

ALL THE  
HISTORIES  
AND  
NOVELS

Written by the Late

Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN*,

Intire in One VOLUME.

VIZ.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| I. <i>The History of Oroonoko; Or, the Royal-Slave. Written by the Command of King Charles the Second.</i>               | V. <i>The Ladies Looking-Glass to Dress themselves by; Or, the whole Art of Charming all Mankind.</i> |
| II. <i>The Fair Jilt; Or, Prince Tarquin.</i>  | VI. <i>The Lucky Mistake.</i>   |
| III. <i>Agnes de Castro; Or, the Force of generous Love.</i>   | VII. <i>Memoirs of the Court of the King of Bantam.</i>   |
| IV. <i>The Lover's Watch; Or, the Art of making Love: Being Rules for Courtship for every Hour of the Day and Night.</i> | VIII. <i>The Nun; Or, the Perjured Beauty.</i>  |
|  | IX. <i>The Adventure of the Black Lady.</i>   |

TOGETHER WITH

The History of the LIFE and MEMOIRS of Mrs. *BEHN*.  
By one of the Fair Sex. Intermix'd with Pleasant LOVE-  
LETTERS that pass'd betwixt her and *Minheer Van Bruin*,  
a Dutch Merchant; with her Character of the Country and  
Lover: And her LOVE-LETTERS to a Gentleman in England.

The SIXTH EDITION, Corrected.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *J. D.* for *M. WELLINGTON*, at the  
*King's-Head*, against *St. Clement's Church* in the  
*Strand*. M. DCC. XVIII.

Book 9

ms<sup>D</sup> 2017

HISTORICAL  
NOVELS

INGENIOUS MRS. RALPH  
LONDON

THE HISTORY OF THE  
INGENIOUS MRS. RALPH  
LONDON

THE HISTORY OF THE  
INGENIOUS MRS. RALPH  
LONDON

THE HISTORY OF THE  
INGENIOUS MRS. RALPH  
LONDON

Printed by J. D. ...  
LONDON



THE  
Epistle Dedicatory,  
TO  
SIMON SCROOP, Esq;  
Of Danby, in Yorkshire.

Honoured Sir,

**I** AM extremely pleas'd with this Opportunity of renewing that Acquaintance, which I had the Honour and Happiness to begin with you at the College (where you laid the Foundation of that fine Gentleman you since have proved, and where you gave such early and certain Promises of your future Merit) and at the same time of doing Justice both to the Respect and Honour I have for you, Sir; and to the Value and Esteem I ever had for the Person and Memory of Mrs. Behn, by making you a Present, that has more than once already met with a publick and general Applause; and by securing these admirable and diverting Histories from being prostituted to a Person unworthy of the Honour. And were she alive, she would be in-

*finutely fond of my Choice; in whom she would have found all the admirable Qualifications that make up the Character of a noble Patron, and a generous Friend; an Hereditary Honour, and a Personal Vertue: In whom she would have found an antient Descent, dignified with your own particular Honour, Justice, Sweetness of Temper, Affability, Generosity, and Sense: In whom she would have found such a Felicity of Address, as makes your Discourse at once convince and charm; a sprightly Wit and sound Judgment, which are eminent both in your Conversation and Conduct, in the Choice and Exercise of your Vertues: In whom she would have found Generosity without Profuseness; a native Propensity to do good to others, without injuring your Posterity; a just Consideration of the Object of your Bounty, before you bestow a Benefit; and then the Favour doubled by preventing the Expectation, and saving the Person obliged the Confusion of asking: In whom she would have found Prudence without Cunning, the deliberate Effect of a true Judgment, not the hasty and mean Result of mere Interest and Design: In whom therefore she would have made no doubt of finding the noble Souls and Principles of Meccenas, Proculeus, Cotta, Fabius, Lentulus, Gallus, or Messala; a Soul exalted with a generous Ambition of no vulgar Praise: for to be a Protector and Encourager of the Muses, is an uncommon Glory; the Prerogative of but a few, Quos æquus amavit Jupiter: and more Ages have gone to the producing a Good Patron, than a Good Poet.*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

v

*Not but that Poetry, in every Age and Nation, has pleas'd, and found among the rich and powerful, such as Juvenal describes in his time,*

—Didicit jam dives avarus  
Tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos  
Ut pueri Junonis avem —

*Who give an empty Admiration, and a barren Praise, but want Magnificence of Soul enough to reward, or preserve the Author of their Pleasure. They have nothing to spare from their Profuseness in their Trifles; their Follies are too expensive to allow any thing to Learning, good Sense, and divine Poetry; which, like Honesty, are only prais'd and starve.*

Non habet infœlix Numitor quod mittat  
amico,

Quintillæ quod donet habet; nec defuit illi  
Unde emeret multa pascendum carne  
leonem

Jam domitum; constat leviori bellua sumptu  
Nimirum, & capiunt plus intestina Poetæ.

*Sophocles might get the Government of a Province for writing a good Play; Tyrtæus the Command of an Army: but that golden Age of Poetry is gone; and at this distance, looks almost like that fabulous one the Grecian Poets describ'd. For now (and almost ever since) no Arts are encourag'd, that are not immediately employ'd in the Service, Ornament, or Pleasure of the Body; and those that adorn*

dorn the Mind thrown aside as superfluous, and as useless as Ragou's Shirt; which would make one think, if (as our spiritual Writers call it) the Body be but the Garment or Habit of the Mind, that the Minds of most Men are mere Beaux, wholly lost in their Dress, and insensible to all that does not either discompose or adjust that.

Hence 'tis evident, that whatever pretence the rest of the World have to complain of the Times, the Poets only have a just Cause to do it: For let the Times be ever so hard, all other Mysteries and Faculties thrive, and meet with new Supplies. The Sharper (as numerous as his Tribe is) still finds fresh Bubbles; the Knight of the Post fresh bad Causes, Whores and Bawds fresh Cullies; brawny Fools fresh City Wives, or disappointed Quality; Taylors fresh Fashions; Usurers fresh Spend-thrifts; Lawyers fresh Clients; Courtiers fresh Bribes, fresh Projects, and fresh Places; Soldiers fresh Plunder; and Divines fresh Livings: But the Poet scarce fresh Straw. And now 'tis as of old,

————— Utile multis  
Pallere, & toto vinum nescire Decembri.

I might have made it Anno, but out of respect to the Verse. Poetry can get no fresh Star to shine on it, no fresh Patron to encourage it; that it might be fulfilled, what was long since written of it by Petronius Arbiter——

Qui pelago credit, magno se fœnere tollit;  
Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur  
Auro; Vilis

Vilis adulator picto jacet ebruius Ostro,  
 Et qui sollicitat nuptas ad præmia peccat:  
 Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,  
 Atq; inopi lingua, desertas invocat Artes.

