crowd of other

servants. He walked back slowly and heard her affirm:

"Don Enrique abducted me, and him I expect to come back and make me a Donna!"

"Don't be foolish, Margarita," said the footman Matteo.

"Foolish? Is it you who are the greater fool, or I?" Then remembering her dignity, as the loved one of a noble, the dame added: "speak respectfully to your superiors, Matteo."

The poor footman's heart was breaking. Miguel di Sousa pulled Margarita by the sleeve.

"Senora, I wish to have a talk with you," he said.

Margarita proudly tossed up her head towards her fellow servants, and said to Miguel, with a smirk and grin:

"I am at your service, senor!"

"I wish to talk to you alone, senora!"

"Then follow me, senor!" She led him to her apartment.

"You spoke about one Enrique da Costa—is he your lover?"

"If you please, senor, yes! He loves me!"

"Can you prove that?"

"Well enough; for before he left Lisbon, he abducted me, and took me along."

"Impossible!"

"But it is possible, senor!"

"What could a gay young noble want with an old hag like you!"

"Senor, do you want to insult me?"

"No, my good woman," and he pressed several gold pieces into Margarita's palm.

"What do you wish, senor," said the pacified chambermaid, "I can not be untrue to my lover."

"I do not wish you to. But I must have you do me a favor of a different kind."

"What do you require, senor?"

"There is a lady, a near relation of mine, to whom this perfidious Enrique, has been audacious enough to proffer vows of love."

"What do you say, senor? Oh my heart!" and the poor maiden grew pale.

"It is so, I assure you. Now, I wish to dispel the illusions of this lady, and, therefore, want you to tell her that Enrique da

Costa's affections are previously engaged, and that her love is hopeless. Thus your perfidious lover, will be brought back to your feet, and my young relative will give up her thoughts of him."

"St. Margarita di Monte! I will do what you say. I will assure the lady she has no hope of Enrique's heart."

"When can you accompany me to her dwelling, my good dame?"

"Let me see! to-morrow eve would be the best time!"

"Another thing! the lady must not know who her favored rival is. Else you have much to fear, for she is revengeful."

"How can I help her seeing me. Do not expose me to any danger," for Margarita remembered yet vividly the dungeons of Santa Cruz.

"I will do what I can. Cover your features with a black mask, and there is no fear of detection. You see I am careful that no harm shall come to you."

"Thank you, senor! I shall follow your advice!"

"Dress yourself richly too, senora! Thus I hope you will successfully set the mind of my young relative aright. Where shall I meet you to-morrow night?"

"In the rear of the pavilion, I think!"

"Very well; at what time?"

"Just after dusk. I can trust you, senor!"

"You can! Farewell, till to-morrow night!" and the noble, pressing five more pieces into Margarita's hand, disappeared.

He went to make his visit to the Countess di Voga.

Margarita smiled and counted the gold pieces.

"To regain a lover, save a young lady, get eight gold pieces—and who knows how many more—is not doing badly. Oh perfidious Enrique!"

CHAPTER XXV.

GLORIA AND DIEGO.

The sentence had been pronounced. Don Diego was doomed to death.

The King had rejected every overture and offer, which the Duke di Azambuja had made, and finally sent back the messenger

with these terms: His Majesty, Juan the Third, King of Portugal, will pardon the Duke di Azambuja, and, forgetting his past offences, allow him to retain his dignities and titles, on consideration that he immediately disperse his people, and in no manner whatever continue to countenance or aid the traitor, Antonio di Castro.

These terms were accepted, and the Duke hastened to town, to throw himself at the King's feet, and entreat a pardon for his son.

The King had coldly turned away from the Duke and dismissed him without an answer.

The Duke, frantic with anxiety, clasped the King's knees, and conjured him to have mercy.

Juan had wavered, and, moved by his old servant's entreaties, promised to send an answer to him before night.

The Duke had to be satisfied with this. Juan had then visited the Countess di Voga, and, advised and influenced by her, despatched to the Duke this answer:

"The King, upon mature consideration, has thought best not to arrest the course of justice in this instance."

The Countess had also requested an order for admittance to the prison of Don Diego, which the King, although unwillingly, and with some hesitation, had granted.

Nevertheless, on leaving Donna Gloria, his majesty gave some orders about the execution, the purport of which we will hereafter discover.

The evening of the day before that, on which Don Diego was to be executed, has arrived.

The sky was covered with intense blackness; purplish and yellow vapors, like those of a conflagration, filled the air. Threateningly muttered the faint thunder, and a dreadful calm pressed like lead upon the earth. The leaves of trees hung unmoved, and the waters of the Tagus and the sea presented a concave surface, so heavy was the compressed air. Not a flake of foam, curled around the cliffs, so quiet was the sea.

A wall of livid blackness advanced rapidly from the West, driving before it a long

line of snow white foam. It broke upon the cliffs. A sheet of blue fire rent the heavens. A deafening crash of thunder shook the clouds. The storm had burst in all its fury upon the Portuguese coast.

The seas broke loose. The waves lifted up their voice, and roared to the hissing yell of the wind. The beetling rocks were upheaved, and tossed aloft upon the head of the billows. Again and again, crashes of thunder and hissing lightnings tore across the sky. The Tagus rose, and, with the fury of a sea, swept away the inns and houses that garnished its banks. Uprooted trees were borne along by the gale, and thrown down upon habitations and houses, with tremendous force. The air was filled with clouds of minute spray, which, with the force of shot, beat against and broke windows and light structures. And, above all, was the deafening roar of the storm and the sea.

The storms upon the Portuguese coasts are terrific. The winds sweep across the wide plain of the Atlantic ocean, the waves drive unappeased across thousands of miles of sea, and wind and waves spend their whole accumulated force in chafing against the rocky bridle of Portugal. If lashed to fury, the reader will understand the power with which storms beat about that land.

Suddenly a hoarse and rumbling noise crept along the ground. The noise of the storm had aroused mother Earth. She shook and heaved in convulsive spasms—The Earth quaked. In a moment, towers and steeples had tumbled over. Whole villages were lifted by the soil on which they stood, and tossed into the river. Islands were buried beneath the waves. Hills sank and valleys became mountains. The storm howled with tenfold fury.

Ships in the harbor were swallowed up.—The wharves disappeared beneath masses of foam. The sea ranged over the land, and created lakes where mountains had been.

People prayed. Not a house in Lisbon, in which the inhabitants were not congregated in the cellars, and offered up prayers and supplications. Fear and anguish stirred up every soul. Yet, in Lisbon little harm

was done. The villages upon the coast suffered most.

Toward twelve o'clock at night the storm subsided. The earthquake had but once shaken the ground and was gone.

The air grew more quiet. The sea ceased its efforts. Yet the water tossed in dreadful agitation still. The wind had whipt up its lowest sands and shells, and cast them upon the land, and it lashed wrathfully against the shore, in efforts to regain them.

Then a window of the summer pavilion was opened, and Gloria looked out.

"The storm has subsided," she said, turning to Maria Flunoz. "We will go now."

"For the Holy Saviour's sake, do not go out on this dreadful night," cried Maria.

"We will be crushed by falling chimneys and rafters."

"I must see him, girl. If you do not accompany me, I will go alone."

"No, senora, if you go, Maria will accompany you."

"I hoped so; and now, Maria, since I know not what may be the events of this night, let me at any rate provide for your future."

"Oh, Donna!"

"Here is a necklace of pearls worth a small fortune. This will give you and Fidaro the means of establishing yourself, when you marry."

Maria hung her head.

"Fidaro loves me not."

"Yes, he does," said Gloria. "Do not distrust him, for he is my friend."

Maria took the pearls and, with tears of gratitude, kissed her mistress' hand.

This was the only explanation in regard to Fidaro, that ever passed between the lady and her chambermaid.

"Now let us go, Maria!"

"Forgive me, lady. But, oh, go to-morrow!"

"To-night it must be; order the chair to be ready."

Maria went out and told the servants.—Astonished at this freak of the Countess, they looked at each other. But Maria, repeating the order, it was quickly obeyed.

Gloria then descended from her apart-

ments. The Countess was wrapped in a large robe of black color, lined throughout with fur. A heavy hood covered her head.

A clumsy kind of litter, or sedan chair, was held by four sable Africans. Six servants bearing torches surrounded it. The sedan was covered with heavy gilding.

Gloria motioned an upper servant, who was armed, to approach.

"Bear me to the Castle!" she said.

He made a silent obeisance, but his astonished eyes expressed the wonder, he dare not express audibly.

Gloria, followed by her chambermaid, now entered the litter, and they were borne rapidly away.

The wind extinguished the torches almost immediately, and the rain, beginning to pour, deluged the servants and litter bearers. Great streams of water gushed from the top and sides of the sedan, and even leaked through, here and there.

At last they were before the Castle. The servants hailed the sentinel, but it was long ere their voices could be heard, above the shrill and mighty whistle of the wind.

At last the soldier, who kept watch upon the wall, heard them, and asked:

"Who is there?"

"The Countess di Voga!"

"What does she want?"

The servants looked at Gloria.

"An express order from his majesty, to see Don Diego di Azambuja," she said, and the servants repeated it to the soldier.

There was some shouting and noise, and at last the officer of the watch ascended the wall.

The same questions were asked, and the same answers given.

"I will tell the governor," said the officer.

The governor was called.

He had been prepared for Gloria's visit by a message, on the day previous, but had not expected her so late.

The gates were opened and the train of the Countess admitted into the courtyard.

The governor inspected Gloria's order, and then led her into his own apartments.

An unusual activity seemed to prevail in

the castle at this late hour. Lights streamed from most of the windows, the soldiers were all assembled in their barrack rooms, and the officers all awake and walking about in the great hall, talking in whispers.

"Admit me to the prisoner, immediately," she said.

"As your excellency wishes," was the reply.

And commanding two servants, they walked before them, bearing torches, toward the prisons of the old Castle. Gloria, leaning on the governor's arm, followed.

They came to the Western towers. Door after door was unlocked by the obsequious turnkey.

"Your excellency wishes to see Don Diego alone?" inquired the governor.

"Alone!" replied Gloria.

Another door was unlocked and they entered the chapel of the castle, which, by this way, communicated with the prisons, but could also be entered from the courtyard and great hall.

Both the latter entrances were now, however, securely closed.

"The prisoner is at his prayers," whispered the governor.

The chapel was quite dark, except, near the altar, where four torches shed a dim light over a gigantic cross of brass, before which two men kneeled. At their side, in his clerical robes, stood Father Marcus.

The governor signed to the priest. He approached.

"This lady wishes to speak with Don Diego, alone."

Marcus turned a scrutinising eye upon Gloria. She slightly lifted her hood.

He recognized her.

"Very well," said he. "But, lady, will you not hear me for a moment now? I have to ask you for something."

"Now?"

"Yes, if you please. It will take but a moment."

The governor discreetly retired, with his attendants.

"What is it then?" inquired Gloria, half vexed. "I owe you the granting of a favor."

"I will avail myself of it now. Lady, you

exert a bad influence upon the King. You have caused him to sentence this young man. You need great sums of money. You have been an evil adviser to Don Juan. You have prevented an advantageous foreign alliance, which the King would also have contracted. In short, the favor which you owe me, which I claim, is your removal from court, from Portugal if possible."

"Presumptuous!"

"I speak in behalf of the people!"

Gloria stopped, thought for a moment or two, and then said slowly and sadly:

"To-morrow, I will answer you, Pater; leave us alone now."

Pater Marcus left the chapel.

Now Gloria gathered all her energies, all her pride, and all her exultation; she roused all her passions, and, tingling with triumph, walked through the chapel to where Don Diego knelt in prayer at the side of his sobbing father.

Now she stood behind them; but both were so absorbed, in their prayers and emotions, that they did not perceive her.

She threw down her cloak and hood, and she had again assumed her bridal garments, the dress in which we first beheld her.

The robe of white satin, with its gold embroidery, flowed around her in graceful folds. Diamonds flashed upon her arms and neck; white roses wreathed her hair.

She stepped forward and clasping one arm around the cross, stood before father and son.

Both half rose, much astonished.

"The Countess di Voga!" cried the Duke of Azambuja.

Don Diego hesitated for a moment, and then throwing himself at the lady's feet, murmured softly:

"Gloria, my own Gloria!"

For a moment, there was uninterrupted silence throughout the chapel. Then Diego, arising, approached the Countess.

"Do I dream? No, really it is my own lady love, that has come to sweeten the last hour of life!"

He took her unresisting hand, as a host of happy memories swept over his soul, like

a mass of sunshine pouring across a darkened sea.

"It is Gloria di Gomez. Recollect you, our last parting, Don Diego di Azambuja?"

Oh, how cold and watchful were those brilliant eyes, as they rested upon his countenance.

"That dreadful night!" exclaimed the young noble in a faltering voice.

"On, no, not dreadful! It was merely an opportune interference. A noble father,"—and Gloria turned a lightning glance upon the old Duke,— "a noble father saving an inexperienced son, from all the horrors of an alliance with a decayed and poor house.—Not dreadful; no indeed! For Diego, it was a happy occurrence!"

"Gloria, oh do not speak in this strain.—You know that my heart's first love was yours! And it is yours still."

"Oh your heart is mine, assuredly; and Donna Menezes? and Miranda Perez?"

"How came you to know of them?—Gloria, was it my fault, that I was dragged from you on that night?"

"And never returned to inquire the fate of one, who had thrown away all for you!"

Gloria's voice faltered at these last words.

"I was placed at court; it was impos—"

"Enough of this. I lay fainting in the chapel till morning. I was taken away and placed in a convent. I fasted and knelt in dark penitential vaults throughout the long nights. I suffered the restraint of the convent, the torture of the living grave, the hell of disappointed love for seven years! But you were at court; it was impossible to remember one, to whom every manly oath and obligation bound you!"

"Gloria!" Diego sunk down at these accusations.

"And after seven long years, Heaven had mercy on me! I returned to the world, and, driven by your crime, a Gomez became the mistress of the King!—Now, revenge revenge, was my aim. I discovered your plot. As Fildaro, I accompanied you to the chapel of St. Jago, and to your palace. I informed the King. Through me you were taken prisoner. My influence has caused you to be sentenced to death, and now I

come to gloat my eyes on the victims of revenge!"

"Oh God!" cried Diego.

"Ah, old man!" and Gloria turned to the Duke; "when you left me fainting and ruined upon the floor of the chapel, it never entered your mind that one day that pale girl should bow you to the earth! that she would—" Gloria stopped. Her eyes were shining like those of an angry tigress. Her breath came short. A beautiful flake of foam hung upon her fresh, scarlet lips. A Goddess could not have been more beautiful than she was, at that moment.

"Mercy!" cried the Duke, "mercy for my son! I have offended you; I have merited your anger; let me die, but save my son! save the prop of my house!"

Gloria was exhausted. She replied not.

"Oh, Gloria!" said Don Diego, "your picture always dwelled in my heart. I knew naught of your fate, until quite lately, and then all inquiry was met by the stern refusals of your relatives! Oh, Gloria, in this my dying hour, when no earthly hand can save me any more, I swear that I love you truly, really, although your hand has brought me to the block!"

We are, emphatically, the creatures of impulse. Impulse has more to do with our decisions, than the much boasted of reason of man.

Gloria was softened. In spite of her reasons to hate him, her much desired revenge, the language of Don Diego, the dimly lighted chapel, the fate impending over him, all exercised their influence on her. And in spite of the reproaches she had meditated, the taunts she had prepared, pity, perhaps, even resurrected love, now rose sweetly in her heart.

"Can it be so? Do you love me still?"

His only reply was an embrace, which Gloria permitted.

"Will you wed me, Diego?"

"Am I not doomed to die? I can but bid you farewell!"

"But if I can save you?"

"You are my wife, by the honor of a noble!"

"You must be saved then! Not a mo-

ment is to be lost. I go to the King—he has promised to grant me a favor, whatever it is.

—I will wake him—Diego you must be saved at the eleventh hour!"

"For God's sake hasten, dear lady!" cried the Duke.

"I go, Diego, I save you from death, that you may become my husband. Farewell!"

One more embrace, in which both hearts gushed with the recollections of the love of golden youth, and Gloria, tearing herself away, ran without assuming her cloak, to the door.

The governor hastened to open. She was conducted through halls and down staircases to the court.

This took considerable time, for the castle was large.

When Gloria was about to enter her litter, the bell of the chapel began to ring slowly.

"What means this bell, my lord?" inquired the Countess, anxiously.

"I am not at liberty to disclose it, madam!"

"I command you!" Then softly entreating, "I pray you, senor!"

The governor approached and whispered:

"The King wished to spare to a noble family like that of Azambuja, the disgrace of a public execution!"

"And, for God's sake, senor, proceed!" almost screamed Gloria.

"And ordered Don Diego to be executed during the night. This is the signal."

With a cry of extreme anxiety, Gloria sank to the ground. But immediately she rose again, and ran swiftly back into the castle. Up stairs, along passages, madly groaning, she ran into the chapel; it was empty.

She heard voices; following their direction, she entered another room. Light beamed through the door below. It opened upon a staircase of stone, that descended into a great hall.

Gloria stood upon the upper landing of the staircase. Below were a crowd of soldiers, a black scaffold in their midst, a man upon the scaffold. A sword flashed in the air, and with a dull noise fell Don Diego's head upon the stone floor. Streams of blood deluged the hall.

Gloria, unconscious with terror, lost her balance, fell down, hung for a moment over the side of the unguarded banisterless landing, threw her arms wildly about, and fell down upon the stone floor at the side of Don Diego's head. The fall had fractured her skull in various places. She was dead. A dreadful silence reigned for a moment, only broken by the gushing murmur of blood.

Then the Duke di Azambuja rose, threw his arms aloft, and laughed wildly. The events of the night had deranged his reason. He was insane.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROME.

"*Roma ruil suis viribus!*"* She has fallen, but even in her grave, the memory of empire hangs over her.

O! Queen, on the seven hills, how beautiful art thou! They could tear the crown of the world from thy brow, but they could not rob thee of the splendid wreath which the God of nature placed there. They could take the purple from thy shoulders, but could not banish the halo of art and poetry, in which thou art wrapped. They could take the sceptre from thy hand, but the fine arts rule still in thee.

Three hills of the seven remain to Rome. The rest are dedicated to the memory—are the grave yard—of the World's Empress.—Many pillars of shining marble still raise their finely carved heads—but the roof they supported has fallen! Many massive facades still line the deserted streets—but the houses they fronted, are dust. Triumphant arches, and monuments of the heroes of the Empire look upon the ruins of their loved city.

And the yellow Tiber flows on, the flowers bloom and the trees green—what knows nature of the changes that pass over the destinies of men? And in the bright sunlight, and the soft moonshine, the spirit of ancient Rome wails amongst the gigantic ruins.

Hernando and Enrique walked in the light of the setting sun, amongst these ruins. The elder brother with a face of proud ex-

*Horace.

ultation, Enrique with a quiet and saddened flush upon his brow.

"There is the grave of our proud enemy; of our destroyer!" cried Hernando. "She did not die in her strength, in her glory, defended by heroes, mourned by prophets.—But lived to be old, dishonored, scoffed, scorned, to be dragged through every quagmire of disgrace, to suffer all and every pain entailed by her sins and excesses. And her misbegotten offspring, red Popedom, dances and laughs over her grave, dishonors her bones, scatters her dust to the winds!"

"That is her reward! How dreadfully she suffered ere she died, how well she was punished, history tells.—That same history which records our continued existence—a type of our eternal life beyond the grave!"

"I cannot rejoice, upon these ruins, over the fall of our enemy. The remnants are grand and melancholy. Rome may have been cruel, she was also great. Oh, how beautiful! Come, my brother, step upon this marble pedestal and look with me!"

"I hate these ruins, with their beauty and grandeur! From them went the order to destroy Jerusalem. These pillars bore the roof under which plans for our dispersion, were concocted. I would pollute them and grind them to dust, as I would throw dirt upon the grave of a cruel foe."

Hernando, oppressed by the heat, had taken off his hat, and as he stood there with frowning brow, and wildly gleaming eyes, his mouth compressed and head thrown back, the scarlet light glowing upon his face and black glossy hair, an angel of vengeance seemed to have stepped from the earth and apostrophised the marble ruins. Above him, upon the pedestal, stood Enrique—beautifully pale, with soft, pious eyes raised to heaven, with light, sun-gilded hair hanging upon his white throat, like an angel of peace come from heaven. There could not be more difference in the person of these two brothers, than in their character.

Hernando, seeing that he was unheeded by Enrique, also mounted the pedestal whereon his brother stood, and in a softer mood throwing his arm around Enrique's neck, looked around.

The scene was superbly bright. Far in the west, folds of scarlet and golden clouds hung around the flaming sun.

The soft, richly tinted light flooded over the dreamy Italian view, and pouring a heavenly glory upon the marble palaces and gilded steeples of proud Rome, fell with a saddened glow upon the ruins beyond.

With its battlements clearly defined against the scarlet and azure air, stood the castle of San Angelo. The marble statue of a gigantic angel, which surmounts it, seemed just alighted from the clear sky above.—St. Peter's lifted its dome, rich, fanciful, and majestic to the clouds. No edifice, perhaps, impresses the beholder more with a feeling of awe and devotion, than St. Peter's church. There, architecture speaks in a language of power, that fails not to be heard in the heart. Near it the splendid Vatican, on every side, the thousand glorious churches with Grecian pillars, Roman ornaments and Gothic arches, with marble and gilded steeples, pointing aloft; the basilicas with their odd vaults, the pillars, gigantic statues, and the millions of objects that can not be grasped at once by the eye of man.

Behind, the remains of the old city, the Coliseum, the temples, the theatres, the houses, often with the broken pillars of the *peristyle* still erect, with the narrow *vestibula* still leading into the *atrium*, long no more, with the defaced remains of the *Lares*, or household gods, amongst the ruins, where they were adored, and which they were designed to protect. Oh how sadly fell the light upon the latter.

This picture, which we have endeavored to bring before the mind of the readers, as it was before Enrique and Hernando's eyes, was surrounded and varied with the pearly foliage of Italian trees and woods.

The brothers were unspcakably softened by the view. Hernando's face was serene, until his eye lighted upon a dark spot near the Tiber.

"Ah," he cried, frowning, "and amidst this beautiful view, a ghetto, a place of filth, darkness and abomination is provided for the Jew! Look you there, my brother, and see the drop of poison in this large cup of beauty!" and he pointed to it.

Well it was for the brothers, that they conversed in Portuguese. For, not far from them, behind a ruin, sat an humble servant of the church.

All at once, every church seemed to have opened its mouth, and the thousand tongues of Rome, the sweet bells, poured the melody of their voices upon the evening air.

"Come, brother," said Hernando, "we are soon to have our private audience; let us go home and prepare."

The two brothers went, arm in arm, from the ruins into the city. They walked to the palace of Monsignore Mezzani, who was their host. The Cardinal Mezzani was himself an Israelite, and, therefore, best suited, by his inclinations as well as by the favor he enjoyed with the Pope, to further the objects of the brothers.

"Prepare yourself," said the Cardinal, a venerable old man with a long, black gown and scull cap; "the Holy Father has informed me, that he will see you at dusk. Every moment you may expect a message."

"Do you not accompany us, Father?"

"No, my son! Have you the presents ready? They are of prime importance."

"We have," replied Hernando.

The brothers returned to their apartments, to attire themselves properly.

They were soon notified that a papal attendant had arrived.

Under his guidance they proceeded to the Vatican.

First rode the papal officer. Upon his velvet jerkin were the arms of the Holy See in glittering gold. Then followed Hernando and Enrique, richly attired in velvet and satin. Behind them rode ten servants, in gorgeous livery, each bearing a stout well filled bag, splendidly embroidered. The bags contained five thousand heavy gold pieces each.

In two files, so as to enclose the money bearers, marched about thirty papal soldiers. They were designed, partly as a protection to the treasure, partly as a guard of honor.

In this order the brothers arrived at the Vatican.

Without being allowed time to look about and admire the splendor of that palace, they

were forthwith led into the presence of the Pope.

The Holy Father sat upon an elevated chair, at the end of one of those apartments, made immortal by the pencil of Italy's master painters.

Clement VIII was an old man of commanding presence. The proud beauty, so peculiar to the princely house of Medici, still lingered upon his features. But age had softened that outline of almost sculptured exactness, had washed away the delicacy of the proportions, and blanched the haughty brow. A velvet scull-cap, lined with fur, covered his head. He was clad in a long, black tunic, with a broad scarf around his waist. A cape, or a mantle of velvet, lined with fur, was fastened in front, and hung over his shoulders to the hips.—The sleeves of his tunic were wide, and embroidered with lace.

His dress was in many places ornamented with crosses. Upon the high back of his chair were carved, in wood and gilded, the papal arms—the tiara and keys. They were also embroidered upon the cushion serving as a stool. Tassels of seed pearls adorned that cushion at the corners.

Hernando and Enrique knelt, and kissed the cross, which was embroidered upon the slipper of his Holiness.

"*Benedicite, mei filii,*" said his Holiness, in a full, impressive voice.

"What is your errand to the Holy See?"

"We are humbly commissioned by the New Christians of Portugal, to present these monies to the treasury of the Church," said Hernando, and with a slight backward motion of his hand, he pointed to the bags of doubloons, which had been placed by the bearers in the lower part of the hall.

"It is a payment for indulgencies, as we have committed many sins."

"We hope that you repent of them, *meo caro,*"

"Assuredly. Do St. Peter and St. Paul pardon the sins of us misguided mortals?"

"We will pray for you, and thus assure *graciam coeli*, divine pardon. *In nomine Patri, filii et spiritus sancti*, I absolve ye, as representatives of the New Christians, in Portugal! May your sins be struck out from the

book of St. Peter and St. Paul!" and each of the brothers kneeling, the Pontiff slightly raised his hand, and said to each separately: "*Absolve te!*"

The brothers bent low their heads, as the redeeming words were pronounced by the Head of the Church.

The Holy Father rose. Cardinal Mezzani then motioned to the brothers who, with low reverence, went backward out of the hall.—A papal secretary was in waiting. He handed them the written absolution of the Pontiff. It was signed by Clement and sealed with the arms of the Holy See.

The brothers returned to the house of the Cardinal and, having now executed their mission, prepared to return.

Yet there was one more secret mission, which they had been ordered to perform.

It was concerning the Cardinal Savelli.—They had procured assurances from the highest sources, that Savelli had never been sent to Portugal, that he was no Cardinal, that his documents were forged.

The letters of Pater Domingo were delivered to the Cardinal, who returned to the brothers the written assurance of his Holiness, that Savelli was an impostor.

The brothers had also received epistles to the Inquisitor General of Spain, in which his spiritual superiors exhorted him to arrest and condemn the man who forged a Cardinal's title, and assumed an office not given him by the Holy See.

The written assurance of the Pontiff was couched in these words:

"We hereby inform our well-beloved son, Juan of Portugal, that the priest Savelli possesses no authority from our hand to act, as we have been informed he does.

CLEMENT."

The other letters were more explicit, and urged the peculiar crime of Savelli, and his speedy deposition and punishment.

Ere many days had passed, the brothers were safely embarked on board of the same Dutch vessel. The wind was fair, and the sunny shores of Italy vanished in the distance, concealed by a haze of azure and gold.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WILY LOVER.

Margarita, true to her appointment, awaited Don Miguel di Sousa in the rear of the pavilion, as dusk began to pour a tinge of lucid obscurity over the sky, and the air.

She was attired in a silken robe, belonging to the Countess di Solani. A plumed gear covered her head, and a black mask concealed her features. A scarf of Indian muslin hung over her shoulders.

It was night ere Don Miguel arrived.

"I have waited long," began the impatient Margarita.

"I could not come sooner," replied Don Miguel. "A few streets distant a litter awaits you, dame."

He took her hand and led her along in such a gallant style, that the old lady's heart beat high, and she stepped as daintily and briskly, as a maiden of eighteen.

The litter was reached, and the dame entered it. Miguel mounted a horse and rode behind, directing the slaves, where to bear it.

Safely arrived at Belem, it was set down at the inn of St. Ignatio, and the good dame, under the guidance of the noble, entered the palace of Donna Bananda, and the apartments of Rosa.

Rosa lay upon a low couch, covered with bright colored cloth of Indian manufacture. From the ceiling depended a silver lamp, filled with perfumed oil.

The young lady seemed unconscious of the entrance of her betrothed and the dame. Her face was buried in her hands, and the long, glossy hair, being loosened by her agitation, fell in many masses around her.

"Speak softly," whispered Miguel to his companion. Then approaching Rosa, he endeavored to take her hand, and said:

"My dear, why do you grieve? These young gallants are but triflers, and delight to flirt, that they may boast of a lady's favor, to their drinking companions. I knew this. But your inexperienced heart yielded to the honeyed words of one of these butterflies—"

"He is a man, and a true one! I do not believe you! It is all—" her eye lighting

on Margarita, she stopped, and drying her eyes, inquired:

"Who is this?"

"Mar—"

"A lady," Miguel hastened to say, ere the dame by habit used to answer this question, spoiled every thing by disclosing her name and condition, "a lady, to whom Enrique da Costa has made the same assurance of love, and offers, with which he seems to have caught your fancy."

"Can this be so? who are you?"

"The lady wishes not her name to be known, but she is of very high condition," again observed Miguel.

"Enrique da Costa, on flying from Lisbon, was accompanied by this lady."

"Indeed," Margarita continued, "his love was so violent, that almost involuntarily he abducted me."

"It is all a fabrication! I will not believe a word of it!" cried Rosa, as a torrent of tears fell over her face.

"Donna Rosa," said Miguel, "in friendship to your family, and in kindness to yourself, I have endeavored to disclose the light and unworthy character of one, whom you trust. In return, you style the things which my investigations bring to light—fabrications! I prevail upon a lady, to talk of her own secrets in pity to you? This is the reward I receive."

"Forgive me, good cousin! forgive! but though angels should testify against him, how can I believe my Enrique false?"

"Your Enrique?" cried Margarita, angrily, "do you style my lover, he whom I nursed during a three weeks' sickness with my own hands, he who lived for months under the same roof with me—your Enrique?"

"Lady! I know not what claims you may have upon Enrique da Costa. But I certainly know that he loves me, and is true to me," said Rosa, with dignity.

"And are you so sure of that? Well, you shall certainly know too, that Enrique da Costa will marry Mar—"

Miguel no sooner heard the first syllable of her name than he broke in with:

"Now what would the gentlemen of the court say, to see one of the reigning beau-

ties"—turning to Rosa—"and one of the noblest ladies"—turning to Margarita, who bowed low at the compliment—"in fierce combat with each other about the possession of a heretic escaped from the dungeons of the holy Tribunal!"

Both the young and the aged maiden, turned sharply upon Miguel, at this raillery.

"In combat?" cried Margarita. "He is mine without combat; you, lady, must be wondrous conceited to imagine that Enrique da Costa will give up one whom he loves like me, for you!"

What Rosa said was drowned amongst the higher tones of Margarita.

"Then Enrique da Costa is your lover?" inquired Rosa, suddenly, of Margarita.

"As sure as St. Margarita di Villa Franca is my patron saint!"

"Enough; thank you for your kind advice," and Rosa turning, entered another apartment.

Miguel now took Margarita back to the inn. She entered the litter, and was again set down at the summer pavilion, where Miguel presented her with five more gold pieces.

"Never address me, or show that you know me, if you behold me again!" was his warning to the chambermaid, as he left her.

Let us return to Donna Rosa.

For some moments she paced the apartment in silence, and then descended to the garden.

"Is it possible? No, never! Enrique is true to me! He must be!" and, proceeding rapidly along the walks of the garden, Rosa heeded neither the waving branches that opposed her, nor the thorny boughs that hung over the path. Suddenly emerging from a shady arbor, the young lady met her mother.

"Rosa, my child, where have you been?" and, with astonishment, lady Bananda saw her daughter's face pale, with swollen eyes, and torn with bloody scratches.

"Oh! mother, dear mother!" was all that the young lady could say.

Donna Bananda, for sometime kept her pressed to her bosom. But her surprise was yet stronger than before.

"Come child," she said, with the quietest voice in the world, "come into this arbor."

She led Rosa to a wooden seat, beneath the old hoary trees.

"Sit down, Rosa," said the old lady, without a particle of her stateliness, "and if anything oppresses you, fear not to confide in your mother."

Rosa could only reply by sobs.

"Life is full of grief, my child. You have met nothing but joy yet. But all men, sooner or later, feel affliction and sorrow.—You must not expect to be exempt from it. What has disturbed you?"

Rosa had recovered a little, from her first passion of grief, and resolved to unbosom herself to her mother.

"Oh mother my heart is broken," cried the trembling girl.

"Hearts do not break," replied the mother, in a sad tone. "Hearts are convulsed, and shocked, and tossed about upon the sea of passions, but they do not break!"

Rosa looked surprised at her mother, she, so calm and quiet; could she ever have felt the raptures, the sorrows of love, as her sad voice seemed to indicate?

"Mother! have you ever felt the pains you speak of?"

"Have I? Oh my daughter, let me throw back the memories that rise up at your question. I have been young, and I have loved, and have thought my heart would break; But—"

"Speak on dear mother!"

"No, my child; let me first hear what are thy sorrows; let me see the complaint, ere I essay to cure."

"I love!"

"Miguel di Sousa?"

"No, my mother! Never!

"You do not love your betrothed?"

"No mother; I will never marry him!"

"Never; this is very strange, you have been affectionate to him. There is nothing to urge against his character, his fortune or prospects. Why do you object to him then?"

"I do not love him!"

"But, many matches are made without

previous love, yet the parties were happy."

"But I love another!"

"Who is that other, my child?"

"Enrique da Costa!"

"As I suspected! But he is a fugitive, without fortune or station. If he re-appears in Portugal, he dies certainly. See, how hopeless your love is!"

"Oh mother! the obstacles are great, but not insurmountable. We are rich; we are Israelites. Let us both fly with our possessions from Portugal, where we are in constant danger, and, joining Enrique, enjoy happiness in some other, more liberal country."

"The hopes of youth are bright, and the imagination of the loving, vivid. However, daughter, this is all but an empty scheme. Yet you may once wed Enrique da Costa, if circumstances allow it, for I will not force you to be the wife of Don Miguel, since your inclinations are against him."

"A thousand thanks, my dear mother.—But, although I do not wed Don Miguel, Enrique is also lost to me. He has been false to his vows! He has broken his word!"

"Oh my child, how know you this?"

Rosa related the events of the evening.

"Be cautious, my daughter, to believe such things. Have confidences in Enrique. Jealousy and distrust blight the heart.—Learn from the history of your mother to be slow in believing any one, speaking against your lover. I will tell you the history of my life that you may learn to judge in a case like this."

Rosa laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, and the old lady thus began the history of her life:

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DONNA BANANDA.

The matron's calm and gentle features moving in agitation, hid upon the neck of Rosa, and the beauteous maiden clasped her snowy arms around her mother's form. Then, in a voice, whose gentle tones subdued, yet thrilled the heart, she spoke:

"When, ere the second Juan died, Bianca wore the crown, I was attached to her, and while she lived, Bananda was her friend. When Juan died and she returned to the

royal court of Spain, I went with her, and stayed awhile at Cordova. There first, my child, I met a gallant youth, who moved distinguished in the courtly train, of Spanish majesty. His easy grace, his handsome aspect and his gentle pride did first attract mine eye. The discourse flowing smoothly from his tongue, the fame which seemed to flock around him, would rivet my attention. His glance, which seemed to burn with love when'er it met my gaze, did bring my heart to him. I loved, I need not say how much I loved, how well he did return my earnest passion, and what golden hopes I founded on that love.

Da Costa was this gallant's name, the father of Enrique and Hernando. Oh, how bright was then my heart, how glorious was the world around me. Never more will joy so brilliant beam upon my fate! 'Tis past, a villain brought me news of Levi's treachery. 'Twas said he boasted of my love to other men, and spoke my name with ridicule. I did believe it, and my heart, his heart, were disappointed in their dearest hopes.—We parted never more to meet as friends. And now, my child, you know the worm that ate into my girlhood's core; you know how great a punishment for quick distrust, was mine. You now will not believe what others state against your lover; now learn to trust in him, to whom you once gave up your heart."

