

you saw it was not possible for you to escape? Is this the respect due to an admiral? Do not you know that rashness is no courage? While there is any hope, we are allowed to be bold, but not to be desperate." The master was offering to reply, but the general could not stay to hear his answer, being obliged to go and entertain the viceroy, who was just come on board with his retinue, and others of the town. "You have had a lucky chase, my lord," said the viceroy; "what have you got?"—"Your excellency shall see presently," answered the general; "I will shew them you immediately hanging at the main-yard arm."—"How so?" replied the viceroy.—"Because," said he, "they have killed, contrary to all law of arms, reason, and custom of the sea, two of the best soldiers I had on board; for which I am sworn to hang them every mother's son; especially this young rogue, the master." Saying this he shewed him a person with his hands already bound, and the halter about his neck, expecting nothing but death. His youth, beauty, and resignation began to plead much in his behalf with the viceroy, and made him inclinable to save him: "Tell me, captain," said he, "art thou born a Turk, or a Moor, or art thou a renegado?"—"None of all these,"

answered the youth, in good Spanish.—"What then?" said the viceroy.—"A Christian woman," replied the youth; "a woman, and a Christian, though in these clothes, and in such a post; but it is a thing rather to be wondered at than believed. I humbly beseech you, my lords," continued the youth, "to defer my execution till I give you the history of my life; and I can assure you, the delay of your revenge will be but short." This request was urged so piteously, that nobody could deny it; whereupon the general bade him proceed, assuring him, nevertheless, that there were no hopes of pardon for an offence so great as that of which he was guilty. Then the youth began:—

"I am one of that unhappy and imprudent nation, whose miseries are fresh in your memories. My parents being of the Morisco race, the current of their misfortunes, with the obstinacy of two uncles, hurried me out of Spain into Barbary. In vain I professed myself a Christian, being really one, and not such a secret Mahometan as too many of us were; this could neither prevail with my uncles to leave me in my native country, nor with the severity of those officers that had orders to make us evacuate Spain, to believe that it was not a



pretence. My mother was a Christian; my father, a man of discretion, professed the same belief; and I sucked the Catholic faith with my milk. I was handsomely educated, and never betrayed the least mark of the Morisco breed, either in language or behaviour. With these endowments, as I grew up, that little beauty I had, if ever I had any, began to increase, and for all my retired life, and the restraint upon my appearing abroad, a young gentleman, called Don Gasper Gregorio, got a sight of me: He was son and heir to a knight that lived in the next town. It were tedious to relate how he got an opportunity to converse with me, fell desperately in love, and affected me with a sense of his passion. I must be short, lest this halter cut me off in the middle of my story. I shall only tell you, that he would needs bear me company in my banishment; and accordingly by the help of the Morisco language, of which he was a perfect master, he mingled with the exiles, and getting acquainted with my two uncles that conducted me, we all went together to Barbary, and took up our residence at Algiers, or rather hell itself.

“My father, in the mean time, had very prudently, upon the first news of the proclamation to banish us, withdrawn to seek a

place of refuge for us in some foreign country, leaving a considerable stock of money and jewels hidden in a private place, which he discovered to nobody but me, with orders not to move it till his return.

“The King of Algiers, understanding I had some beauty, and also that I was rich, which afterwards turned to my advantage, sent for me, and was very inquisitive about my country, and what jewels and gold I had got. I satisfied him as to the place of my nativity, and gave him to understand, that my riches were buried in a certain place, where I might easily recover them, were I permitted to return where they lay.

“This I told him, that in hopes of sharing in my fortune, his covetousness should divert him from injuring my person. In the midst of these questions, the king was informed that a certain youth, the handsomest and loveliest in the world, had come over in company with us. I was presently conscious that Don Gregorio was the person, his beauty answering so exactly their description. The sense of the young gentleman’s danger was now more grievous to me than my own misfortunes, having been told that those barbarous Turks are much fonder of a handsome youth, than the most



beautiful woman. The king gave immediate orders he should be brought into his presence, asking me whether the youth deserved the commendations they gave him? I told him, inspired by some good angel, that the person they so much commended, was no man, but of my own sex, and withal begged his permission to have her dressed in a female habit, that her beauty might shine in its natural lustre, and so prevent her blushes, if she should appear before his majesty in that unbecoming habit. He consented, promising withal to give orders next morning for my return to Spain, to recover my treasure. I spoke with Don Gasper, represented to him the danger of appearing a man, and prevailed with him to wait on the king that evening, in the habit of a Moorish woman. The king was so much pleased with his beauty, that he resolved to reserve him as a present for the Grand Seignior; and, fearing the malice of his wives in the seraglio, and the solicitations of his own desires, he gave her in charge to some of the principal ladies of the city, to whose house she was immediately conducted.