*'Tis Encouragement that advances all Arts, especially Poetry; which requires a free, undisturbed, and easy Life, void of all Cares and Sollicitudes, which confound the noble Ideas and Images that should fill a Poet's Mind. If Virgil had miss'd the Patronage of the Prince of the Roman Empire, he had never been the Prince of Poets.*

Nam si Virgilio Puer, & tolerabile desit  
 Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus Hy-  
 dri, &c.

*An enlivening Bottle, a pleasing Conversation, and an opportune Retreat of shady Groves, Hills, Vales, and purling Streams, are things that give fresh Vigour to the weary'd Pinions of a soaring Muse.*

O! quis me gelidis in montibus Æmi  
 Siftet, & ingenti Ramorum protegat Umbra?

*Poetry, the supreme Pleasure of the Mind, is begot and born in Pleasure, but oppress'd and kill'd with Pain. So that this Reflection ought to raise our Admiration of Mrs. Behn, whose Genius was of that force, like Homer's, to maintain its Gaiety in the midst of Disappointments, which a Woman of her Sense and Merit ought never to have met with: But she had a great Strength of Mind, and Command of Thought, being able to write in the midst of Company, and yet have her share of the Conversation; which I saw her do in writing Oroonoko,*

noko, and other parts of the following Volume : in every part of which, Sir, you'll find an easy Style, and a peculiar Happiness of thinking. The Passions, that of Love especially, she was Mistress of ; and gave us such nice and tender Touches of them, that without her Name we might discover the Author ; as Protogenes did Apelles, by the stroke of his Pencil.

In this Edition, Sir, are three Novels not printed before, and considerable Additions to her Life ; from all which, I'm persuaded you will draw a very agreeable Entertainment, which I always wish you in your Conversation with the Muses ; for we often seek the Company that pleases us : among which, if I shall hereafter, by the Indulgence of a better Fortune, be able to place any thing worthy your Perusal, I shall enjoy a very sensible Satisfaction ; for,

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

And I could find no readier way to obtain so agreeable an Event, than thus by putting my self with so powerful a Bribe as Mrs. Behn's Histories, under your Protection, Sir ; where the Malice of my Enemies, or the Malignity of my Misfortunes, will never be able to give any uneasy, at least anxious Thoughts, to, S I R,

Your most Humble,

most Obedient,

and Devoted Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.





THE  
 HISTORY  
 OF THE  
 LIFE and MEMOIRS  
 OF  
 Mrs. B E H N.

---

*Written by one of the Fair Sex.*

---

**M**Y Intimate Acquaintance with the admirable *Astrea*, gave me naturally a very great Esteem for her; for it both freed me from that Folly of my Sex, of envying or slighting Excellencies I could not obtain, and inspired me with a noble Fire to celebrate that Woman, who was an Honour and Glory to our Sex: and this reprinting her incomparable Novels, presented me with a lucky Occasion of exerting that Desire into Action.

B

She

She was a Gentlewoman by Birth, of a good Family in the City of *Canterbury* in *Kent*; her Paternal Name was *Johnson*, whose Relation to the Lord *Willoughby*, drew him, for the advantageous Post of Lieutenant-General of many Isles, besides the Continent of *Surinam*, from his quiet Retreat at *Canterbury*, to run the hazardous Voyage of the *West Indies*. With him he took his chief Riches, his Wife and Children; and in that number *Africa*, his promising Darling, our future *Heroine*, and admired *Africa*, who even in the first Bud of Infancy, discover'd such early Hopes of her riper Years, that she was equally her Parents Joy and Fears: for they too often mistrust the Loss of a Child, whose Wit and Understanding outstrip its Years, as too great a Blessing to be long enjoy'd. Whether that Fear proceeds from Superstition, or Diffidence of our present Happiness, I shall not determine; but must pursue my Discourse, with assuring you, none had greater Fears of that nature, or greater Cause for 'em: for besides the Vivacity and Wit of her Conversation at the first use almost of Reason in Discourse, she would write the prettiest soft engaging Verses in the World. Thus qualify'd, she accompany'd her Parents in their long Voyage to *Surinam*, leaving behind her the Sighs and Tears of all her Friends, and breaking Hearts of her Lovers, that sigh'd to possess what was scarce yet arrived to a Capacity of easing their Pain, if she had been willing. But as she was Mistress of uncommon Charms of Body, as well as Mind, she gave infinite and raging Desires, before she cou'd know the least her self.

Her Father liv'd not to see that Land flowing with Milk and Honey, that Paradise which she so admirably describes in *Oroonoko*: where you may also find what Adventures happen'd to her in that Country. The Misfortunes of that Prince had been unknown to us, if the Divine *Africa* had not been there,

there, and his Sufferings had wanted that Satisfaction which her Pen has given 'em in the Immortality of his Vertues and Constancy; the very Memory of which move a generous Pity in all, and a Contempt of the brutal Actors in that unfortunate Tragedy. Here I can add nothing to what she has given the World already, but a Vindication of her from some unjust Aspersions I find are insinuated about this Town in relation to that Prince. I knew her intimately well, and I believe she wou'd not have concealed any Love-Affair from me, being one of her own Sex, whose Friendship and Secrecy she had experienced: which makes me assure the World there was no Affair between that Prince and *Astrea*, but what the whole Plantation were Witnessles of; a generous Value for his uncommon Vertues, which every one that but hears 'em, finds in himself, and his Presence gave her no more. Beside, his Heart was too violently set on the everlasting Charms of his *Imoinda*, to be shook with those more faint (in his Eye) of a White-Beauty; and *Astrea's* Relations, there present, had too watchful an Eye over her, to permit the Frailty of her Youth, if that had been powerful enough. As this is false, so are the Consequences of it too; for the Lord, her Father's Friend, that was not then arrived, perished in a Hurricane, without having it in his power to resent it: Nor had his Resentments been any thing to her, who only waited the Arrival of the next Ships to convey her back to her desired *England*; where she soon after, to her Satisfaction, arrived, and gave King *Charles II.* so pleasant and rational an Account of his Affairs there, and particularly of the Misfortunes of *Oroonoko*, that he desired her to deliver them publickly to the World, and was satisfy'd of her Abilities in the Management of Business, and the Fidelity of our *Heroine* to his Interest. After she was married to Mr. *Behn*, a Merchant of

4 *The LIFE and MEMOIRS*

this City, tho of *Dutch* Extraction, he committed to her Secrecy and Conduct, Affairs of the highest Importance in the *Dutch* War; which obliging her to stay at *Antwerp*, presented her with the Adventures of Prince *Tarquin*, and his false wicked Fair-One *Miranda*. The full Account of which you will find admirably writ in the following Volume.