"Oh dearest mother," was the soft reply of gentle Rosa, "you have made me glad and happy, more than I can tell. For you have rolled away the heavy load of sorrow from my soul, and now again, I breathe an atmosphere of youth, of joy and gladness as before. And when Enrique returns, oh mother, he weds thy Rosa. Say it, mother, now! You loved the father, do not plunge the son, together with your child, in misery; your heart has learned to love, oh, show it now!"

"But, Rosa, I'm a mother: now a mother's duty holds the sanguine mind with iron anchors to the real earth. A mother's duty teaches me to give my child where satisfaction, happiness will meet her, on the path of life."

"Alone with him whom the heart has chosen, can I find these treasures."

"No, my child, not in a life, which is a flight from every land, where civilized society abounds. No Christian king will let the Hebrew live within his land unless despised, disgraced he cast away, each vestige of humanity. And would my gentle daughter share a fate like this?"

"I would, to be his wife; would sooner fly to distant deserts, than become the wife of Miguel di Sousa."

"I force ye not, to be his wife, but neither shall ye wed Enrique, until no longer fortune frowns upon his fate."

"It is enough, my mother, thanks for this."

The ladies rose and walked along the sombre, darkened paths, all over arched by trembling foliage. Now, they reached the house, and turning, looked upon the glowing stars. The whispering wind did creep around the trunks of aged trees, and whistle through the knots. They went into the silent house. Then from beneath the brownish trunks that rose in bosquets, and in silent clumps aloft around the arbor, where the ladies sat, a figure stole. It was a man whose face, all bitter with the wicked thoughts within, was lighted to the pure and starlit sky. The moon, with trembling beams, did gleam upon the figure and the face. But burning bright with self-evolved rays the eyes did shine, and shed a beam of hell upon the face. 'Twas Miguel di Sousa; he had heard the trustful conversation of the child and mother. He then knew well that ne'er, with Donna Bananda's word, he could accomplish his purpose. His heart was pressed with grief, and from its secret chamber flew the dormant poison. What schemes and plans then sprang to life, the reader will only see as executed by that revengeful man, whose soul was bent on wedding Rosa.

The morning after Rosa's confession to her mother, Don Miguel di Sousa reclined on the cushions of a two oared barge, which was being rowed toward a large three masted vessel. In letters of gold was painted around the figurehead, the vessel's name, "St. Pedro di Alveni."

Don Miguel was put on board, and there received by a thin weasel-faced man, who was the captain.

"How are you, old friend!" cried Don Miguel, with a heartiness, which was returned in part, by the weasel-faced one.

"Well, well! I am quite well, but wish to be at sea again."

"Oh, Misardo, always wishing to be on the broad ocean."

"Yes; 'tis too expensive to live on land. My heart always burns, when they roar land from the masthead. I do n't like it."

"My old water dog, I should think you would like, once in a while, to see your relatives again."

"No, no, I have none! so help me St. Pedro; none, but a few rascally starvelings, who want to rob me of my well-earned savings; not that I have much!"

Miguel replied by what is termed, at the present time, "a wink," which said plainer than words could express it:

"I know you, old miser."

"Nay, nay," again said Captain Misardo, uneasily, "I possess nothing. But when land is in sight, I know the next thing wanted will be pay for the sailors—the scamps."

"Well, they earn it, pretty hard."

"And spend it easy; a sailor throws away more in day on shore, than their captain expends in a week."

"I dare say. But let us go into the cabin where I will thank you for a draught from your best. I have business with you," continued the noble as they entered the cabin.

"Business," said old Misardo, stopping, "I have no money, and can't lend any.—People fancy me rich, but St. Pedro knows that I am a beggar; a ruined beggar."

"Be not afraid. I do not want money." Misardo drew a sigh of relief.

"What else then," said he, placing a cup for his guest.

"Are you sure there is no listener near," said Miguel, looking around anxiously.

"No. Why you surprise me. What is it you want with me?"

Miguel was silent for a few moments.

"What is it that you want?" inquired Captain Misardo, growing pale.

"Do not be afraid. It is something concerning myself, entirely."

"Oh!" sighed, the weasel faced one.—
"You know, Misardo, that it is I, who has procured you the command of this vessel."

"Certainly, certainly. Much obliged to you, always."

"And that I have required nothing, in return for this service."

"No; you have behaved handsomely.—
It would have been vain to ask me for a present, since I am poor as a rat. Every one knows how poor I am!"

"Do not repeat your assurances to me.—
I have already said I come not to borrow money."

"True, I could lend you none. My purse contains not enough to serve you for one day."

"Pshaw! Remain quite for a moment about your money——"

"I have none!"

"A thousand curses on your head! remain quiet, I say, about your money or your poverty, and listen to my business.—
You know that I'm affianced to Donna Rosa Bananda."

The attentive Misardo nodded, and said, *sotto voce*: "Immensely rich!"

"It is arranged that I wed her in a month from this time."

"If you need any money for the wedding, I may be able to accommodate you," broke in Misardo, "for I hold a certain sum in trust for another. Always on condition of good interest and secured on the lands of Bananda."

"Will your rattling tongue never stop clucking about money and money? Quiet, I say!"

The captain was silent.

"Well," continued Miguel, "as I said, all is arranged. Now, at once, the girl refuses to marry me."

"I don't think I can let you have any money, for I hold it but in trust, and 't would be unlawful to do business with it."

Miguel lifted up the glassen pitcher, that stood upon the table of the cabin, and threw it at Misardo's head. The weasel-faced one dodged, and thus eluded the blow. The

vessel was shivered to fragments, on the wall.

"It cost a quarter of a dobla, and was worth two! Do you think I am a spendthrift, who throws his money out of the window?" inquired Misardo, angrily.

"Calm down, my magnificent captain, and let us continue. Let me see, where did I stop?"

"That I could not lend you any money."

Miguel looked about and would certainly have thrown something else at Misardo, had there been any convenient missile within reach; as it was, he contented himself with a furious glance, and then continued:

"The girl does not love me, she says; now, you know well enough that love always follows marriage. Therefore, it is evident I must marry her first. But, all of late, the mother has taken side with the girl, so that I am fairly cast off, and am politely told that the intentions of the bride will prevent the consummation of the nuptials. All previous arrangements are broken off."—
Miguel's features worked and writhed, while thus relating his hopeless prospects.

"A great loss, a great loss!" murmured Misardo. "She is immensely rich."

"And I am ruined, if I can not get hold of her fortune. My slight savings melted away in England."

"Dreadful," said Misado, growing pale; "I am not able to aid you, for I am poor. Apply to the king for help."

Another furious glance at Misardo.

"No, no; I must marry her, and you must aid me to do it."

"I? how?" inquired the astonished Misardo.

"You see, my friend," began Miguel, "when once married, the fortune of Donna Bananda is in my grasp."

"True; you will be immensely rich."

"Now, the difficulty is to get married.—

To get over that difficulty I must have a willing bride, and a priest. The bride I have, but an unwilling one. Therefore, the first thing is to make her willing."

"How can I help you, in this? I am not suited to coax the mind of ladies."

"I should think not. But to get her con-

sent, I must have her entirely under my influence. I can not exert any influence on her at home."

"Therefore, you must get her away."

"Splendidly reasoned, *capitano mio*. I must get her away. And, here comes the point concerning you. There is no place in the world, where I can exercise such control upon her, as in your ship, on a voyage to Sicily."

"In my ship? It will be too expensive to keep a lady. No, no, that would not do."

"I will bear every expense, and besides, if all goes, as I wish it, if my plans succeed, five hundred—five hundred gold pieces are yours."

"Five hundred?"

"I have said it. Well, are you dumb?"

"Five hundred gold pieces! and the expenses! I will do it, my noble friend, my rich patron."

"Very well. Now, when do you sail for Sicily? Start as soon as possible."

"Day after to-morrow, I can be ready."

"But, could I have some of your sailors if necessary, to carry her off?"

"Yes. So there is no danger. But, where will you get a priest?"

"That, indeed? I must see to."

"My brother is a priest," said Misardo, "if you pay him well, he will go along."

"Will you manage it? Explain everything, and have him on board. Can you do it?"

"How much do you authorize me to offer him?"

"Fifty pieces."

"That will not be enough. Say a hundred pieces, at least."

"A hundred, then." Now, all is arranged. The priest will be here, and go along with us to Sicily. To-morrow afternoon, have some of your sailors ready to accompany me. At night, I think we can bring the golden bird a captive on board, and in the morning the ship weighs anchor. Oh! Rosa, you shall see that Miguel di Sousa is a man, that can not be thwarted in his purposes. You will think different about rejecting me, when once on board of this ship! We shall have you, my fine lady!"

"I really admire you," said the little captain.

After some further arrangements, concerning the carrying out of Miguel's plan, the nobleman departed from worthy Misardo, and was rowed back.

"Ah," he thought, "if our king had not, all at once, God knows for what reason, suspended the action of the Inquisition, and for an indefinite time too, things would look different. Then, Donna Bananda would tremble and entreat, when now, she disdainfully turns her head. Ah, that measure was a great blow, for me. If the Inquisition were only in action."

The sun shone gaily as Miguel, throwing a few coins to the rowers, jumped on shore, and ascended the steps leading to the terrace, in front of the royal palace.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE INSURGENTS IN THE NORTH.

In a former chapter, the reader has seen that, at the request of Don Lionel, Queen Eleonora resolved to intercede with Juan, in behalf of the Israelites concerning the suspension of the Inquisition. The entreaty of the Queen furnished the King with a most reasonable excuse to fulfil the promise Massor had extorted from him.

After the Gipsy's visit, Juan had employed the most expert spies to dog the steps of him who had in his possession the FATAL SECRET, that could eventually tear the crown from his brow, and wrench the sceptre from his grasp. But in vain. None of all those employed were able to trace him further than some by-street in the neighborhood of the palace. It is true that, for once, Don Antonio, the prime minister, with his suite, passing by the Episcopal palace, where the Cardinal Savelli dwelt, thought that he had seen Massor standing in the entrance, but quieted his mind by the reflection how impossible it was for the Gipsy to be so near the head-quarters of the Inquisition, without detection, and, therefore, took no further note of the fact.

Great, indeed, was the joy of the Israelites, when the suspension of the Inquisition was proclaimed, and proportionately great

was the wrath of his Eminence Savelli. He protested in vain. Nothing could change the resolution of the King, founded on his dread of Massor's documents. The Cardinal could effect nothing. The combination of his wrath and a dish of olives threw him on the sick bed with a bilious attack. There, gnashing his teeth, he awaited the arrival of the emissaries of Charles V, who, he hoped, would support him in his measures of upholding the Inquisition, notwithstanding the opposition of King Juan.

But these emissaries had not yet arrived.

Let us now turn to the North, and, following Pater Domingo, the King's messenger to his rebellious brother, entering the insurgent camp.

It is late in the afternoon. The insurgents had pitched their camp around the strong and high castle di Monfre, which was owned by the Prior di Castro. The royal flag of Portugal waved above the weather beaten battlements. The camp was in seven or eight divisions; and in the midst of each division the silken tent of the leader was placed. The Prior resided in the castle. But to please his adherents, by an apparent condescension, he had a tent pitched outside of the walls, which he occasionally occupied.

The army might number about three thousand men. The reader will perceive that, although the Prior was strong enough to keep his hold in the mountains, yet he had not a sufficient number of adherents to descend to the South, and encounter Juan's well organised soldiers. The unexpected desertion of the Duke di Azambuja, who was followed by two or three others of the principal nobles, had weakened the Prior's cause very much. And he had begun to negotiate with the court of France for aid. Those nobles that still adhered to him, were adventurous men, who hoped to achieve their own fortune by placing di Castro on the throne.

The setting sun was pouring its golden beams upon the mountains in deep green verdure dressed, upon the old and brownish looking castle with its skirt of white tents, and upon the straight green squares; where warriors, amidst jokes and loud laughter, were practising warlike games.

Through one of the broad streets, formed by the division of the camp, was riding a Dominican monk, in the robes of his order. Before him walked a young and jauntily dressed fellow, who was apparently guiding the priest. Behind the Friar's mule marched a guard of about twenty soldiers.

They were proceeding to the high tent the flag of which, bearing the royal arms indicated it as the habitation of the Prior. Sentinels guarded it, on all sides, and a cordon of men being drawn around, prevented even the nearer approach of any one.

The priest dismounted, and followed the young fellow through the line of sentinels, until they had arrived at the curtain, representing the door.

"Wait here for a moment," said he to the priest, who, as the reader will already have conjectured, was Father Domingo.

The young man entered, and a moment after the silk was thrown aside, and Domingo stood in the tent.

The Prior sat upon a rude camp chair, over which a piece of purple damask had been hastily thrown. Around him stood the few nobles and men of mark, his party could furnish, all brave in fine clothes. The priest looked around silently waiting to be addressed.

"You come from our usurping brother?" inquired the Prior at last.

"I am sent by his majesty Don Juan, King of Portugal," replied Domingo, now gravely and proudly.

"You address the true King of Portugal now."

"I came not from Lisbon to join in this farce, and play king minus land, with the fools that have gathered around you, but to hear proposals from a merciful monarch at the head of his land and army to a rebellious subject."

A dismayed silence reigned for a moment, and then Domingo continued:

"Thus proposes His Majesty, Don Juan, King of Portugal: That all adherents of Antonio, Prior di Castro, lay down their arms, unconditionally. They may then hope for royal pardon. That all nobles who have joined in this rebellious outbreak,

place themselves forthwith at the disposal of his Majesty: They may then claim royal clemency. That the Prior di Castro proceed to Lisbon, and renew his oath of fealty to the offended Majesty, and resign all claims he may have upon the crown of Portugal, by oath. Then the King will assign to him a convent where he shall reside until ecclesiastical judges here decided upon the punishment due. Thus far goes my mission, and now nobles, and you misguided men, hear!"

"We wish none of your advice, priest," said the Prior di Castro, quickly "Retire for a few moments, and, then, you shall receive our answer!"

Domingo was led from the tent, and awaited the Prior's answer, a few steps from the entrance, under the charge of a guard.

Loud were the words that resounded, from the tent, and long was the consultation. At last the curtain was thrown aside, and the Prior di Castro appeared. He seemed much excited, for an angry flush was seen on his cheek, and a quick light in his eye. Followed by the others he approached Domingo, and said:

"Priest, return to thy master, and say: Antonio di Castro is the rightful heir of the crown, the rightful King of Portugal, and that he will yield his claims only with his life. If 'twere for no other purpose, I would not succumb, for the sake of my mother's pure honor, who was the wedded wife of Emmanuel, my sainted father."

The priest bowed and said: "I shall bear your answer to the King of Portugal, and may God have mercy on you!" The Prior gave a sign, and Domingo was conducted to his mule, which he mounted.

"Think once more," he said, "ere I go. The King will never pardon this."

The Prior made but a sign, that the priest be led away. The attendants urged his mule, and Father Domingo rode from the camp.

As he rode away, one of the men asked the Pater:

"Do you know the parole, you priestly messenger of Don Juan?"

The Pater turned quickly, and inquired: "What is it?"

"Resistance to the Usurper!" cried the soldier.

The Pater bit his lips in rage.

He took a soft path, this good priest did. The broad road, the King's highway, was too dusty, it seems, and he choose a green path, that led under trees and wound around the mountains of Moncorvo. Father Domingo urged his animal to a quicker pace, when he had quitted the camp, and it was not long, before he passed a high slanting rock, and arrived at a dark creek, all overhung by willows. There the father alighted, and, entering a boat fastened it to a willow, then rowed up stream to a rocky landing, from whence steps led into a dark cave. The reader will recognise the scene and cave as those where Enrique and Hernando were made captives and were imprisoned by robbers. Father Domingo entered the cave. The robbers, who were present in great numbers, started up, but were quieted in a moment by a word from the holy Pater. He whispered to the small captain, with the fine attire, and was conducted by him into an inner apartment, where they had a long conversation. We will leave them to their own counsels.

It was in the first hours of night when twelve men silently descended the steps, that led from the robber's cave to the water, and entered three separate boats. At the word of one, whose figure was of herculean proportions, the boats were shoved off, and rowed to the landing place amongst the willows. The night was clear and the moon bright. When the men emerged from the shadow of the trees, it could clearly be seen that they were well armed. Their leader was Massor, the gipsy chief. His attendant, Fidaro, the page, who, in despair at Doña Gloria's death, had returned to the band of gipsies. The other ten were robbers.

All, led by Massor, walked quickly along the road, which Father Domingo had followed on the day before, and ere the middle night was passed had arrived near the camp of the Prior di Castro.

Massor now turned to his companions

and said: "Wait quietly here until the morning shines. If I need you, Fidaro or myself shall call. If not, you may return to the cave, when the sun rises."

"But, where shall we conceal ourselves?" inquired one of the men.

"In yon clumps of trees behind the castle," replied Massor, and the men obeyed him.

Then the gipsy chief and Fidaro crept under cover of the trees, that lined the high road close to the tents of the Prior's camp. Sentinels were posted, within call of each other, all around.

They approached one of them who guarded a postern gate. The sentinel went up and down before the narrow gate that led through the wall of palisades, defending that part of the camp, singing:

"The lady gazed from the castle high,
Upon the soldier boy below;
Her face was pale, but in her eye
The fires of love did glow."*

Massor approached in the shade of the palisades, until he almost stood in the corner formed by the jutting out of the postern at the side of the gate. It was impossible for any eye dazzled by the radiant moonshine to detect him in the black shadow. Fidaro stood behind him.

"How, in St. Juan's name, do you expect to enter the camp without detection?" questioned Fidaro.

"Nothing is impossible to one of my race," replied Massor, in a whisper. When the sentinel turned, both stood before him.

He blew the match of his arquebuse, and raising it towards the two, inquired:

"Who is there?"

"Friends!" was the reply.

"The password?"

"Resistance to the Usurper."

The soldier put down his weapon, and said: "Pass!"

In a moment the two stood in the camp. They walked silently like ghosts through the camp, not in the broad regular streets but between the tents, and in a concealed manner until they approached the clear space around the Prior di Castro's tent.

* Translated from the Portuguese.

The tent leaned with the rear upon some trees that garnished the outer edge of the castle moat. Some of the branches overhung the roof, and from amidst the green verdure waved the royal flag. Soldiers formed a guard around. They lay in listless attitudes, but very quietly, except a few that stood with weapons ready before the door of the tent. The moonshine slept upon the tent, the resting soldiers, the sentinels and the camp.

Massor and his companion by a round about way arrived at the rear of the tent. They had turned to the left and skirted the free space until they came to the moat. Massor halted for a moment and listened. All was quiet. Then, proceeding along the side of the moat, he reached a point directly in the rear of the Prior's tent. He now endeavored to pierce the darkness of shadow with his sharp eyes.

"There is an uninterrupted line of trees from here to the tent," he said. "Will you not see, Fidaro, whether it is so?"

Fidaro without a word plunged into the shade.

"Shall I do it," now soliloquised Massor, "shall I play false to the King? He does not mean to be true or faithful to me; he does not intend to keep to his promises. But I have put confidence in his words; can I now withdraw it? Oh! yes, my duty, my principles require it. I must make the best of the means which God placed at my disposal. After all, I only work for justice and right. I do not trust a King like Juan. He will break promises. But when de Castro has once promised, he never deserts his word. Ah, but will he promise? — No, I am too well convinced that it is in vain. He will not promise this. Yet the inducements are immense. I can make or unmake him. Well, we will see; try, I must."

"There is a straight line of trees, sir," reported Fidaro.

"Then wait here until I call you," replied Massor, and began to climb the next tree with the agility of a cat.

When he had arrived at that part, where the branches began to spread, he seized the largest that stretched out in the direction of

the Prior's tent. Moving cautiously along the knotty stem, he arrived within reach of a second branch, from another tree, and leaving the first, sprang lightly upon the second. Thence he reached the next trunk. This manoeuvre was repeated until he had reached those trees that stood in the immediate rear of the tent.

The extremest caution was now necessary, since soldiers watched beneath those trees, and their attention would have been aroused by the slightest rustle.

With the silent yet sure pace of the wild cat, Massor leaned upon the branches that overhung the roof of the tent. It was of crimson cloth. Putting one hand in his bosom, the gipsy drew out a knife which he unclosed with his teeth. Then he cut slowly through the cloth, in one direction, and then crossed it with a slash in an opposite course. The cut corners of the cloth fell down, and Massor looked upon the Prior di Castro sleeping upon his couch. In another moment the gipsy had taken secure hold of the branch with his muscular hands, and allowed his body to drop slowly through the slashed cloth of the tent. He alighted lightly upon the couch at the side of the Prior. Now, disengaging the heavy silken rope that held a side of the wall to one of the tent poles, he threw it on the branch above, and tied it securely. Then, he tried its strength, and satisfied that it would help him to regain the branch, he took the loose end in his hand, and sprang upon the floor. The Prior was still sleeping, for all this had been accomplished without the slightest noise. But now Massor laid his hand upon his arm, and said loudly, calmly, earnestly, "Awake!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A SLIPPERY CAPTIVE.

"Awake!"

The Prior stirred, turned, and sat up in bed, with eyes wide open, staring at Massor. "Do you know me?" inquired the Gipsy. "Massor!" exclaimed the Prior, "Have you brought your five hundred men?"

"Have you promised religious liberty? That was my condition," replied Massor with a scowl.

The Prior's countenance fell.

"I thought you would adhere to your part of the contract," he said. "As for religious liberty, I could not grant it, since all my nobles, and the leaders of my party were opposed to the measure."

"And where are the leaders of your party that opposed this measure? They have deserted and betrayed you! Where are their men, and the aid they promised you? Have you found them as true as the Gipsy would have been?"

"The base dogs! they shall yet suffer for it! And you! do you come here merely to taunt me? How gained you entrance?"

"I gained entrance through this opening," replied Massor, raising his arm, and pointing to the slashed roof of the tent. I came not here to taunt you, for that would be un-knightly—"

"Unknightly? Gipsy, do you wear golden spurs? I have heard of such cases."

"I wear no spurs bestowed by royal hand; let that pass. I came here, once more, to put the crown into your hand."

"How so?"

"The proofs of your legitimacy—"

"Know you ought of them?"

"I have them in my possession."

"Then you have stolen them! False traitor that you are! Abominable thief!"

The Gipsy's face flushed, and drawing his dagger, he sprang at the Prior, and held it to his throat.

"Miserable hound!" darest thou speak thus to the descendant of —," but suddenly recovering himself, he released the Prior, and said to the trembling and pale man:

"Be not afraid, my Lord, but take care how you arouse me! I have the proofs in my possession, and you shall have them, and five hundred men in the bargain, if you will promise religious liberty. Nay more, swear but to do this thing, and my head for it, you shall be seated on the throne of Portugal!"

The Prior, pale as death, still sitting on the floor, where Massor had thrown him listened to the Gipsy's words.

With an effort he comprehended him.

"N-ver," he said. "I will rather not be King, than prove as such a thorn in the side of Mother Church!"

"Are the interests of Mother Church dearer to you, than the establishment of the honor of your own mother?"

"Ha! you say rightly! our noble mother's name must regain its pure fame. Yet the Church — no the Church must not suffer! Gipsy, those documents are mine. I *must* have them. I shall have you arrested, and then — the documents or your life!"

"Sir, you have refused the crown. You will never be king!" said the gipsy, and with a bound, had mounted the bed, from whence, aided by the silken rope fastened above, he had nearly reached the branch, when the Prior threw himself upon him, and cried loudly:

"Guards, Guards!"

In a moment the tent was filled with surprised soldiers.

The Prior still clung to the gipsy's legs, with all the strength of wrath.

When Massor found himself incapable to escape, he bent down, and lifting the Prior fairly off his feet, cried to the soldiers, who blew their matches:

"Do not shoot! Your commander's life is in my hand!"

But the Prior vociferated frantically:

"Shoot the vile traitor!"

Massor then with an exhibition of his great strength threw the Prior forward, in the midst of the men. But at the same moment, the bed on which he stood breaking down, threw him also to the ground, entangled in the sheets and pillows.

The soldiers rushed upon him, and, in spite of Herculean struggles, secured the prostrate man.

"Search him for papers," cried the Prior. None were found upon him, however.

"Your life is at my disposal to answer for the delivery of the documents!" hissed the Prior, who had risen from the ground with a bruised shoulder.

"Kill me now," replied Massor, calmly, "and ere to-morrow's sun sets, your camp will be taken, and your army defeated by gipsies."

"We esteem not much the valor of thy race," replied the Prior, scornfully, "I will give you time, till to-morrow, to consider

whether you will rescue your life, by delivery of the documents."

"And I," replied the gipsy, "will also give you two hours time, and no more, to consider my proposal. If then, you accept not my conditions, if then you swear not to establish religious liberty, give up all hopes for the crown, for then you will never mount a throne."

"He has turned moonstruck," said the Prior. "Carry him to the next tent, and guard him well."

Massor was removed to the next tent, and bound as he was, laid upon a heap of straw. A sentinel stood on guard, before the open door of the tent.

Massor lay bound, with his thoughtful eyes prying about his tent prison. After the momentary commotion, occasioned by his capture, had subsided, nothing could be heard but the lazy droning voice of the night. That quiet and sleepy murmur, so subdued and subduing, which creeps along the atmosphere of nights, floated now over the camp.

There is a peculiar charm in the voice of night. It is so noisily quiet, so quietly noisy, so deep and mysterious, that it has often seemed to me the poppy flowers of sound stream their narcotic odors upon the air, in the late starshiny hours.

Massor pierced the semi-darkness of the tent in which he lay confined, with those sharp glances of his black eyes, and ascertained that it contained a couch, and, in fact, all the furniture of an officer's habitation.

It seemed that the real occupant had but just left it. Massor cried out to the soldier:

"What tent is this?"

"I have orders to gag you, if you address me," replied the man.

The gipsy was quiet.

Not ten minutes had passed, however, ere steps could be heard approaching. It was a man whose dull tread upon the sod neared the tent. He stopped before it, and conversed for a moment, with the soldier stationed there. The soldier replied with long explanations, to the officer's short queries, and, after a little time, had informed his superior of all that had passed. The officer entered the tent, and struck a light.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BITER BIT.

He was a young man, a Spaniard by birth, whom Massor had seen in Lisbon. He had been in favor with the late King but neglected by the present Monarch. Resenting Juan's indifference, he joined the Prior's party; where his military knowledge was much esteemed.

The young officer had returned from making the rounds.

When he had lighted a lantern, he held it close to the prisoner's face.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"Have you orders to examine me, Don Seguol?" retorted Massor, looking up boldly.

"You are a bold cock, I see," replied Don Seguol. "But your insolence won't answer here. Who are you?"

"The token on my right hand will inform you," replied Massor slowly, and in dignified accents.

Don Seguol's face expressed surprise first at this reply. But he presently with a good natured smile moved his lantern, so that its light fell upon the prisoner's hand. A gem gleamed there, on which a cross and image with some other signs were engraved.

In a moment, the young officer's face was serious and a picture of pious veneration. He dropped on one knee, and kissing the confined hand, inquired:

"What do you command, my lord?"

"Release me," replied Massor. "But first close the entrance of the tent!"

In a moment the curtain was dropt over the entrance, and Don Seguol, with his dagger, cut the cords that bound the gipsy. Massor arose slowly.

"Have you any other commands?" inquired the officer.

"Let me assume your cloak, and depart from hence," said Massor. "I have great business to transact yet to night. As for you, leave the camp before day, and throw yourself at the feet of the king."

The manner of Massor was so decided and dignified, that the officer, without a moment's hesitation, gave him his cloak, bat and sword, and, with all the deference of an inferior, helped him to array himself in his costume.

Massor was completely transformed, as it seemed, by his new attire, for this wonderful man had the power of assuming almost every figure by aid of cunning bends and motions of his form, and appropriate clothes. He went from the tent, passed the sentinel unchallenged, and walked slowly through the camp to the outposts, as if about to make his rounds. Nodding to the salute of the sentinels he went from the camp.

Massor, however, but left the camp to collect the men, whom he had ordered to wait, in the copse behind the castle.

He presently returned, and, while he approached by the path, his men crept along the palisades. Giving the parole to the sentinel, he entered. His men immediately pressed after him, and threw themselves upon the surprised sentinel.

The soldier was about to cry out when the strong hand of one robber clutched his throat, and checked the rising sound, while the other tore away the firelock, which he still endeavored to discharge.

"Tear his scarf, and bind him," commanded Massor.

It was done.

"Now, lay him down here, and you, Jacinto, can assume his cloak and musket, to stand sentry, until we return. If the man endeavors to betray us, stab him," said Massor; "But harm him not uselessly."

"No sir; you may confide in my discretion. Father Cyprian says the virgin will aid me where my wisdom falls short."

"Keep a good look out, and should you see any signs of suspicion — the cry of the wild cat will inform us; remember."

"No suspicion will arise. Father Cyprian shrived me last night; and where a sinless man, like myself, accompanies you, no failure can happen," replied the robber.

Massor pursued the same roundabout way, in the same stealthy manner, by which he had, with Fidaro, reached the Prior's tent, in the early part of the night.

A cloud concealing the moon, aided him much.

As he turned towards the trees, in the

rear of the chieftain's tent, a voice hailed him:

"Who goes there?"

"Captain Seguel," replied Massor, assuming the Spanish accent of the officer, whose hat and cloak he wore.

"Have you made the rounds, sir?" inquired a haughty short voice, which Massor immediately recognised as that of the Prior di Castro.

"I have, my lord!" was the subdued reply.

"Dismiss your men," said the Prior.—"We are about to visit a prisoner whom we have placed into your tent. Accompany us, captain!"

Massor bowed, and spoke a few whispered words to his men. They seemed to disperse in various directions, but really hovered closely around the party. Massor now fell back, and walking behind the Prior, ascertained that only two attendants accompanied him.

The tent of Captain Seguel was reached.

"Await me here," said the Prior to his attendants, and entered the tent, while the sentinel saluted.

Captain Seguel lay on his bed, asleep.—Scarcely had the Prior held the lantern to his face, mistaking him for Massor, when the gipsy's hand was laid so firmly upon his mouth, that it seemed glued to the flesh. The other arm was clasped around the Prior's chest, confining his arms to his body. It took but a moment to do this. At the same time, the Prior was pressed so stoutly to Massor, that he was incapable of making the slightest motion.

The lantern fell upon the ground. Captain Seguel, slightly disturbed, awoke, and sat up in bed. The light of the lantern having been extinguished by the fall, all was dark.

Massor said in Spanish to Seguel: "He, whose ring you have recognised, and whose word you have obeyed to night, bids you now to bind securely the man I hold in my arms."

"But, how can I, in the dark? How came you here again? Who is the man?" inquired the astonished Seguel.

"Inquire not, but do as I bid you. Tear your scarf and bind this man."

Don Seguel obeyed Massor's order, and with his scarf bound the Prior's hands to his body.

"Tie also the feet," continued the gipsy. The Captain did so, and then Massor asked for a gag.

"I have none in the tent," replied the Captain.

"Make one, quickly," rejoined the gipsy; and Seguel, breaking the wooden hilt of a knife from its blade, wrapped it round with his gloves and a piece of linen, and then handed the gag to Massor.

Applying his free hand to the Prior's throat, Massor removed the other from his mouth. The clutch on the throat prevented any audible sound being enunciated, and, at the same time, caused the Prior to open his mouth, so that the gag could be conveniently applied. All this passed without the Prior's being able to resist in any way, except by a few dumb and unsuccessful struggles. Massor paused a moment. There he was in a dark tent, in the midst of a hostile camp with the commander bound at his feet. However, Massor was not a man to deliberate in the time of action. His plans were formed previous to action. Circumstances could aid him, and alter the plan, change the means, by which a certain result was to be attained, but they could not affect the final result to be obtained or purpose to be executed.

He now said, briefly, to Seguel:

"By the power vested in me, I command you to stay in this tent, for one hour, after which you are free to leave the camp."

"But, whom have you bound here?"

"I may not tell you, Senor."

With this the gipsy drew his dagger, and ripping the cloth which formed the rear wall of the tent completely open, took the Prior by the girdle, and carried him out.

He had proceeded but a few steps from the tent, when the nine others, one by one, joined him, and, walking on each side, escorted the gipsy and his captive. As they walked past the tent of one of the leaders, a voice bid them halt. It was the Captain of that division of the camp himself, and he asked:

"What do you carry there?"

"A man who has died of the pestilence," was Massor's ready reply.

"Gracious Virgin! does the leech think it contagious?"

"Very much so?" The Captain of that division quickly retired, and bid them walk on, and not poison the air.

The gipsy and his companions left the camp, by the postern gate that had seen them enter. Massor still carried the prisoner. Let us leave the uninteresting ride to the cave, undescribed, and turn to Massor when a few minutes after Fidaro, who had rejoined them at the cave, had arrived, he entered the room where the Prior had been placed.

The Prior, who had been released of his bonds and gag, upon the arrival at the cave, turned his back upon Massor, when he heard him enter.

"My Lord," said the gipsy, "you rejected my proposals last eve, and with them the crown of Portugal. Now, you are my prisoner."

"Name your ransom, vilest of traitors!"

"Nay, I leave that to His Majesty, Don Juan, into whose brotherly hands I will deliver you!"

"Render me up a prisoner to my brother! Impossible!"

"Not only possible, but actually true!"

"Gipsy! why have you done this! I understand not your purpose, not your ways. Once you offer aid to me, again you take me captive in the midst of my camp. Once you offer to seat me on the throne, again you rob me of the only documents that entitle me to it. Gipsy! you are the devil!"

The face of Massor assumed such a bad, scornful, yet agonizing smile, that the Prior retreated several paces, and crossed himself devoutly, several times.

"I have a higher purpose than can ever be comprehended by you," replied the Gipsy, as every trace of that smile vanished, to give way to a determined hardness of expression. "A purpose high as heaven, holy as the angels. For this I work with human tools, with men like you. Now, it becomes necessary for the interests of my purpose to

bring you to the feet of the king—a repentant brother, or a captive rebel. I leave you liberty to choose in what part."

"Sir, whoever you are, your insolence to the descendant of Kings, is unbearable. I will brave you. Convey me to the King. I will at least have my own blood, my own race, the arbiter of my fate, not a treacherous gipsy. Carry me to Lisbon. I have nothing with you. I will also close my lips, and not reply to you again. It is beneath my dignity thus to hold converse with you."

"Consider what you say, senor! I will either convey you to Lisbon a captive or a repentant brother. Promise me to keep silence regarding every previous transaction that has passed between us, and the King shall not know, but that you come of your own free will."

The Prior turned his back upon Massor, and replied not. The gipsy's blood rose.

"Is it in your place, to assume a pride like this?" he demanded. "Are you not at my absolute disposal and mercy?"

No reply yet.

"By my soul," cried Massor in a voice, that re-echoed from the rocky ceiling, "by my soul, ye shall rue this. Forget you that with a toss of my arm I can cast the proofs of your mother's honor, and of your honest birth, into the fire."

The Prior turned, and said reluctantly: "By these threats, what is it you expect to gain from me? What purpose have you in regard to myself? Disclose all openly, instead of urging me thus indirectly, and, perhaps, we can arrange our differences. You wish me to promise religious liberty to Portugal, on my accession to the throne?"

"Three hours ago, I said so!"

"I can not do it, but I can exercise my mercy, and shield, by the power of prerogative, any ssect that trespasses against religious laws."

"That would not be enough," replied Massor. "And then it is too late, sir. You will now submit to the King, as a brother should."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ROYAL SPIES.

Some days have passed, since Massor captured the Prior di Castro, and we enter one of the royal apartments, where we find the rebel chief and the gipsy in the presence of the King. They had arrived the previous day, at the same time with father Domingo. The priest had seen the King immediately, and communicated the failure of his mission. We can now imagine Juan's astonishment, when Don Antonio imparted to him the information that the Prior di Castro was in Lisbon, ready to throw himself at his majesty's feet. Permission was immediately granted, and the two brothers again stood face to face.