“This separation was grievous to us both, for I cannot deny that I love him. Those who have ever felt the pangs of a parting love, can best imagine the affliction of our souls. Next

morning, by the king's order, I embarked for Spain in this vessel, accompanied by these two Turks that killed your men, and this Spanish renegado that first spoke to you, who is a Christian in his heart, and came along with me with a greater desire to return to Spain than go back to Barbary. The rest are all Moors and Turks, who serve for rowers. Their orders were to set me on shore with this renegado, in the habits of Christians, on the first Spanish ground we should discover; but these two covetous and insolent Turks would needs, contrary to their order, first cruise upon the coast, in hopes of taking some prize; being afraid, that if they should first set us ashore, some accident might happen to us, and make us discover that the brigantine was not far off at sea, and so expose them to the danger of being taken, if there were galleys upon the coast. In the night we made this land, not mistrusting any galleys lying so near, and so we fell into your hands.

“To conclude, Don Gregorio remains in women's habit among the Moors, nor can the deceit long protect him from destruction; and here I stand, expecting, or rather fearing my fate, which yet cannot prove unwelcome, I being now weary of living. Thus, gentlemen,



you have heard the unhappy passages of my life; I have told you nothing but what is true; and all I have to beg is, that I may die as a Christian, since I am innocent of the crimes of which my unhappy nation is accused." Here she stopped, and, with her story and her tears, melted the hearts of many of the company.

The viceroy, being moved with a tender compassion, was the first to unbind the cords that manacled her fair hands, when an ancient pilgrim, who came on board with the viceroy's attendants, having, with a fixed attention, minded the damsel during her relation, came suddenly, and, throwing himself at her feet, "Oh! Anna Felix," cried he, "my dear unfortunate daughter! Behold thy father Ricote, that returned to seek thee, being unable to live without thee, who art the joy and support of my age."—"Upon this, Sancho, who had all this while been sullenly musing, vexed with the usage he had met with so lately, lifting up his head, and staring the pilgrim in the face, knew him to be the same Ricote he had met on the road the day he left his government, and was likewise fully persuaded that this was his daughter, who, being now unbound, embraced her father, and joined with him in his joy and grief. "My lords," said the old

pilgrim, "this is my daughter, Anna Felix, more unhappy in fortune than in name, and famed as much for her beauty as for her father's riches. I left my country to seek a sanctuary for my age, and, having fixed upon a residence in Germany, returned in this habit, with other pilgrims, to dig up and regain my wealth, which I have effectually done; but I little thought thus unexpectedly to have found my greatest treasure, my dearest daughter. My lords, if it can consist with the integrity of your justice, to pardon our small offence, I join my prayers and tears with hers, to implore your mercy on our behalf, since we never designed you any injury, and are innocent of those crimes for which our nation has justly been banished."—"Ay, ay," cried Sancho, putting in, "I know Ricote as well as the beggar knows his dish; and so far as concerns Anna Felix's being his daughter, I know that is true too; but for all the story of his goings-out and comings-in, and his intentions, whether they were good or whether they were bad, I will neither meddle nor make—not I."

So uncommon an accident filled all the company with admiration; so that the general, turning to the fair captive, "Your tears," said he, "are so prevailing, madam, that they



compel me now to be forsworn. Live, lovely Anna Felix—live as many years as Heaven has decreed you; and let those rash and insolent slaves, who alone committed the crimes, bear the punishment of it." With that, he gave orders to have the two delinquent Turks hanged up at the yard-arm; but at the intercession of the viceroy, their fault shewing rather madness than design, the fatal sentence was revoked; the general considering, at the same time, that their punishment in cold blood would look more like cruelty than justice.

Then they began to consider how they might retrieve Don Gasper Gregorio from the danger he was in; to which purpose Ricote offered to the value of above a thousand ducats, which he had about him in jewels, to purchase his ransom. But the readiest expedient was thought to be the proposal of the Spanish renegado, who offered, with a small bark and half-a-dozen oars, manned by Christians, to return to Algiers and set him at liberty, as best knowing when and where to land, and being acquainted with the place of his confinement. The general and the viceroy demurred to this motion, through a distrust of the renegado's fidelity, since he might perhaps betray the Christians that were to go along

with him. But Anna Felix engaging for his truth, and Ricote obliging himself to ransom the Christians, if they were taken, the design was resolved upon.

The viceroy went ashore, committing the Morisca and her father to Don Antonio Moreno's care, desiring him at the same time to command his house for any thing that might conduce to their entertainment; such sentiments of kindness and good-nature had the beauty of Anna Felix infused into his breast.