But I must not omit entirely some other Adventures that hapned to her during this Negotiation, tho I cannot give so just and large a Representation of them as I willingly wou'd.

I have told you, that as her Mind, so her Body was adorned with all the Advantages of our Sex: Wit, Beauty and Judgment seldom meet in one, especially in Woman, (you may allow this from a Woman) but in her they were eminent: and this made her turn all the Advantages each gave her to the Interest she had devoted her self to serve. And whereas the Beauty of the Face is that which generally takes with Mankind, so it gives 'em most commonly an Assurance and Security from Designs; for they suppose that a beautiful Woman, as she is made for the Pleasure of others, so chiefly minds her own: and in that they are not much mistaken, for they pursue the same Course with the rest of the World, Pleasure; but then 'tis as various as their Tempers, and what they generally imagine may have the least share in many of them. The Event, I'm sure, shew'd that in *Astrea* (at this time at least) the Pleasures of Love had not the Predominance, when she diverted the Hopes, which the Vanity of a *Dutch* Merchant of great Interest and Authority in *Holland*, had entertained of a successful Passion, to the Service of her Prince, and his own shameful Disappointment.

They are mistaken who imagine that a *Dutchman* can't love; for tho they are generally more phlegmatick than other Men, yet it sometimes happens that Love does penetrate their Lump, and dispenses

an enlivening Fire, that destroys its graver and cooler Considerations; at least it once prov'd so on this Spark, whom we must call by the Name of *Vander Albert*, of *Utrecht*.

*Antwerp* is a City of great Opulence and Compass, and before the Separation of the Seven Provinces from the other Ten, was the *Emporium* of *Flanders*, and is yet a Town of considerable Trade and Resort; 'tis in the *Spanish Netherlands*, and yet near Neighbour to the Dominions of the *States*. For which reason, our *Astrea* chose it for the Place of her Abode, where she might with the greater Ease hear from, and meet with *Vander Albert*; who, before the War, in her Husband's time, had been in love with her in *England*, and on which she grounded the Success of her Negotiation. *Albert*, as soon as he knew of her Arrival at *Antwerp*, and the publick Posts he was in would give him leave, made a short Voyage to meet her, with all the Love his Nature was capable of, (and which by chance was much, and more refin'd than most of his Countrymen, at least according to our common Notions of 'em) and after a Repetition of all his former Professions for her Service, press'd her extremely to let him, by some signal Means, give undeniable Proofs of the Vehemence and Sincerity of his Passion; for which he wou'd ask no Reward, till he had by long and faithful Services convinc'd her that he deserv'd it.

This Proposal was so reasonable, and so extremely suitable to her present Aim in the Service of her Country, that she accepted it; and having the Reward in her own Power, as well as the Judgment of his Deserts, she put him to that Use, which made her very serviceable to the King. I shall only instance one piece of Intelligence, which might have sav'd the Nation a great deal of Money and Disgrace, had Credit been given to it. The

## 6 The LIFE and MEMOIRS

latter End of the Year 1666, *Albert* sent her word by a special Messenger, that he wou'd be with her at a Day appointed, which nothing cou'd have oblig'd him to but his Engagements to her; but his Affairs requiring his immediate Return into *Holland*, he had sent that Express to get her to be alone, and in the way, those few Minutes he cou'd stay with her.

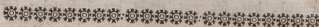
The Time comes: *Astrea* is punctual to the Appointment, and *Albert* informs her, that *Cornelius de Wit*, who with the rest of that Family, had an implacable Hatred to the *English* Nation, and the House of *Orange*, that was so nearly related to it, had with *de Ruyter*, propos'd to the States, to sail up the River of *Thames*, and destroy the *English* Ships in their Harbours; since, by the Proposal of a Peace, the King of *England* had shewn so little of the Politician, or was so rul'd by evil Counsellors, that he never thought of treating with Sword in hand; but to save the Expence of fitting out a Fleet, had expos'd so considerable a Part of it to the Resentment of the Enemy. This Proposal of *de Wit*, concurring with the Advice which the *Dutch* Partisans in *England* had given 'em, was well receiv'd; and you may depend on it, my charming *Astrea*, that it will be put in execution (said *Albert*) for I can further assure you, that we have that good Correspondence with some Ministers about the King, that being ensur'd from all Opposition, we look on it as a thing of neither Danger or Difficulty.

When *Albert* had discover'd a Secret of this importance, and with all those Marks of a sincere Relation of Truth, *Astrea* cou'd not doubt but he had sufficient Grounds for what he had told her, and scarce allow'd that little Time that *Albert* staid to the Civilities due for a Service of that mighty consequence; and this Interview was no sooner ended,

ended, but she got ready her Dispatches for England.

But all the particular Circumstances she gave, nor the Consequence of it, if it should be effected, cou'd gain Credit enough to her Intelligence, to make any tolerable Preparations against it: And all the Encouragement she met with, was to be laugh'd at by the Minister she wrote to; and her Letter shew'd, by way of Contempt, to some who ought not to have been let into the Secret, and so bandy'd about, till it came to the ears of a particular Friend of hers, who gave her an account of what Reward she was to expect for her Service, since that was so little valu'd; and desir'd her therefore to lay aside her politick Negotiation, and divert her Friends with some pleasant Adventures of *Antwerp*, either as to her Lovers, or those of any other Lady of her Acquaintance: that in this she wou'd be more successful than in her Pretences of State, since here she wou'd not fail of pleasing those she writ to.

*Astrea* vex'd at this Letter, and the Treatment she had met with, for a Service the Antients wou'd have decreed her a Triumph, gave over all sollicitous Thought of Business, and resolv'd to comply with her Friends Request in what she wou'd take so much pleasure in the Narration of. But soon after she had the satisfaction to see her incredulous Correspondents sufficiently punished for neglecting her Advice, and by their Mismanagement, the very particular Thing come to pass she had forewarn'd 'em of; nay, and some powerful Men fall under the Censures of the People for the Misfortunes their Pride, Folly, or private Designs, had brought upon them. But to return from this short Excursion, to her Letter.