The King, proudly kind and severe as he endeavored to be, could not prevent a smile of triumph from playing around his lips, and the Prior, knowing his safety lay in submission, controlled the quick, bitter feeling that welled up in his heart, and, kneeling, kissed Juan's hand.

"So you have, at last, recognised your duty, senior?" inquired Juan, coldly.

"I have been misled by intriguing men, my royal brother," replied the Prior humbly.

"Misled? Children and fools are misled, but not men."

The Prior's face flushed. He swallowed his anger, and said:

"Your majesty pardons me?"

"If you will be worthy of my pardon."

"I will retire to the convent of St. Garcani."

"It is too exposed. The castle of Lisbon is much more suitable."

"Does your majesty look upon me as a prisoner?"

"On the contrary, we shall be happy to employ you in a station of trust. You will govern the castle—" the King was silent, for a moment, and the Prior looked at him in astonishment, for this he had never hoped—"jointly, with the present governor," added the King.

The Prior's eyes fell in disappointment. What the King had said was, in other words, a sentence of imprisonment. For though he should actually be instituted as governor of

the castle, yet he would be closely confined to his own rooms there, and, though treated with respect, would neither be allowed to move freely, nor to see his friends. His associate, the present occupant, would in fact be governor of the castle, and jailor of himself. He ventured a faint remonstrance.

"I have religious duties to observe."

"Since you have disregarded your duties, as a subject, it will not harm you to neglect your priestly observances. But we can furnish you with scourges and bread and water, in the castle as well as in a convent."

"I recommend myself to your mercy, senior."

The King turned away from the Prior, and looking at Massor said:

"So to you, I owe this triumph, I thought you were mine enemy."

"I am your majesty's friend and servant. But zeal for your royal interests did not alone urge me to rob the rebels of their head, and to bring him to Lisbon."

"I suppose not. You seem to have a proper regard for your own interests."

"I never forget my interests, which in this case are also the interests of your majesty's people."

The King frowned.

"Let us discuss these matters alone. Call the captain of my guard!"

The captain entered, and Juan addressed him. "Take a strong guard and convey the Prior di Castro to the castle, as secretly as it can be done. I have already informed the governor of my wishes in regard to him."

The Prior arose, and in bitter scorn, took his sword and offered it to the captain.

Don Antonio, who stood behind the royal chair immediately directed Juan's attention to this fact.

"It were, perhaps, as well," said the King, in a whisper.

"No sire, you would make the Prior popular. His misfortune would excite compassion, and instead of annihilating his party, you would cause it to increase."

"But what effect will this mild punishment have on the rebels and disaffected?"

"They will think, the Prior has betrayed them, and deserted his own cause. For you

apparently reward him, though in reality it is imprisonment."

The captain had already taken the Prior's sword, and was about to lead him away, when Juan said:

"Return his sword, to my brother. He is appointed governor of the castle. Have a care that you give him safe guidance through the streets, and leave him not until within the walls of the castle. He has enemies and his safety is dear to us."

With a bow the Prior replied to this mockery, and throwing his sword upon the floor left the apartment. The captain, obedient to a sign of Don Antonio, picked it up, and followed the Prior.

"Now, gipsy, I have fulfilled my promise to you, and I find you have been true to me. Complete what you have begun, and deliver those documents into my hands."

"When your majesty has not temporarily suspended, but totally abrogated the Inquisition."

"It is very bold of you to broach this subject again. Very bold of you, even to appear before me."

"Bold, perhaps, but I incur no danger. Those documents are a hostage for my safety."

"But by your own act, you have rendered those papers useless. The Prior's life is now in our hand."

"You dare not murder him!"

"I dare to be just!"

"Let us talk plain. I have trusted in you. I have rendered you an important service.—I am about to give up to you the documents which constitute your brother dangerous.—I demand a reward."

"Your claims are just, and rewarded you shall be."

"I demand the abolishment of the Inquisition."

"For the delivery of those papers?"

"And for my other services, in bringing the Prior, a prisoner to Lisbon."

Don Antonio whispered for a moment to the King.

"Gipsy," said Juan, "the Inquisition is suspended. So it shall remain at present. If a week hence, I find it still necessary to gain possession of those papers, I will give up the Inquisition for them."

"Promise me, that in either case the suspension of this tribunal shall last for two weeks yet."

The King thought for a moment and then said:

"I promise. Depart now gipsy, and a week from hence you shall know our answer. Meanwhile, thanks, for the Prior di Castro."

Massor stood doubtingly, for some moments, and then said:

"May you be not unworthy of the trust I repose in you."

Slowly he left the royal apartments.

As he descended the great staircase, a bustle arose below, and presently appeared a hale and hearty man of dashing appearance and magnificently arrayed. A brilliant suite of cavaliers accompanied him. The guards saluted, and the master of ceremonies conducted them to the antechamber of the throne room.

It was the ambassador of the emperor, Charles V, to whom the King gave audience that day.

In the antechamber they were detained for some time, and then with the loud announcement of his titles, Senior, the ambassador, was admitted. The King received him seated upon the throne.

Let us follow Massor, who, waiting until the gorgeous throng was passed, inquired, with trembling eagerness, of one of the ushers, for what purpose the ambassador had audience. The usher silently looked at the gipsy, and then, without a word, passed on disdainfully. Massor suppressed his wrath, and hastened to the courtyard. There waited, in gloriously gay medley, the servants of the ambassador's suite. The proud and beautiful horses clamped their bridles, and moved impatiently. Massor began a conversation with one of the servants and, by dint of soft replies to rough jokes, brought the men to speak of the ambassador.

"Why," said the servant, "you must have been abroad or slept, for the last week, All Lisbon talks of this matter. Queen Eleanora —"

"Queen Eleanora! What about her?"

"Why, she marries the brave King of the French, and nothing else. That's why

we came all the way from Valladolid to Lisbon, and that's why we are here, this morning."

The gipsy said nothing, but abruptly passed on out of the precincts of the palace, and into the city.

"This is no news to me," he thought, "and yet it pains me so much. I have never looked at her but as the wife of —"

Good heaven! Will this torture never end? Always, always Tantalus yearning for the fruit, diving for the water, and always the fruit out of his reach, the water driven from his tongue! Great God! shall my whole life be a sacrifice to vain efforts?"

An expression of intense agony distorted Massor's features, as he half murmured these cries of a wrung heart. Even the two men, who, sent by the King, followed his wild and careless steps, felt a kind of compassionate fear, and increased the distance between themselves and the evidently suffering man.

It was easy to track him, for he seemed careless of all external objects. He walked, scarcely lifting his eyes to direct himself, and muttering, in a low, stifled voice, broken words and exclamations.

"Ah! and I consoled her, I encouraged her, when — Good God! how unhappy will she be in the lascivious gaieties of that country, and I — with the pain in my heart, with the burning sore in my breast! I knew it. I thought myself prepared to endure, prepared to suffer, and now — now I am mad."

He covered his features with the rim of his slouched hat, and walked quickly out of the city, in the environs of which they were now, towards Belem. The two spies followed him afar off. But Massor, generally so careful and cautious, did not even cast a look at them. He had in reality no faculty or attention to expend upon the caution, trouble, strife and demands of external life, because all were absorbed and participated in the terrible struggle that raged in the inmost recesses of his soul.

"Ah," he sighed as, weary of the agony, he endeavored to blot the subject from his thoughts, "we prepare ourself for death, too, we know that we must die, as surely as

we live, and yet when the last hour comes, how fearfully do we combat with the dark angel; how powerfully do we struggle for life. I prepared myself for this, it has come, and, Great God, what shall I do to stay my reason? What can I do to chase madness from my brain?"

Sometimes running, sometimes walking, the gipsy reached Belem, and, stopping at the inn of St Ignatius, called to the keeper: "My horse!"

A splendid black steed was brought, and Massor, mounting, rode away. But the two spies were not to be shaken off. Unable to procure horses in time to follow the gipsy, they concluded to dog him on foot, which was, after all, no hard task, as he rode very slowly, and was still buried in his own thoughts.

The gipsy rode to the camp of his tribe, which was again upon the same hill, where he at first met them, when Donna Gloria escaped from the convent. Massor had chosen, for his temporary residence, the small cave, upon the summit, which Gloria occupied the night she passed with the gipsies. From this cave he could not only overlook the encampment, but it also commanded an extended view of the surrounding country. Massor gave some orders to the crowd of gipsies that welcomed his arrival, put his horse in charge of a young man, and then ascended to the small cave.

When the spies, that followed him, had carefully noted all this, from the top of the trees, which they climbed the better to observe his motions after arriving at the gipsy camp, they returned to the next village. Although extremely fatigued, they tarried not, but, hiring two horses, spurred on toward Lisbon immediately. Doubtless the King had promised good pay, for welcome intelligence.

Thus we leave Massor, tossing sleeplessly upon his bed of straw, in the cave. The spies sent by King Juan, to dog his steps, have been successful, and are galloping to Lisbon, to inform his Majesty of the gipsy's whereabouts. Has Massor the fatal documents of the Prior with him in the cave? Does the King intend to have them stolen.

or taken by violence? What is the cause of the gipsy's sorrow, what the occasion which stirred up those emotions of bitterness in his soul? Does the chieftain know of Gloria's death, and that all the hopes he founded on that beautiful lady were shattered upon the rock of her passions?

We shall see. And coming pages will solve the enigma of his character, which, grand and mysterious, restlessly working for purposes as grand and mysterious, is as yet an enigma. Meanwhile we leave this part of the story, — the Prior an honored prisoner, the King again secure, the Queen betrothed to France, Massor in his camp, the spies hastening to Lisbon, the Inquisition suspended, the rebels dispersed, Fidaro with the gipsies — and turn to Donna Rosa Bananda.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ABDUCTION.

'Tis near the close of day. Rosa Bananda sits on an embroidered stool, pensively gazing at the sky. In her hand dangles a rose colored note, from which the silver thread is pending. Casting her eyes again upon it, she scans once more the page, and presses it to her lips. Her bosom heaves passionately, and her eyes soften with emotion, as she reads, in that murmuring voice, so expressive of surprise and joy:

"Dearest Rosa: I have returned, and, before I can wait upon your mother, I must see you alone. They tell me that you are free. Be at the gate that leads from the rear of the garden, when all have retired, and there meet,"

Your

ENRIQUE"

The letter had been delivered to her a short time since by Maria Flunoz, who, after Gloria's death, had entered the service of Rosa. A stranger had delivered it to her with the request to give it to Rosa when alone. All doubts of Rosa's were now solved, and the full confidence of love returned, with the knowledge of Enrique's return. She was elated the more, because, being free from Miguel, the loving maiden believed in a speedy removal of all obstructions between Enrique and herself.

Who knows not the delight, that, as it were, pervades and intoxicates the soul,

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when we hear of the loved one's return, when we are surprised to find the dearest one near us, instead of far distant? Rosa still thought of Enrique as far away, without probable chance of safe return, and, at once, while tortured by doubts of his love, a note is put in her hand, which announces his safe return, love and happiness.

She sat there dreaming, conjuring up the loved form as she hoped to behold it, imagining to hear the sounds and words that would meet her ear, and forming replies to the endearing epithets, which she fancied to hear. It was dark in the apartment, and Rosa still sat, alone? no! not alone. The chamber was not dark, not empty to her dreamy gaze. Her eyes were not turned to the shadows that dwelled around, but gazed internally upon the golden fabrications of her youthful imagination.

The voice of the organ rolled through the fretted aisle of the high cathedral, and floated in clouds of melody around the shining altar, whose high tapers shone through the pure white wreaths of incense, like golden stars. The carved angels and gilded ornaments, the glowing pictures and flowery, lace-trimmed altars, all smiled as if in joy. And before the great altar with the blazing tapers stood Rosa, in bridal costume at the side of Enrique, and the Cardinal in scarlet robes approached, and blessed their union, and married them. And at the side of a pillar stood Miguel, his face convulsed with rage, and his eyes rolling with mad fire. As Enrique took Rosa's hand, Miguel sprang between, and with a hissing cry —

Rosa opened her eyes, and found her mother standing before her, with Maria Flunoz. She had slept and dreamt.

"Will you not retire to bed?" inquired Donna Bananda uneasily.

It was some moments before Rosa could collect her thoughts, and ask:

"Is it late, mother? I seem to have slept for some time."

"I do not know how long you have slept. But since you remained in your apartments this evening, I came to bid you good night,

and see whether you were well. You lay on this cushion sleeping, and to judge by your words and gesticulations, dreaming."

"It was a happy dream!"

"Do you feel quite well, Rosa?"

"Not very, my dear mother. I will retire to bed now."

"Good night then, my dear!" and Donna Bananda, after kissing her daughter's brow, left the apartment.

Rosa rose, to be undressed by Maria, and the small rose colored note of Enrique fell to the floor.

"No, no, I can not go to bed," she said to the waiting maid. "Enrique awaits me; Maria, will you not accompany me to the garden?"

"To the garden?" inquired Maria. "Will you go to the garden now?"

"I must, girl. I must go down; but I feel so uneasy and weak, that I have not courage to go alone."

"But why go at all?"

Rosa hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"I must meet one there, who is very dear to me. Come girl, and let us descend!"

Without further words, Rosa drew an Indian scarf around her, and left the apartment. Maria followed. Along the balcony, past the statue of Diana, where the lady paused for a moment, with a happy smile, and down the staircase, they went.

The garden was still fragrant, but it was with the last, delicate, ripe fragrance of near death, which the plants exhaled. The trees were still green, but it was the dark brownish greenness of autumn. The air was still mild, but it was the bright failing warmth, which is but the last trace of vanished summer. The ground was already strewn with leaves, and stems and discolored remnants of late flowers.

Rosa walked rapidly through the tree-bordered avenues, and as the dry stems rustled beneath her feet, the birds were roused from their nests, and with negligent chirps, fell asleep again. At last she arrived at the gate. Her trembling hands refused to open.

"Maria, please open this door!"

"But, dear lady, must we go further yet? I feel almost as if something dreadful was about to happen."

"Unclose the door, foolish girl," cried Rosa, eagerly.

The key was there, and Maria, turning it, threw back the wooden door, until it rebounded from the wall. Both went out.

They could look on the fields, bare and shorn of their golden crops. None was there.

"He has not come yet," said Rosa, slightly disappointed.

"I hear approaching steps," whispered Maria, bending her head, "let us go back."

"It is he!" was Rosa's joyous ejaculation, as a man approached, along the wall of the garden, with slow steps. The females did not see the other figures that, crouching down in the shadow of the walls, followed the first.

The figure came, held out its arms, and Rosa lay on his bosom. In the same moment the other men had closed the garden door, and now endeavored to secure Maria. But the heroic chambermaid, although taken by surprise, was not so easily secured. She had scarcely realized the intention of the men, when, with her back to the door, she began using her arms and fists with brilliant effect. So, at least, thought the aggressors, two of whom, she caused, as the modern English has it, "to see stars."

Rosa, meanwhile, had been ardently embraced, and was supremely happy in meeting Enrique again. But now, her attention being attracted by Maria's struggles, she drew back from her lover's arms, and turned.

"Enrique," she said, "who are these?"

"Fear not my love," replied the man, who stood in the shadow of the wall, "Fear not —"

"Miguel!" cried Rosa, who immediately recognised his voice, — "Miguel!"

The rejected bridegroom saw that all concealment would be vain. Rosa had recognised him.

"Yea, myself," he replied, "and come to take my right by force, since you deny it me by fair means. You are mine, you belong to me!"

"Miguel, let me, retire. You will not do me harm. Back!" she cried in a piercing voice, as the gentleman approached, and endeavored to clasp her in his arms. "Back, dastard, or I cry for help!"

Nothing daunted, but rather enraged at Rosa's resistance, Miguel threw his cloak over her head, and, thus partly stifling her cries, he bore her off. That slender and fair form writhed, and struggled, and fought in his arms, but with the strength of passion, of frenzied love, he bore it off, without feeling the least weight or difficulty.

Meanwhile Maria had been secured by the other men, and was borne away after her mistress. The men had the greatest trouble to prevent her from breaking loose. She began to scream for help.

"Shut your mouth, or I'll gag you!" threatened one of the men.

Maria redoubled her cries.

"Lock her jaws," said another, who seemed to exercise a kind of command over the rest.

One of them, accordingly, by clasping with the left hand the top of Maria's head, and with the other pressing her chin upwards, securely held her jaws, and stopped her cries.

The men, in whom the reader will recognise the sailors, that Misardo had put at Miguel's disposal, had much difficulty in keeping near their leader. For Miguel bounded and ran with the energy of one in love, and felt no fatigue. He arrived at a secluded spot upon the shore of the river, and, hailing the boat that lay darkly sleeping upon the waves some distance from the land, sprang in, and, placing Rosa tenderly upon his knees, cried:

"Now, row for your lives, my men; row to the vessel!"

"We must wait for the boatswain and his men," was the reply of the sailors, and one said:

"Would you leave Joseppo on shore?"

At that moment, the rest of the party appeared, and carrying Maria.

"Hasten," cried Miguel, "or we may yet be discovered."

"Aye, aye, senor," said Joseppo, the boats-

wain, "this is a brave lass, and has been fighting like a general."

"Place her here; and now shove off!"

The sailors stowed themselves away on the long, narrow boat, and the oars began to sweep the stream with their monotonous strokes. The boat shot over the water, light as a bird, and swift as a fish.

It was found necessary to bind and gag Maria, for the safety of the enterprise. The boatswain performed this duty, and finished by imprinting a hearty smack upon the chambermaid's cheek.

Rosa was so quiet that when Miguel had time to throw a glance upon her, and perceive how motionless she lay upon his lap, a sudden fear crept through his heart. He bent down over her head, and touched the soft skin of her face and neck. He clasped her hands, and kissed them. Rosa was passive and cold. Agony seized upon his mind.

"She is dead; she is dead!" he cried, "and I am the cause!"

"Do not cry so loud, senor," said the boatswain, and laying his hand upon the maiden's bosom, he continued:

"The girl has just fainted. Hold her up to the night air."

Miguel did so, and soon found the small hands grow warm again, and the slight form in his arms to move. Rosa recovered, and with her consciousness regained the power to perceive her terrible situation. In vain she endeavored to escape from Miguel's arm; in vain she cried for help. All efforts were fruitless, and her voice died away upon the waters.

They were now at the mouth of the river, and the waves there, growing stronger and larger, fell with a cutting noise upon the sides of the boat. The ship lay in the harbor ready for sailing, whenever the boat arrived.

When the sun rose in splendor, her first rays gilded the large white sails of the good ship, St. Pedro di Alvendi, as she stood out for sea upon her voyage to Sicily.

Miguel paced the deck with a frowning brow, and, in the cabin, Rosa lay sobbing on Maria's bosom. The sailors, careless and merry, were busy at their usual duties. Misardo was superintending the mending of

a sail. The waves reflected the sunny rays, in brilliant colors, and frisky fishes played in the gay light of morning. Fresh and invigorating was the breeze that swept over the glassy surface of the ocean, and filled the sails of the ship, until it seemed to shoot through the water, all garnished with a glittering wreath and train of foam.

The morn was so fresh, all nature so smiling the ship so trim and bounding, and the feelings of the passengers so discordant with the fresh beauties of the day. Misardo greedy, Miguel tortured by love and remorse, Rosa despairing, Maria angry, how did all these emotions accord with the scenes of nature, with the dewy blue of the sky, the fresh gold of the sun, and the bright green of the ocean, here and there sprinkled with snowy gulls? Fair Nature, external to man, loves also in spring, rejoices also in summer, mourns in fall, and dies in winter, yet is never jealous, never despairing, never angry, never complaining! But, let us turn from these reflections, for we are on the sea, and its voice speaks to us.

Have you, indulgent reader, never heard the voice of the sea? Never listened to its songs? No? Then imagine some powerful, rich and impressive contralto voice, imagine it trembling in its lightest, airiest and softest pianissimo notes, and gradually swelling, expanding, until the full, rich sounds are almost oppressive in their power of melody, again rising to the highest, most triumphant notes that lift the heart on the wings of the ambition, honor and glory they seem to sing of, and dying in tremulous sorrow, expiring like the last sigh of an angel; imagine a contralto of first merit, passing through these stages of song, and you will have an idea of the voice of the ocean. And this voice sings of grand and beautiful things. It sings of coral caves and pearly banks, of seaweed forests, and green solitudes, where the scarlet, white and azure waterflowers glow, it sings of amber cliffs and whitened bones, of sunken ships and wealth untold, of green haired mermaids, and huge monsters, it sings of the howling storm and the gorgeous sunset. Oh, if you are ever at sea, listen to

the soprano of the ripples, the contralto of the waves, and the bass of the billows.

But the beautiful chant was not heard by Rosa, who, almost wild with despair, raved in the cabin, and endeavored to open the fastened door; it was unheard, by Maria, whose whole strength was necessary to prevent her mistresses from harming herself; it was unheard by Miguel, who, having accomplished his desire, having Rosa quite at his mercy, found ashes at the core of his success, and half repented of what he had done, and half steeled his breast to further misdeeds; it was unheard by Misardo, dreaming and talking of money and money and only the sailor boy at the mast head, in whose mind thoughts of the home and the mother he had left, were awake, heard the grand, mysterious hymn

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE INTERVIEW.

It was noon, when Miguel unbarred the cabin door, and entered. On the couch, that was fastened to the back wall, lay Rosa, pale and exhausted. Before her, on the floor, knelt Maria, vainly endeavoring to whisper words of comfort through her tears and sobs. Miguel at once saw the very unpleasant position which he was about to assume, and, considering how much the presence of a stranger would act as a check upon Rosa's expression of her feelings, stepped back, and closing the door, called Misardo.

"What do you wish, senior?" inquired the Captain.

"I wish for your company. Let us go into the cabin."

"I can not now; for this rascally cook will waste my victuals, if I take my eye off him."

"Come, I say! I will bear all expenses, you know."

"Very true; but it is sinful to allow waste. Why should that be thrown away, which God has given us for useful purposes? And this cook persists in taking two spoons full of oil for a fry!"

"May the evil one bake you in your own oil, for ever! Will you come here and accompany me?"

"I will charge it to your expense," re-

plied Misardo, and with surly brow approached the cabin door.

Miguel opened, and both entered.

Rosa had risen, and, with pale face, but eyes glowing with indignation, slowly looked at Miguel and the captain.

None of them knew what to say, or how to open this scene.

Miguel began to summon his courage and tried to pronounce a word or two, but scarce had the first embarrassed sound passed his lips, when a glance of fiery scorn, shooting as it were from Rosa's eyes, again sealed his lips.

"What means this?" inquired the lady, in a voice cold and severe; like ice.

"Be calm, lady!" said Miguel. "I may have acted wrongly, may have exceeded propriety, but oh, I love you so much, and that must be my excuse."

"Senior, have done with these phrases that mean nothing. You have forcibly abducted me from the house of my mother, you have—you are a forger, and a villain."

"Do you know, Senior, that you are wholly in my power," said Miguel, frowning.

"Dare you boast of that? Know, senior, that now, more than ever, an impassable gulf separates us! Were my affections free, nay, if I loved you ever so much, this villainy would prevent the slightest connection between us. I am of honorable race, senior!"

"These words, are vain. You are on board of this ship in my power, and you shall leave it only as my wife. The priest is on board, your relatives would approve the step; you need but consent, and we are wedded. To-morrow morning, you will again be in the arms of Donna Bananda!"

"My poor mother!" and Rosa bent her fair head upon her hands, while the tears gushed from her eyes.

"No, no, Don Miguel," interposed Misardo, "I could not return to Lisbon without missing the market of Sicily. It would be an immense loss."

"Think of your mother, of her anxiety and fear," said Miguel in soft accents, approaching Rosa; "think, dearest, of your own situation, of my cruel sufferings, and of my great love. You were betrothed to me!

I had every right to love you, to look forward to the time when you would be mine! And at the very time when I returned from England, joyously, hopefully, I find a rival in the heart of my bride; I find her, in whom all my hopes centered, faithless. Rosa, will you not repair the terrible wrong you have done me? Will you not heal the wound that you have inflicted?"

"I may have wronged you, Miguel," replied the maiden, raising her beautiful face, from which the tears had washed away all traces of anger, "but consider that it would have been a much greater wrong to become your wife, while another possessed my affection. Consider whether I could sustain, cheer, gladden and comfort you, upon the path of life, while my heart turned to another, and my tears flowed for blighted hopes, and withered wishes? Restore me to my home, Miguel, and I will be a friend to you, I will —"

"Rosa, cease. It is too late. You must marry me."

"Say not so. For it can never be. I care not what you do. My hand shall never be yours. But I ask you now, as a gentleman, as a knight, to take me back to my home. If you are not churlish —"

"I wish nothing but what is fair. Your hand was promised to me — fulfil that promise, and you shall return home."

"Nothing but what is fair?" exclaimed Rosa. "Call you the forged letter, the violent abduction, fair?"

"Those were the necessary means to gain a certain end. Lady! enough of this. You know my resolution. You will learn to think fair of it, while we travel to Sicily."

"Never! you also know my resolution, senior, and will see that I can keep it, though alone and helpless."

The door here opened, and a sailor announced dinner.

"Bring it in," said the captain.

"Seniors, relieve my lady of your presence," said Maria.

"Hush, girl! we will stay here!"

Maria opened a door leading to a small sleeping room, and helped Rosa to enter. She barred the door behind her.

Meanwhile the table was set, and the victuals brought in.

"He has taken two spoons full the rascal," cried the captain when he saw the fry.

Miguel now knocked softly at the door of the chamber.

Maria opened it, and showed her face pursed up, and eyes bright with a vixenish glance.

"The meal is ready. We ask Donna Rosa to preside at the table," he said.

Maria exchanged a few words with Rosa, and then said:

"My mistress wishes rest and quiet.—Proceed without her. She will not see you."

The door was again closed.

The captain sent for his brother, who bore the unctuous name of father Modestus, and the three dined without Rosa. Miguel eating and drinking, and not knowing what he swallowed or why, but his whole mind bent on finding means to gain Rosa's affections. Misardo regretting, that he had caused so good a dinner to be served, when, after all, the lady did not appear. And father Modestus stuffing himself with whatever he could lay hands on. After dinner, Miguel and Misardo walked upon the quarter deck, while the priest remained yet at the table.

"Well captain," said Miguel, endeavoring to assume a humorous tone, which lay far from his true feelings at that moment, "the ship is going at a rapid rate."

"Yes, yes," replied Misardo, "a rapid rate. How much have you left of your patrimony, Don Miguel?" he inquired, suddenly.

"How much? What insolence is this?"

"You may call it insolence, senor, but it is only a proper regard to business."

"A proper regard to business that concerns you not. Believe me, Misardo, it is best for you to keep your mind on your own ship, and your own concerns, for if you venture from these upon ground that is not yours—"

"Well, if I venture from these, what then?"

"Then you will be crushed under foot like the snail that has left its house."

Misardo tried to look offended, but succeeded not. This bold reply had put down his spirit. Miguel exercised that control

over the captain, which physical strength and courage is apt to usurp, and which is possessed in a far higher degree, by mental and moral elevation.

"Be not chafed at my words, but in arranging everything as you wished it, I have incurred expenses which if not reimbursed would ruin me," said the captain.

"What is the aim of all your twaddle? Have I not acted generous enough in promising five hundred goldpieces and the repayment of expenses?"

"Oh surely, you have promised well!"

"What then is the meaning of your words?"

"To promise is one thing; to fulfil, another."

"Dog of a captain! Do you doubt my word?"

"I doubt not your word, but your ability to fulfil it."

"My ability to pay?"

"Yes. Be not offended."

"What? Know you not the wealth of Donna Bananda, and of her daughter?"

"That belongs to them; and they will never pay me for forcibly aiding to abduct the young lady."

"But I will. Do you not see, blockhead?"

"Ah! ah!" sighed Misardo. "Your marriage with the young lady is an idle scheme. She would rather kill herself than marry you. I perceived that at once."

"Did you? Know then, stupid beast, that ere we arrive at Sicily she will be my wife. What knowest thou of woman?"

"May Heaven aid you to conquer her! This is the last straw I can catch at. Oh my dear, my hard earned money! Will it ever return to its owner's purse?"

"Do not fear, captain."

"But you do not pursue the suit with ardor. You look at the lady, as if she were snow, that may not be touched. Oh, if I had such a chance to gain a fortune, it would pour fire through my veins, and I would go about courting in a more ardent manner.—Wealth to be gained by merely coaxing a young chit to marry! It is a splendid chance. If you fail, you deserve to be a beggar all your life."

"But I shall not fail! I treat her too soft, too gentle; she has a strong will, but it can not resist mine!"

"You are raving! She does resist you!"

"No longer! You will see that since the gentleness of a gentleman will not succeed with her, I will appear in all the roughness of a soldier. She must marry me, that is settled!"

Here the priest, who had, meanwhile, still continued to eat in the cabin, rejoined them, wiping the fat from his mouth, with his dirty sleeve.

"Brother," he said, "I have observed three important facts, on board of your vessel."

"What are they, Modestus?"

"In the first place, the lady you have on board is beautiful!"

"We know that," replied Misardo.

"Is she in the cabin?" inquired Miguel.

"Perhaps not now, since I have left," said the priest.

"What do you mean by 'since I have left?' Came she there only to seek you," said Miguel.

"I imagine so," replied the priest, "since the fair one said it herself."

"What could she want with you? Speak, gross abomination of priesthood!"

"Address me with proper respect, senor. For though I am here to serve you, it is in my proper dignity and office. *In officio Dei*. The lady bespoke my protection against your wild attacks, senor, which I granted."

"Ah, indeed!" replied Miguel scornfully, "and how will you protect her?"

"By stepping——"

"Fool," cried Misardo, "all the chance we have of being paid by this gentleman, rests on the accomplishment of his wishes, and the success of his suit with this lady. What induces you to meddle with other men's concerns? Keep your dirty fingers in your own empty pockets."

"That alters the case, *fratre mio*! Still the lady is very pleasant to look at. Concerning your advice to keep my dirty fingers in my own empty pockets, know, infidel, that these fingers, though dirty in the flesh, are spiritually pure, and full of salvation.—"

If my pockets, perchance, should be empty——"

"Thy belly is nevertheless full," broke in Misardo.

"A very just observation. Now to the second fact that has attracted my observation. Your cook puts not enough garlic to the meat."

"Pshaw," replied Misardo, "his cookery is expensive enough, since he uses two spoonfuls of fat to a fry."

"Holy Rosanda! If he can make a fry with two spoonfuls he is a real artist. But, regarding the garlic, he is too saving; my stomach, even now, complains of the unsavory meat. Promise me, my brother, for the sake of my precious health, that you will speak to the cook, on this point."

"Very well. Quiet your perturbed spirit, holy father, and let us know the third observation you have made."

"My third observation is concerning my grandmother's bedstead. She had to sell it, poor, dear woman, for she needed money.—Having agreed to sell it to one dealer, for a certain price, she happened to meet another, to whom she related her first bargain."

"I will give you so much more, said he and will pay you in good money; for the other man is a counterfeiter."

"My grandmother then immediately took his money and sold, therefore, the bedstead to him."

"In what manner, oh dirtiest and most stupid of priests, does this long rigmarole apply to anything on this vessel?" inquired Miguel.

"In this respect, worthiest of gentlemen," replied Modestus. "My brother of a captain and myself have made a bargain with you, concerning the carrying off this lady. But now the second dealer, or this lady offers to pay double the sum you promised for bearing back and liberating her. If we keep the agreement with you, sir," addressing Miguel, "we assist in a piece of rascality. If we bear back this lady, it is an act of the highest virtue."

"Ah, traitor," cried Miguel, striking the priest on the cheek.

"Ah, fool!" cried Misardo turning his back upon him.

"Well, well, brother of mine," he said:—"I shall know how to acquaint the Inquisition with this act, and to disclose concerning the treasures you have hoarded——" he spoke no further. Misardo sprang at him, mad with rage, and belabored the poor honest priest's face, most unmercifully.

He was interrupted by the report of a sailor:

"Senor, please look at the sky."

They were now in the Mediterranean sea. That beautiful sea, which seems an azure mirror in a golden frame, presented now a frowning aspect. The waves rippled angrily, and dark clouds overcast the sky, generally so pure and glowing. The sun, with a red, angry ring around it, shone in asky of green radiance, which again was rapidly being covered by a heavy curtain of blueish black clouds. The wind was fresh, but the faint moans of its breath, and the quick changes of its violence, now distending the sails, again allowing them to flap heavily against the masts, were the sure precursors of a storm. Gulls had been passing over the vessel in rapid flight. The sea murmured anxiously at the approaching storm, and denoted, here and there, by the large and surging billows it formed, the internal commotion already begun.

"There is a storm coming on," said Misardo, after a rapid glance around. "Priest, go below and pray, if you can. Don Miguel, you had best retire to the cabin."

"Yes, senor! I will again attempt to soften the heart of my lovely captive," replied Miguel.

"And if it soften not, bend it forcibly," said the captain, walking away and giving his orders.

The priest went below deck. Miguel entered the cabin.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE STORM.

Rosa, to satisfy her faithful maid, and prevent the weakness she felt from becoming utter prostration, had entered the cabin, when she thought it empty.

The priest was still there, however. Rosa had never seen him before, and, catching at

a straw in her misery, entreated him to protect her until the ship arrived at Sicily; for she feared everything from the wild passion of Miguel.

Father Modestus in his astonishment and pity, promised all she required as far as it was in his power to prevent or accomplish certain things. We have seen, in the previous chapter, how he went about it, and how he failed.

When the Priest had retired, Rosa ate some fruits which Maria had selected for her, and drank a small cup of sweet Spanish wine. Let not the reader suspect Misardo guilty of this extravagance. Nay, he had carefully stowed away the few bottles, which were on board. But father Modestus had the nose of an ogre, a nose that was worth millions. He felt some winish odor hang about the extremities of his olfactories—and when his brother had left, like the ogre in the story, followed the odor so long, until he unearthed the precious bottles.

The wine had a good effect on Rosa's system, and revived her stunned energies.—Again the blood circulated through her transparent cheeks, and again her eye won back some of its usual radiance. She even began to hope again, although that hope was founded merely on the fat and dirty father Modestus.

Then entered Miguel. The sudden paleness of Rosa testified to the feelings with which she received him.

"Senora," he said, "you have now had some time to reflect, and doubtless have determined to accept my suit."

"This is a useless question, senor, since you know my resolution is as strong at one time as at another. I love you not, and can never wed you. Remember that, senor, and it will be a reply to every question you intend to ask me," and Rosa endeavored to re-enter the chamber.

"Indeed, indeed," cried Miguel barring the way, "return to your seat, senora. For our account is not so easily settled. Think you I have faced cannon, to be braved by a woman? Or that I practised diplomacy to be foiled by a romantic girl? My wife you are, you must be, and if not, by gentle

means, then by strong. If you long after your lighthaired milksop, it is all the worse for you."

"Senor, this language is unbecoming—Let me either pass to my chamber, or leave the cabin. For you grow more and more hateful to me, as your conduct develops it self."

"Very well, I see how it is. In an honorable way you will not consent to be my wife. I have you in my power, and I tell you Rosa, that dishonored, you shall yet kneel before me, and ask for the hand you now so proudly reject!"

Rosa grew pale, very pale; still, with the dignity of innocence and grief she said:

"Senor! you are mad. Pray, relieve us of your frenzied ravings!"

"Frenzied ravings you call them? If I act madly you are the cause of it, and you shall be the cure. Enough of mutual reproaches. Come, my love, and kiss me."

Miguel scarcely had pronounced these words, when he was at Rosa's side, and had his arms twined around her. With all her feeble strength the maiden wrestled, but to no purpose. Miguel's face was close to her's, and his burning lips touched her cheek.

Rosa, unable to disengage herself, angry, terrified and disgusted, cried loudly for help. Aid however was at hand; Maria had considered how best to serve her mistress; seeing Rosa struggling in Miguel's arms, she approached and, drawing his own sword from the scabbard at his side, pushed him back with one hand, while, in the other, she brandished the glittering weapon.