## L E T T E R.

*My Dear Friend,*

**Y**OUR Remarks upon my politick Capacity, tho they are sharp, touch me not, but recoil on those that have not made use of the Advantages they might have drawn from thence; and are doubly to blame: First, In sending a Person, in whose Ability, Sense, and Veracity, they cou'd not confide; and next, Not to understand when a Person indifferent tells 'em a probable Story, and which if it come to pass, wou'd sufficiently punish their Incredulity; and which, if follow'd, wou'd have put 'em on their Guard against a vigilant and industrious Foe, who watch'd every Opportunity of returning the several Repulses, and Damages, they had met with of late from them. But I have often observ'd your busy young Statesmen, so very opinionated of their own Designs, that they are so far from encouraging those of another, if good, that they cannot forgive their Proposal, and sacrifice a publick Good to their particular Pride.

But I have let these *Idle Reflections* (for such must all be that regard our wretched Statesmen) divert me from a more agreeable Relation. To comply therefore with your Request, in its full Extent, I shall give you an account of both my own Adventures, and those of a Lady of my Acquaintance; and with her I'll begin, for 'tis but civil to give place to a Stranger. I shall convey her to your Knowledge by the Name of *Lucilla*. She is of a gay, airy Disposition, middle siz'd, fine black Eyes, long flowing dark Hair. Nature has drawn her Eye-brows, which are dark, much finer  
than



than Art usually does those of the affected Beauties of our Acquaintance; her Mouth is small, her Lips plump, ruddy, and fresh, I won't say moist; her Hand small, Fingers long and taper, and her Shape better than is usual among the *Flemish* Ladies: To this I must add, That her Wit is much above the Common Rate.

With all these Accomplishments, you may imagine that she was not without her Admirers; among which Number, none came so near her Heart, as the eldest Son of *Ramirez*, an old sordid Miser, that lov'd his Money much above his Sons, or even himself: which made the Allowance he gave his two Sons but very small, and not fit to enable them to make any tolerable Figure in the World. For the real Names of these two Brothers, I must give that of *Miguel* and *Lopez*, and for the Grace of the Matter, add Don to them.

Don *Miguel*, and Don *Lopez*, I know not how they came by 'em, had Souls as brave and generous, as that of their Father was wretched and base: they with pain saw their many Advantages of a liberal Education their Father's Covetousness robb'd 'em of; and by their natural Parts, and winning Behaviour, touched their Relations so nearly, that they long contributed to their Improvement, even till now the Brothers were become two of the most accomplish'd and gallant Youths of the City. Their Quality gave them Admittance to the best Families, and their Accomplishments to the Hearts of the fairest Ladies; but few ever pass'd farther than the Confines of theirs, and the lighter Touches of an Amoret was all that made them sigh, till they saw the incomparable *Lucilla*, and her fair Cousin, of whom, not knowing her, I shall say nothing. Don *Miguel*, as gay as he was, and as insensible as he fancy'd himself, no sooner saw *Lucilla*, but he found the difference betwixt the  
Force

Force of her Eyes, and those of the rest of the Ladies of his Acquaintance: And as a Proof of it, he was not sooner touch'd with Love than Jealousy; for her Cousin sitting by her, he observ'd his Brother's Eyes often cast that way, and was very uneasy at it; and that Friendship that grew up with their Years, and increas'd as they grew, found now a sudden Check. I will not, like your Romance-Writers, give you an account of all his private Reflections on this occasion, nor the Conflict and Struggling betwixt his old Guest, Friendship, and this new Intruder, Love. It is enough to tell you, that as soon as Opportunity serv'd, he took care to put himself out of pain, or at least to give himself a Certainty, whether his Brother was his Rival, or not; and was not a little pleas'd, that *Lucilla* had only found the Way to his Heart, while his Brother saw nothing so fair as her Cousin. *Don Miguel*, and *Don Lopez*, as they were in Love, so they were too accomplish'd to be unsuccessful; and there remain'd no Obstacle to their Happiness, but their Father's Avarice, which wou'd never be brought to any reason, in allowing them what was fit for Persons of their Rank. They come in therefore to a Consultation, what Measures to take to cure their Father of so ungenerous a Distemper of the Mind; and by that means accomplish what they both longed for more than Glory.

They found their Father's Avarice had not so engross'd his Soul, as to beat off all Sentiments of Religion; on the contrary, he was extremely credulous of all the superstitious Parts of Religion, and particularly of all Narrations of Spectres, Witches, Apparitions, &c. they therefore concluded to attack him on that side that cou'd make the least Defence. He constantly spent part of the Morning in telling his Money, and counting his  
Bags:

Bags: His Sons therefore having procur'd a Pick-lock to his Closet, took care to place in it a Figure that was very dreadful, so that the Old Gentleman shou'd find him counting his Bags and Money when he came in, which happen'd accordingly. He was not a little frighted, and hastily retir'd, nor came thither again in three or four Days; but on his next coming, he was extremely surpriz'd to find the Number of his Bags increas'd, which for some time had been lessen'd every Morning; so that he concluded, it was a Reward of his Abstinence from a Sight that pleas'd him too much: Yet was so well pleas'd with this Increase, that he repeated his Visits for three or four Mornings together, and found his Bags decrease on that. He was very much troubled in Mind, and consulting his Confessor on all that had happen'd, he assur'd him, it cou'd be none but the Devil he had seen; and that he was to fear the Consequence of taking possession of any of the Money so left there by that evil Spirit; and it was much to be doubted whether he had not exchang'd the whole. So concluding with some wholesome Advice against Avarice, he dismiss'd his Penitent, who again for some time forbore his Closet; and on his next Visit, finding all he had ever lost returned, and abundance more added, a Fit of Avarice coming on him, he resolv'd to try if he cou'd out-wit the Devil; and by removing it from that Place, which he suppos'd taken possession of by the foul Fiend, secure both the Money and his own Peace of Mind. Accordingly in the Night he digs a Hole in the Garden, and conveys all the Bags into it, and covers them safely up. His Sons, the next day, coming to the Closet, and finding all removed, were not a little disappointed and troubled, to think how they shou'd at least recover that Money which was lent 'em by their Friends to carry on this Design. All the difficulty

ficulty lay in discovering where their Father had hid it; and to do that, nothing occur'd that wou'd hold water, till Don Lopez concluded to make once more the Experiment of his Fear of Apparitions, against the next Night: therefore they prepared the Chamber for their Design, and invited some of their Friends, on purpose to make the old Gentleman drunk; which having effected, he was carefully carried to Bed, and three or four Statues, out of the Garden, convey'd up into his Room, and placed on each Side and Corner of his Bed, with People behind 'em to flash and make Lightning, to discover to him these imaginary Spectres. All things being in this Order, a Mastiff-Dog, with a great Iron-Chain, was let into the Room, the rattling of which, in a little time, waken'd the Old Gentleman, who began to pray very heartily; but Fear still prevailing, as in Despair, made him think to get out of the Room, when he heard the noise on the other side of the Room, the most distant from the Door. On his first Motion to rise, the Person behind the Image flash'd with his Lightning, and discover'd a white pale Ghost to the frighted Miser: So he started back into his Bed again, and thus he was serv'd on each side, till in Despair, and ready to die with Fear, he cou'd scarce utter so much as one Prayer. Then he heard a Voice with a thousand Terrors and Threats, demand him, he having taken the price of his Soul in the Money he had removed. The old Man replied, with a thousand Crosses to guard himself, that the Money was in such a place, and that he wou'd surrender not only that, but his own too, to be at ease. When they had thus got the knowledge of the Place where the Treasure was hid; they easily, in the Fear he was in, convey'd away the Statues, and left all things in order, as if nothing had happen'd; and repairing to the Garden, found the Money, but

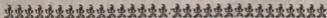
but took no more thence but what they had before put there.

The next day the Old Gentleman sends for them to his Chamber, ill with the Fright, and lets 'em know, That he had thus long been in an Error, in setting his Mind on hoarded Bags, which ought to be plac'd in Heaven at his Years; but having had various Warnings against it, he now resolv'd a new Life, and in order to that wou'd immediately settle his Affairs. So he divided his Estate equally betwixt them; and having found his own Sum of Money left, as he thought, by the Devil, he gave a third part to charitable Uses, and divided the other betwixt his Sons, and retir'd to a Monastery, where he soon made a very religious End.

The Sons having, by these Means, gain'd their Point, did not long defer the Happiness for which they undertook this; and thus was my Friend *Lucilla*, and her Cousin, made the most fortunate of our Sex, if Love and Money cou'd make 'em so.

But I have been too long in this, to add some pleasant Adventures of my own, which I must defer till the next Opportunity; having only room enough left to subscribe my self your Friend and Servant,

ASTREA.



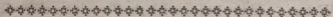
L E T T E R.

*Dear Friend,*

**T**HOUGH our Courtiers will not allow me to do any great matters with my Politicks, I am sure you must grant, that I have done so with my Eyes, when I shall tell you I have made two *Dutchmen* in Love with me. *Dutchmen!* do you mind me, that have no Soul for any thing but Gain,  
that

that have no Pleasure but Interest or the Bottle; but in Affairs of Love, go to the most sacred part of it more brutally than the most sordid of their four-footed Brethren: nay, they are so far from the Warmth of Love, that thro' their Phlegmatick Mass there is not Fire enough to give 'em a vigorous Appetite, so far are they from the Fineness of a vehement Passion. Yet I, Sir, this very numerical Person, your Friend and humble Servant, have set two of 'em into a blaze; two of very different Ages (I was going to say Degrees too, but I remember there are no Degrees in *Holland*.) *Vander Albert* is about thirty two, of a hail Constitution, something more sprightly than the rest of his Countrymen; and tho' infinitely fond of his Interest, and an irreconcilable Enemy to Monarchy, has by the Force of Love been obliged to let me into some Secrets that might have done our King, and, if not our Court, our Country no small Service. But I shall say no more of this Lover till I see you, for some particular Reasons which you shall then likewise know. My other is about twice his Age, nay, and Bulk too, tho' *Albert* be not the most Barbary Shape you have seen; you must know him by the Name of *Van Bruin*, and he was introduced to me by *Albert* his Kinsman, and obliged by him to furnish me in his absence with what Money, or other things I should please to command, or have occasion for, as long as he staid at *Antwerp*, where he was like to continue some time about a Law-Suit then depending. He had not visited me often, before I began to be sensible of the Influence of my Eyes on this old Piece of worm-eaten Touchwood; but he had not the Confidence (and that's much) to tell me he loved me, and Modesty you know is no common Fault of his Countrymen: tho' I rather impute it to a Love of himself, that he would not run the hazard of being turned into ridicule on so disproportionate

proportion'd a Declaration. He often insinuated, that he knew a Man of Wealth and Substance, tho' stricken indeed in years, and on that account not so agreeable as a younger Man, that was passionately in love with me; and desired to know whether my Heart was so far engaged, that his Friend should not entertain any hopes. I reply'd, that I was surprized to hear a Friend of *Albert's* making an Interest in me for another; that if Love were a Passion I was any way sensible of, it could never be for an old Man, and much to that purpose. But all this would not do, in a day or two I received this eloquent Epistle from him; for he had heard *Albert* praise my Wit, and he thought, that what he writ to one so qualify'd, must be in an extraordinary Stile, which I shall give you as near as I can in our Language; and which I indeed was indebted to an Interpreter my self for, tho'twas writ in *French*, which I have some knowledge of.



L E T T E R.

*Most Transcendent Charmer,*

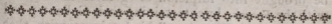
I Have strove often to tell you the Tempests of my Heart, and with my own Mouth scale the Walls of your Affections; but terrify'd with the Strength of your Fortifications, I concluded to make more regular Approaches, and first attack you at a farther Distance, and try first what a Bombardment of Letters wou'd do; whether these Carcasses of Love, thrown into the Sconces of your Eyes, wou'd break into the midst of your Breast, beat down the Court of Guard of your Aversion, and blow up the Magazine of your Cruelty, that you might be brought to a Capitulation, and yield upon reasonable Terms. Believe me, I love thee  
more

more than Money; for indeed thou art more beautiful than the Ore of *Guinea*, and I had rather discover thy *Terra incognita*, than all the Southern *In-cognita* of *America*. Oh! thou art beautiful in every part, as a goodly Ship under Sail from the *Indies*; thy Hair is like her flowing Pennons as she enters the Harbour, and thy Forehead bold and fair as her Prow; thy Eyes bright and terrible as her Guns; thy Nose like her Rudder, that steers my Desires; thy Mouth the well-wrought Mortar, whence the Granadoes of thy Tongue are shot into the Gun-room of my Heart, and shatter it to pieces; thy Teeth are the grappling Irons that fasten me to my Ruin, and of which I would get clear in vain; thy Neck is curious and small like the very Top-mast-head, beneath which thy lovely Bosom spreads it self like the Main-sail before the Wind; thy Middle is taper as the Bolt-sprit, and thy Shape as slender and upright as the Main-mast; thy Back-parts like the gilded carv'd Stern, that jets over the Waters; and thy Belly, with the Perquisites thereunto belonging, the Hold of the Vessel, where all the rich Cargo lies under Hatches; thy Thighs, Legs and Feet the steady Keel that is ever under Water. Oh that I cou'd once see thy Keel above Water! And is it not pity that so spruce a Ship should be unmann'd, should lie in the Harbour for want of her Crew? Ah! let me be the Pilot to steer her by the *Cape of Good Hope*, for the *Indies* of Love. But Oh! fair *English* Woman! thou art rather a Fireship gilded, and sumptuous without, and driven before the Wind to set me on fire; for thy Eyes indeed are like that, destructive, though like Brandy, bewitching: alas! they have grappled my Heart, my Fore-castle's on fire, my Sails and Tackling are caught, my upper Decks are consum'd, and nothing but the Water of Despair keeps the very Hulk from the Combustion; so you have left it on-  
ly