"Back, coward," she cried, "or I will kill you with your own sword."

"Kill me, and I shall at least die in her arms!" cried Miguel in passionate frenzy, drawing Rosa closely to his bosom.

Maria was undecided for a moment, and then resolutely thrust the sharp point of the sword into Miguel's shoulder. A sharp pang shot across his chest. It was only a flesh wound; it is true, yet the blood spurted out, and the nerves throbbed with the shock, which always attends, more or less, any injury. It is generally a great difference to say "Kill me," and to feel the cold steel on

tering the body. It was so in this case.—Miguel instantly released Rosa, and started back.

"Hellish woman, you have wounded me!" he cried, and threw himself on Maria. But she eluded him, and always presented the point of the sword, wherever he tried to approach her. Rosa flew to the door of the cabin to call for aid. Miguel had barred it; Even while she was undoing the bars, Miguel had almost caught Maria and disarmed her. But the nimble chambermaid again slipped him and escaped into the small chamber beyond the cabin. Immediately Miguel had closed the door upon her, and thrown a heavy iron candlestick upon the massy hooks that projected from the door and wall, to hold the bar which locked it.—But the bar was missing in this instance, and, therefore, Miguel used a candlestick in its place. Vain were the attempts of Maria to burst the door and re-enter the cabin.—She was securely confined in the bed chamber.

Rosa had succeeded in opening the other door, but, ere she could slip out, a strong hand seized her robe and drew her back.—It was Miguel, who re-closed the door, and barred it.

"You are mine now, wholly mine!" he cried, drawing her to his breast, while his face flushed dark red and his eyes emitted a wild phosphorescent light.

"I am not, I never will be," was the determined reply of Rosa, as she tore away from him, and endeavored to defend herself with a chair. Miguel easily caught the chair and disarmed her. But, again she slipped along the wall to the door which Miguel had but imperfectly closed and, tossing the bar at Miguel opened it and ran out. He followed.

In the heat of his passion Miguel had not perceived the change of weather which had occurred. Rosa in her fear and trouble could not observe it. But now they were on the deck of the vessel, and saw the tremendous storm which raged on the sea.

The air was black, thickly black, and a sharp, violent rain dashed through the darkness. Like mountains and like hills, rose the huge billows, with their angry white

crest, and fell again with a loud splash, beating the surface of the sea. When the eye had accustomed itself to bear the darkness, it could perceive a ghostly phosphorous presence in the air that made "darkness visible."

The waves, too, when they burst and fell with stunning sound, seemed to crush a fire hid beneath them, for sparks of light flew around their foaming base. The clouds were bent by the heaviness of their load, and the storm furiously whipped the air.

The ship flew along under a small topsail, which was the only canvass that she could bear in such a gale. And ever then, she flew with the speed of an arrow; now sounding over the back of rising billows, then breaking through the waters of bursted ones, she could scarcely bear the speed, and all her timber creaked as if in agony. The gale blowing from the North East drove her along, and rolled huge waves after her, like a cat playing with a mouse.

Suddenly the ship was thrown on her beam ends.

"Reef the topsail!" commanded Misardo, sternly. No sailor ventured on the dangerous duty, but all, instead, prayed to the saints.

"Reef the topsail, ye wretched cowards!" again cried the voice of the little captain.

At that moment a report like that of a cannon resounded, and the sail, torn off by the gale, flew rapidly along the sky, and was lost to sight. The ship, relieved of the strain, righted and was immediately washed by a pressure of billows that had bounded after her. Rosa, powerless and unresisting, was borne along by the waves until she struck against father Modestus, who was holding to a rope, and, with a voice loud and anxious, calling upon the Holy Mother of God.

"Poor child," he cried, when he recognised Rosa, and with an effort held her until the waters had passed. All wet, he then dragged her to the cabin, and delivered her to the care of Maria, whom he liberated from the bed chamber.

The storm still increased. Mighty bursts of thunder shook the clouds, and blue light-

nings flashed, with continued intensity, through the sky, and seemed to tear fiery furrows in the sea.

A stunning report! A blinding flash! and the vessel trembled and shook, and buried itself in a deep furrow. The mainmast was shivered to fragments, and the stump stood in flames. It had been struck by lightning.

Now the buckets were lowered, to extinguish the fire. In vain. It was with the greatest difficulty that any water could be caught, and the sailors were so terrorstricken that they knew not how to apply it with advantage. Misardo cursed and cried in vain. At last no man tried to extinguish the fire any more, but all fell to praying with might and main.

"I vow a six pound wax taper to St. Pedro di Alvendi," cried one. "A silver cross worth three doblas to St. Penebanca of the Wood, if we are saved," screamed another, through the storm. "Hear, hear our prayers St. Maria of the broken heart! St. Pedro, St. Ignatio, St. Jago of the fiery-sword, St. George, St. Paul and St. Peter of Rome! hear us, ye saints, and save us! Mother of God, and lady of sorrows hush the storm! spread thy mantle over this ship, as thou didst over the pregnant woman of Galicia! Lend us thy veil, with which thou didst save the drowning beggar of Sicily! Holy Rosamond of Palermo assist us!" The priest uttered this prayer in a loud voice full of anxiety, that was heard in every part of the ship, rising and falling between the roar of the storm and the watery crash of the vessel.

Miguel, however, had witnessed all this, stupid and careless. But now he recovered his self possession. He had held to a rope by instinct, and still hung there, when his mind returned to the surrounding state of things. He approached the sailors and cried:

"Do you not see that the ship is burning. Do you wish to roast? Up laggards and take hold of this sail."

He immediately set an example by dragging a wet sail that hung to the fragments of the mast to the burning stump.

"Help me, will you?" he cried.

None moved.

Miguel lifted a large piece of spar, saying:

"Help me extinguish this, or I will dash out the brains of the first who refuses."

The sailors rose, and reluctantly dragged the wet sail over the fire, which, with some difficulty, was extinguished.

All at once a voice from the hold shouted in tones of death-like terror:

"A leak, a leak! she has sprung a leak."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WRECK.

"The ship has sprung a leak!" Through the howling winds and the roaring sea, loud and clear like a sentence of death, rang the announcement. Death was everywhere! in the storm and the waves, in the lightning's flash and the thunder's voice, above and beneath, death scowled and grinned at the few human beings that crouched, helplessly, here and there, upon the rapidly filling vessel.

That cry was heard by Rosa and Maria, rung in the ears of Miguel and Misardo, and shot like a bolt of terror into the hearts of all on board of the St. Pedro di Alvendi. The violence of the storm had decreased, somewhat, and the winds had paused, as it were, to look upon the wrestling of the ship with its fate. Alas the struggle would soon be over, since, creeping waters already gushed into the ship's heart through the wound in her side.

Rosa rushed out, and joined the group upon deck, who, as a last recourse prayed to Him who rules the winds and waves.

"Help us, help us, Great God!" cried the priest, his demeanor, actions and language being elevated by the greatness of the emergency, "help us, father of the sea and the wind! Help us, for the sake of the women and children whose husbands and fathers are here! Help us for the sake of our sinful souls, that we might repent! Command thy angels to sheath the lightning, and to hush the storm. Command the waves to bear us up! Help, help thou our saviour, our only friend. The waters roar around us, they swallow us, help!" The voice of the priest gradually rising, sounded like a trumpet, up on the storm. He, all, were praying with passion, with frenzy, were struggling in their prayer for life, for existence.

Misardo had been absent, but now he came from the cabin, loaded with small bags of gold, which, stuffed into the lining of his clothes, swelled him up very much. Indeed, he was so loaded that he could but move with the greatest difficulty. For, loath to leave any of his treasure, he had endeavored to stow away a fortune in the lining of his dress. Some very valuable jewels were fastened to the inside of his shirt upon the bosom. Taking little heed of those engaged in prayers, who were still upon their knees, he shouted: "Make ready the boats!"

A wave washed the ship at the same moment, and, sweeping along those sailors, that had not secured themselves by grasping ropes, spars, or like supporters, cast them against the bulkheads. Some were bruised, while others remained uninjured. Among the latter was Rosa, among the former Miguel and the priest, who had all been swept along by the violence of the wave. Miguel had an arm broken, the priest a flesh wound on the side of the head.

In spite, however, of the storm and the continual rise and fall of the billows, the boats were ready in a little time. Not too soon; for already the ship fell heavy and solidly upon the waters, and sank almost beneath them at each motion. Misardo, well acquainted with the strength of the repetitive boat, sprang into the smallest one, followed by his brother.

"Shove off, Modestus," cried the captain, "or too many will enter."

"No, brother; there is Don Miguel bringing the lady, she shall go with us." The priest had, through all these trying events, assumed and retained an irresistible air of authority. Miguel, with Rosa and Maria, and the boatswain Joseppo entered the boat, which then, nearly full, was shoved from the vessel. In the upper and lower parts of the small boat were receptacles for tackle, boat utensils and so on. These being impenetrable to the water, would keep the small vessel afloat in spite of the waves that threatened every moment to sink it.

The sailors had rapidly filled the other two boats, and it must be confessed, not too soon, for already was the ship settling

down. Every one was now intent upon getting away from the vessel, that the vortex it would occasion in sinking, might not draw them down.

"Row, row," cried Misardo, "or we are lost!" Every nerve was strained, every muscle bent, and the boat flew over the back of a large billow that was just heaving up, and in a few moments, was out of danger.

The ship now swayed to and fro, heavily, drowsily, as it were, and then sank slowly beneath the waters, that rushed down into the black abyss which had swallowed the *St. Pedro di Alvendi*. No trace remained but a few broken spars, floating and tossing, here and there upon the waves.

Misardo groaned; but soon his attention was called from reflections upon the loss of the ship, to the immediate danger that still encompassed them.

The storm, which had again arisen, in violence and power, quickly separated the three boats; we shall leave two of them, driving about on the hissing sea, and follow the fate of the smaller one, in which Rosa, Maria, Miguel, Modestus, Misardo and Joseppo had taken refuge.

It was vain to row, for no headway could be made against the waves that every moment lifted the boat upon their foaming crests, and again lowered it into black gulfs, where the waters of dissolving billows overswept it. A hard and pelting shower fell in every direction, and seemed the dust which the billows raised in clouds, by their wild violence. Thunders roared, with prolonged reverberating sound, and lightnings, blue and livid, shot again and again, broad and fiery, over the surface of the tossing deep. Again the howl of the storm grew mightier, and stranger gleamed the phosphorescent lights in the air and on the sea.

"It is impossible the boat should float long in such a sea," said Misardo. "Take the oars and I will steer." He took a small reader and with a skill, almost miraculous, guided the boat along in the course, of the black watery rifts between the large waves. For there, amidst the general confusion and violence was comparatively still and silent water, since it was protected by the body of

the waves on either side against the mad bursts of the wind.

Rosa and Maria lay in the bottom of the boat shivering and drawing closer around them their wet garments. Terror, cold and wetness, had benumbed the mind of the females, and they could not realise their terrible situation, and the frightful fate that threatened them. Miguel and Joseppo were using the oars, but the former did so almost unconsciously, for great as the storm was without, it was still greater in his heart. Every lightning scared his bosom, and every thunder found an echo in his heart. For he was a sinner in the presence of manifestations of the power of God; the sinner face to face with his judge. Did not the lightnings speak of God's power, and the thunder of His anger? Did not the storm proclaim His might and the sea His glory?

Miguel was now the sinner in fear of punishment, and conscience arose, giant-like, in his bosom. But repentance, however it lashed his soul, could not pluck to pieces that wild passion, with which he loved Rosa. Not all the waters of the ocean, nor all the tears of repentance, could extinguish that wild, and constant flame.

Misardo steered well, and by his skill it was, that the boat escaped destruction. While Modestus, who had again relapsed into every day thoughts and actions, repented Ave Maria's and Pater Nosters, in the hasty mumbling voice of a priest, his brother was exhibiting an exquisite power of observation and calculation, as he guided the boat. For, truly it was no joking matter, but a thing to turn a man's hair gray in one night. To Misardo it was doubly serious. For, he yearned to be saved, first for his own sake and then for the sake of his gold.

They drifted about till morning. In the last hours of night the storm had relaxed, and, when the sun rose, nothing remained of it, but occasional wild gusts of air. The first beams of the great luminary fell upon the wildly tossing and dark sea, like the golden love of woman upon the rough heart of man. The violence of the storm had left deep and dark traces here and there, as passion leaves traces upon the human soul, and

the sea was still throbbing and rolling with the memory of last night's wildness, as some wild and daring deed, leaves the soul troubled and trembling. Long rays of light crept between the billows, and formed golden crusts upon the snowy foam, while from the commotion of the waves, in quick, changing variety, every color beamed and flashed from a thousand watery points. The sky so fresh and blue looked in serious astonishment upon the tossing sea, and the rosy East vainly tried to reflect its last scarlet flash in the darkened mirror.

In the hurry and trouble of shipwreck, no one had thought of placing food and drink in the boat. Misardo had been too much occupied with his gold, and Miguel too much engaged in saving Rosa, that either of them should have placed provisions in the boat. The others thought not of it. However, they were in the Mediterranean, and it was probable that they should very soon fall in with a ship. The want of provisions was, therefore, of not much importance.

The one who suffered most from this forgetfulness was Modestus. For none of the others thought of eating; every thought and feeling was wrapped up in reflection on their precarious and melancholy condition. But Modestus could never overlook the claims of an empty stomach, whether that stomach was his own, or another's. It was he who, therefore, first ascertained the absence of food. This was, indeed, terrible for the good father. His conscience and his stomach pinched him at once, and he could now look, with much more severity upon his conduct, in accompanying Miguel, and promising for one hundred doblas to unite him and Rosa. For, now he felt the punishment of heaven, in an unsatisfied stomach.

"If we had only fish, and means to cook and prepare them. I would be satisfied with the most meagre diet of Lent. Oh, holy Queen of Heaven! look down on thy servant!"

"It is true we have no food; but we can endure it easily until picked up," said Miguel. "Rosa, you feel no hunger?"

The lady merely shook her head.

"Oh Misardo, it is thy fault, that my bow-

els die of hunger," murmured the priest, tightly folding his hand across his abdomen.

We cannot but observe here that nature had placed in Modestus' body a good and noble heart at the side of a greedy, gluttonous stomach.

"It is nothing," opined Misardo. "We shall be picked up before noon."

All consoled themselves with this hope. Oh it would have been dreadful to be driven about on the sea, in an open boat without food or drink, had it not been for the consolation of this hope, "a vessel will soon pick us up."

The sun mounted the skies and stood in the blue zenith, yet no vessel was seen. The afternoon passed and the day died, and seemed laid out in the west, like a dead King in his robes of state—yet no vessel appeared. Clear and unbroken was the horizon, and not a mast head, not the white gleam of a sail could be discerned by the anxious glances of the occupants of the little boat. Neither could they see any thing of the other two boats, on which the crew of the *St. Pedro di Alvendi* had taken refuge.

The night set in, and the moon, broad and golden, rose in the blue and melancholy sky. It glittered not, but seemed to rock to and fro in innocence and beauty, like the cradle of an angel. And the sky, that vast and glorious robe of a mysterious beyond, which in its grand, indefinite and indescribable beauty seems the type of that happy region, which the believing imagine it, veils; the sky was here and there veined with cloudlets of the purest, whitest silver. Later in the evening the stars opened their petals and burst forth, strange and magnificent. Sea, sea, on thy surface slept the bright reflection of these bright things. And on thy surface slept, in the calm silence of the winds, the image of a rough dark boat, over the side of which a fair lady bent, and wept hot tears into thy watery bosom.

Miguel's features were haggard; Rosa's face very pale. The dreadful events of the past night, and the fast of the day, depressed all spirits and few words had been spoken since noon.

But when the sun had set, Modestus rose

in the silent boat and lifting up his dirty hands prayed. And all joined him, for in all was alive the terrible awe of God.

"This breaks my heart," whispered Miguel to Rosa.

"And is it not your own fault that I, that you are here? I scarce dare hope yet. We will all perish of hunger, or by the waves. This is your work, Miguel di Sousa! God will call you to account for it. I forgive you."

"My work? God call me to account? Was it my storm that lashed the sea? Was it my lightning that blasted the vessel? Was it my providence that sunk her? God! God, who has no mercy on men, who thinks not of their passions and weaknesses."

"Infidel," cried the priest, "do you talk thus of God? Ha, his servants the Inquisitors will teach you!"

"That is it. His servants, the Inquisitors. Like servants like master. His actions and his providence are as regardless of weakness, temptation and imperfect men, as the Inquisitors act and punish regardless of mitigatory circumstances. He created mankind, why does he call them to account for imperfection they could not obviate. Oh, I tell ye priest, I have been in England, and here I express my doubts to you, the doubts which I learned to feel in England. Here I can express them, for the sea has no Inquisitors."

"You are the Jonah that sunk the vessel," cried the priest, with horror.

"Cease your talk!" said Misardo. "These things are not to be discussed, when one's life depends on the soundness of an old boat. On land, when comfortably seated in your palace, you may deny God. But, for your own sake, don't do so, when every wave around is like a hand drawing us to death. Cease, therefore."

The stars paled. The moon had long disappeared and the gray mists of morning gathered over the surface of the water. The air was very cold, and pierced like ice through the thin garments of the shipwrecked. Rosa lay in the bottom of the boat scarcely giving any sign of life, except an occasional moan. Maria on whose lap Rosa's head was

pillowed, continued to look steadily at the waters that for ever swept past them. Wild curses were uttered by Miguel whenever a pang shot through his injured arm, and he was continually seeking for quarrels with the others in the boat. Then nothing could master him except a look or word of Rosa's. To her he was very docile. The boatswain bore all, with the hardy indifference of a sailor; but Misardo passed most of his time in praying, and vowing candles. He was in an irritable state of mind, almost bordering on distraction. Modestus had sunk into a kind of dead stupor and replied not, when addressed. All six had that haggard and spiritual look, which hunger imparts to the countenance. Their eyes were large and brilliant, their hair wild and disordered.—From their dry lips came words almost without sound.

They endeavored to approach one of the large islands of the Mediterranean. But it seemed that the storm had carried the ship so far back, that it would have been better they had steered towards the Eastern coast of Spain.

The sun scattered gems through the mist, and slowly, like the incense of a censer, rose the gray vapors from the sea. Sky, water and air were a realm of fresh gold, and glorious colors.

During this, the second day since their shipwreck, the effects of hunger, and of the burning rays to which they were exposed from the sun, and from that great reflector, the sea, began to show themselves. The minds of Miguel and Misardo wandered.—They spoke of scenes and times far distant, and conjured up many strange and wild images.

This attracted the attention of the others, and, for a time, seemed to make them forget their misery, and present condition. But soon it grew troublesome, for in their dreams they became violent. Misardo imagined he saw a man, who, he said, intended to rob him.

"Away with you," he cried. "I have no gold, not a particle of gold. I am poor, I swear it upon the cross, I am poor! Away, I say, you shall not have it. It is hard earn-

ed; I love it. Come to my bosom for your sound is food to me. Oh bright, bright gold, thou art food and drink. Wretches, why do you starve me? Would you kill a poor old man? Ah you will never inherit me. My gold goes with me. Up, up, into the sky, and there I'll hang it upon the sun, and then every one will say, 'the gold shines brightest.' Yes, yes, men could do without the sun, but not without gold. Dear gold, thou art my wife and child. Pshaw! what want I with wife and child? They eat a man up. They devour his substance. They inherit him. Gold, that shines so bright! Oh it is a trustful friend! No relative so true and good as gold! No friend so faithful. Mine, mine! Never shalt thou take it, murmuring sea.—Thou hast gold enough and gems too, I trow, in that ugly maw of thine! Help me down! I go to the bottom, and gather all the pearls, and gems, and the gold and mother of pearl."

"Mother of pearl, say you," cried Miguel, starting up, "she was not of pearl. She was of white, fair flesh, with eyes like shining stars."

"Shining stars, silver stars," broke in Misardo, "tear them out and coin them!"

"Wretch, I never coined them. You lie, if you say so. She was a beautiful mother and walked with me among the flowers, and under the grand old trees. She kissed me and told me long stories, of angels and fairies, and oh, she showed me the rising sun, that was not this sun,—" and he pointed to the glowing luminary—"but another, and told me God had made it. Oh, I loved her, and prayed morn, and night to God.—Oh what nonsense! Yes, my lord, the Grecian and Roman philosophers, illustrate beyond a doubt that this being, which the ignorant call God, exists not. A vague superstition, a belief, that time will wash away from the minds of men. Nations progress only by steps, my lord. I perfectly agree with you. Now, England's King—the King, the King! make way, gentlemen! Has your majesty considered? The settlement and colonies of Portugal in Asia and Africa increase; and we draw from thence gold and gems—"

"Gold and gems! Let me have them.—Show them to me," cried Misardo. "Will

you? Show them, or I will murder you. Show me where they are, for I am very poor. I want gold," and he arose and threw his arms in the air, with wild, bloodshot eyes resting on Miguel.

"Would you take gold from the church! Would you melt down crosses and images!" cried father Modestus, whom this delirium also seized in turn. "Ah, sacrileger, will not the Inquisition seize you? Will they not make you disgorge all your gold? Yes, disgorge! because you had not enough garlic to season it. Garlic and gold go together! Ah, St. Peter di Alvendi, give me the stomach of a Jew!" finished the priest, folding his arms.

"The purse of a Jew!" cried Misardo.

"The stomach! Garlic I want, not gold! Garlic!"

Joseppo rose and, straining his eyes to the utmost, looked steadily in an eastern direction for some moments, and then cried, with a voice of inexpressible joy:

"A SHIP! A SHIP!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GOD IS NEAR THE HELPLESS.

A ship is driving through the foaming waves on her way to the straits of Gibraltar, and to Portugal. She is a large, bulky vessel, and rolls about from side to side like a fat burghomaster. Her breadth of beam, heaviness of spars, and indeed her entire look denote that she was built in Holland. There is such an exquisite air of heaviness and substance, of strong fat sense and guilders about Dutch built vessels and men, that the merest dolt could not mistake either of them. We have said that the vessel in question was Dutch; and this is saying much in her praise, for at that time Holland was one of the very first maritime nations.

Let us take the reader on board. Well protected by an awning, that overshadowed the greater part of the cleanly quarter deck, and resting on small carpets, spread upon the deck, we meet four gentlemen. In one of them we recognise Sporas, the captain of the vessel, in the other two Hernando and Enrique, and the small fat man, with the good natured green goggle eyes who always

polishes his nails with such industry, is a Jewish physician, a cousin of the captain.—The name of the latter is Moses ben Moses.

"Permit me to observe," said the captain, "that in Holland, the merchant, and the artisan are becoming of greater importance every day. There is also a splendid, a valiant and wealthy nobility, yet each day weakens its power and importance. It will at last disappear from the face of the land."

"I can not conceive such a state of things," cried Hernando, "A state without nobility can not but fall. Who will defend it against the enemy without, and check the power of the monarch within? Who will protect the nation, enforce the execution of its laws and protect the fine arts? Would Rome have become *Rome* without Patricians, to lead in battle, protect in peace and patronise the arts? Would Greece have become the land of refinement, of poetry and beauty, without noble patronage to foster the flowery enlightenment of the age? Take away the nobility and you have a barbarian people left."

"You are warm in your arguments, senior," gravely replied the captain. "That the nobility was great, and perhaps good in some states of society I will allow. Yet in the present advanced age who will acknowledge the claims founded merely on blood, or descent from a great and virtuous ancestor? In our Holland, we show the solid strength of a nation, in which the nobility is a nonentity, in which King and nation are the only estates acknowledged. And do not our burghers produce greater men in every department, then can be made of the weak saplings of an old family? Were not the great men of science and action, the great navigators and astronomers, the great heroes of ancient and modern times, all of the people?"

"Hold, there, senior capitano," said Hernando, "the great men of ancient and modern times, say you? Let us see. Was not the Roman Brutus a patrician? And the Roman heroes and poets all were of noble houses. Do we not see in ancient history, whether of Greece, Rome, Carthage, Syria or Persia, that when ever the rights of people were assailed, the people defended them only when stirred up to it by nobles, defended them under the lead of the nobility."

"The nobility always defended its own rights and privileges under the pretense of defending the people's rights. On the contrary, whatever oppresses the nation must increase their power, and in whatever country the nobility is rich and great, the people will be found weak and poor. But when the nobles are powerless, then commerce, trade, and agriculture bloom, and yield their rewards to the man of the people who works to gain them," said the captain.

"See how crooked the notions of this good captain are," said Hernando. "He is a traveler, has been in England where I have never been, knows, therefore, better than any the prosperity of that nation, with its hereditary, wealthy nobles, and yet asserts all he has said. Is this not ridiculous? He knows further history, and is well acquainted with the fact, that the liberties of England, greater than those of any other land, the seeds of the greatest and purest freedom that can ever exist, were wrested in the *Magna Charta* from a tyrannical king, by whom? By Nobles, by Barons and Earls. Further, look upon the knights of the romantic ages the knight errants, and crusaders, and then can you maintain, that they were not the cultivators of poetry and the patrons of art, the redressors of wrongs and guardians of justice, the benefactor of an ungrateful people? They were the men who freely dedicated their lives and possessions to a high and great idea, the men of holy enthusiasm, grand soul and grand development of physical power."

"But let us discuss the principle of the thing," said the captain, who unexpectedly found himself getting worsted in this argument. "Let us see whether it is right and just that, because a father has been wise or brave, and, therefore, deserved nobility and honors, his descendants should enjoy the same for all times, however depraved and useless they are."

"I think it to be right, and just senior," replied Hernando. "Look you; do not you, and does not every law on earth concede that it is just, the possessions of the father should descend to his children? What greater

possession can a father transmit to his children than a clear unspotted name? If he has gained honors and titles which are the rewards of worth, are they not the better part of his children's heritage? If the state, for due services has conceded a privilege to the father, is it not just that his children should inherit it, as that they should inherit the money which a private citizen might have paid him, for certain services? You may as well maintain that the child has no right to the father's name, as that hereditary nobility is unjust. Even our divine law, the scripture inspired by God, sanctions this principle. And 'the merits of the father shall be remembered to the last generation,' is repeatedly mentioned. What is hereditary nobility but a commemoration of the ancestor's merits and virtues in his descendants? Then, in our history, the history of Israel, do we not find that God established the house of David to be a perpetual royal race? And everything that is said in defense of hereditary monarchy, defends at the same time hereditary nobility."

"But did nature create men, to be differently privileged and endowed with different rights, or to enjoy an equal justice and right?" asked the captain, scornfully.

"What a question," cried Hernando, "Did not Nature herself endow man with widely different capacities? Nature can not but create the perfect and the imperfect.—For the substance to create both is within her, and therefore it is a necessity that both should exist. Therefore men, more or less perfect in mind, soul, or body, men that differ as greatly in their physical, mental and moral capacities, as the mountain differs from the valley, and the sheaf from the thistle, live and move in this world. Has not nature then invested with greater privilege one man in the physical, mental or moral advantage he has over an other? Seems there not to be a nobility among animals, plants, and even stones? Ah, do not say nature made man equal, for equality is a principle that can not exist in a well ordered state of things. All can not be heads, all can not

be feet. Each has an appointed sphere, and equality is an empty ideal."

"Then you do not even concede that equal justice should be meted out?" inquired the astonished captain.

"Equal justice? What call you equal justice. Fitting one and the same straight garment upon men of different sizes and proportions? Should justice be justice there must be different laws governing each individual case. Justice is not just, unless she considers the minutest shades of feeling which actuate man. Human justice can not do that. But divine justice will. And many a rogue that has been hung here according to the most just laws, will be received into Paradise by God. For God's justice must be just, just to men in their weakness, and in their different mental, moral and physical capacities. Thus justice to be just, can not be equal."

The conversation ceased there. For some moments, silence reigned on the quarter deck, until a sailor disturbed the company by the announcement, that a boat was in sight, and the people in her were making signs.

Their lazy languor was thrown off in a moment, and all hastened to the fore-castle to make out the boat. Those who have crossed the sea, know the languid stupor which to the casual passenger represents life on ship board. They know how incidents of the very slightest importance and interest, are accepted and grasped at, as subjects for thought during the long, weary hours. And so here. Each one strained his eyes to see the small dark speck upon the water, which seemed gradually approaching them.

"Beyond doubt, it is a boat," said the captain after a long look.

"Can you not make out what is in her?" inquired Hernando.

"Not yet. See, they are throwing out something white. Can you not see it wave?"

"Yes, I see something white in motion."

"What can it mean? A single boat thus alone on the sea! Captain, what are your conjectures about her?" inquired Enrique.

"I suppose the boat contains the survi-

vors of some shipwreck. The storms are often troublesome in this part of the year."

"Poor people," cried Enrique, "we must quickly succor them."

"As soon as we can approach them. They lie somewhat to the North of our course but I will send a boat to pick them up."

This the generous captain did, when the distance between the ship and the boat was lessened to a mile.

The boat's crew removed the weak and almost helpless shipwrecked to their own boat, and then, diving their glittering oars in the blue surface of the sea, and raising them again dripping and bright, drove their small vessel, over the azure waters, as the gull skims along the gleaming surface of the waves.

Ah, the Mediterranean is a splendid sea, but at the hour of noon it seems, as it were, a vast sheet of red hot copper. So intense is the reflection of the burning light and heat upon the water.

The boat was at the side of the ship, and the rescued ones were brought upon deck.

"Take them to the cabin," commanded the captain, "and do you, Moses ben Moses attend to them."

"I will, my captain. But some are in very poor condition. Lo, here they bring two women. Poor creatures!"

All turned to look upon the two women, and both the brothers uttered a cry of horror and surprise. Both Hernando and Enrique had recognised Rosa, and both bounded forward to embrace her. But Rosa had heard Enrique's voice, and quickly releasing herself from the sailor who bore her, fell upon Enrique's neck, in a paroxysm of joy, that bereft her of consciousness.

"Good God of Heaven, can this be real?" exclaimed Enrique, pressing Rosa closer and closer to his bosom, until he saw her passive form lay dead-like in his arms. "Moses ben Moses, help, for God's sake, she is dying."

The physician approached and touched the maiden's wrist.

"It is exhaustion and surprise that has brought on this fit of fainting," said he; "we must prevent every exciting emotion in future, until her strength can bear it. Senior,

take her to the cabin, and leave her in my care."

Enrique's face assumed an expression of tender, childish apprehension, and he quietly bore Rosa, as if she were a fragile thing of summer cloud, into the cabin.

Hammocks had been hastily strung up, and the rescued were placed in them, under the care of Moses ben Moses, the physician.

Father Modestus, Misardo, Miguel, in all of whom the mad delirium had subsided in to a tremulous muttering, were properly cared for immediately. The only ones who still retained their consciousness and some of their strength were Maria Flunoz and Joseppo. Those two declared they wanted nothing but a hearty meal to be quite well. But this the physician prohibited. He allowed only a small quantity of food, which they swallowed with avidity. Then the cabin being so crowded, rough hammocks were slung upon the quarter deck, and those two commanded to rest, in spite of all Maria's and Joseppo's entreaties to be allowed to attend upon the others.

Enrique walked anxiously up and down before the cabin.

"I can not imagine," he cried, "what circumstances have brought Rosa, a shipwrecked sufferer upon the Mediterranean! Not a single link can I grasp, to found a plausible pretext on, for her being here! Astonishing, frightful! so frail and delicate, she must have suffered immensely! God be thanked that I was here!"

When the physician came from the cabin, Enrique interrogated him concerning the state of Rosa, and was rejoiced to hear that she needed but quiet, rest and food, to be restored to health and strength. Then the young man, quite stunned yet, and unable to comprehend any thing but that Rosa was here, hastened to the quarter deck, that he might interrogate Maria, whom he understood to be the chamber maid of Rosa.

"It was this way, senior," replied Maria. "As I was one day doing a little errand for our mistress, a portly man met me and inquired: Are you the maiden of Donna Rosa Bananda? I am, was my reply to the fat man. Then take this note to your mistress

and this coin to your pocket, and he gave me a piece of silver and a small note tied with silver thread."

"Was the man handsome?" inquired Enrique.

"No, surely not, and therefore I could not have suspected what was in it."

"What was in it? Well, will you speak?"

"It purported to be from Don Enrique da Costa, and contained an entreaty to meet him secretly, at the garden door. I gave the note to my mistress who seemed to rejoice greatly thereat. We waited till all in the house were asleep, and then at the request of my mistress I followed her into the garden." Maria had to stop. She was yet too weak. Enrique walked the quarter deck, bursting with impatience. Yet he could not urge Maria beyond her powers. After a short rest the chambermaid resumed:

"We had scarcely opened the garden door, when a man in a large cloak and hat approached. My lady cried: Enrique! and threw herself into his arms. Meanwhile three or four fellows, villains, and this Joseppo there the holdest—"

"Dont, dont, my pretty mistress," said Joseppo, who lay right opposite.

"And pray, why dont? Was it not a villany as black as your whiskers, you wicked fellow?"

"Go on, for heaven's sake," entreated Enrique, "I am dying of impatience. You were saying —"

"I was saying, that these fellows fell on me, like mad dogs, and dragged me along to a boat. Meanwhile, my lady, had discovered that the man whom she embraced was not Don Enrique, but her cousin Don Miguel— And as she raised a great cry at the deception, he fairly took her up and carried her to the same boat, where they put me.

"They then rowed to a ship, called St Pedro di Alvendi, and I understood, that the meaning of this black villany, our abduction—was that Don Miguel intended to force my lady to marry him. They had a fat monster on board of the ship too, a priest, who was to perform the ceremony; he is a pious man, that I doubt not, but a priest of the church should not lend his hand to such villainies.

There was also a stinging serpent of a captain.

"The ship immediately started in spite of my lady's entreaties to let her return. Oh, I can not tell you then, of the terrible persecutions of Don Miguel di Sousa. He tried everything possible to cajole or force Donna Rosa into an union with him; but all in vain. At last he attacked her person."

"Dastard, Villain and Forger! God help him if we meet."

"But with his own sword I drove him back. Again he threw something over me and locked me in a small cabin room. Then came on the storm. Oh, that night of terror I shall never forget. Heaven have mercy on us! I thought the last day had come.— We were wrecked, and driven about on the sea for near three days, ere we met you."

"But where is that monster, who carried off my sweet lady?" inquired Enrique.

"Yonder cabin contains him. He escaped in the same boat, and was saved with us."

Enrique briefly thanked Maria Flunoz, and then with hasty strides went to the cabin door and endeavored to enter. But here he was met by Moses ben Moses.

"You can not see my patients now, and especially the lady. She has much need of rest, and her frame can not bear the least excitement."

"Not her, but that large man with the black hair and eyes," and he endeavored to pass.

"I can not allow you—positively not," repeated the physician. "You can postpone your business with him, until he is well."

"How soon will he be recovered?"

"In a few days. Refrain from seeing any of these weak people until then; pray do," and the physician locked the cabin door.

We turn to Hernando. What was it that rose and burned in his bosom, and like the volcano's eruption, threw floods of fire through his veins and arteries? What harmony, strong and deep vibrated through the inmost recesses of his being. Was it again love? It was. And love of Rosa? Assuredly. It had existed, although he imagined it dead. It appeared, not as a ghost of former affection, but as a living fire, bright and hot. Hernando loved Rosa, loved still, with the

same ardor, the same hopes, the same desire, that had crazed his brain when he threw Enrique from the tower.

But experience had come since then. He would not now endeavor to make away with his brother. He would not again harm Enrique, for he had once felt the thousand sharp knives of guilt enter his soul, had once swallowed the fire-filled cup of crime, and the horrible recollection still stood a warning shadow in his bosom. But, and alas, thus is man, he felt, indefinitely, vaguely, but still strongly, that could he enjoy Rosa's love, upon the ruins of Enrique's life, could he wed Rosa upon the grave of his brother, he might, he even now might—

"Down with you worm, serpent from Paradise!" cried the young man, stamping upon the deck. "Down, and poison not my soul by thy insinuations. I will never touch his life! Never decide by rude combat the rivalry of our souls. Yet it is impossible he can love her. He enjoys her embrace, her kiss, the glorious consciousness of her love—calmly, joyfully, but oh so calmly. While I would feel heaven in her kiss, divine fire in her embrace, and for one moment's consciousness of her love, would be content to die the next. Oh, like a flame, my arms should embrace her, my lips should inhale her breath, my bosom should heave against her own, like a sea of fire. Oh God! a life of ambition, hope and glory, for one embrace, and esteem myself blest!"

Then Hernando wrestled with himself and endeavored to force down the great selfish spirit that he had called up, endeavored to combat with passions that he had strengthened and nurtured, and stimulated, and felt an intense joy, though a guilty one, when the passions conquered, when his better self sank exhausted, and the inward wrestle was ended with the victory of self, with the conquest of the human over the divine, the earthly passions over the soul which is part of God. He felt joy, satisfaction, and having convinced himself that his love was triumphant, sagely set about considering the means to accomplish his purpose. That Rosa would love him when she knew the fire, the greatness and intensity of his affection, he

had not a doubt. He thought his passion unconquerable because he had succumbed to it. He imagined his affection invisible because he had given it the victory. The only thing then was secretly to try and gain Rosa's heart. To blacken Enrique in her eyes. To play a double part, and be a hypocrite. Secretly, all this must be done. But Enrique's life should be sacred, while his happiness was destroyed. Now sometimes, the dark wish fluttered over his mind, that Enrique might have died at Salonga.

At once, the high tempered youth stopped in his reflections, and turning back beheld the ruin and desolation, which the thoughts and passion, that had swept over his inner man, left behind. Beheld every high feeling and lofty emotion dead, extinguished, and his whole soul usurped by the fiery and wild flashes of his love for Rosa. Beheld every duty, honor, honesty and brotherly love paling and evaporating, because treachery and deceit could serve his love better.

"Ah," he murmured, "what will I be driven to! A murderer I had almost become; a traitor and hypocrite to my brother, who is so great, gentle and noble, I am about to become. What further yet? Ah, all this is but slight sacrifice. I would burn my heart with every bright thought, and all of nobleness and divine spirit, which I have yet left, could I mount in their smoke to thy love, Rosa!"

"Hernando, my brother," said Enrique approaching, "why do you walk alone muttering as if King Saul's evil spirit were in your soul. Rejoice with me, my brother, for I am very happy."

"That thy love is on board of this ship?"

"Were I in the mood, I should have cause for anger too."

"What cause, my brother?"

"The vile wretch who abducted my bride, forcibly from her mother's house, is also on board."

"What! one of the miserable men, picked up with Rosa?"

"Yes; the one with black hair and eyes!"

"And he abducted Rosa? With what intention? For what purpose?"

"To force the lady to wed him," cried

Enrique, with flashing eyes and reddened cheeks. "The miserable, dastardly wretch."

"Wed him? By the everlasting God, I will kill that man! Had he such presumption, and dared to execute such a cowardly, mean and treacherous act?"

"He pleads his love for Rosa! Brother, harm him not, for he is a thing that can not harm us anymore. I have tried to calm my rage and partly succeeded; do you also attempt it."

But Hernando recognised a character, a villain in Miguel, which he was about to assume, urged by the same causes and the same feelings, that had led Miguel to the abduction. Nay, he acknowledged to himself that this abduction was a capital plan, he himself should like to execute.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

We left Massor, the gipsy asleep in the small cave. The spies were hastening to Lisbon. It was past the middle of the night when they arrived. The King had commanded to be immediately notified of their arrival. No time was, therefore, lost, in communicating the news which they brought, to the King.

"This gipsy chief must be captured," said Juan. "I leave the matter in your hands, captain," and he turned to the commander of the royal guard. "See, senor, that to-morrow morning you bring him a prisoner to the palace. Whatever furniture, or papers, or boxes are found around him, must be taken care of and brought along. If you find any thing in the gipsy camp, different from the articles they have in common use, examine it for some papers, or a casket of steel, which this fellow must have somewhere. Take a whole detachment of the guard, to make sure of him."

The captain bowed, and in a few minutes was trotting from Lisbon at the head of a detachment of the royal guards. It was almost morning when they reached the gipsy encampment.

"What nobleman or township, has allowed these vagabonds to settle on their

grounds?" inquired the captain of the royal guards.

"I believe it is a certain Don Lionel Dian, to whom these lands belong," replied the spy.

"Antonio, you and Anosto will climb those trees, and ascertain how many gipsies there are, and whether they are awake."

The two men reported that all was yet quiet. They estimated the number of gipsies at about sixty, reckoning according to the tents. The captain of the guard then, being informed by the spies that Massor was in a small cave near the summit of the hill, led his men aside, and skirting the encampment posted them between the rear of the gipsy camp and the place where he supposed Massor to be.

Dividing his soldiers into two divisions, he left one part to guard the camp, and with the other approached the cave, from whence the feeble light of a few coals still shone. They met no opposition in surrounding the entrance.

Within the cave all was dark and silent. A light being struck at the captain's order, he with some of the trustiest soldiers, entered, to find the gipsy. On his bed of leaves, overhung by a projecting angle of rock, slept Massor, heavily. Scarcely had they perceived him when the light flashing upon, and irritating his eyelids awoke him. In surprise he started up.

"Who are ye, and what do you here?" he inquired haughtily, of the intruders.

"We are the royal body guard," replied the captain, "and come here to arrest you in the King's name. Yield willingly, gipsy, or it may fare ill with you."

"Ah, I understand," cried Massor; "sent by King Juan. But you will not capture me. You will be disappointed, my valiant senors, and will only earn the King's displeasure by this expedition."

"Be not too sanguine, my gipsy. The entrance of this cave is filled with my soldiers. The gipsies below can not aid you if they would, for they are surrounded by another division of my men. How, then, do you expect to escape from our hands, unless you fly through the solid rock?"

"Ah! soldiers, you know not the power which we gipsies inherited from our ancestors. How will I escape? By walking through your midst, and none of ye shall touch me."

With this, Massor drew a ring, from his pocket, and caused it to flash in the torch-light, before the captain's eyes.

"Dare now to touch me! Dare to approach?" cried Massor, his voice loud and menacing.

The captain fell on his knees.

"Senor, still I must arrest you. It is the King's express command."

"Has your King power over me? Am I not guardian of his soul? and therefore you will not capture me, because his soul will burn for each indignity put on me. Yea back."

"I care not," cried the captain. "I have sworn faith to the King; I must observe it. The King commands me to take you prisoner. I shall do so. Whatever is wrong in it, let it be 'tween the King and you."

"Again I command you to let me pass free. All must yield obedience to the power vested in me! This power is second to no other, to no command or order, though given by the King."

"I can not do it senor," cried the captain, agitated and pale. "Though I die for it.—The King has said, 'arrest him,' and arrest him it must be. The King has said, 'bring him a prisoner to the palace tomorrow morning,' and, so I will. You," turning to the others, "will bring all that may be found in this cave to Lisbon; ransack the camp, for certain papers, or a casket of steel, which must be concealed here. Senor," to Massor, "you will give me your dagger and follow."

Instead of obeying, Massor stepped forward, and tearing the torch from a soldier's hand, extinguished it.

"Stand firm, and guard the entrance," roared the captain, while he and all in the cave endeavored to secure Massor. However, the gipsy eluded their grasp.

"Light another torch," cried the captain, "and carefully guard the entrance."

Before this order could be obeyed, Massor suddenly presented himself to the

soldiers at the mouth of the cave. They all stood firm, and received him at the point of their swords, while those behind arranged their fire arms, a discharge from which would sweep the cave at every point. Massor had noticed every point of this position in a moment, and slipping back, whistled loud and long.

Sounds of surprise and rage were heard from below, quickly followed by the noise of strife. The gipsies had attacked the soldiers there. Meanwhile another torch had been lighted, and brought into the cave.

"Secure him," commanded the captain, approaching Massor, with five or six men. They forced him to the extremity of the cavern, as, step by step, he retreated before their advances. However, now he could not retreat any more. Behind was the rock.

Then suddenly he drew a large silver flask from his bosom, and, throwing the stopper away, began to pour bright burning flame from its open orifice, upon the soldiers. They shrunk back in terror. From side to side Massor swayed the flask, flame and fire pouring out, and thus advanced, step by step, while, with cries of horror and fear, the soldiers ran aside. At the entrance he swept the whole line with a discharge of flame, and put them to an immediate flight. The guard scrambled and ran down hill, half crazed with terror, and blind from the fire. Here and there hair had been singed, whiskers burned, and eye brows destroyed, but there was little serious injury. At the mouth of the cave Massor turned once more to pour a stream of scarlet flame upon the prostrate captain of the guards, and then disappeared in the night.

The fact was, Massor had poured out some chemical preparation, which, by contact with the air, is ignited, and thus with the help of science discomfited his enemies and again disappointed King Juan the Third.

The guards found nothing of importance. But when the captain examined the floor and walls of the cave, to see whether there could be nothing concealed there, he happened to meet a suspicious crevice near the floor, on the rear wall of the cave.

Persevering in his search, he removed

some pebbles and small stones that were heaped about there, and unearthed the precious steelen casket, in which the proofs of the Prior di Castro's legitimacy were contained.

When the guard returned to Lisbon, the King heard with doubt and vexation their story about Massor's power of belching forth fire. However, the gipsy was only of importance as the possessor of the casket, and the King now held the very documents, that had given him so much uneasiness, in his hand. He hastened to deposit them in the strongest and most secret closet he knew—in the closet where the papal bulls, the royal wills, marriage contracts and papers of like importance were kept. Now King Juan again was firm upon the throne of his fathers.

And Massor! Do you see the man who stands solitary in the pale gray of morning, under the sleepy green trees at the slope of the hill? It is Massor; alone with his thoughts, he leans against the knotty and warty trunk of a chestnut, the empty bottle still grasped in his hand.

"This, then, is the end of my power over King Juan," he said. "I could not help it. 'Tis vain for human wit and human power to strive against Providence. Providence has doomed this nation, has cursed it, and it is, it will be unhappy, unfortunate.—Again a scheme has failed. Again a plan has been destroyed. Well, I have the King's word—a shallow, empty promise truly, but still a promise—that the Inquisition should be suspended for two weeks. They must be back by that time—then we will unmask the institution, we will tear away its veil of holiness? Will they retain it? Will Juan, will Portugal remain blind in spite of the sun? No, it can not be; sense, reason can not allow it. Then we will triumph! Peace will dwell again with us. Oh, scarce have I seen the frailty of one attempt, when hope suggests another. On then in the grand race! Forward! But Eleanor, Eleanor? Oh, misfortune never comes alone. Good bye to her, to love, to the fairer part of life. Nothing but stern duty remains."

Thus that mysterious man stood, re-

flecting and reflecting until the multitude of thoughts dimmed his mind; dreaming of great purposes to be achieved, and noble ends to be reached, searching for means, for ways to achieve them, and still meeting icy failure on every road and in every attempt; thus he stood in middle age on broken hopes and lost years, still failing to grasp his wished for end, to reach his glorious goal.

How many do thus live, and die at last without the achievement of their purpose? We know not. But in the dark undercurrents of history we find the remains of glorious plans, the ruins of lofty attempts, which were never known by cotemporaries, and the originators of which lie unremembered in some humble grave. Every system has had its martyrs. Its martyrs that marched in the van and died, that it might come into existence, and the martyrs that followed in the rear, and died that it might continue to exist. Some of these martyrs we know, and honor their memory. Most of them have died—died, to be forgotten. No human institution has ever flourished without being fed with blood, has ever fallen without burying men under its ruins. Massor, as yet, is a riddle. But he is a grand riddle. And when at last he will solve the mystery, the solution will be greater even than the riddle.

The morning broke; oh how beautiful, dewy, fresh and glorious. Golden threads stole through the gray wool of the early shadows, and formed brilliant combinations with the fresh living hues of heaven and earth. The happy green trees, the laughing rollicking skies, the flashing water, oh how I love them at early morn.

Massor seemed again awakened to life by the invigorating breeze of morning. He slowly walked from the trees, amidst which he had taken refuge the night before, and, drawing his hat down into his face, walked towards Belem.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THREE RIVALS.

Love is of two kinds. Calm, earnest and deep love. And warm passionate love. The

first is true, the latter not. True love will never use grand expressions, will never manifest itself in a rolling and talkative tongue. On the contrary. Less words are perhaps exchanged with the object of true love, than with any other person. Those words are generally common place. Still there is an attraction towards each other in the parties, sudden, inexplicable. When together, each trembles, grows pale, blushes and is awed in turn. When hearing of the loved object, the same phenomena occur. It is an exquisite tenderness, an extravagant friendship, a holy admiration which elevates and purifies the heart. But only the heart—not the manners, expressions and figure. For having no material ingredients it acts not upon material nature. It calms rather than disturbs the rhythm of the soul. It is so spiritual that it can exist at the same time with a gross earthly passion, and desire for another object, yet be not disturbed by it. It is divine, therefore everlasting. It is the perfect agreement and harmony of two souls. True love seeks to hide its emotions. It never paints to the world what the heart enjoys, never speaks of what the soul feels.

We speak now of other love. It is not gross desire, but far, far above it. It is a fiery admiration, a passionate attraction, a vain-glorious sentiment. Yea a sentiment to which vanity, self-love, and a desire of conquest each furnish their ingredient. It is a violent stimulant, an inebriating emotion. It desires, it must have. It will conquer every honorable, moral and religious obstacle.

A vain-glorious passion like this, though somewhat mingled with the purer, higher love treated of before, was the affection of the old knights. Noble and valiant chevaliers, that maintained their lady's beauty at the sword's point, and proclaimed her favor, heralded the mystery of the kiss and embrace in all lists and courts throughout Christendom.

It is needless to apply this rule to our characters. All will have classed Enrique among the first, Hernando and Miguel among the latter kind of lovers before this.

Soon Rosa was well enough to leave the cabin, and sit in the quarterdeck, enjoying the cool sea breeze. She was happy, and every one knows what a capital remedy happiness is; it soon restored the healthy tint of Rosa's complexion, relighted the fire of her eyes and the bright coral of her lips.

Hernando was more than ever in love with his brother's betrothed. He now sought, and often found chances to talk alone with Rosa. Yet when Enrique was by, his manner was so calm and tranquil, his conversation so respectful and brotherly in his tenor; when he was alone with Enrique, his praises of his brother's choice were so unselfish, so amiable, and without the least spice of passion, that all suspicion was disarmed, and Enrique firmly believed Hernando had never loved Rosa, and only attacked his life at Salonga in a fit of delirium and madness. This occurrence itself was never again mentioned, or even hinted at, between the brothers. Enrique had forgiven the act, and Hernando tried to forget it.

However, in Rosa's company alone, since the Dutch sailors around were no obstacle to their conversation in Portuguese, there was a warmth and passion in Hernando's words, which alarmed the pure hearted maiden. But since that passion presented itself not in a definite form, since Hernando rather hinted at than directly spoke of love, and even then never as of his own, such conversation could not be objected to. He had a rich voice, and often used to amuse the passengers by singing ancient ballads in the starry hours of evening.

Till now, he had not been able to arrange it that Rosa and himself should meet alone at evening. But such a chance at length occurred. Enrique was in the cabin. Miguel had now so far recovered from his exhaustion and broken limb that the physician ordered him to be allowed the liberty of the deck. Enrique had, therefore, gone to speak to him first. We shall detail their conversation hereafter. The captain was occupied in writing; Misardo and Modestus were still confined to their hammocks; Maria stood on the fore-castle engaged in a confidential chat with Jossépo, the handsome boatswain, and Moses ben Moses, the physi-

cian, lay on the quarterdeck musically snoring. So Hernando found himself alone with Rosa.

The sky was so grandly blue, the sea so vast and mysterious, the sparks of the waves so glittering, and every star so lofty and white, that the very atmosphere of the night breathed softness, beauty and love.

Hernando again spoke in his warm strain of conversation to Rosa, until his remarks and protestations, almost oppressed her. It seemed to her as if a cloud floated above, from which some evil could every moment descend on her head. To change the subject Rosa asked him to sing. Hernando, therefore, took the lute which he had brought on deck, and sweeping with masterly skill across the strings so as to produce a rush of melody, threw back his shining hair, looked with inspired eyes up to the starry sky, and began, in a voice powerful, deep and rich, to sing an ancient ballad, which he had long selected for an occasion like this. The fine sounds were thrilling with the emotion, the truth of feeling, which the singer poured out with them, and were well calculated, together with the subject of the ballad, to touch Rosa's heart.

Eduardo count of Alcantara
Did love Elise the fair,
Elise the pale, the matchless one,
The lady of Calaire.

Her eyes were flame, her hair like night
Her features pale as snow;
And many lands had fair Elise
And many suitors too.

And yet she liked the valiant Count
And promised him her hand;
The count was then the happiest man
Of any in the land.

And many to the wedding came,—
And came among the rest,
The brother of the valiant count,
Alphonse, of knights the best.

And when he saw the beauteous bride,
In satin and in gold;
The brightness of his cheek was gone,
And paled his glances bold.

And though he strove and struggled sore,
He gained no rest, no peace,
For Alphonse loved with all his heart,
The beautiful Elise.

He met her in the garden lone,
And trembling said: Oh stay.

I'll tell thee of the fiery love,
That eats my life away.

'Tis thou I love, Elise, 'tis thou,
Have mercy with my pain;
And say that thou wilt fly with me
To countries far from Spain.

Oh, tell me that thy heart replies
To feelings true as these;
Oh say thou wilt be ever mine—
Mine own, my loved Elise.

The lady raised in scorn her eyes,
Her lip of scarlet curled;
Thou know'st I am thy brother's bride,
In sight of God and World;

Thou canst not offer wealth and rank
No counties broad and wide,
And therefore, though I love thee well,
I'll never be thy bride.

And though I love your brother not,
I'll be his countess high!
And so she turned away again
With scorn in voice and eye.

And gaily smiled the golden sun,
And sweetly sang the breeze;
And chirping notes of merry birds
Were falling from the trees.

And Alphonse looked on more at her,
Oh, wildly throbbed his heart!
He stabbed himself with shining sword,
To still his throbbing heart.

And when the lady saw the corpse,
She beat her aching breast;
All night, all day Alphonse's ghost
Would never let her rest.

Until she took the sable veil—
Became a nun for aye;
And humbly knelt in holy church,
For sinful souls to pray.

This simple and rude ballad was sung with such splendor of voice, such depth of expression, that Rosa leant her head upon her hands, and her tears flowed silently through them. Hernando himself was so much affected by it, that big tears rolled from his eyes.

"Donna Rosa," he said in a voice trembling with passion, "do you not pity the poor knight Alphonse, and regret the cruelty of the lady?"

"I pity Alphonse's fate; the lady was wrong to marry for wealth and rank, but after being betrothed to his brother could not but reject him."

"Yet she loved him. Oh, Rosa let me tell you in this witching hour of eve, while

your heart is soft, that I, too, love; And that my love is unfortunate."

"Why? does the lady not return your affections? Or is she wedded already?"

"The lady knows not of my love. And yet it is so great, so passionate, that it devours my heart. There is a constant fire within me. I would bargain for her least favor, with my life. And yet I have not courage to disclose my passion."

"The subject excites you, señor; let us speak of something else."

"No, no, Rosa. Let me speak now of it. For, perhaps circumstances will not give me such an opportunity again. Let me now—"

"Señor, there are subjects upon which a lady can converse but with her betrothed or her husband."

"But, my love concerns you. Do you not see that it is you I love? Do not," he cried preventing Rosa from speaking, "do not, lady, rashly reject my suit. You do not know the fervor, the intensity, the fire, the power of my love; you do not know how much all my being is interwoven with it. Whenever you can comprehend and know the greatness of my affection, Oh, then, you can not but return it. You can not resist a passion so powerful as mine. You can not but despise a gentle milkop's friendly affection, and turn with ardor to the heart on fire for you. Oh think before you answer me. Is your heart satisfied with the soft smiles of love, and does it not yearn for an affection stronger, fiercer, wilder? But know, however you may reply to my suit, I shall not discontinue it. On the contrary, your resistance will but excite my ardor. Always, I will follow you. Always I will tell you of my love; and since drops can wear down granite, such continued suit must win your heart. I will never despair; taunt me, despise me, spurn me, and I will still patiently wait for the hour when you will say: Hernando I love you!"

The young man lay on his knees before the beautiful lady. But she had risen.

"Have you so far forgotten the respect due to your brother's bride—"

"My brother's? Ha, lady! Know that should Enrique get the least hint of my love

for you, of what I said to night, of the protestations which I shall constantly trumpet into your ear, he shall die, die by my hand! Not a hint must escape you. Not a glance speak of my passion for you, else nought restrains me to remove the only obstacle in the path of my happiness."

"Enrique is your brother! Oh God, what shall I do!"

"Love me, love me, lady, and I will make all else smooth. Enrique is my brother; but his brother's hand shall stab him, if he gets knowledge of my love. You see how strong my love for you is. It shrinks not from the blackest crime, to win you. Lady you are agitated. I leave you to reflect on my words," and he walked away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AT HOME AGAIN.

Enrique had gone into the cabin to speak with Miguel. That gentleman proved very sarcastic and fearless. He was not in the least daunted by Enrique's rebukes but even endeavored to aggravate his anger by biting remarks. However, Enrique, by a threat of confining him to the cabin, succeeded in eliciting a promise of Miguel not to address Rosa, or in any other way disturb her, should they meet on deck.

The vessel was near home. To-morrow we will be in Lisbon, the captain had remarked; and in fact, when the sun of the next day went down, the ship cast anchor in the broad mouth of the Tagus. The capital of Portugal extended before their eyes, glittering in the setting light of day.

The reader can better imagine, than we describe, the sensations that smiled in the hearts of the different *dramatis personae*, who, willing or unwilling, joined this voyage. At the request of Rosa, Enrique took no other revenge upon the captain Misardo than forcing him to pay the satisfied Modestus a considerable sum of the money he had saved from the shipwreck. Miguel was invited to mortal combat by each of the brothers, but, after declining to take advantage of this mode of satisfaction, without further notice, was sent on shore. Joseppo was retained as boatswain on the Dutch vessel of captain Sporaso.

Hernando and Enrique landed the next day, and presented themselves at the palace. They were so fortunate as to gain audience, and there exhibited to King Juan the absolution which His Holiness, the Pope, had granted to the New Christians. They renewed to the King their promises of fealty and faith in their adopted religion, and were dismissed with kind words, and expressions of high favor.

The King cared not to alienate a part of his subjects from his cause and Kingdom, and therefore if they were true to the Christian religion—which was of prime importance to him—and had been absolved by the Pope, he certainly liked it better than the exercise of the Inquisition against them.

So it seemed, to all appearance, that the State and the New Christians were reconciled. The Inquisition, for some time suspended, was again put in force. It selected now for its victims, unfortunate Christians or unconverted Moors; to the New Christians or baptized Israelites, it was more of a dark shadow in the sky than a threatening reality. The papal absolution washed away all past sins, and they took good care not to give cause for new accusations.

Thus tranquility was once more among the Portuguese Israelites, at least for the present.

Enrique, returning on board of the vessel, conducted Rosa to her mother's house. We have, till now, not made any mention of Donna Bananda, in regard to Rosa's abduction. We left it to the reader's imagination, to paint the mother's grief and terror, when she discovered the loss of her child, and we leave it now to his imagination to portray the joy which her return brought.

Not only her return. For Enrique formally proposed to Donna Bananda for the hand of her daughter. In his improved position, together with the claims he possessed from his services long ago and recently, Donna Bananda could not but accept him. The same evening they were solemnly betrothed, in the presence of many noble guests. There was music, and dancing, and joy, and all the brilliant forms and actions, in which it manifests itself. But, one brow

remained dark, while all else were bright—And one heart was sad, while all else were joyful. To Hernando, this feast, as can be readily imagined, was a painful scene. But he bore it bravely. And, while Enrique stepped back to let his brother offer congratulations to Rosa, he whispered, with smiling lips, into the ear of the trembling maiden:

"I persevere. You are his betrothed.—You may become his wife. I will wait patiently, oh, how patiently, for the time when you will at last be mine. I feel it well, that the time will come; I feel it in my heart."

"And these are the words of congratulation which a brother speaks to me?"

Hernando winced under this reproach.

"Aye," he said, nevertheless; "and I will whisper it into your ear at the altar, and even in the arms of your beloved. For ever, and ever, as long as speech clings to my tongue, and life to my heart, will I say: Rosa, I love thee!"

"But how vain are your words; I love my husband with such deep, enduring love, that were you the most charming and gifted of mankind, your words could never make the slightest impressions even on my imagination. Ah, you will waste your heart and its affections upon a mistake; you will whisper, and love in vain."

"But again, I tell you, Rosa, you will soon be tired with the soft, sweet affection which is all that Enrique can give you. You will yearn, hunger for fire, for love burning and devouring, and then the words: I love thee, will be replied to, with ardor and fire. I wait for that time."

"A mistake, a mistake! and that mistake will be your curse. You terrify and repel me by these flashes of wild fire. I will never thirst for blasting lightning! never yearn for hissing flame, and to those only can I compare feelings like these! Enough, now. I am your brother's betrothed, his bride, will be his wife ere long, and love him, oh, so much! yearn for him, oh, so greatly, and prize him above all else. Enrique is the choice of my heart, and not till love and heart are dead, can he be ought else to me. Enough, then, of this, Don Hernando. Poison not my joy."

"Ah! poison not your joy! And my joy! It will be sweet, heavenly to night! for I shall dream of you sinking upon my bosom, loving me as you will love me, as you must love me once! — Not a word of this to Enrique! You know me well enough! If he gets knowledge of this, he dies by my hand!" and with a shudder, Hernando stepped back.

What did Rosa think, what did she resolve upon, in the perplexing condition, to which Hernando's passion brought her? Tell her betrothed, she could not. For, like an evil wind, the recollection of Hernando's words, 'I'll stab him,' swept over her heart, whenever that idea presented itself. That threat, so terrible, so probable in its execution, so in harmony with Hernando's character and passion, was not only an effectual preventive of Rosa's confiding into Enrique, regarding this matter, but also served to frighten the anxious bride into an at least apparent attention to the words and protestations of the passionate young man. At one moment she thought of confiding into her mother—but no! Enrique might get knowledge of it then, he would not be silent, and then Hernando might execute his threat! It was not possible to trust the secret to any one. And, wherefore, should she? After her marriage, when Hernando would perceive the utter folly of his misplaced affection, and the vanity of his hopes, he would abandon those wild thoughts and wishes, would cease to persecute her. Till then there was no help. She must endure, and endure patiently as possible.

Enrique joined his brother, shortly afterward. His eyes were beaming, oh so brightly, with happiness and gayety. His face was radiant, as if bathed in a beam of sunshine and love. His dress of snowy white satin, edged with broad rich crimson and laced with gold, became well the happy occasion and Enrique's joyous face. He laid his hand covered with a glove of soft white leather, upon Hernando's arm, and looked at his brother for a time in silence. Hernando was attired in orange velvet, embroidered and laced with silver. He answered Enri-

que's look by a smile of sweetest affection.

"Brother," said Enrique, "you see my happiness. It is more than I deserve."

"Ah, Enrique! you know that I have no ambition but to see you happy. You were made for it. You can enjoy it. But I, I could not content myself. I should find joy such as yours but a dull mistress."

"Tastes and capacities of enjoying happiness are as various and unequal as the means to acquire it. Yet, my Hernando, I often marvel that you have not yet selected a partner for life. You have always been an admirer of the fair sex."

"All will come in due time, Enrique. You are happy now. Wait until I choose, and we will see who has made the best bargain with fate."

"Oh, I do not fear to compare my bride with any you may wed, or, indeed, with any lady in existence. Don Lionel has not yet arrived. Do you think he will come?"

"Aye, aye. There are his pages with the lion of Judah and the star of Israel on their sleeves. And now himself enters. Majestic and serious as ever."

Both brothers hastened forward to welcome Don Lionel Dian with the greatest reverence.

A smile of ineffable brightness flitted for a moment over the pale, majestic features of this great scion of Judah's royal race. It was the smile of one who had known earthly joys and felt their sweetness; of one who had seen those joys burst in his grasp; it was the transient gladness of one who had blown glorious bubbles of human happiness, and seen the air lift them beyond his reach.

"I congratulate you, young gentleman, on your choice," said the Hebrew prince. "It is a proper reward at the hands of Him in whose cause you have so often suffered and triumphed. By your management in Rome, you have gained peace for us all, happiness for yourself."

"My lord, you honor us so much by your presence, that I am truly rewarded for my services, by seeing you here. It will confer happiness on my union."

"Ah, Don Enrique!" a host of bitter memories flooded his soul — "My presence

is no charmer of happiness. It never dwells with me. But conduct me to your bride."

Rosa was congratulated by Don Lionel Dian.

"Will you stay, senor, and witness the ceremony of our betrothal," inquired Enrique of the prince.

"I will, for the sight of human happiness is rare; especially to me," was the reply.

The merry festival went on until late at night, when Donna Bananda took leave of her guests, and all departed except the most intimate friends of the family, who themselves secretly professed the Jewish faith. The servants were sent away, the doors bolted, the curtains thrown over the windows. All present placed themselves around a table loaded with fruit and wine. At the head sat the bride and bridegroom. On one side, at the left of the bride, was her mother, and Don Lionel, who had been requested to take this post of honor. At the right of the bridegroom were his mother, a venerable dame, his sister, a very young girl, and Hernando. The other guests were seated at random.

On the wall opposite the betrothed couple, a wreath of flowers had been fastened to the wainscoting in a peculiar manner; it formed two intersecting triangles, and was fancifully thought to resemble "the shield of David." On each side other flowers were arranged to form the two Hebrew letters, M. T. These being the initials of the Hebrew words signifying "good luck." Six lighted tapers, in silver candlesticks were placed in two rows before the bride and bridegroom. Between them a high glass of Bohemian manufacture all full of deep red wine glittered, reflecting and refracting the rays of light. This glass was flanked by two small silver cups, one full of wine and the other of olive oil. A golden dish heaped with wheat flour, in the midst of which lay a yellow orange and a gaily painted egg, completed the preparations for the ceremony of betrothal. There was a little pause of expectation, and then Enrique arose and, turning to Donna Bananda, said:

"I love thy daughter and desire her for my wife. Wilt thou wed her to me, according to the laws of Israel?"

The lady replied according to the formula:

"If I find thee worthy. Art thou a true Israelite, loving the Lord, with all thy soul and all thy power?"

"I am; I am!"

"Wilt thou be faithful to thy wife, and to the children she may bear thee, promising to educate them in the ways of the Lord?"

"I will, I will!"

"Art thou able to provide for thy household? Art thou capable of governing and conducting a family?"

"I believe I am."

"Then I give to thee my daughter according to the laws and statutes of Israel. May the Lord bless your union!"

"I wed thee, with the consent of thy parents. I wed thee, with my heart's purest love. I wed thee, with the blessing of the Lord of Hosts. I wed thee according to the laws and customs of Israel, that thou shalt be called in future my wife—the wife of Enrique ben Levi."

Pronouncing these words which, according to the then custom among the Israelites, made Rosa his wife, Enrique drew a ring, with a large flashing diamond from his hand, and placed it on that of Rosa. The fair girl was pale and breathless with emotion. It was well that the ceremonial gave a dumb part to the bride. For Rosa had been unable, at the time, to speak. She was so much affected, so speechless with happiness.—Then Donna Bananda blessed her, with tears coursing down her cheeks, and Enrique's mother laid her hands upon her son's bright head and murmured soft prayers to God for his happiness.

The bridegroom then spoke the customary blessing over the grape, and lifted one of the small silver cups to his lips, merely tasting of the wine. Donna Bananda gave her daughter to drink of the other cup, and then all the relatives of the bride and bridegroom tasted of their respective cups.

"No joy can be without sorrow, no rose without thorn; life is filled with woe! May this be the only mishap attending our joy!"

cried Enrique, suddenly rising; and, with a quick movement, he lifted the crystal chalice full of purple wine, and dashed it against

the opposite wall, whence it fell in glittering fragments upon the marble floor.

The egg was now taken from the dish of flour, and divided amongst those present—This was to recall the memory of Jerusalem the destroyed. For, Hebrew analogists represent changing fortune by a round egg—The flour was a sign of prosperity. Thus the ceremony was finished which, according to the manners of the Spanish and Portuguese Israelites of that age, united a couple in wedlock. Enrique and Rosa were now man and wife.

However, as they ostensibly professed the Christian faith, they must await the public celebration of their marriage, and the ceremony at the Christian altar, ere they could enjoy the sweet and sacred privileges of wedded life.

"May your love and your union be blessed," said Don Lionel Dian. "May you, fair bride, be a crown and an ornament to your husband, as King Solomon, my ancestor, sings, and may he continue to serve the cause of Israel as he has done until now."

Very soon after, those present dispersed.

CHAPTER XL. GOLD AND GUILT.

Love having failed to procure a fortune for Miguel, he resolved to possess himself of one at any rate. He had looked upon the abduction as a sure means of making Rosa his wife, which at the same time would have placed her large fortune at his disposal. We have seen how he failed in his attempts, and consequently lost all hope of recruiting his fortune. The shipwreck had robbed him of the small remains of a once splendid patrimony. He was, therefore, in Lisbon, the scene of his former extravagance, without money. Not only without money, but with a hate, deep and strong, against all society.

As he stepped from the boat that took him from the ship to the shore, he had not wherewith to pay the boatman. Seeing Misardo and Father Modestus landing by another boat, he hailed them, and requested them to pay the boatman.

Misardo's face assumed a look of great anxiety.

"Why, senor," began he in a slow, unwilling voice, "have you no money?"

"You know well enough that I am without any at present. Pay the boatman!"

"I am a poor man, senor, and lost immensely by this shipwreck; I don't know whether I have enough, to defray my lodging for to night," replied Misardo.

"Why, villain! you are heavy with gold."

"So may the Holy Virgin and St. Guillemetta of the white rock protect me," cried Misardo, growing pale, "that I can not call a dobla my own."

"Then you refuse to pay the man?" inquired Miguel, in a quick impatient voice, a flush of anger and shame mounting his brow.

"Never mind it, senor," cried the boatman, making a military salutation to Don Miguel, "I served under you in India, and shall be happy to have been of service to you." With this, he shoved off his boat.

Don Miguel stared at him for a moment, and then cried:

"Thank you; I shall see you again."

Then turning, he ascended the wharf. Misardo and Modestus had already departed. He saw them entering a by-street, leading to the poorer portion of the city. Without other purpose or interest than that of hatred he followed, and saw both enter a lowly habitation which he ascertained to be that of the priest Modestus. It was a small cottage overgrown with a grape vine, and standing apart from the crowd of dirty looking buildings around.

"So there they live," muttered Miguel, as, after gazing for some time at the premises, he turned to go. "And Misardo has money,—money, the very thing I'm in want of.—He has no use for it; he might as well hoard so much clay, and love it with the same love, and conceal it with the same eagerness.—Ah, the fool," he hissed with a bitter smile, "does he think I knew not of the gold and diamonds on board his vessel—aye, and saw him line his clothes with them, during the storm and wreck. What have I saved? Nothing. But lost! And have been put to shame, this day, by a wretched cur. And who will respect me unless I have money?"

I must have gold at any hazard! Misardo has it, and I must possess myself of his treasure. This is the only alternative, to prevent myself from sinking into obscurity and contempt."

Miguel considered for some moments, and then spoke, slowly and firmly:

"Yes, my position must be maintained, for purposes of love and of revenge. No time is to be lost,—this very night it shall be done; it is not much harm to him, it will re-establish me," saying which, he hurriedly strode to his lodgings.

The old woman that kept his rooms, remarked, as he passed her:

"The lord looks dark and worn, and where is his servant?"

The servant had been drowned.