ly in my Choice, to drown or burn. Oh! for Pity's sake, take some Pity, for thy Compassion is more desirable than a strong Gale, when we are got to the wind-ward of a *Sallyman*: your Eyes, I say again and again, like a Chain-shot, have brought the Main-mast of my Resolution by the board, cut all the Rigging of my Discretion and Interest, blown up the Powder-room of my Affections, and shatter'd all the Hulk of my Bosom; so that without the Planks of your Pity, I must inevitably sink to the bottom. This is the deplorable Condition, transcendent Beauty! of your undone Vassal,

VAN BRUIN.



To this I returned this following ridiculous Answer, which I insert to give you a better Picture of my Lover's Intellects.

L E T T E R.

Extraordinary Sir,

I Received your extraordinary Epistle, which has had extraordinary Effects, I assure you, and was not read without an extraordinary Pleasure. I never doubted the Zeal of your Countrymen in making new Discoveries, in fixing new Trades, in supplanting their Neighbours, and in engrossing the Wealth and Traffick of both the *Indies*; but I confess, I never expected so wise a Nation shou'd at last set out for the *Island of Love*: I thought that had been a *Terra del Fuego* in all their Charts, and avoided like Rocks and Quick-sands: nay, I shou'd as soon have suspected them guilty of becoming Apostles to the *Samaoids*, and of preaching the Gospel to the *Laplanners*, where there is nothing to be got, and for which reason the very Jesuits deny 'em Baptism; as of setting out for so unprofitable a Voyage

as *Love*. Hark ye, good Sir, have you throughly consider'd what you have done? Have you reflected on the sad Consequences of declaring your self a Lover; nay, and an old Lover to a young Woman? To a Woman that wou'd expect all the Duties of Gallantry, even from a young Servant; but great and terrible Works of Supererogation from an antiquated Admirer? Have you enough examined what degrees of Generosity *Love* necessarily inspires? That Foe to Interest; that Hereditary Enemy of your Country. Nay, have you thought whether by holding this Correspondence with Love, you may not be declared a Rebel, an Enemy to your Country, and be brought into suspicion of greater Intelligence with the *French*, by entertaining their Gallantry and Love, than *de Witt*, by all his Intrigues with that *Monarch*? I confess I tremble for you. Alas! alas! how deplorable a Spectacle would it be to these Eyes, to see that agreeable Bulk dismember'd by the enraged Rabble, and Scollops of your Flesh sold by Fish-wives for Guilders and Duckatoons! Have you maturely consider'd the evil Example you set your Neighbours, who may be influenced by a Person of your Port and Figure? And shou'd the Evil by this means spread, *Holland* were undone; for then there were some Danger of Honesty's spreading, and then good-night the best Card in all your Hands, for the winning the Game and Money of *Europe*. Lord, Sir, think what a dreadful thing it is to be the Ruin of one's Country! But if publick Evils don't affect you, have you set before the Eyes of your Understanding the Charge of fitting out such a Vessel (as you have made me) for the *Indies* of Love? and I fear the Profits will never answer the Expence of the Voyage.

There are Ribbons and Hoods for my Pennons; Diamond Rings, Locketts, and Pearl Necklaces for my Guns of Offence and Defence; Silks, Holland, Lawn,

Lawn, Cambrick, &c. for Rigging; Gold and Silver Laces, Imbroideries and Fringes fore and aft, for my Stern, and for my Prow; rich Perfumes, Paint and Powder for my Ammunition; Treats, rich Wines, expensive Collations, Gaming-Mony, Pin-Mony, with a long *Et cetera* for my Cargo; and Balls, Masquerades, Plays, Walks, airing in the Country, and a Coach and Six, for my fair Wind.

You may see by my Concern for your Interest and Person, that the Approaches you have made, have not been a little successful; and if you are but as furious a Warrior when you come to storm, as you are at a Bombardment, the Lord have mercy upon me.

But to deal ingenuously with you, I doubt your Prowess in two or three particular Retrenchments, which I fear you'll hardly be able to gain. There is first your Age, a formidable Bastion you'll scarce carry; then your mighty Bulk will with the last Difficulties be brought to treat with my Love: but what is yet more dreadful, your Treachery to *Vander Albert* is a Fort that must prove impregnable, if any thing can be so to such a Pen and such a Head. But if you carry the Town by dint of Valour, I hope you'll allow me Quarter, and be as merciful to me as you are stout; and then I shall not fail of being, extraordinary Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

ASTREA.





## L E T T E R.

*Magnanimous Heroine,*

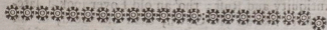
I Have received your Packet in answer to my Epistolary Advice-Boat, which did lately and honestly remonstrate my present State. You give me hopes, that out of your Imperial Bounty, you will have me tugg'd home to the Harbour of your Good-Will, place me in the Dock of your Friendship, refit me for the Ocean of your Love, and send me out a cruising for the Service of your Pleasure; which Thought exalts my Heart more than Punch, and makes me despise all Dangers of interloping, spite of the Joint-stock of *Vander Albert*: for the Scars I shall receive in your Warfare, will be more valued by me, than those I have got in my robust Youth, in the Heroick Combats of *Snick-or-snee*; when with a furious and triumphant Rage, I have chopped off the Foreflap of my Antagonist's Shirt, and laid him noseless flat on his back. You seem tho to make some Bones of two or three Scruples about my Person and Age: you say I am too bulky to be your Lover; let not Errors misguide you. Child——*Portliness* is comely and graceful; and since Bulk is valu'd in all things else, why not in Man then? You value a great House more than a little one, an Elephant more than an Ox, a first-rate Ship more than a Frigat, a Castle more than a Fort, and the Ocean more than a Fish-pond; then why not *Van Bruin* more than *Vander Albert*? Oh! but you say I am too old to ——, but that's more than you know, you little Wag you: and thereby hangs a Tale. I am not green Wood indeed, and sixty, or sixty five, has the Advantage of so many Years seasoning. In all things else too we value