* * *

It was night—Grey, heavy clouds obscured the morn, and gave signs of a speedy change of weather. The streets of Lisbon were deserted, and all was silent,—when Don Miguel, disguised in a voluminous, black cloak and slouch hat, emerged from his dwelling, and after gazing cautiously around, as if fearful of being watched, speedily, but with the utmost silence, turned the corner of the street, and disappeared in the darkness.

Let us now turn to Father Modestus—the priest and his brother, Misardo. Having slept during the greater portion of the day, they were awake thus late in the night, and feasting at the Padre's expense.

"It was, indeed, fearful," continued Modestus, proceeding with the conversation, "and by our faith, I thought that every moment should be our last."

"And what if it should have been?" exclaimed Misardo, "would it not have been better for me? My money, my ship, and all that I have so long and earnestly labored for, is gone, and I am without a dobla. For the few that I had saved, these rascals made me pay over to you. But since you are a servant of God, despising worldly goods, you will, doubtless, return the sum to me."

"I have not looked at the subject in this manner, my brother," replied Modestus. "I have accompanied you at your own bidding,

and suffered much during the voyage. Behold, I have eaten your dishes, although but slightly seasoned with garlic, and I have hungered with you, to the great damage of strength. Some just recompense to recruit the juices of my body——"

"Aye, my money, the hard earned, hard saved money, of a poor man, is to be thrown away to satisfy the gluttony of your greedy stomach," said Misardo, bitterly. "So you intend really not to return the money which is justly mine, and which but the tyranny of these fools compelled me to pay over to you? For shame, Modestus, the last money, the only money of your poor old brother! I have not a dobla left."

"Fool," replied Modestus, with contempt, "and do you think that I was blind? Do you suppose, though engaged in praying and supplicating the Lord, that I did not behold you in the cabin, whilst stuffing thy habiliments with gold and precious stones. You have enough yet. The money and precious gold given to me I look upon as justly mine." "It is all false," excitedly cried Misardo, "I have nothing. I had not even enough to pay Don Miguel's boatman this morning. You must return the money to me. I need it to keep myself alive."

Modestus rose from the table at which they were seated, and reaching forth his hand, quickly drew from Misardo's doublet a small bag, evidently containing money, and exclaimed, sarcastically:

"You have not a dobla, good Misardo, what then is this?" and he threw the little bag upon the table, with such force that the golden chink rang through the room. Misardo, like a tiger, sprang at it; and concealed it immediately in his garments.

"Good brother," he pleaded, tremblingly, "I acknowledge that I have saved a little, but it is not worth speaking of, it is all I have in the world," and, becoming more and more apprehensive, he continued, "For the Virgin's sake do not rob me, but give back my money."

"Rob you, knave," returned the Father, the voice choked with rage, and firm in his resolve to keep the money which he had received, "and do you think to throw

words like these on one of my holy calling? The money I received is a just reward of my righteousness sent by my patron saint. And it has even come at the right time to buy delicate steaks and outlets that I might serve our Savior and Mother Church in health and good spirit. Retaining what is my own you call robbing? Ah, villain, the money is now justly mine! If you do not like me to have it, go to the courts of justice! Accuse those that took it from you and gave it to me! They will teach you to keep silent in future, when you have aided in the abduction of a lady, and committed every villany that can be mentioned!—Ah, already my anger has soured my stomach, and I can not digest our humble meal! Enough; I give back no money. If you like it not, leave my habitation! Leave me, I say!"

Misardo, who, if he should leave, expected to pay a night's lodging, and the next morning's meal, considered that he had better conciliate his brother; and therefore, putting on a cringing look, a persuasive tone of voice, replied:

"Forgive me, good brother, I had so far forgotten myself as to anger my own good and kind brother, but I am sure if you only knew how I have been troubled about my money, you would not hesitate a moment to forget all that I have said. Besides, perhaps, I will one day repay you for all that I have cost you!"

Modestus, who in his anger had forgotten the consideration of his brother's death, and a possible legacy, now remembered that fact, and, therefore, contented himself by saying:

"Well then, remain here, but in future mind how you speak, to one whose life is devoted to expiating the sins of his fellow men, or," continued he, significantly, "the Inquisition may have some dealings with you."

At the mention of the Inquisition Misardo turned pale and trembled with fear, for the dread of that tribunal was universal.

The foregoing conversation having somewhat given vent to their feelings, after a few moments of awkward silence the father remarked:

"It is time to retire."

Receiving no answer, he divested himself of his outer garments, and sought his couch, in the chamber adjoining. The miser remained seated, his head bowed to the table, for a long period, and his mind filled with apprehension for his gold, and the horrors of the Inquisition. He, at length, fell into an uneasy slumber, having meanwhile, forgotten to lock the entrances to his apartment, a thing very unusual with him, for he generally bolted every door and window, often arising from his bed at night, to examine whether every place was properly guarded.

He might have been asleep for an hour, when the dark figure of a man passed, with stealthy footsteps through the garden, at the rear of the building. After first cautiously surveying the place, as if fearful of discovery, he examined the house, and seeming satisfied that he was right, drew from under his cloak a rope ladder, with grappling irons on each end, and, after one more hurried and fearing glance, toward the windows, flung it over the vines and creepers, that grew in luxuriant abundance over the building. He then tried its strength, by depending his whole weight from the ropes, but the vine was not firm enough, and, thereupon, gave way, precipitating him to the ground. With a half muttered curse of anger and impatience, he hastily arose, and eagerly listened if the noise of his fall, had disturbed any inmates of the building. Finding that he had caused no disturbance, he again threw the ladder—this time, with more success, it having caught on a joist, erected to keep the vine in place, for here, it grew in greater abundance than over any other portion of the building.

After again trying its strength, and finding it would bear his weight, he mounted, and quietly opening the casement, lightly sprang into the chamber, taking care to leave the window open, in case of surprise. Then, taking from out his bosom a small dark lantern, he opened the slide, and the tiny rays of golden light, revealed the countenance of Don Miguel di Souza. Holding it above his head, so that the light might better penetrate through the gloom,

he began to look around. Misardo still slept, unconscious of his danger, unaware that his dearly loved gold, and perhaps his life, were sought after. For Miguel had resolved, if necessary, to add MURDER, to his already numerous catalogue of crime.

Suddenly the depredator was arrested in his steps, by the heavy respirations of the sleeping man. Expecting that he reposed in the adjoining apartments, such was his surprise, at thus suddenly falling on the object of his search, that the lantern fell from his hold.

Don Miguel grasped his dagger.

Misardo awoke. He rose from his chair.

Miguel crouched in the farther corner of the room.

The moon emerged from behind the clouds, and shed its pale, soft light through the chamber. There stood the miser, and the murderer—the one unconscious of his danger, the other—unconscious of the damnable deed his mind was meditating.

Reader, did you ever dream a dream full of horrors, of ghosts and goblins, of misfortunes and narrow escapes, and were you ever awaked by hearing through the solemn stillness, an unusual sound, for which you could in no manner account? Awake, with great beads of sweat on your brow, and your imagination filled with vague terrors and apprehensions?

If such ever was the case you can better imagine than the pen can ever depict, the struggling dread that filled Misardo's breast.

The moonbeams became more clear, and then two tiny stars peeped forth, as if anxious to witness the scene. Innocent little stars; what do you wish to behold, in this world of sin and sorrow? Go, little innocents, such scenes are not for you.

The miser, after nervously glancing around several times, muttered:

"What could it have been? Surely there is no one here to rob me; for they all think me poor—very poor," and as he said these words a grim smile passed over his features; "besides," continued he, "no one knows that I reside here. And should one come to steal, have I not my good blade about me, and is not my greatest wealth,

the diamonds, in the pocket next my heart?" and he put his hand to his side, to assure himself of their safety.

"Thanks for the information," thought Don Miguel, "it will save the time and trouble of a search."

Misardo still stood in the same position, his eyes growing dizzy in the endeavor to pierce the darkness. Now he made two or three steps forward in the direction of Don Miguel, but without perceiving him. Another step would have brought him to touch the crouching man.

Miguel already slowly arose, to throw himself upon Misardo and strangle him; for in the excitement of the scene he had literally forgotten his arms,—when the miserly captain drew back to the table, seated himself and laid his head down upon his arms. Had he turned his face the other way, Miguel would have remained undiscovered. But his face and eyes were turned fully upon the intruder, as he sank down again into the deep shadow of the wall. With a hiss and bound he was at his side, and, grasping the nobleman around the body, drew him violently forth.

The robber was in truth now utterly defenceless, for Misardo held him tightly, and the cloak which he had not divested himself of, contrived to keep his arms close to his body.

"What would you here?" demanded the miser.

"Your gold!" answered Don Miguel, as with a desperate effort he released himself from the firm hold of Misardo.

"Ha, we shall see as to that," exclaimed the latter, nerved by that despairing courage, which one feels when he sees that a last but hopeless effort must be made.

"Your life be upon your own head then," returned Don Miguel, and quickly drawing his dagger, plunged it into the miser's breast. The latter fell to the floor, the blood spurting from the wound. He essayed to rise, but again the cruel dagger struck him down. With his eyes turned upon the assassin for mercy, and the little strength left him, the victim grasped a firm, dying, hopeless grasp, upon the gar-

ments of the murderer. The latter again pierced the body with his poignard—Misardo fell back, a corpse. But still with the energy of death, his fingers retained their hold on Don Miguel's garments. The heartless assassin, grasping the arm of the dead man, severed the fingers from the hand, thereby loosening himself from the death grapple of his victim. Quickly searching the body, and appropriating all the valuables he could find, which were, indeed, beyond his expectation, he gathered his lantern, cloak and hat, and retreated by the way he came. The moon, paling at the unrelenting villainy, hid its face behind a bank of clouds—the tiny stars had long since disappeared.

CHAPTER XLI.

A LADY SCORNED.

A few days after Enrique's betrothal, Hernando was surprised to receive a note, evidently penned by female hand, and couched in the following terms:

"A lady wishes to see you—a lady who will despair unless you obey this summons. Present yourself this evening, when the clock strikes seven, at the private entrance of the Hostellerie di Santa Madre, on the square of beggars. Knock twice, and you will be admitted to meet the person desiring to see you."

This was all. Written in delicate characters upon tastefully adorned paper, and tied with pink and gold cord. Hernando summoned the attendant.

"Who brought this?" he inquired.

"A burly man, my lord, of vulgar aspect."

"What said he?"

"That this note was for Don Hernando da Costa."

"And desired no answer?"

"No, my lord, he went away immediately."

"Very well."

The servant retired.

"A lady, a lady?" thought Hernando.

"Who can she be and what can she want?"

It seems as if this were an appointment to a tender interview. Yes, surely—she will be in despair unless I obey her summons, unless I see her—ah this is love! So it seems," he cried, turning to a large mirror and sur-

veying himself with a pleased look, "so it seems, I have some charms left. And she rejects, she scorns me!"—his brow grew dark and threatening—"patience, patience, still patience! my time will come at last! At last! Oh I can wait! I can be patient! The fiends of hell must first have pronounced this hateful word, patience! for it inflames the tortures of the damned on me! Ah, I will not murder my brother! No, no, proud and terrible God! thou shalt have no such accusation against me! Hellish fiends, ye will not have such hold on my soul! I will act justly, according to the law of Moses! justly according to the law of the land. I will commit no sin! But ah, if, in a quiet harmless way, I can incite others, or can myself hasten the operations of nature; if by chance I can quicken the pace of fate—without sin and wrong, who forbids me to do it? God! thou canst not reproach me if Enrique find poison in his way, and eat it? Is it not the poison thou hast created? Can I help, if chance place it in his way? And deserve I not merit, if after my brother's death, even as thy law has commanded it, I marry the widow, seeking to perpetuate the name of my dead brother? Ah, patience, patience; I am talking wildly, foolishly! All will come of itself. Enrique need not die! She will be mine, nevertheless. Yes, willingly, she will love me! But oh, if I get impatient. That is the great, the divine word of Heaven; Impatience! Oh if I should get impatient, force would take what love denies! Enough! such thoughts madden me!"

After a while Hernando again considered the subject of the note: his vanity—what vanity of the male gender would not be—was greatly flattered by the evident affection of the unknown lady, and her invitation to an interview.

"I will go, at any rate," he said, "but only to dispossess her of this fancy. For I have other things in view, and the heart must turn fully and earnestly toward an object if desirous of success. Beside, I love Rosa too much, too much, too much!"

He thought and thought again. And the love to Rosa so far conquered all promptings

of male vanity, that he resolved upon firmly but gently to reject every advance of his unknown admirer, and to break her hopes, but with a soft hand. Vanity, and indeed the desire to see and know her who loved him, decided him to keep the appointment and meet the unknown.

There is nothing like evening, nothing like sunset. When I say nothing, I mean in external nature. For there is something very like it at the end of life, at the death of man. When the good man dies, the sun of the soul once more blazes up, and its rays are reflected from the bright glory of his life. Red love, golden piety, purple wisdom, white innocence, azure charity and modesty, green hope floating like a veil, over the rest, all, all colors, all sentiments, burn in brightness upon the clouds, whose dark face, his course of life has changed to light. When the wicked man dies, the sun throws flakes of feverish light, blushes of hectic gold upon dark clouds that might have been brightened—that have remained dark. Those streaks of light but show the darkness, that hectic flush is but the sign of internal disease.—The wicked man's dissolution seems like the dissolution of day in a thunderstorm.—Where the gold of piety has given way to lightning flashes of remorse, and the gorgeous sky to clouds of despair. Is not the death of man like sunset? His life in this world like the busy, selfish, troublesome, day? His life hereafter like the sweet, calm night. * * * * We return to Lisbon.

The day put on its many colored dressing gown, shed its golden eyelashes, and sank to sleep on the dark bosom of the Atlantic ocean.

Hernando entered the beggars' square.—It was a street renowned for assemblies of the beggars, and, even now groups of them reclined, stood, or sat in thick profusion, upon the pavement. Some were counting the coins they had been able to gather during the day. Others were relating their experiences, and the success of their own peculiar manner of begging. Still others discussed the topics of the day—the King, the Queen, the Emperor, India, Asia, the Cardinal

Savelli, and other subjects like these. Miserable beings in rags and tatters they were, their bodies wrapped in soiled and torn remnants of clothes, their features displaying darkened and broken traces of human minds and hearts—displaying human vice, in all its disgusting nakedness. When the bright flame in man's heart and mind dies, nought but smoke and ashes remain.—

These beggars made an immediate rush at the richly clad stranger entering their square, and Hernando had much trouble to free himself of their importunate entreaties by a plentiful donation of silver coin.

He reached the Hostellerie of the Santa Madre. A picture of the Virgin Mary in a Spanish mantilla, standing, with giant feet upon a heap of doughy clouds, and lifting two hands loaded with rings, towards a streak of dirty yellow, designed to represent heaven, was the glory of the inn. This picture occupied the center of the front, and was flanked on each side, by a window.—The windows that had the honor to guard the Virgin Mary, were both open, and a female figure stood near one of them. When Hernando approached the small private door of the inn, this figure quickly disappeared. In another moment he had knocked and was admitted by the burly man that had brought the note, and who was the innkeeper. He escorted the young nobleman to a chamber in the second story, and left him alone with a lady, that rose on his entrance.

"Senor, you are welcome," said the lady.

"Donna Miranda! Is it indeed you that have favored me with the note?" inquired Hernando.

"It is senor; I am happy that you are come. You see I was awaiting you."

"Ah, senora, and what is it, that you wish to communicate to me? If I can aid you by word or deed in anything, rely on me."

"It is not to ask for aid that ladies invite young gallants to meet them alone, and secretly in a strange house," replied Donna Miranda, impatiently. "It is for —, does not your heart tell you senor? Do you not know what it is to love?"

"My heart is silent, senora. I know what it is to love, but, Donna Miranda is the wife

of Don Isidore. I dare not mention love in the presence of another's wife."

"Dare not," cried the lady, contemptuously; "dare not? A man, whose breast is full of youth and fire, dares to do every thing."

"Except an act of dishonor."

"Dishonor! The wife's hand and fortune are the husband's; her heart not always.—The heart is free! Or have I mistaken Don Hernando da Costa. Are his fiery eye and bold brow, his proud form and quick grace but the frame of a weak, soft and ungallant spirit? If so, our interview is ended."

"Had a man said this, he had died for it," returned Hernando. "Senora, my soul is fiery and bold, my blood warm and youthful, but——"

"Enough, then; come!" and Miranda seized his hand and drew the young man to the window, where a bright mass of moonshine streamed in. Till now her head, shoulders, and the upper part of her body had been wrapped in a Spanish mantilla of thick black lace. But now, with a sudden movement she threw this half veil, half cloak off, at the same time disengaging a shawl worn beneath. Miranda then stood in the bright moonlight, attired in a robe of black satin, edged and embroidered with gold.—Her snowy neck and dark, heavy hair; her soft, black eyes, full, rich lips, and features of a beauty enchantingly charming; her brow and cheeks flushed with soft blushes; all enhanced by the effect of her black and gold robe, were displayed before Hernando's eyes, in the bewitching moonshine.

"Look at me!" sighed rather than said the beautiful lady.

The young man's eyes drank in her soft beauty. Still he moved not, spoke not, but by calling up his resolve, again and again, calling up the image of Rosa, prevented himself from falling at the lady's feet in admiration.

"And I love you, love you," continued Miranda, bending toward Hernando, and letting her soft breath sweep over his cheek.

"It is too much," faintly faltered the young man, every glance melting his resolve.

"I love you, since——no matter how long——I love you now.—Come to my bosom—

oh; I am thirsting, thirsting for your love."

With a strong effort Hernando recovered himself.

"Senora, this is not seemly for me. Your beauty would tempt me to do what I should repent of. Let me——"

"Oh," cried Miranda, in rage, stamping her foot, "I shall go mad! He is ice, a being of ice. Senor, do I understand you to say that you refuse my love?"

Her eye was threatening, full of immense wrath as she said this.

"Senora, I can not, believe me, I can not return your passion. I love——"

"Enough, senor! Enough, disgrace to be heaped on the heart of a woman who loves. I thought you were a man. You are a child. We are enemies in future! You have refused my love—my hate shall follow you—aye, my hate, which is not so despicable as you think perhaps now. Good heaven—I thought to revel in fire, and have approached a bosom colder than the aged limbs of my husband! Away, senor! Away with you! Your manner has maddened me. Believe me, an unsatisfied, a rejected heart can hate terribly."

As she stood there in fierce anger, Hernando thought her beauty even greater than before. Her eyes burned, her cheeks were a glow, her form dilated, and her whole appearance was terribly beautiful. He was about to throw himself at her feet—seizing her hand, he knelt, he drew her toward him, when the lady cried:

"Do you add scoffs to insult, scorn to rejection?" and lifting her arm in a threatening manner she left the apartment.

Hernando was glad of it. He was happy to have been put beyond temptation. He was sure, had she stayed a moment longer he would have given all earth up for her. Even now, his blood run swiftly through his veins and arteries, and his pulses were throbbing. Even now, his nerves trembled in hungry desire. Even now his heart beat with passion, mad passion.

However, Miranda had left. This beautiful being had left him in anger. For this he cared little, and, while making his way out of the inn and home, layed his heroism,

his fortitude in withstanding these temptations, a soothing balm upon his regretting breast.

And Miranda? She had scarcely returned home when a paroxysm of mad passion and anger seized her. Every mirror flashed back her splendid beauty, every mirror reflected her shame. For she was still attired in the satin robe, particularly selected to enhance her charms in Hernando's eyes. So she had failed! Had made the first advances, had confessed her love, had urged it upon Hernando, tried all the charms of her person and manner, and still been—rejected, scornfully rejected as she believed. And also failed in satisfying her craving and wild passion.

There is, there can not be, as the poet has justly observed, in hell a fury like a woman scorned. No other insult is like it, no other insult awakens so much rage. In a nature like Miranda's, who was a proficient in hate as in love, who had lived in courts, where both these passions assumed their worst forms, who had served Madame Luise de Savoy, mother of the French king, hate grew terribly strong and quick.

Miranda had learned at the French courts how to hate according to a system. She would not wait for chance or fortune to satisfy her hate, but would, of herself, begin the work, and endeavor to destroy Hernando immediately. Knowing nothing of his character, manners, ways, relations, she resolved that destroyed he must be, and already plans to that effect haunted her mind.

Let us leave this character, bold and bad, but characteristic of the times. It is the duty of a novelist to exhibit vice in all shapes, all excesses, in which it indulged in the times, or countries he describes. His task would be but half done, were he to present bright, glorious men, and cast a veil over vice and sin. The times I describe were passion stained and rich in vice. I have painted, occasionally, in dark colors but rather let my picture be displeasing than untruthful. Miranda is a character, a type of court ladies of the sixteenth century, and I have not hesitated to do her

justice, both in describing her vices and merits. Has the reader's delicacy been offended, it is well; for the evidence of a pure heart is to feel repugnance to vice; and this picture will have the effect of strengthening the love of virtue in pure hearts, since no gloss is thrown over the ugliness of sin.

CHAPTER XLII.

"HELL HAS NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNEO."

The clock strikes twelve; the cool night wind bears the silvery sounds far over the green tops of Mount Cintra. The village of Belem is silent and dark, with the exception of the steeple of Maria Annunciata, which, all bathed in moonshine, points to the azure sky.

However, a close observer might have seen a golden thread of light struggling from the closed shutters that barred the windows opening from the vaults of the inn, Saint Ignatio. Again, dark, and dusky forms, muffled in cloaks, were skulking along the streets from the river, and the highway, keeping in the shadows of the walls and trees that they might remain unobserved.—As each approached the inn, he kissed his hand, and then pressed it against a small tin case (מזוזות) placed on the door post, when the portal swung open, and the person entered, taking the precaution to shut the door after him. All but a few stragglers had entered; amongst them we recognize two figures. The one, in hat and cloak, hastily striding along, and seemingly buried in his thoughts, was Hernando da Costa. The other in the dress of a gay page, with white plume concealing the face, and sweeping down upon the shoulders, is Miranda. For the proud lady had assumed that dress, for the purpose of concealment while watching Hernando. "No man's life is pure," she thought, "and, if well observed, we may find a weak point, in every one's character, wherefrom to attack him successfully.—And, since I wish to ruin Hernando, I must first of all ascertain that weak point. This can only be done by a close system of observation. But my passion, and my hate is

known to none, dare be known to none except my chambermaid and myself. Therefore, my chambermaid shall watch him in disguise, and, occasionally I myself shall follow him." She acted accordingly, and now, in the disguise of a page, followed the unconscious Hernando to the secret meeting of the Israelites.

Imitating the example of the others, she pressed against the small tin case, and found that the clasp which fastened it to the post, contained a spring, a pressure on which unlocked the door. She entered through some dark vaults, into the large and well lighted hall, which served the Israelites, as a house of worship and council, whenever they could safely meet. From friend to friend, from Israelite to Israelite, amongst the nobility and the commons, at court, in the navy, army, or behind the showy counter of warehouses and places of business, the announcement had circulated, and been whispered by Jewish tongue to Jewish ear, that a grand meeting was to be held in the hall beneath St Ignatio's inn, and that Don Lionel Dian would preside at that meeting.

This was the cause of the gathering of the crowd, that now presented itself to the eyes of Miranda.

There was a hum of expectation, followed by silence. Don Lionel Dian arose, and spoke:

"Brethren! Fellow sufferers in the holy cause! Fellow patriots of Israel, and defenders of God's word! At length have we escaped from the danger, and again has the Lord snatched his own from the serpents' coils. We have, with our Gold, wrung from the corrupted head of a debased religion, protection for ourselves and families. But the danger which we have removed, was undoubtedly brought on us by the anger of the Lord. And wherefore was he angry with his children? Because Israel had left him, had deserted his laws had inclined to the doctrines of the Nazarene. And now that the danger is past, will we not return to Him, who, through all ages, has proved our Friend, our Father and our God. Yea, Israelites! your prince, and your own hearts call on you to renounce every strange

thought, to be sanctified, to love your God, to obey his commands.

"It is true, that, for the present, the danger is averted, but what trust can be put in one, who has already shown himself to be corrupted. Therefore, be not deluded, the serpent's coils are not yet unwound, but only loosened; at any moment, may they again enfold us in their close embrace and it plunge its poisoned fangs deep in our hearts.

"Our necessities command, that, in outward appearance, we should be Christians, but beware! let your hearts not take a liking to the mask. When alone with yourselves and with your God, strip off the hateful shell, and let the light stream into your soul; that light which comes from Zion, and beams from the holy Mount! Brethren, take courage, draw your swords, gather together, sons of Israel, the Lord will send his messenger, the Messiah!"

This speech, full of enthusiasm and holy fire, failed not in effect upon the hearers.—The eyes of the young men flashed, and even the old participated in the excitement. Don Lionel Dian, sat down, and now the leaders of Israelites gathered around him, and held council concerning the circumstances of the times, and the measures to be taken for avoiding the cliffs and sandbanks, which still surrounded their race.

Before dissolving the meeting, Don Lionel again arose, and said:

"Let those present now depart. On the evening of Monday next, another meeting will be held, and then we shall instruct, according to our best knowledge, and council, all with our experience of the way to obey his God, while living according to the necessities of our exile. Monday evening a religious service will be held, the service of the New Year. Let all, women and men, come to serve their God, and proclaim the Lord one, high and mighty, merciful and just, the humiliator of the proud, and comforter of the suffering. Meanwhile depart in peace."

The assembled multitude rose, and silently left the hall. None but some of the oldest and wisest Israelites some learned Rab-

bis of the Talmud, and some wealthy and noble leaders of the nation, remained with Don Lionel Dian, to consult on the welfare of the people.

Let us return now, to Miranda, disguised in the dress of a page, who had followed Hernando to the secret assembly of the Israelites.

She had entered unseen, and placed herself behind a pillar, some steps from Hernando. As a matter of course, she saw and heard all that passed. This knowledge hoarded in her bosom she left the hall with the throng, and walked on heedless of the direction. In a few moments her thoughts reverted to present circumstances. She looked around for Hernando and the rest of the Israelites. They were scattered, here and there, returning to the town, or to their habitations in Belem and the surrounding country.

"I will return to the city now," observed Miranda to herself. "I have all I want.—Oh Hernando, you have scorned me! insulted me! Revenge is a cooling breeze to the scorched heart, and I shall have it, satiate myself! His whole race shall be destroyed! The blood of hundreds will wash this insult from my bosom! And yet he is so handsome! so manly! Ah, if he would but now consent to satisfy my passion, and to accept my love! If he would—but no! expose myself to repeated scoffs? He has once rejected my love—I will reject pity, his nation shall bleed for it."

Thus thought Miranda, and battled with herself, as she went along the road to Lisbon—hard, fatiguing journey for her unused to much exertion. But, the pain of body, and its fatigue, was as nothing to her, before the thoughts of the mind, the warring emotions of the senses. Senses, for we are unable to say whether Miranda's heart was greatly concerned in her passion for Hernando da Costa.

Anger and hate, with love, hopeful in spite of rejection, were having a great struggle in her mind. Finally she had come to a resolve, and stopping for a moment cried:

"Revenge is sweeter yet, and rarely can

I enjoy it in such quantity. I will destroy them all. Their sentence is spoken."

And then, she ran with great speed towards Lisbon, whose suburbs were soon reached.

The dream-distilling goddess of night had hung her diadem of stars upon her azure hair, and spread her dark transparent skirts over the earth. Broad beds of purple blackness and crystal moonshine rolled over the verdant land and corrugated sea. A song, like the rushing of the mysterious waves of Eternity's sea, like the billows of time surging away from the Earth, rocked in the air. It seemed each vast minute could be heard to drop from the earth in the still fanciful night.

And through this night Miranda bore home to the mansion of her husband, her burden of hate, and her revengeful thoughts.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MAN CAN NOT AVERT HIS FATE.

No! man can not avert his fate, and there are two grave reasons for it. In the first place, no soothsayer or teller of the future has ever arisen, whose word was authorized sufficiently to appear in the eyes of men as the absolute fiat of fate. Secondly, men recognise events only as fate, after they have happened. A necessary corollary of the position assumed in the foregoing two sentences is, that man does not know, therefore can not avert his fate.

Donna Miranda had been announced, and now entered the saloon, in which His Eminence, the Cardinal Savelli received strangers. The Secretary of the Cardinal, Pater Domingo, was present, standing behind the chair of his Eminence.

"Seat yourself, daughter," said the Cardinal, calmly, answering Donna Miranda's salutation, by a nod; "seat yourself, and communicate wherefore you demand audience with us. We are servants of the Church, and our ear is always open to the voice of poor humanity."

"It is not to confess and not to pray, holy Father, that I have craved audience with you," replied Miranda, with some affectation of awe. But, before I begin, let me remark

that my business requires the greatest secrecy."

"This is the Secretary of the Holy Inquisition, senora," replied the Grand Inquisitor. "You can speak without reserve in his presence."

"I can not, Eminence. For, though my communication is mainly to your own advantage, yet it concerns me also. For my own sake I will not confide — and trust to the secrecy of two men, where one would suffice."

"This is strange, senora. But since you wish it — Father Domingo, we request you to hear the confession of his majesty, this morning; Go, in the name of the Crucified." The Secretary went out.

Cardinal Savelli turned with a look of pleasure to Miranda. Her desire of being alone with him, seemed to indicate some affair of gallantry, and the mighty Cardinal, with all his holiness, was not beyond the greatest and most general weakness of Adam's race. But the lady quickly dispossessed him of this belief.

"Father," she said, "I come to serve the Inquisition. I do so, with the strength of my piety, regardless of sacrificing my private character in your eyes. Again, you will not use the knowledge, thus gained to do me harm, nor will communicate it to any one. Promise me this, and I am ready to fill the prisons of the Holy Tribunal."

"Daughter," replied the Cardinal, with dignity, "our eye is the eye of God in this world, and looks mercifully on human weakness. Again, we cover the sin of our neighbor, but never spread it abroad. I, therefore, promise, to observe silence in regard to your communication, and not to use the knowledge gained, except for the benefit of the Holy Tribunal. Now proceed with your part of the agreement."

"Very well, good Father, I will relate briefly all that can be of advantage to you. For purposes of my own —"

"What purposes of your own, daughter?"

"My delicacy allows me not to be minute, your Eminence. This concerns not my information."

"Proceed; But fail not to unburthen your heart in the confessional."

A sneer flew over Miranda's face. However she continued:

"For purposes of my own, I watched and followed Don Hernando da Costa for several days. Your Eminence knows him for a heretic."

"Oh, surely! Only deliver him into my hands! Once, he has escaped by the help of the evil one. And now he is secure by the protection of his Holiness' absolution. But, oh Virgin Mother of God! give him again into my hands, and no Devil or Pope shall save him!"

"I will place him into your hands! Not only him, but all of those false hearted New Christians! Cardinal, I will bring fuel for your stakes!"

"But, my pious daughter, we must convict them lawfully of sin against the Savior and the Church, after issue of the papal absolution. Naught else will serve the purpose. Can you give me means to accomplish this?"

"I can, may you shall surprise them with your familiars in the act of sin."

"Daughter, you have merited heaven. Give me the particulars."

"I followed Hernando da Costa, for some days, without his perceiving me. Yesterday evening, he went to Belem, by water. I followed in another boat. We had landed at the same moment, and proceeded together to an inn, at the corner of two streets."

"But did he not recognise you?"

"I was in the disguise of a page — I saw him enter through a side door of the building and did likewise. A narrow passage and stairs conducted us to a large apartment, excavated beneath the ground. Here, numbers of New Christians were assembled; here they made rebellious and heretic speeches, but they did not worship in the Hebrew manner. However, the Chief appointed them to return next Monday evening, to council and worship. It was he who also repeatedly addressed them to keep true to the Hebrews' God. Now, my Lord Cardinal, place sufficient familiars at my disposal, next Monday evening, and the heretics are in thy

hand." Miranda related this in a very low voice.

"Lady, you have done mighty things for Mother Church. God will reward you! Concerning the capture of the Hebrews, I will send a sufficient force, beside a division of soldiers placed at my disposal. But you have not specified the house of meeting."

"No, because I will guide your soldiers to it. I wish to be present. Grant me this. Let me accompany the familiars, in the disguise of a familiar!"

"Since you seem to attach so much importance to it, we will grant your request. Then you can serve us as guide."

"Monday afternoon, at four o'clock, I will be here. Another request, my Lord Cardinal Grand Inquisitor! Let none know the purport of this communication — not even your secretary. It almost seems to me as if I had seen his face among the Hebrews last night."

"Ah, senora, these fears are idle. Pater Domingo is recommended to us by high persons, and is a pious priest of the Church. He has all my confidence."

"In this instance, I pray you, withhold from communicating with him: I am sure, I have seen his face at the meeting of the Hebrews. But, we will not discuss this. My request is — keep this matter secret from all men, and your secretary in particular. If not, I will not answer for the success of your attempt."

"The success lies in God's hand," said the Cardinal, sanctimoniously. "But since it is your especial desire, I promise to manage the matter myself, so that none, not even my secretary get knowledge of it."

"This satisfies me. My Lord, I go. Your promise of secrecy has been given. Remember it. I shall be here Monday, at four o'clock."

The lady departed.

Although Pater Domingo had listened at the mouth of a tube opening into the hall, yet as both spoke so low, he had not been able to catch a word. Father Domingo, therefore, knew nothing of the surprise, to be attempted next Monday evening. It is true, he ascertained who the lady was —

but this gave him no clue. The Cardinal, as he had promised to Miranda, kept all the arrangements strictly secret. It, therefore, almost seemed to Pater Domingo, as if the affair of the lady was a tender one. At any rate he attached no importance to her visit.

Monday evening — New Year's evening. For the cycles of the year was completed, according to the Jewish Calendar, with the last days of fall, and the festival of the New Year, at the beginning of another, had arrived with the Monday evening. This festival is one of the highest importance among Israelites, and always celebrated with a great deal of ceremony, and with an exhibition of emotions, noble, as they are deep and strong!

The reader can imagine, how important and welcome this festival was to the Portuguese Israelites, all alone in a land, and among a nation of hostile fanatics. They could not often meet in safety, but it seemed that at least on the Holy evening of New Year, God had granted them peace to worship him according to their ancient customs and ceremonies.

Curtains of white silk, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, divided the subterranean hall in two apartments. The larger one was destined for the males, the other for the female portion of the congregation. Each compartment was already crowded to the utmost extent.

The men were all attired in white shirts, and the females in robes of the same color. Not an ornament, not a bright colored speck could be discovered on their persons, except here and there a black ribbon. The walls also were covered with robes of spotless white. The gorgeous robe of the law, was draped in silk of the same pure color, and snowy flowers had been wreathed around, to conceal its gold and silver ornaments. On each side of the ark, silver baskets piled with magnificent fruit had been placed. Apples, cots, grapes, oranges, and many others with the last blush of ripeness upon them, spread a delicious perfume through the hall. Long wax tapers and lamps, also wreathed with white flowers spread a dazzling light around.

The seat, at the right side of the ark, was occupied by Don Lionel Dian, the one on the left by Don Lama Benat, or Rabbi Lamuel, as his people called him, the aged Rabbi of the congregation. Rabbi Lamuel, in long white robes with silvery hair and beard floating to his shoulders, and lofty brow and eye, presented an exterior unparalleled in dignity. His mind and soul were a masterpiece of nature's God.

At a desk in the center of the hall stood Aaron Rodow the reader of the congregation, reciting the prayers. He was a German by birth, and had been induced by Don Lionel Dian to come to Portugal and serve his brethren there. A person of great strength and dimension, a voice of exquisite harmony, and a noble spirit distinguished Aaron Rodow.

Ah! what a world of deep and earnest devotion beamed upon the faces of the gathered Israelites! What an intensity of prayer flashed from their eyes, as the words of some mighty supplication were recited by the impressive, deeply touching voice of the reader! Prayers, good, dear prayers!—Ye are the roots of the soul striking into heaven, to keep it straight on earth.

At this divine service we find all our friends attending. Hernando, Enrique, Rosa, Donna Bananda, Captain Sporasco, Moses ben Moses, the physician, all are attending, praying.

And the song of Aaron Rodow rises and falls, and the ancient tunes, which thousands of years ago re-echoed from Lebanon's mountain walls and floated over Jordan's waters; the tunes which rolled in sorrow by Babylonian rivers; to the sound of which the Maccabees fell, and the Syrian fled; to the music of which the Coochee rose and the Romans died; the old Hebrew tunes, with their joyous peals and mournful cries and their glorious turns and turns, gladden the heart of the earnest multitude in the white synagogue of the secret Israelites in Portugal, and the reader is reciting the great prayer, which properly should be recited tomorrow noon, but alas! then they can not meet; and he recites it with his bright, pious heart in his voice.

And now he stops, and takes up the cornet. Holy instrument that has sounded ere God gave his law! the instrument which called Israel to battle and to prayer, to heaven and to earth. This sounded in remembrance of the ten thousand cornets that saluted each morning from the temple gates. And as the sound, stirring and piercing, rises amid silent awe, each heart trembles. Thrice, nine times sounds the call—the call to God, the call of God. And souls cry to Him, whom each one feels so near now.

And at the sound of the cornet memory calls up Jerusalem, the fair, the temple, nationality, freedom, all, all fallen; memory calls up those who last year and many years ago heard that cornet in the same synagogue, and who now lie beneath the cold ground. Many, many tears flow.

And then the sound of armed men without arises; but though cheeks grow pale, the prayer may not be disturbed. The clang and tramp grows nearer though muffled, and it is evident that armed men enter the building. Aaron Rodow stops for a moment, and all throw their anxious eyes upon the Rabbi. He lifts up his voice and in Hebrew says:

"Lord, we are with thee, let no thought of earth disturb us! Though the ground burst under our feet, and the roof burn over our head, let us remain absorbed in prayer and song to thee!"

These words spoken loudly, tranquilly, have decided the course of the congregation, have decided their fate. Though the soldiers of the King be without, though death hang over them, the holiest of prayers must not be disturbed. They are serving God—better die at their post than desert it. The doors are flung open and the familiars of the Inquisition enter. They stop a moment in amazement. The most important moment of the prayer has arrived. The reader cries, in sounds ringing through bone and marrow:

"But, we bow down, and prostrate ourselves before the supreme King of Kings, the Holy one, blessed be he!" And reader and congregation throw themselves upon their faces on the ground. And hysterical sobe are heard from the female compartment. And tears flow from the eyes of men.

The familiars stand silent but for a moment, and then they call in the others, and soon one by one the unresisting Israelites are bound and fettered. Their faces are very pale, but still pronouncing the words of prayer, still listening to the song of the reader, they hear not even the threatening and blasphemous words, the scorn and the scoff of the familiars and soldiers. No not even the females disturb their prayer to weep or wail. All is quite as before. One would not think a disturbance took place, were it not for the curses of the familiars and soldiers. They are taken away as they are bound, praying and praying. Even Don Lionel Dian, even Rabbi Lamuel, Enrique, Hernando, Rosa, Donna Bananda, all are prisoners of the Inquisition. But when the familiars approach the ark, and open it, when they are about to touch the scrolls of the law, then a wail, a cry, a shriek arises—wild, heart-rending, despairing. You might have slaughtered their children before their eyes—the Israelites would not have felt half the despair and sorrow, half the anguish and rage, which now pierced each heart when they saw their good, dear law touched, about to be defiled by Gentile hands. It was the same of anguish. Their life was nothing in comparison with a single copy of the law being defiled. This was indeed worse than death to each. Aaron Rodow, in a paroxysm of rage tore his bonds, and singing as he was, as he had been the whole time, bounded to the ark, tore away the familiars, and cast them bleeding upon the ground.

"May he who maketh peace in the high heavens, preserve peace among us and all Israel, and say ye amen!" Thus sung Aaron Rodow triumphantly, as with blows of the cornet he threw two more familiars to the ground. But numbers overpowered him very soon.

When the morning sun rose, the Israelites were secured in the dungeons of the convent Santa Cruz. And in his dungeon, Aaron Rodow began to chant the morning prayers of the high festival until they gagged him. And in their dungeons each portion of Israelites, for they had been placed six

and six together in one apartment, prayed softly the prayers of the New Year.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PRISON OF SANTA CRUZ.

All the Israelites were in the fangs of the Inquisition,—no, not all, for two of the most important had succeeded in mysteriously disappearing. These two were Don Lionel Dian and Captain Sporasco. The fact was, Don Lionel had whispered a word in the ear of a familiar, who placed the handcuffs on him. The familiar replied by a look, and unlocked the fetters of the Hebrew Prince and his companion, ere he conducted them to their dungeon.

They were placed in a separate cell, and scarcely had the door closed upon them, when Don Lionel threw off his fetters, and was quickly imitated by the Captain.

"Silence!" whispered Don Lionel, as the Captain was about to speak, "and see how easily we are to escape," and, pressing with his whole strength, against a pillar in the corner of the cell, it swerved slowly from its place, and disclosed, at its base, a small circular cavity. Dian quickly descended, followed by the Captain. Scarcely had the latter's head disappeared beneath the level of the floor, when the pillar moved back to its former position.

Let us turn to another apartment in the prison of Santa Cruz. Hernando, by strict orders of the Cardinal, has been placed alone. His cell is the most sombre and gloomy; his fetters, the heaviest. He is moodily pacing the narrow confines of his dungeon, reciting the usual prayers of the New Year Festival. The door opens, and Miranda, in the dress of a familiar, enters.

Hernando hears the creak of the door, hears the entering footsteps, but does not cease praying. The lady looks at him in silence, for some moments.

"Do you hold my anger despicable, now, senor? Do you laugh now at the revenge of a woman?" Miranda hisses, as with flashing eyes, she brings her mouth close to Hernando's ear.

The young man ceases praying, and turns to her, with a puzzled look.

"Do you not know me?" she continued, tearing away her cap, and showering the rolled up hair over her shoulders. "It is Miranda di Canaroo, who loved you so madly, whom you scorned, and who, has revenged herself. Your whole nation, senor, are captives of the Holy Inquisition. And it is I who followed you, until I discovered that secret haunt; it is I who led the servants of the Inquisition there; it is I who will cause you to be sentenced to the stake! And all to satisfy my revenge, my hate! Do you now know, senor, what it is to scorn a woman's affection? It is lasting hate; it is death to the scorner!"

Hernando was thunderstruck by the intelligence, which this outburst of her rage conveyed to him. He leaned against the rough wall and, convulsively clasping his hands, cried:

"Oh Lord, have mercy on me! Then, I am the cause of my nation's misfortune!"

"Yes, you! Ah, you suffer now! Does it not sting and burn in your bosom? That is my doing!"

Away, woman, and torture me not with your taunts. God of Israel help! I shall go mad."

"No; madness will not come to deprive impotent rage of its sting. Madness will not bless you to dull the knife of the rack, and cool the flame of the stake. With full consciousness you will suffer!"

"Woman! go away. My patience can endure no longer."

"Your patience? Let it break, if it hold no longer. Get up and shatter your chains, burst your prison walls! Arise in your might, my impatient Hebrew!"

Hernando again began to pray softly and slowly, while Miranda endeavored to tap him into rage. He, however, allowed her not to disturb him; but, as the sharp, poisonous words fell upon his ear, he merely gnashed his teeth and continued to pray. At last Miranda, in a rage of hatred, struck his cheek and cried:

"Base, lowborn Hebrew! How shall you enjoy the sight of your mother, brother and sister burning at the stake?"

Hernando, unable to endure any longer,

bounded up in a terrible rage and caught Miranda, crying:

"She-devil! Serpent! you shall not witness it! This revenge will be thy last. I will murder you!"

"And burn also, for it! I am the only chance of life you have!"

"I care not for life. The sooner I die, the better. Woman pray to God, for I will send you to his justice seat, ere many moments have passed."

"Let me loose, senor, I pray, and cease your jokes. I am a woman."

"A woman? Dare not to assume that holy name which also belongs to my mother and the being I love! I am putting a terrible joke upon you. You are a devil, a serpent. I will at least serve humanity by destroying, crushing you. Prepare for death."

"Ruffian," screamed Miranda; "Dog of a Hebrew, unhand me."

But Hernando, enfolded her throat in his white muscular hands and pressing furiously, began to choke her.

She struggled ineffectually, and, already her movements grew weaker, when attracted by the cries and noise, two familiars entered the prison. They had scarcely perceived the chained Hernando endeavoring to kill Miranda still in the guise of a familiar, ere they threw themselves upon both, and with considerable trouble released the lady.

Hernando was then bound in such a manner, hands and feet, that he could not move at all, and Miranda borne from the cell.

In the afternoon Hernando, before the proceedings against the other prisoners, was tried, and sentenced to be burned at the stake, on the day following, that is on Wednesday. Preparations were made immediately, in the great square of Commerce, for the execution. At nine o'clock in the evening, Hernando lay still bound in his dungeon, quite resigned to his fate; nay more, he was happy. Not that extravagant religious enthusiasm caused him to look so quietly on death, but all circumstances around him, his guilty love for Rosa, his schemings against Enrique, whom, at the same time, he regarded with warm affection, and the knowledge that he was the cause of his nation's present

captivity and distress, combined to make him disgusted with life; to make him wish for a cessation of his hypocritical, ignoble and painful existence, in death. At nine o'clock Pater Domingo entered his dungeon. The pater was closely muffled in his robes. His neck was bent, and his face seemed to rest on his bosom. He spoke slowly and mournfully to the youthful prisoner.

"Hernando da Costa, I bring you life, if you desire it. At twelve o'clock the monks come, to pray and sing with you until morning. It is now nine. I can lead you from this prison, but not without being observed. I can save you but not without sacrificing myself, in so far as displacement from the high position I now occupy is concerned."

"Pater! can you not save the others at the same time?"

"No, my son. A whole congregation could not escape from the country as one man could. They would be re-taken easily. Before I can liberate any of the others, arrangements for their escape to Holland must be made. These arrangements will be complete in a few days. Then I can liberate them, but only at your expense."

"Why, father, at my expense?"

"Because by setting you free, I will lose the confidence of the Cardinal, and therefore the power to open prisons at my own will. God may help them nevertheless, should you desire life on these conditions."

"No, father, no! Life is not so precious. By my fault the congregation has been brought to captivity and sorrow. I will not now buy existence on earth at the expense of their lives. Father, I thank you. Let me die in the knowledge that my people will escape from their horrible persecutors, and I die contented. Father, convey my last greetings, my last kisses and assurances of eternal love, to my mother, my sister and to my brother Enrique—also—to my brother's bride, Donna Rosa Bananda. Tell them to devote sometimes, a kind thought, to their dead Hernando!"

"My son, God bless you! God give you peace in heaven! Truly you are noble, and worthy of Israel. Son, the monks will soon come! Let us recite the prayers for the

dying!" and with solemn voice he recited those earnest prayers that rise by the death bed. Hernando calmly responded to them.

"Hear, oh Israel, the Lord our God is One!" cried the priest, and was responded to, in the same words. Then the young noble recited the register of sins and beating his breast asked forgiveness of God, for those he had committed. When he ceased, the priest's voice again arose:

"Hear, oh Israel the Lord our God is One!" and the same response was given. Again, and again, the lofty declaration sounded through the dungeon. Then, bowing low, Pater Domingo chanted seven times in a sombre voice, awful in its quietness:

"ADONAI HU ELOHIM!"

THE LORD IS GOD!

The prisoner repeated the words each time. With this the ceremony had ended: Hernando was ready for death. Pater Domingo silently embraced him and turned to go.

But the young noble held his gown.

"Father, one more request. Who are you?"

The priest bent down to his ear and whispered two words.

In a moment, Hernando lay on his knees and covered Pater Domingo's hand with kisses. A few minutes afterward the young man was alone.

On the following day, Don Hernando da Costa was burned on the Praça di Commercio.

The winds scattered his ashes far and wide, over the city, the river and the gardens. The sea breeze carried them to the merry, merry ocean waves.

CHAPTER XLV.

FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN.

We have in a former Chapter described an interview of Don Lionel Dian and Queen Eleanor,—let the reader again accompany us to the secret chamber that witnessed the stolen meetings of the Portuguese Queen and the Hebrew Prince.

Don Lionel and Eleanor sat on a couch side by side. They are bidding each other farewell. The lady goes forth on the mor-

row to assume the crown of France, to wed a debauched, unloving husband; the nobleman, to play a game, the most unfortunate issue of which, brings safety to his brethren and death to himself, the loss of which kills the congregation of Lisbon, but saves his own life.

"We stand at the grave of our hopes," said Don Lionel. "Let us adorn the bier with the fadeless flower of our love. See, dearest, this withered orange branch was the first token of your love to me. In the gardens of Valladolid, the little Spanish princess walked, followed at a distance by the loving page. Then, Eleanora, you stopped beneath an old tree, and, plucking this branch, pressed it to your lips, and dropt it upon the ground, walking on."

"And, no sooner had I dropped the branch," interrupted the queen, with a brightening face, "than you threw yourself upon it, and, unsheathing a dagger, slashed your doublet on the left side, placed the orange spray therein. Oh, I remember well! It was a doublet of violet velvet. You always wore clothes of the same color!"

"Of violet. It is the color of Israel. Not of Israel the captive, but of the strong-armed warrior, the glorious Hebrew of Jerusalem."

"Ah," sighed Eleanora, "but half your heart loves me! Even now, when memory weeps over her withered white roses, when the love of a life-time is about to be disappointed in its sweet, unreasonable hopes, you think of Israel as of a nation already lost to you!"

"Dear love, Fate has always either smiled on my love to you, and on my devotion to Israel, or has darkened both together. In my breast, you and Israel are interwoven, knit together, and it seems that Fate had coupled them also. To-morrow, you go to France — my brethren are tried and probably will be sentenced."

"Can nothing be done?" inquired Eleanora, who for the sake of Don Lionel almost loved Israel.

"All that can be done will be tried. If God bless my efforts, I can set them at liberty — can save them."

"Lionel, Lionel, risk not your life in a perhaps vain endeavor. One man against the Inquisition. It is impossible that you should succeed."

"I must try. If I fail —"

"You will follow me to France. The condition of the Hebrews there may be improved — Lionel! follow me, and I shall be happy."

"Happy? Ah, Eleanora, thank you for that word. Let our thoughts hasten from these sorry contemplations, and look back again to our youth. I feel as on the day when Don Ferdinand and Donna Isabella banished my people from their dominions. At that time, Eleanora, had they not been thy parents, they had died of poison! I was crazed with conflicting emotions. Don Ferdinand was the father of Eleanora, my protector and kind master, and the king whose hand dubbed me a knight. Donna Isabella, your loved mother, was my sweet and gentle mistress, my just and noble queen, and the dame, whose hand crowned me in the tourney, when I wore her Castilian colors. Both were the merciless oppressors and butchers of my nation. Ah! I suffered terribly, then!"

"Lionel, my father was the wisest of the wise; my mother the noblest of the noble. The world knows that."

Don Lionel Dian was silent.

"Dearest, can you not follow me to France?" again urged the Queen.

"No, I remain in Lisbon. I must remain. Farewell, my love. This parting is not painful, since the presence of my body has little to do with our love. We adore each other's soul, and the souls may always meet. Whenever you think of me, I shall feel it, and direct my thoughts to meet your own. Happiness I can not predict for thee, at the French court, unless thy sweet and noble mind subdue even the licentious Francis, and his crafty mother. But, either in the wild gayety of the court, or in the society of his sweet sisters, you may avert sorrow. Think of me, Eleanora, and should power flow into your hands, use it to do justice to that nation, which calls your Lionel her son. Farewell."

They embraced.

"Lionel! you will come to France some time, that I may see you again," said the Queen, as the tears rolled fast down her cheeks.

"Never more will your eye behold me, never more shall I hear your voice. Eleanora, you go to France, I to —, no matter. Farewell, my love; love me on earth, at spring time, and in winter, in summer, and in fall; love me in heaven, for all eternity. Love, as I love you — farewell, for ever." He clasped the Queen, in a last embrace, and then raised her fainting form in his arms, and carried her through the long secret passage, leading to the old tower of Belem into her sleeping apartment, and placed her upon a couch. Retracing his steps, he passed through the central chamber, and out at the other end of the passage.

On the next day the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the widow of Emanuel the Great, and the beloved of the Hebrew prince, departed from Lisbon, to meet her future husband, the King of France, upon the borders of his kingdom.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE ESCAPE.

All of the Israelites had been hurried through a short trial, and many of them condemned to the stake, some to be maimed and imprisoned, and a few to penitence and banishment. The goods of all, as a matter of course, became the property of the King and the Holy Tribunal. The Cardinal Grand Inquisitor had deputed Pater Domingo, the secretary, to take possession of the private property of the prisoners, and make a list of it, for the benefit of the royal officers. The King had entrusted the execution of a favorite plan to the Cardinal, which the latter also placed under Domingo's charge. It was, to distribute the children of the condemned New Christians on various African isles, where they might grow up without knowledge of Judaism, and become pious Christian settlers.

Pater Domingo had attended to both these commissions. Ships were provided which the Pater newly manned, in order, as he

stated, to be sure of good and faithful execution of the royal and Inquisitional orders. For the character of the new crew he vouched.

They were drafted from various parts of the Kingdom, and with such celerity, that four days after the trial of the Israelites each ship was manned; the children of the Israelites were placed on board of one vessel, and their most valuable treasures on the other. The first to be carried to African Islands; the latter to be conveyed to the King, who was journeying in the South of Portugal. At that time, even more than now, the conveyance by water was so much better and safer than by land, in Portugal, that things of value and importance were generally sent by ships. Therefore, Pater Domingo acted quite honestly in freighting a vessel with the confiscated treasures of the condemned Israelites.

On the evening of the day when they had received their cargo, both vessels stood out to sea. The Cardinal Grand Inquisitor, in very warm terms, expressed his thanks to Pater Domingo for the dispatch he had used.

There were two other vessels lying behind the rocks of Cintra, in a small bay full of dangerous cliffs and sandbanks, which seemed for some days past to be waiting the arrival of their cargo. The first was a ship of Dutch make; at its side lay a smaller one, though also of considerable capacity. The latter had great breadth of beam, but a light and easy build.

They lay at anchor in a bay, where they could not be approached, but from which they could not emerge without foundering, unless the most skillful of pilots held the rudder. Around them were raging breakers and shallow sandbanks.

We return to the palace of the Cardinal Grand Inquisitor, for the purpose of observing Pater Domingo, a few moments. He stands at a table glittering with goblets of crystal, silver, and costly wood. Selecting a large one of silver, worked in relief with crosses, and representations of the letter "S," he proceeded carefully to wipe the inside with a towel. Then having drawn a small case of tiny vials from his pocket, he

chooses one and pours from it a whitish brown powder into the goblet. Again, the towel is used to rub the powder upon the inside of the cup. What remains is thrown away, for the Pater turns the mouth of the cup downwards, and shakes it several times. After he has seen that the powder upon the silver can not be noticed, he replaces the cup upon the table, and returns the case of vials to his pocket.

On the next day, which is the ninth after the capture of the Israelites, His Excellency the Cardinal Savelli falls very sick. Physicians and leeches are sent for. They pronounce his disease without danger, but advise rest, and abstinence from any business. More than ever he had reason to congratulate himself on the abilities of his secretary. Everything is put into his hands, and the Cardinal retires to his chambers with positive orders not to be disturbed.

A new corps of familiars has for some time been forming under Pater Domingo's management. They have arrived in town that very day. The Cardinal has been notified of it, and faintly whispered:

"Disturb me not. Pater Domingo will arrange all."

Pater Domingo has provided them with weapons, and ordered that, on this very evening they should begin their duty by guarding the Convent of Santa Cruz. The old familiars have partly been removed to the residence of Savelli, and partly been instructed to occupy a wing of the new palace of the Inquisition, which has already been completed, while the main building is yet unfinished. Thus the convent of Santa Cruz is guarded by the new familiars alone, and their commander is Pater Domingo, the secretary of the Inquisition.

It is evening. Dusk in the city, dusk on the ocean, dusk in the frowning convent walls of Santa Cruz. The hazy light is about to disappear from the sky. And blazing up once more in hectic glory, it pours a bright, red flush upon the handsome but awarthy face of father Domingo. He is standing at a dark, arching window, lost in thoughts. Oh, those star-like eyes and regal brow were surely not made to hide beneath a monkish cowl!

The light disappears shooting a final flash over the white sails of a vessel far out at sea.

The hazy obscurity has disappeared, and, circled by azure night, the golden star of love and eve, the sweet glowing Hesperus, rises and watches on the crystal hills of heaven.

The cowl of the monk has dropped over his brow and eyes. His form dilates. He approaches the door. Ere he has reached it, a thought seems to arrest his steps.

"God, God, eternal and almighty, merciful and just," he cries, throwing himself upon his knees, and raising his arms aloft; "God of my soul and my race, aid me! Forsake not thy servant, thy devoted servant! Forsake not thy people, thy chosen ones! Oh God, thou art Lord of Heaven and Earth, and the Disposer of fate! Turn not thy face from me!"

In his earnest supplication the hood had again fallen back, and the evening star smiled upon the monk's pure brow. Yet, for a moment he knelt there in profound silence. Clang, Tang! cried the bell of the convent beginning to strike eight.

With the words, "haste! haste!" the Pater arose, and leaving the apartment approached the prisons.

"Accompany me, and open the doors as we proceed," ordered Domingo to one of the familiars.

It was done.

Other familiars unlocked the chains of the prisoners. At Pater Domingo's command the men were led into the upper apartments of the convent, and provided with the weapons and dark uniforms of Inquisitorial familiars. The ladies were placed in ready sedans, well secured and carried by the men. They arranged themselves in the courtyard of the convent. The troop of familiars newly organised by Pater Domingo enclosed the disguised prisoners, who carried their ladies, on every side. They were all ready to issue forth at half past eleven.

"We will wait until twelve," said Father Domingo.

The priest had been indefatigable in his exertions to arrange every thing properly, to instruct and help every one. It was

through his agency, thanks to him, that they were enabled to get ready in so short a time. He now made a sign for silence; not a sound was heard. All eyes were upon him.

"Dear brothers," he said softly and calmly, "you may be uneasy about your children?"

A half stifled sigh from the ladies was the only reply.

"I have embarked them and sent them on to Amsterdam, under good care!" continued the priest.

A cry of joy rewarded this intelligence.

"And again you may be uneasy about your wealth and treasures, my brothers.—For to arrive in a strange land without means is a cheerless prospect."

A dark cloud upon the faces of the men replied to this.

"You can laugh at this care also. Your treasures have been sent on to Amsterdam, where you will find sufficient to begin life anew. Let me advise you, with the sword and plume to lay aside the high chivalric actions and thoughts of sunny Portugal.—Turn to the tradesman's counter—other employment is not open to the Hebrew. But in Holland you will enjoy the inestimable privilege of professing your faith, your religion. Hark! it is twelve o'clock. Let us proceed to the vessel. Let all observe the deepest silence."

A murmur arose and rolled among the crowd.

"What is it?" inquired the Pater.

"Don Lionel Dian, our prince, where is he?" every one inquired. "He must be saved. The royal blood of David may not perish."

"He is already in safety," replied Father Domingo.

"I see not my brother," whispered Enrique.

"Hurry on. I have thought of him. Ere you depart I will give you tidings of Hernando da Costa!"

The convent gates were opened and the train proceeded to move out. Slowly, it crept through the streets of Lisbon, unquestioned, unchallenged. The ships which had been concealed behind the cliffs of Cintra in the rocky bay, had moved away and now

lay a little distance below the city. On them the fugitives, together with the new corps of familiars, embarked.

Father Domingo had managed so well that the sailors of the vessels carrying the children and the treasure of the Israelites, were Hebrews. They had been ordered by him to carry both to Amsterdam, and were on the way already. The two other ships, one of which was Captain Sporas's, were also manned by Hebrew sailors. The new corps of familiars, as the reader will already have suspected, was chiefly composed of Israelites from all parts of Portugal, desirous of emigrating and escaping. Soon as all were on board both ships made haste to get out into the open sea. The sails were spread to the feeble breeze, and aided by the ebb, good headway was made. It was three o'clock ere they could start, for thus long it took to get the fugitives on board.

Scarcely were they fairly in motion, when Pater Domingo signed to a familiar behind him, who had, with four others, carried large bundles. They unrolled them and the white shrouds taken from the Israelites on New Year's night were disclosed.

"It is the night of atonement," said Pater Domingo; "let each assume his shroud."

It was quickly done.

Aaron Rodow began his chant by seven times raising and dropping his voice. Soon all were lost in prayer.

It was near morning ere the evening prayers were finished. Pater Domingo stepped up to Don Enrique da Costa and whispered something into his ear. The young man grew pale, and began in a loud voice to recite the prayer of remembrance of the dead. The congregation listened awestruck; the mother and sister of Enrique fainted. They all now knew that Hernando had been executed. Across the waves floated Enrique's mournful voice, chanting the "Kadish" to the memory of his dead brother. And the congregation answered, "Amen, amen!"

They were opposite the rock of Cintra now, and Pater Domingo said:

"Captain! give me a boat to return on shore. Further I need not, further I can not accompany you."

There was an exclamation of astonishment. "Can you return without danger?" inquired Rabbi Lamuel.

"I return to die," was the answer.

"But why not accompany us? You are an Israelite like ourselves."

"Because I must keep your pursuers off for a time. All danger is not yet passed.—Urge me not; I return to Lisbon." This was said so firmly that none dared to urge the subject further.

"But, who are ye, our benefactor and protector? Whom shall we remember in our prayers?" inquired Enrique. "A priest you can not be."

The Pater was silent for a moment, and then cried:

"Bring quick a basin of water!"

It was brought.

Emptying a vial of red fluid into the water, the priest washed his face for a few moments, then drying it with a towel, for the first time in sight of the Israelites, threw back his cowl. The pale moonshine fell full on his features.

"OUR PRINCE!" was the astonished exclamation of all.

It was, in fact, Don Lionel Dian. He turned his eyes upward and said, solemnly:

"God bless you on the way and in your new homes. May the Lord preserve ye!—May the Lord make his face shine unto ye! and be gracious unto ye! May the Lord lift up his face unto ye and give ye peace!"

—Oh David, glorious sire! smooth the waves of the sea before them with the power of thy song. Defend them with thy heroic sword, protect them with thy star-like shield!" Tears streamed from Don Lionel's eyes and with a silent motion, he again drew the cowl over his face, stretched his hand, once more, toward the weeping Israelites, and sprang into the ready boat. Five or six young men immediately sprang after him, while the whole congregation hurried to the side of the vessel.

"We will not leave you!" cried the young men clinging to Don Lionel's clothes.

"Royal prince, we are thy knights," said Enrique da Costa, "we will fly with you, or defend you to the last drop of our blood."

"If you return, we will accompany you," cried many men of the congregation.

"Friends, brothers, leave me!" replied the serious voice of Don Lionel: "Let me return to my duty, without hindrance on your part. I know what I must do. Naught but the voice of God can, therefore, alter my resolve. Farewell to you all! If in Holland you hear of my death,—mourn me,—remember me—recite the "Kadish" for my departed soul. I have no children, no brothers—but the son of David has the right to claim the sorrow of all Israel, at his death. Once more fare ye well."

The young men still lingered in the boat. Don Lionel frowned.

"We are your knights, and it would be cowardice to desert you," said Enrique, pleadingly.

"If ye lay claim to the title, know that obedience is the first duty of the knight," was the reply. "I command you to return to the vessel."

The order was silently obeyed. The boat put Don Lionel on shore, and the ships catching the fresh breeze, swept over the waves grandly and merrily, like things of life. Their white sails gleamed, and a long rolling furrow of foam tumbled in their wake.

The Israelites on board looked back eagerly long as they could see that proud high form in dark monastic robes stand upon the summit of a rock jutting into the sea.

The morning sun rose and poured a halo of scarlet and flame upon that high proud form, and hung golden strings upon the trembling sea waves, and cut, with fiery swords, the still morning air. Then the lofty-minded Hebrew Prince turned and, descending from the rock, disappeared behind green trees and verdant shrubs.

But the Israelites still looked back, looked back upon vividly green hills bright in the morning sun, upon the white flowers that like pearls girded their sides, upon the glossy orange trees, and the wide spreading chestnuts, upon the glittering shore and the broad blue river.—Upon the land of Portugal.—They looked back upon the land which contained their ancestors' graves, their own homes, the scenes of their youth and happi-

ness—upon their bright Southern fatherland the land of the olive and vine, the orange and fig tree, the land which, in its beauty, seemed like fair, glorious Palestine, flowing with milk and honey. Farewell! to the glowing South, with its orange groves, almond trees, with its olive-clad hills and sunny vales, with its vine-crowned mountains and sparkling streams. Farewell! to the brilliant life of the soldier, the statesman, and the author; farewell to the wealth and privileges of nobility. In Spain, in Portugal, what Hebrew poets and bards and troubadours had tuned their golden lyre and sung their thrilling stanzas! What Hebrew statesmen had sat in the council of Kings and rulers! What Hebrew sages had explored science and wrung the highest knowledge from night labor and observation. What brave Hebrew soldiers had wielded the sword against the Moor and the Indian!

And, away from these now! To a land of mists and coldness, a land won from the sea, a land of trade, of labor, of calculation; away from the battle, the lyre, the council and the court—to the counter, to the shop, to the wrestle of cunning, to the battle for a few silver coins.

Away from a bright future, to a destiny whose happiness consists of enough to eat, and a pipe of tobacco over; whose joy is a glass of schnapps, and whose aim is to provide for existence, bare existence, or perhaps even to get rich.

Thus, the Israelites thought, felt, as they cast the last fond look at Portugal, the sunny land, and then threw themselves upon the deck in a passion of tears; screamed, cried, raged in terrible agony, as if diamond chains held their hearts to the loved soil.

Not a man, not a woman amongst them, who at that moment had not preferred a grave in Portugal, the golden land, to a home in Holland.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR.

Father Domingo had possessed himself of the first horse he met near the cliffs of Cintra. It happened to be a very good steed. The priest urged it to its most rapid

pace, on and on, still spurring and driving. In this way he soon arrived in Lisbon, and proceeded directly to the Santa Cruz convent.

The cells and courtyards were alive with familiars. All was in commotion and confusion. The escape of the prisoners, and the disappearance of the new corps of familiars, were known already. Pater Domingo was, therefore, received with a loud shout.

He motioned silence, and alighting from his horse, walked calmly through the rows of frowning, but still respectful familiars, to the great audience hall of the convent, where the Cardinal Savelli, still sick, but raging with fury, had caused himself to be carried.

"Ah, senior," he cried, "here you are!" and bent a look of concentrated anger upon the priest. "Will you please explain, what you have done and where the prisoners of the Holy Inquisition are?"

"I will make it all clear to your Eminence. But first, let me know, why this commotion and noise, why this anger and confusion? What has happened?"

"What has happened?" cried Savelli, stamping with wrath. "What has happened is exactly what you shall explain. I sent my servants to the convent an hour ago, to summon you to my bedside. They find the convent deserted. I call them fools, idiots, and order the familiars to go there. The convent is in fact deserted. The prisoners have escaped. The new corps of familiars has vanished. I hasten myself here, mad with rage. I question the night servants and street spies. They have seen the new corps of familiars with Pater Domingo at their head pass through the streets, out of the city. Nothing further is known. Now, senior, will you inform me of what you have done? Remember, your life vouches for every prisoner escaped. Will you speak? What have you done?"

"First let me know whether your spies tracked me to the place where I led the new familiars?"

"Audacious! I ask you; will you reply, or shall the rack make you treat my question with more respect?"

Domingo threw an uneasy look at the window, and then said:

"You need have no apprehension on account of the prisoners and the new familiars. They are all properly cared for. I am responsible for them."

"And you are responsible to me, senor.—Reply to me, whereto, have you conducted the familiars, where are the prisoners?"

Domingo listened for a moment to the approaching rumble of several carriages, and then replied:

"I will answer to the proper authorities, to those that have a right to question. You, senor,—here he stepped to the window, and glanced out, "You, senor, must answer to the Archbishop Grand Inquisitor of Spain, for the authority, title and state assumed unauthorised, for the forgeries committed."

Savelli turned pale and a livid hue rose to his lips and encircled his eyes.

"What is this?" he stammered.

But at that moment the doors were thrown open, and while a lackey announced noisily:

"His Eminence the Lord Grand Inquisitor of Spain,

"His highness the Count of Ildemonte," two gentlemen entered the apartment. One a priest, the other a soldier. Domingo stepped toward them, and pointing to the pale and trembling man, in the ivory chair said, scornfully:

"His Eminence the Cardinal Savelli."

The soldier who was no other than the Count of Ildemonte, immediately laid his hand on Savelli's shoulder, and said:

"I arrest you in the name of the emperor."

Savelli sprang from his chair, as if a serpent had stung him. Immediately the Grand Inquisitor then began:

"I arrest you, in the name of the holy tribunal."

At the words of the Grand Inquisitor, Savelli stamped his foot, and uttering a cry, like that of a wild beast when frightened and enraged, cowed down and slunk back before the three commanding figures opposite to him. But this was only in the first moments, when surprise and terror, as the terrible words of arrest thundered on his ear, had almost bereft him of his senses. Savelli was not a coward. On the contrary, he was bold and resolute. The surprise of the moment,

only, overwhelmed him with damning charges, had stunned his courage.

He recovered himself in part. And the consciousness, that boldness only could give him safety at least for the present, as well as the perception of the ridiculous posture, he occupied, in relation to the other persons present, served to revive all his courage, and even to stimulate it by shame. Erecting his body and lifting his head with anger, bright eye and flushed cheek, he stepped several paces forward, and said:

"Inquisitor General of Spain, I know you, and your proud arrogance well! But here, I am Inquisitor General, instituted by the Holy Father, recommended by the Emperor, and accepted by the King of Portugal. Who gives you the right to use such expressions to me. How shall I understand your behavior, how interpret your words?"

"This pride is not in its place, man," replied the Inquisitor.

"We have assurances by his Holiness that he has entrusted you with no mission. We have letters from the Emperor. He also has given you no recommendation. The King of Portugal you have deceived. But we have sent messengers to him and his highness will yet arrive in time to judge your offenses. You have committed heinous offenses. Forgery amongst them."

"You have committed high treason against Carlo V, Emperor of Germany and King of Castile and Arragon. I arrest you in his name."

"I protest against these proceedings, my Lord Grand Inquisitor of Spain! My Lord Count of Ildemonte! I am a Cardinal, a member of the holy college, and as such only responsible to the head of Christendom. No prince, no prelate can call me to account."

"We call you to account. Increase not your offense by obstinate pride. You are a scoundrel, senor, a rascal, mean as the dirt beneath my feet; I will not soil my fair manners, by further converse with you.—That you have committed forgery, and assumed a character not proper to you, that you have swindled the nobles, and defrauded the King of Portugal, has been sufficiently proved already in the courts of the Holy

Tribunal of Spain, and those of worldly justice. Nothing, then, remains, but to pronounce sentence on you, and to execute it. You are a convicted criminal already. Here I have letters from Rome, here the Imperial orders! No link in the evidence is wanting. The chain of guilt is complete. Had King Juan appointed you Inquisitor, it might have been a partial shield to you; but, Cardinal Savelli pretended to bear his office from the Holy Father. Senor, thank me for the grace to make this clear to you." Thus spoke the Spanish Count.

Savelli's features again fell, and paled before this plain and crushing recital of his guilt, his helplessness, his fall.

"Senors," he cried in a piteous voice, "whatever you have against me, have I not founded the Inquisition in Portugal, not spread the power of the Church and Holy Tribunal? Deserve I not consideration on that account?"

The Count of Ildemonte was struck by this argument, and cast a doubtful hesitating look at his companion.

Savelli observing it, continued: "My fall will be the fall of the Institution I founded. Let me, therefore, prevail, for its sake. Nay, senors, peaceably ye can not possess yourselves of me, in the midst of my familiars, and the city that honors and admires me,—I will resist, if you attempt it."

The Count said to the Spanish Grand Inquisitor:

"Perhaps his objections merit some consideration. The Holy Tribunal must not suffer."