Age;

Age; old Wine, old Seamen, old Soldiers, and old Medals, old Families, and why not then old *Van Bruin*? But then you object my betraying my Friend, —but that shews that you are not so witty as you would be thought—for is any Man so much my Friend, as I am to my self? I that never part from my self as long as I live, as I may from *Vander Albert*; and should I not then prefer a Friend that will certainly always stick to me, to one that may desert me the next moment? and here I should be false to that dear Friend, to be true to *Vander Albert*. But what do you talk of Friendship? I'd sooner deny my Faith for you, than for a new rich *Japan* Traffick. But Words are superfluous, when you parley, 'tis a sign you will hearken to a Capitulation, and deliver up the Fort if you like the Terms; and to shew you that what you proposed has not terrify'd me, I send you *Cart-Blank* to fill up your self — For adod! adod! you must be mine, and you shall be mine: I'll win thee, and wear thee, with my old tough Vigour, you pretty little turly-murly Rogue you, and I come this Evening to sign Articles, and put in a new Garison; but ever remain,

Your Depury, and Happy

VAN BRUIN.



Tho I had no need of sending an Answer to this, where he threatens me with a speedy Visit, yet the more to divert my self and my Company, I sent him the following Billet.

## L E T T E R.

*Most Magnificent Hero,*

**Y**O U have made me extremely proud of my self, to find I can come into a competition with the only Cause and Effect of your National Valour, *Punch*, and *Snick-or-Snee*: Nor am I less pleas'd, to find you so notable a Logician; for I love Reasoning with an infinite Passion, especially in a Lover: and it must be allow'd, that you have gain'd your point in the defence of your Bulk, and might for a further Vindication have added, That Elephants have danc'd on the Ropes, which shews their Bulk destroy'd not *their* Activity, and by consequence — but a Word to the Wife — When the Sons of God went in to the Daughters of Men, they begat a Race of Giants — Well, I don't know, if our Planets shou'd happen to be in conjunction, what strange things might come to pass, and what a wonderful Race we shou'd produce; but I'm satisfy'd, that betwixt the Gaiety of the Mother, and the robust portly Activity of the Father, cou'd not be less than dancing Elephants. You have indeed, surprizingly, vanquish'd my Objection of your Age, and I shall take care to use you like venerable Medals, valuable for their Antiquity and Rust; tho' an old Lover look'd lately more like an old Gown, than old Gold, or an old Family, and fitter for my Maid than my self; or at least some decay'd Beauty, that had not a Stock of Charms enough to purchase a young one: But you have convinc'd me of that Error too. Alas! I fear that deluding Tongue of yours will quite remove my Objection too of your Treachery to *Vander Albert*; since you go on a National Principle,

Principle, and even bribe my Judgment with the Compliment of sacrificing your Faith or Religion (which if it be your Interest, is very considerable in a *Dutch-man*) to the Love of me. So that I defer Proposals of Articles, till our *Plenipo's* meet, and proceed regularly on these Preliminaries, at the Place of Conference; which is agreed on all hands, to be the Abode of

Your most happy

ASTREA.

You may imagine, this Letter brought my *Hogen-Mogen* Lover, with no little haste, to my Apartment, whither we'll now adjourn; for 'twou'd be impertinent to trouble you with any more of these foolish Letters; one or two may divert, as a Minute or two of a Coxcomb's Company, which on a longer Visit grows nauseous: But to give you all, 'twou'd make you pay too dear for so trifling a Pleasure. The other part of this Courtship consisting in odd Grimaces, ridiculous Postures, and antick Motions, cannot be so well describ'd to you, as to give you a true Image of 'em; so far at least, as to render 'em as diverting to you as they were for a while to me. But imagine to your self, an old, over-grown, unwieldy *Dutch-man*, playing awkwardly over all that he suppos'd wou'd make him look more agreeable in my Eyes. Age he found I did not admire, he therefore endeavour'd to conceal it by Dress, Peruque, and clumsy Gaiety: Respect he was inform'd I expected from a Lover, which he wou'd express with such comical Cringes, such odd sort of Ogling, and fantastick Adress, that I cou'd never force a serious Face on whatever he said; for let the Subject be ever so grave, his Person and Delivery turn'd it into a Farce. There was no piece of Gallantry he ob-

serv'd, perform'd by the young Gentlemen of the City, but he attempted in Imitation of them, even to Poetry; but that indeed was in his own Language, and so might be extraordinary for ought I know.

Thus I diverted my self with him in *Albert's* Absence, till he began to assume and grow troublesome, on my bare permission of his Address; for a very little Incouragement serves that Nation, full of their own dear selves: so that to rid my self of him, I found no more ready way, than to let *Albert* know all his Treachery to him, and the many considerable Proffers he had made me to win me to his Desires. But *Albert*, with an unusual Resentment of these Affairs, threaten'd his Death, which was going farther than I desir'd; for tho' I had no kindness for either of them, yet I had so much for my self, as not to be the Occasion of any Murder, or become the talk of the City on so ridiculous an Occasion: so I pacified *Albert*, and made him see how foolish such an Attempt on an old Man wou'd look, and persuaded him only, the next Visit he made me, to upbraid him with his Treachery, and forbid him the House; and if need were, to threaten him a little. But this produced a very ridiculous Scene, and worthy of more Spectators: For my *Nestorean* Lover wou'd not give ground to *Albert*, but was as high as he, challeng'd him to *Snick-or-Snee* for me, and a thousand things as comical; in short, nothing but my positive Command cou'd satisfy him, and on that, he promis'd no more to trouble me; sure, as he thought, of me, and was thunder-struck when he heard me not only forbid him the House, but ridicule all his Addresses to his Rival *Albert*: and with a Countenance full of Despair, went away, not only from my Lodgings, but the next day from *Antwerp*, leaving his Law-suit to the Care of



of his Friends, unable to stay in the place where he had met with so dreadful a Defeat.

Thus you see the Prowess of my Person; how unsuccessful soever my Mind has been in our Statesmen's Opinions, you will in a little time find who is in the right of it. I'm sorry I can't at this time furnish you with any more refin'd Intrigues. Those of a Prince that have happen'd here, are too long; and I have met with none that have touch'd me so far as to concern my Heart, which is not the most insensible of all my Sex, I assure you: and I am so far from finding one fit to make a Lover of, that I can't meet with one that raises me to the Warmth of a Friend. But here my Letter put me in mind, that I have exercis'd your Patience enough for once, and I shall therefore conclude my self

Your faithful Friend,

ASTREA.