"The Inquisition will remain. But its head may not be impure and corrupt. It will flourish under a banner white, pure and just. Not under the flag of a cheat."

With this he sounded a small string of steelen crosses depending from his girdle.—Four Spanish familiars, that had accompanied the Grand Inquisitor entered. Savelli attempted to strike his rattle, and summon his attendants. But father Domingo prevented him. In a few moments he was bound and gagged. He would have cried, but a hood had been thrown over his head from the first. Domingo opened a secret door,

and the Cardinal was taken away, while the Inquisitor General of Spain took possession of his apartments and papers.

The King had arrived in town that morning. In the forenoon yet, reports of Savelli's deceit, the escape of the Israelites, which leaked out quickly, and the disappearance of the vessel with the confiscated treasures reached him. He was convinced by this that treachery had been at work and laid it to Savelli's charge.

Meanwhile he sent three fast sailing vessels, well armed with cannons, and manned by marines after the fugitives, whose vessels had been observed at Belem and the coast. The Cardinal's deceit, making him the ridicule of all Europe rankled him most. He was almost maddened by it. Some time after, at Savelli's trial, the King revenged himself by sentencing the pretended Cardinal and Grand Inquisitor, to ten years service as a galley slave. The proud adventurer was, in the sight of Lisbon, chained to the galley bench. Verily, the vengeance of Kings is terrible.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ATONEMENT ON THE SEA.

On sped the two vessels, with the Israelites on board, still they were but slowly making headway. Let us turn to the larger of the two, Captain Sparaso's vessel, for there are the persons that interest us most.

All are in white shrouds. Their faces white and pale as the rumpled garments. For food has not passed their lips since the evening before. It is the day of atonement, a day of fasting and prayer, a day of contrition and purifying of sins, a day when earth is thrown off, and the soul climbs one more step towards heaven. This day, the fugitives neglect not in their flight; they keep it holy, thrice holy, because occurring at such an eventful period.

The prayers, have floated with the ocean breeze over the calm surface of the sea. Aaron Rodow, cantor! thy voice rose in power, and in enthusiastic passion, and was heard by the white seabirds and the splashy waves, the listening breezes, and the golden winged angels! Israelites, driven, from your

homes! The whispered supplications of your palpitating hearts, your praying souls, rose to the great heart of God, in his heaven of mercy, justice and love! A pause is made. The prayers of noon have been offered up, and the sun has not declined sufficiently to begin those of the afternoon. The men on one side of the quarterdeck, the ladies on the other, rest exhausted, with weakened features from the fast, but eyes bright with the holy influence within. The wind sings merrily.

Let us look at some of these men in shrouds, flying from their homes, their loved Portugal.

Before the mast, in calm silence, sit a dignified and reverend line of aged men. Here and there a younger one amongst them too. They observe strict silence, and some are even praying in whispers. The one with the high stately figure, and long beard, is Rabbi David de Lara. On either side of him, lost in contemplation are the Rabbis, Isaac Aboab* and Mose Abudiente. The first a thin figure, with grandly vaulted brow, and small sharp eyes, the latter a younger man with black curling beard and large dreaming features. Rabbi Mose Raphael de Aguilar, a proud figure, and one of Portugal's wisest and highest nobles, who left castles and domains, and bright honors behind, walked up and down before them, reciting prayers in the voice of the mind and heart. His lips move; but no sound is heard! Rabbi Israel Pereira and Franko Lerrao, are glancing forward upon the ocean, and Enrique de Costa is standing with Levi de Barrios and Joseph de Vege looking back, back upon the rock bound shores of Portugal. The calm noonday sky smiles down on them, and only the whirr of swelling sails breaks upon the silence of exhaustion and awe.

There is but one child on this vessel, a boy of about ten years, who had by his sweet prayers won Pater Domingo's consent to share his father's dungeon, who had been liberated with him, and was on the vessel which bore his parents to Holland.

* Author of the Hebrew Minorath Hamoar.

He had been wearied by the long and awe-inspiring prayers of the fast day, been exhausted by the fast, which he kept till noon time, and in vain searched for a sympathizing glance, a kind look or word, from the serious men, atoning for their sins, on board the vessel. Yet with them he must stay and further endure the prayer and ceremony, monotonous and useless as they seemed to his childish understanding.

Now, his dark eye lights up with gladness. A young man has observed him, and, with beaming smile beckons the tired boy. He runs to him, and in spite of horrified looks, the young man lifts the boy to his breast and kisses him. He speaks to him.

"You are tired and weary?"

"Yes, senor, very much," the boy replies.

"But you ought not to tire of praying."

"It is true; my father, says so," replied the boy. "But I should like——"

"What? speak what you think!"

"Father says, God is every where. Now I should like better to pray to God when he is in the sky or sea, than when he is in the prayer book. Would not you, senor?"

The young man smiled and said: "Perhaps. But, to the God in the human heart, more yet. There boy! your father approaches. He beckons to you."

"He is angry because I talked on the day of atonement. Good bye."

The boy leaped from the young man's lap, and returned to his father, a man of powerful frame and striking features. They sat down on the other side of the vessel. Who was the boy? Who was the young man? The boy was Baruch de Spinoza, the young man Uriel Acosta.

Rabbi Isaac Aboab, long remembered them, the talk they dared to have on the holy day of atonement. Uriel Acosta looked dreamily into the sea, and on the snowy foam. The boy Baruch buried his head in a mighty prayer book, and while conning over, and pronouncing supplications in Hebrew and Chaldaic, thought of the beautiful God in the wide sea and glowing sky.

Ships are seen at the verge of the horizon. Three distant tiny specks, upon the pure

ether that seems to connect sea and sky. Like lightning the news flies through the vessel, and chills the hearts of all. It seemed as if with a simultaneous electric shock, the fatal sight had drawn every eye to it, rather than that one had whispered it to the other, from the captain down. The cry arose from the mast head:

"Sails, in sight!"

The captain reconnoitered through his telescope. Every one crowded around him, breathless with anxiety.

"Vessels from the King's navy; they hang out every rag of sail, in our pursuit," announced Captain Sporaso.

"Adonai Elohim help us!" cried the terrified multitude.

"To prayer! it is time," proclaimed the sonorous voice of Aaron Rodow, who, headless of circumstances, attended only to his duties.

And from terror and anxiety, from the waves of fear that surged around, that holy call snatched them, snatched them away from consciousness of danger, and brought them to God, the God, to whom they, this day, atoned for their sins. The pursuing ships, the angry Inquisition, the sorrow and trouble of earthly life were as wiped away from each mind by that call to the service of God.*

The prayer, the song recommenced. The forms were bent, the white woollen prayer scarfs, with long fringes, drawn over each head, and the young, the fair, together with the aged and deformed, all clad in ghostly shrouds, rocked and swayed to and fro, in the intensity and passion of prayer.

And the murmuring sea, accompanied the hymns and the psalmody. The mighty organ of the ocean woke its sweet sounds and rich tunes, to waft those prayers aloft. And through the air of cerulean blue, above the tangled silver cloudlets, the hymns and sounds rose, beyond the golden sun and the stars, and fiery comets, beyond

*Perhaps some will opine that this is overdrawn. Such know not the deep piety of the Portuguese Israelites. Neither do they know the entire devotion with which a nation, long deprived of divine service, celebrates it, and the firm trust they repose upon it.

the walls of space and time, beyond the boundaries of thought, to the grand mysterious Source of all.

Behold! reason has limits that admit of no overstepping. The elevations of the heart are unconfined. Its regions are limitless even to visiting the Mystery of God. The heart is more powerful than reason. The philosophy of the heart grander than that of mind.

Captain Sporaso, however, was less enthusiastic concerning these religious services, and the Dutch sailors of his vessel cared nothing at all about it, since they were for the greater part Protestants. So this brave captain gave orders and his men set all sails that would draw. Thus the ship proceeded at a very good rate through the water. In fact she sped like a hawk, but the three royal ships pursued her like eagles.

If you had been there, you immediately would have seen that the Israelites could not escape the Inquisition, and that in so many hours the royal ships must come up with Sporaso's vessel, and the small schooner at its side, since their rate of sailing was much more rapid. You would also have seen that the pursuers did not exert themselves very much, while the other vessels were doing their utmost and crowded on sail by sail, to catch each breath of wind.

The wind blew steadily and briskly from the South East.

Sporaso's vessel endeavored to go N. N. W., and, therefore, was almost driven before the wind. The others in pursuit having the same direction, had also the same advantage of the breeze.

"They will reach us by the time night comes," said Sporaso. "Escape by flight is impossible."

The boatswain Joseppo proposed:

"Let us approach the shore. We may cautiously venture into shallow water where they can not follow. At night we may, perhaps, escape under cover of the darkness."

"A good thought indeed," cried the captain; "Joseppo you have won a new jacket by this advice."

"Thanks, senor," replied the gratified boatswain.

The captain called his lieutenant.

"Van Utlopp, it is not possible to escape from these vessels, by holding on our present course."

"Nein, Mynheer."

"Do you know of any plan to elude their pursuit?"

"Nein, Mynheer."

"Then, listen. Along the shore for several miles above Cape Carovairo stretches a range of sandbanks and breakers out into the sea."

"Yah, Mynheer."

"If we make way for it they'll think to have us sure. The breakers in front, they, behind. We shall be lost then in reality."

"Nein, Mynheer."

"Why not, Van Utlopp?"

"Why not, Mynheer?"

"Aye, why not? There is a road for a ship right through the breakers and sandbanks. Do you mean that?"

"Yah, Yah, Mynheer."

"At this I was hinting. But do you know that it is the most difficult thing in the world to prevent a ship perishing there. The way runs around and between the most hideous rocks, crooked, bending, turning at many points. Who will pilot us through this? I have some knowledge of the strait, but far too little to attempt pilotage there. Yet this is our only chance of escape. Who will pilot us?"

"Ha, ha, ha, very good. A fine joke, Mynheer."

"A joke? Alas, not. What mean you, Van Utlopp?"

"Why I will pilot you through it, yah, yah, Mynheer."

The captain, in excess of joy, almost embraced his fat Dutch lieutenant.

"You can do it?" he cried.

"Yah, Yah, I can, Mynheer."

Sporaso knew that upon each of the lieutenant's words implicit trust might be set, as regarded sea matters. He hesitated no more.

The vessels approached the coast. The smaller one immediately ran for a shallow basin opening in the shore, whence the royal ships on account of their heavy draught could not follow. But Sporaso's vessel, turn-

ed in a slightly northerly direction, and here immediately down upon the breakers. There they extended, far out into the sea, a long line of hissing foam and angry waves. They seemed a snowy patch upon the darker surface of the sea.

A continuation of jagged, more or less prominent rocks, interspersed with high heaped sandbanks, and deep whirlpool pits, formed this bar, so dangerous to the unskilful mariner. The vessel was bearing right down on these breakers to the evident anxiety of all on board. The captain, however, knew this was the only chance of escape from their pursuers, and also knew the exquisite skill of his lieutenant.

Van Utlopp had ordered most sails to be taken in, he had put the seamen in readiness duly spirited, and prepared, that his slightest orders might be executed immediately, and properly. He made them understand, that if the ship failed only once to obey his direction, that if they hesitated but once to execute any duty, however dangerous, the next moment would find them struggling for life amongst the breakers. Thus all was ready for the attempt to sail through the narrow passage, the terrors of which all felt and had heard of, but which none perhaps, except the captain and lieutenant had made.

Let the reader impress the circumstances on his mind as I will present them now.

The three royal ships were coming down with spread sails on Sporaso's vessel; they had gained very much on the latter through superiority of sailing, as well as by the altered course across their track which it assumed. The smaller companion was hiddeed in the shallow basin extending inland. And the vessel itself was cautiously, slowly but surely approaching the roaring and foaming breakers ahead. The sun about to set. The wind dying. The prayers of Atonement about to cease.

"There will be a storm, Mynheer!" said the lieutenant.

"Aye; the sun sets in a vivid green sky. I do not like the banks of clouds in the South West. We will probably have a storm from that quarter."

"Yah, Mynheer."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THROUGH THE FOAMING BREAKERS.

A dark night it was; unusually dark. But the white foam that indicated the hidden rocks, and fringed the more projecting, was plainly visible through the darkness. The ship had entered the passage.

The royal vessels lay to. They were sure that the fugitives could not escape during the night. For the land behind, the breakers before them, and the three vessels with their attentive watches forming an impassable cordon on the side toward the ocean; how could they fly. It was a thing of impossibility, a good joke to think so—imagined the royal captains. As for the passage through the breakers, not one pilot out of fifty was able to make it, and certainly none would attempt it, at night, and in an approaching storm. It was, therefore, a settled, a sure thing, an absolute fact that Sporaso's vessel and the flying Israelites were cornered, were caught as if in a mouse trap.

And among the breakers, the vessel darted, like an eager warrior. On each side, curling wreaths of foam stretched in long rows, and wound in tangled lines. Only where the vessel had entered, a dark furrow marked the passage. At the helm, stood Lieutenant Utlopp, the captain at his side. The countenance of the Dutch sailor, but now so insignificant and flat, seemed to rouse and grow intelligent, grow sublime, with the emergency. The dull eyes flashed, the heavy mouth assumed a noble expression.—Lieutenant Van Utlopp was a changed being. He seemed lord of the waves, and a champion arisen to combat their fury.

"The storm will soon begin," said the captain.

"Yah, Mynheer; in an hour."

"The breeze is already quite strong."

"Yah, Mynheer. Too strong for us."

He raised his head a little, and cried in a calm, distinct voice:

"Reef the mainsail, reef closely."

The order was executed, and the ship's speed immediately abated. Now a comb of jagged cliffs barred the passage. The vessel bore directly down upon them, and, it seemed as if the next moment would spike

"It must not break loose before we have passed the breakers, else we might be lost, Van Utlopp."

"We might, Mynheer."

"However, the cats' paws, which already stretch the sails, will be advantageous to drive us through."

"We must have them, Mynheer."

"We have no other wind."

"Yah, Yah, Mynheer. Let me go to the rudder." And Van Utlopp, went to steer the vessel through the dangerous pass, for already, within a few cables length the foam boiled, and the ugly rocks grinned above the sea. Each seaman was at his post. The ship was ready for the encounter. And all this time the Israelites, unconscious of ought else had been praying, singing and worshipping. Unconscious of their great danger, of the attempt to escape, of the glory which the setting sun poured over sea and sky, and of the hissing breakers threatening ahead, they worshipped, atoned. Now the last proclamation of the high day rose on the evening air. The proclamation of purified hearts, joyful souls, of beings at peace and in love with their maker, of creatures adoring their God.

"Hear, oh Israel, the Lord thy God is One!" cried Aaron Rodow.

"Hear, oh Israel, the Lord thy God is One," responded the hoarse voices of the congregation.

"The Lord, he is God!" and seventimes Aaron Rodow proclaimed it, with sevenfold response from the congregation. And as the last

"ADONAI HU ELOHIM," swept over the waves, the half disappeared sun, once more seemed to rise, and a flood of golden light was poured over those earnest men in white shrouds, and those snowy-attired ladies. The sky once more lighted up, and the golden gates of heaven seemed to open in the West. A moment after, and darkness extinguished the bright colors on the sea and sky.

And over the waves was borne the voice of the cornet, as it sounded the call:

"To your tents, oh Israel!"

The day of Atonement had expired. The prayer ceased, the fast was broken.

it, a wreck, upon the rocky points. Enrique, whose anxiety drove him to the rudder, cried: "We are lost! God of Mercy!"

"Nein, Mynheer," replied the lieutenant, with his strong arm turning the rudder, and wearing the ship several points round, so that it passed within the shortest possible distance of the rocks, and turned into the curve of the passage.

Now they seemed about to be thrown on the breakers, then to push into smooth curling water above sandbanks. Every moment alterations were made in the course of the vessel, to adapt it to the tortuous passage. The lieutenant seemed a giant moving the ship hither and thither, by his short quick commands, as if it were a toy of his leisure.—The captain stood at his side lost in admiration and anxiety.

The storm had also risen. Loud and blustering, furious, it swept over the open sea and rolled huge billows inland, and dashed them to mist upon the rocks and serrated shore. The ship could scarcely maintain herself. There was continual danger of her being thrown upon the rocks. The sails were all close reefed. Still, the waves, the wind, might at any moment, strike her forcibly upon the side, and, with irresistible power sweep her upon the cliffs.

However, the end of the passage was near. Through the breakers they were already.—But, where they emerged, a long rocky point, sharp and foam-fringed stretched far out from the land into the sea. It was, in fact, a sharp, dangerous tongue, which, in the form of an eagle's beak, the convex side turned to the South, formed the upper boundary of the breakers. Around the point of this the vessel must pass, with the storm blowing almost directly into its teeth.

It was hard work; but the good ship, under command of its lieutenant, managed it well. When they had almost reached the point Van Utlopp commanded:

"Be ready to throw out the top sails."

Several sailors manned the shrouds.—Scarcely had the point of the cliff been reached, when the vessel was worn, and at the lieutenant's command, the topsails were unfurled.

A moment's expectation—a heavy strain—a bending forward of the vessel—and the point was made, the ship was on the other side. A sharp, short crack, like the explosion of a pistol followed almost immediately. The topsails were torn from the yards, and borne along as rags on the breeze. Had this happened a moment ago, the ship would have been wrecked. But "nein, nein," said the lieutenant. *It did not happen.*

CHAPTER L.

THE PRINCE—THE GIPSY—THE PRIEST

King Juan had, immediately upon the fall of Savelli, appointed the Cardinal Georgio, Grand Inquisitor. This was done not only without the consent but against the wishes of the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. But the King had the right to act independently in this matter, and he used this right. Cardinal Georgio, however, assured his majesty, that the papal consent to his choice should not be wanting. He was, therefore, fully instituted in the high office, a few days after his predecessor had been taken to prison.

One of Cardinal Georgio's first acts, was to dismiss Pater Domingo from his office, and the next to have him arrested, on charge of liberating the prisoners of the Inquisition.

An inquiry into his guilt, was immediately instituted. The King had also certain accusations against the priest. Therefore, a second trial was ordered before the Council of State, at which the two Grand Inquisitors were to be present.

It is but proper to say that every endeavor short of the rack had been made to induce Pater Domingo to confess where the treasures of Israelites were hid. King Juan hoped that the second trial would elicit something at least, in regard to this subject.

It was the day of the trial. Ere we enter the circular apartment in which the council of State assembled, let us describe a scene that occurred in the prison of Pater Domingo. The count di Almaveda had received the charge of bringing the priest under a strong guard to the palace. He had arrived unusually early, and was now alone in the low vault with the prisoner.

"The result of this trial can be but one,"

he remarked, addressing Domingo, in the tones of one who entreats; "it is yet time, my prince, time to save your life for Israel's sake. Forty nobles, brave and valiant, virtuous and determined are ready to leave the land and travel as colonists to the green savannahs of South America. My life, my abilities are nothing in comparison with yours, my prince. Therefore, accompany them, lead them, it is yet time to choose!—Oh, do not refuse me for our nation's sake!"

"All forty nobles, I presume," inquired the priest, "are of those, that, ignorant of Israel's laws and ceremonies, are but Hebrews by principle?"

"We come of Jewish stock," replied the count, "but as you know, we have long lived as Christians, and intermarried with the Gentiles, still we are ready to leave all for the sake of Jehovah. Lead us, oh Prince, and save a life so valuable. God can not desire this sacrifice. In a short while, the choice will have escaped your hands. Accept the means of escape I offer, and, before tomorrow's sun, you will be free. Oh, you consent?"

"No, Count, if it were the wish of God I should depart, the aid of man would not be necessary. His angels would perform miracles for the son of David and Solomon. The prison walls would fall. The chains melt. The enemies be consumed.—But, it is decided in heaven and on earth that I should die. That my workings, endeavors and labors should end. Enough, it will be so.—Count, conduct me to the council."

With glances and expressions of the deep est sorrow, the Count obeyed.—

Pater Domingo stood in the chamber, where the council met. The nobles and officers sat around the center table. At the upper end presided the King, with Cardinal Georgio on one side—the Grand Inquisitor of Spain on the other.

The trial lasted not long. Whatever had been formerly ascertained was confirmed.—But to questions regarding the treasures of the Hebrews, the motives of his actions and such like, the prisoner continued silent until threatened by the rack. Then erecting his form proudly, he threw back the heavy

monkish cowl, and spoke in a voice whose loud imperial sound rang short and sharp upon the ears of all present:

"It is not because I fear your tortures, not because I shrink from your racks, that I speak. Your steel and fire can not pain me. It is not in your power to cause me agony. But, I speak because I am an Israelite and a Prince, and the knowledge of my actions belongs to the World. I speak to chant my death song. For, I feel that the God of my fathers has sent the dark angel to bear me on high. But by your hands I shall not end my life."

The voice had such a latent power and command, the eye such a proud and imperious flash, the brow such a grand, impressing frown, that those of the council, who would most have liked to tame that haughty language, and cow that lofty bearing, found not words to speak, but glanced shyly and obliquely at the speaker. The priest continued, after a momentary death silent pause:

"I have spent my life in efforts to subvert laws, and remove relations that disgrace the human race. I have endeavored to tear a nation, which is the crown of mankind, from the destruction that overcame them, under their iron heel, and to place it a glorious ornament at their head. I have fought for principles, which, in universal application, would make earth a paradise of reason. I have schemed and have worked, have thrown myself in the course of fate's wheel and held back its spokes—all in vain, in vain. Vanity is life, all vanity, my ancestor Solomon has sung. Vanity has been my life. Grand thoughts, and hopes and actions have availed me nothing, I leave the earth as I found it, leave Israel as I found it. God has not selected me to be the Messiah of this wronged nation; this sinful world. I resign the broken remains of my thoughts and plans into his hands.

"I have met all present in various characters. Your majesty has known me as MESSIAH, the gypsy chief, and as PATER DOMINGO. You, my lords, knew me as DON LIONEL DIAN. Know me now, by my real appellation: LUDOVICO, BEN DAVID, chief of the tribe of Judah, and royal prince of Israel!"

A murmur went around the council board. Each looked upon the other in astonishment.

"Royal Prince!" cried the King in disdain.

"My ancestors reigned over more civilized countries than Portugal is now, while yours were yet digging roots in Northern woods to sustain their life, and stole from their richer neighbors, to cover their nakedness. Even now, King of Portugal, I wield a sway over Israel's nation, scattered, as it is, over the green globe, more powerful than you can command over your most devoted servants. For I am the prince of their hearts—you the King of their fears."

Juan grew livid and green with rage.—His convulsively moving lips were unable to articulate a sound. He merely motioned with his hand, for the prisoner to be removed.

But, extraordinary circumstance! The majesty of manner and appearance, the power of mind, the high and haughty flow of eloquence, glued all eyes upon the person of Don Lionel Dian, or Prince Ludovico, and the King's motions were actually unobserved by this assembly of courtiers.

"However," continued the Prince of Israel, "let the glorious past rest. Let me give account of my work in the character of Pater Domingo. I have liberated the Israelitish prisoners of the Inquisition, have sent their children to the free city of Amsterdam, have despatched their treasures there likewise, and have manned the ships with secret Israelites.

"In my character as Massor, I have influenced you, King, through Donna Gloria, have stirred up a conspiracy, have exploded them when they refused to adopt my principles, have again used the Prior di Castro as my tool, have caused the Inquisition to be suspended—this was the gipsy chief. Now, my Lords, I am done. The Israelites are in safety. All your rage and cruelty can not injure them any more. My work is done.—I have worked in vain—but my sun sets.—My life ebbs away within me. The angel of death approaches! His cold wings touch me! Lord, thy servant is ready."

A momentary silence ensued, during which

Don Lionel stood with upturned face and extended arms.

A crash as if the sky had burst! A short, sharp rumble! A shock and quick swaying motion, as if the earth would dissolve away! And the walls and ceilings were torn assunder by a broad cleft. The apartment was filled with whirling dust. Those present lay on their faces unconscious, or convulsed with terror. It was one of those severe though short earthquakes from which Lisbon suffered so much during Juan's reign. It ended with the first shock. No more was felt. That part of the royal palace, containing the council chamber, had, as it were, been torn asunder, by the shock. A great deal of terror was occasioned by the phenomenon. But all recovered in a short while from the fright. All, except Don Lionel Dian. A stone had killed him. He was the only one in Lisbon injured by the earthquake. God had called him to his bosom by one of his messengers, the earthquake.

Thus died the Hebrew Prince. Thus ended a life dedicated to the highest interests of Israel and mankind.

When they raised the body from the floor, where it lay upon its face, the features were found to be rigid in a last smile. The right hand had been pushed into his bosom, and grasped a few dried olive leaves and a small miniature of Queen Eleanor, that hung there by a thin gold chain.

Giving orders for the body to be burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds, the King hastened from the ruined apartment, followed by the council of State.

That night the body was stolen, from the convent of Santa Cruz, whence it had been carried, by the Count di Almaveda and his followers. They embalmed it, and when, some time after, they fled from Portugal, it accompanied them and received a grave in the green savannahs of South America.—Like, of old, the Israelites took the body of Joseph along, when they left Egypt, their Portuguese descendants bore the body of their Prince with them, across the Atlantic to their New Home, where no priestly hand could defile it, and no King throw dirt on the honored grave.

When that new Portuguese congregation in Amsterdam, whose emigration or flight we have described in former chapters, many months after it happened, heard of the death of Don Lionel Dian, there was shedding of tears and groanings of sorrow; there was rending of garments, and mourning on the floor. And, in the new synagogue, around whose holy ark wreathed almond and olive branches, sweet keepsakes of the Southern home, there arose in one loud universal voice the prayer for the dead. Arose in a strain so sad and sorrowful, arose from every heart and lip, in tones, as choked by tears and sobs, as if each man was mourning his father. And for long months, the evening breeze bore at every sunset, the sounds of that mournful Kadish, far over the Zuider See. Who knows, but the winds and waves took up the sad strain and bore it across the broad ocean to the grave of the Hebrew Prince.

And, in the stilly hours of eve, dark-eyed mothers took their wondering little ones upon the lap, and told them in a hushed voice of the great Prince, the Ben David, who had done such mighty deeds, and was loved by the Lord, and told them how he saved the congregation, and was called to God, and slept in the golden land far away. And passionate tears of sorrow rolled down the clear dark complexioned cheeks as they bid their children remember him, and endeavor to become like him. And the little ones cried along, and stammered the name of Don Lionel Dian, the great Ben David, and glorious prince, in holy awe.

And as year by year passed away, and on the anniversary of their escape, Aaron Rodow chanted joyful Psalms, and the synagogue was decorated with orange and almond boughs, hearts rejoiced again and again.—And as on the anniversary of Don Lionel's death, the mournful Kadish was recited again, the heart was wrung and the eye dimmed at the recollection. And the memory of the Hebrew Prince was kept fresh and green.

CHAPTER LI.

CONCLUSION.

The Israelites sped over the high seas, during

the whole night driven by the raging storm. Happily it carried them northward, and every howl of the wind, every foaming heave of the sea, brought them nearer their destination. Morning dawned; the storm subsided; the sea grew calm; and the ship, with widespread sails ploughed her course through the plunging billows. On the second day she was rejoined by her companion, the smaller vessel, which had also managed to escape, during the storm. Many anxious fears were relieved by this re-union.

Not long after, anchor was cast in the Zuider See, and the Portuguese Israelites were landed in Amsterdam. We need not say how glad they were to find their children and treasures there. A congregation was immediately formed, which still exists at the present day. Happiness and success smiled upon them, they grew wealthy and honored, and enjoyed, in peace, the liberty of conscience and divine worship they had sought for. Holland became their new home, the country of their children. They prospered in it, they liked it. But still longing glances were thrown to the south, and fond desires yearned for the brilliant life in sunny Portugal. Portugal their own first home, the land they loved for its own sake, for their own sakes; Portugal was a name that woke the music in their breasts, the tear in their eye. Around Portugal, memory wove her sweetest thoughts, and memory is often the paradise of life. Oh, and nevermore did they behold it, nevermore dwelled their eye on the broad Tagus, and on haughty Cintra, and on the golden steepled Lisbon. In their dreams, on the sunset sky, and deep in the canals of Amsterdam only, they saw the bright shadows of the past home and the past happiness.

We return to the other characters of our tale—too long neglected perhaps.

Pater Modestus was imprisoned on charge of Misardo's murder. But since nothing could be proved; he was soon again set at liberty. The money found in the house and upon the body of the miser was, however confiscated. Poor Modestus, wise through experience, never again went to sea, but lived a quiet life, eating and praying in a well endowed convent of his order.

In regard to Don Miguel, he was never even suspected of the heinous crime he had committed. When Donna Bananda fled leaving many rich lands unsold in the Kingdom, these were claimed by Miguel as the nearest relative, and granted by his master, the King. We shall mention this personage again.

We now allow some years to pass, and then visit a couple, that occupy and possess a fine thriving tavern in a village not far from Amsterdam. The host is sober and pleasant; in his gait every one discovers the walk of a sailor. But this serves to make him popular, not less than the dry jokes and the honesty, honored in his person. In short it is Joseppo, the boatswain, and the fair busy hostess, his wife, is no other than Maria Flunoz. They live right happily, with each other and are very likely to thrive well in the world. Maria who in Holland and in the society of Joseppo has forgotten Portugal and her dark gipsy lover, makes as good, loving, and careful a wife, as if she had always lived in her present sober home, and never been the chamber maid of Donna Gloria, the beloved of the handsome page, and the gay Portuguese girl.

And Fidaro? Why, he has married also, and turned merchant in a small way, on one of Lisbon's busy streets. And who is the wife of his bosom? None else than the venerable spinster Margarita Flunoz. Fate fulfilled all her wishes and desires. She won a husband, young, good and handsome. Let us relate how this remarkable union was brought about.

Fidaro was very much dejected by the departure of Maria, of which he was informed. The death of his master and chieftain Don Lionel Dian rendered him still more melancholy. When at last at the departure of those Israelites whom the Count di Almaveda led, many gipsies were induced to follow them across the Atlantic, and thus Massor's band was dissolved—Fidaro not only despaired in spirit, but was reduced to great straits. Leave Portugal he would not, and, therefore, had rejected Almaveda's offers.—Now, he lived a beggar in the streets of Lisbon. Then, dame Margarita met him. She

made advances, and by dint of her charms, and the attractions of her long savings and clippings, succeeded in securing a husband in him. They bought a small house, with the shop and good will appertaining thereto, and were doing business pretty successfully.

The further life of King Juan III of Portugal, and his brother the Prior di Castro; the success and firm establishment of the Inquisition and the consequent decay of the land, are matters of history. Our tale records nothing further about them.

Here we pause to look upon two scenes, well worthy of our attention.

Imagine a large low Dutch country mansion, with its regular parterres and its gay rich colored flowers erect like soldiers, with its fancifully trimmed trees and shining windows, and wide projecting gables. Imagine this prim habitation, as you will still find many like it, in the neighborhood of Amsterdam, with countless windmills in sight, and broad canals here and there cutting the country. After you have imagined all this, let us enter the broad, comfortable brick building, through one of the quaintly carved doors, for it is the mansion of the wealthy merchant, Myphaer Hendriek Costa—of our hero Don Enrique da Costa. And since we know this, now, we may also remark before we enter, the broad glassen greenhouse, which is filled with Southern plants. In a large apartment of the mansion, before a crackling fire, for the summer is chilly, sits the merchant and his good frow, together with his two little ones, a boy and a girl. The children, however have seated themselves on small stools, on either side of a mighty chair, in the recesses of which lays grandmother, Donna Bananda.—The conversation turned on Count Almaveda.

"He and his noble companions," said Enrique, "have also dropt the proud appellation of their fathers. They are but plain settlers, tilling the ground and consuming or selling their produce; he is their chief, David Nassi. Why should we then regret changes of fate? And yet, my dear Rosa, when I remember the brilliancy of our former life—my only wish is that our children may be permitted to return to Portugal."

"May Heaven grant it so," replied Rosa; "the memories of what we were are like beautiful dreams. Yet I willingly offered all for my great God, and my religion.—Come Bella," she called to the little girl "sing to me that Spanish song of home.—Father is melancholy."

The child obeyed.

While she was yet singing, a servant entered and announced a stranger.

"Bid him come in," said Enrique.

It was Captain Sporas.

Great were the rejoicings that evening, for the captain had been in South America, and on his return touched in Portugal, and stayed there several weeks. Inquiries were the order of the day now. Inquiries after old friends, old places, old things, everything he could mention, was of interest. Each of the company seemed to live his youth over again. Even Donna Bananda began to talk and relate of the time when the noblest of the land sang ditties beneath her windows, and how, when in Spain with Princess Bianca, the Duke de Medina Sidonia and the Duke de Ildefonso were rivals for her affections.

Not long, and the table was set at Good frow Rosa's order. The supper was brought in on heavy silver vessels. Old fiery Spanish wines were taken from the cellars, and golden Southern fruits from the greenhouse. Songs and anecdotes of days long past, brilliant reminiscences and court scandal, sparkling wit, and rich humor, were the subjects of the conversation. All lived again the happiest part of their lives. Any one listening would have been sure that those present were of the highest nobility of Spain and Portugal. Even their children looked at them with strange astonishment. Thus passed the evening. And many such evenings were kept in the Dutch mansion, each one serving to keep Portugal's memory bright.

We turn to the second scene. On the coast of India, one of the Portuguese forts has been attacked and taken by the natives. As well known the Portuguese were in almost constant warfare with the inhabitants of India. It was at the time when the hate of the East Indians inflamed by the treacherous Venetians, had embittered them most

against the new colonists. The fort we speak of was peculiarly obnoxious from the wild cruelty and oppression of its governor. Therefore, the rajah of the neighboring mountains with his warriors had descended into the plain and taken the fort. The Portuguese had resisted well, but been forced to yield to numbers. The Indians slaughtered them mercilessly. But the governor and his beautiful young wife were brought prisoners to the rajah. He looked at them sternly.

"Let me be ransomed," said the governor, who was no other than Don Miguel di Sousa. "I offer you great ransom for my life. The King of Portugal will pay it, rajah."

"So you love life?" inquired the Indian prince.

"What a question? I am your prisoner of war, rajah, and, in honor you are bound to let me be ransomed. Send to the next Portuguese port with your conditions of my release."

"The rules of your dishonest nation bind me not. We have other honor than the Portuguese."

"Rajah, if you harm me, a terrible retribution will follow. Fear the power of Portugal!"

"I fear it not. Let this guilty man receive one hundred stripes, cut his arms and legs off, and then burn his body. But ~~that~~ he remain alive as long as possible."

Amid his frantic cries, Don Miguel was removed from the Rajah's presence; before sunset the sentence was executed. The ashes of his body, together with the cut-off limbs were cast in a dung hole.

And his wife? His wife, the widow of Don Isidore di Canaroo, the beautiful Donna Miranda, was sent by the rajah, as a present to the Sultan of Hindostan. She elevated herself, soon afterwards, to the position of Sultana, and remained his majesty's beloved favorite, as long as he lived. When he died she ruled by her son, the young sultan, and always proved herself a decided enemy of the Portuguese.

I have none else to report of. The future lives of the smaller characters are too unimportant to record. Therefore, we totally omit mentioning them now.

I am done. Reader, I have learned to love you, during the course of this tale. I am now full of sadness, for the bond which connected us for so long a time, is about to be broken. We have, together, admired characters and minds, which were the ornaments of their age. We have together looked upon a sad epoch of our nation's history.

We have watched too the war of passion in human hearts. And, now, we are about to part. Let me hope that I have treated my subjects in a worthy manner, and that I have pleased and instructed you. Kind reader, farewell! NATHAN MAYER.

LOUIS WYLER, Esq.

My Dear Friend!

You have been kind enough to aid me, repeatedly, in the collection of materials for this Novel. At its close, let me acknowledge it; let me thank you, with the respect due to your high talents and vivid imagination.

If this circumstance, as everything that brings us into closer connection, will serve to increase and exalt our present friendship, then this Novel, will be always looked upon as a source of pleasure, by

THE AUTHOR.