BUT now 'tis time to proceed to her Affairs with *Vander Albert*, her other *Dutch* Lover, which was pleasant enough, and in which she contriv'd to preserve her Honour, without injuring her Gratitude; for she cou'd not deny but he had done Services that did justly challenge a Return for so much Love as produc'd 'em.

There was a Woman of some Remains of Beauty in *Antwerp*, that had often given *Astrea* warning of the Infidelity of *Albert*, assuring her he was of so fickle a Nature, that he never lov'd past Enjoyment, and sometimes made his Change before he had even that pretence; of which number her self was, for whom he had profess'd so much Love as to marry her, and yet deserted her that very Night in the height of her Expectation. This Woman came now into *Astrea's* mind, at the same time to gratify her Admirer with a Belief of his Happiness,

Happiness, and do Justice to an injur'd Woman. She gives her notice of her Design, and orders the Appointment so, that *Albert* met *Catalina* (for that was her Name) for *Astrea*, and possess'd her with all the Satisfaction of a longing Lover. But *Catalina*, infinitely pleas'd with the Adventure, appoints the next Night, and the following; and finding his Transports still fresh and high, began to confide in her own Charms; and keeping him longer than usual, made the Day discover a double Disappointment, of her in her future Pleasures, and him in the past; for he cou'd not forgive her even the Joys she had imparted by the false Bait of another's Charms, but flung from her with the highest Resentment and Indignation, and return'd to *Astrea* to upbraid her with her ungenerous Dealing; who, for her Plea, urg'd his Duty to his Wife, and how unreasonable it was in him, to desire the sacrificing of the Reputation of the Woman he profess'd to love.

Tho' *Albert* was forc'd to acquiesce in what she said, he could not lose his Desire, now increas'd by the Pleasure of Revenge, which he promis'd himself in the Enjoyment of her, even against her Will, and almost without her Knowledge. Mrs. *Behn* had an old Woman of near Threescore, whom, out of Charity, she kept as her Companion, having been an old decay'd Gentlewoman; but she, guilty of the common Vice of Age, Avarice, still covetous of what they cannot enjoy, was corrupted by *Albert's* Gold, to put him dress'd in her Night-Clothes to bed in her place (for she made her her Bedfellow) when *Astrea* was out at a Merchant's of *Antwerp*, passing the Evening in Play and Mirth, as her Age and Gaiety required: The Son of which Merchant was a brisk, lively, frolicksome young Fellow, and with his two Sisters, and some Servants, waited on *Astrea* home; and

as a Conclusion of that Night's Mirth, propos'd to go to bed to the old Woman and surprize her, whilst they shou'd all come in with the Candles, and compleat the merry Scene. As it was agreed, so they did; but the young Spark was more surpriz'd, when, in the Encounter, he found himself met with an unexpected Ardour, and a Man's Voice, saying, *Have I now caught thee, thou malicious Charmer! Now I'll not let thee go till thou hast done me Justice for all the Wrongs thou hast offer'd my dotting Love.*

By this time the rest of the Company were come in, all extremely surpriz'd to find *Albert* in *Astrea's* Bed, instead of the old Woman; who being thus discover'd, and *Albert* appeas'd with a Promise to marry him at her Arrival in *England*, was discarded, to provide for her self according to her Deserts. But *Albert* taking his leave of her with a heavy Heart, and returning into *Holland* to make all things ready for his Voyage to *England*, and Matrimony, dy'd at *Amsterdam* of a Fever. Whilst *Astrea* proceeded in her Journey to *Ostend* and *Dunkirk*, where, with *Sir Bernard Gascoign*, and others, she took Shipping for *England*; in which short Voyage she met with a strange Appearance, that was visible to all the Passengers and Ship's Crew. *Sir Bernard Gascoign* had brought with him from *Italy*, several admirable Telescopes and Prospective-Glasses; and looking through one of them, when the Day was very calm and clear, espy'd a strange Apparition floating on the Water, which was also seen by all in their turns that look'd through it: which made 'em conclude that they were painted Glasses that were put at the ends, on purpose to surprize and amuse those that look through 'em; till after having taken 'em out, rubb'd, and put 'em in again, they found the same thing floating toward the Ship, and which was now come so near

near as to be within View without the Glafs. I have often heard her assert, that the whole Company saw it. The Figure was this: A four-square Floor of various-colour'd Marble, from which ascended rows of fluted and twisted Pillars, emboss'd round with climbing Vines and Flowers, and waving Streamers, that receiv'd an easy Motion from the Air; upon the Pillars a hundred little *Cupids* clamber'd with fluttering Wings. This strange Pageant came almost near enough for one to step out of the Ship into it before it vanish'd; after which, and a short Calm, followed so violent a Storm, that having driven the Ship upon the Coasts, she split in sight of Land: but the People, by the help of the Inhabitants, and Boats from shore, were all sav'd; and our *Astrea* arriv'd safe, tho' tir'd, to *London*, from a Voyage that gain'd her more Reputation than Profit.

The rest of her Life was entirely dedicated to Pleasure and Poetry; the Success in which gain'd her the Acquaintance and Friendship of the most sensible Men of the Age, and the Love of not a few of different Characters: for tho' a Sot have no Portion of Wit of his own, he yet, like old Age, covets what he cannot enjoy. I can't allow a Fool to be touch'd with the Charms of Wit, but the Reputation that is gain'd by Wit; which being a thing beyond his reach, he is fond of it because it pleases others, not himself. Our *Astrea* had many of these, who profess'd not a little Love for her, and whom she us'd as Fools shou'd be us'd, for her Sport, and the Diversion of her Acquaintance. I went to visit her one day, and found with her a young brisk pert Fop very gaily dress'd, and who after an abundance of Impertinence, left us. His Figure was so extraordinary, that I could not but enquire into his Name, and more particular Character, which *Astrea* gave me in the following manner.

This

This is a young vain Coxcomb, but newly come from the University, and full of the impudent Self-Opinion, and Pride of that place, takes the common Privilege of being very impertinent in all Company, especially among Women, and Men that understand not the Jargon of the Schools. He's of a good Family, and was left a pretty good paternal Estate, which he endeavour'd to encrease by marrying a rich Aunt he had in the Country, who had occasion for just such a Fop; for tho he has not been two Years from *Oxford*, he has met with several uncommon Adventures, and among the rest, his Addresses to me shall not be the least considerable for all our Diversions.

Going down to take possession of his Paternal Estate, and full of no very good Thoughts of wronging his Brothers, he lay at this Aunt's; who, tho none of the youngest, was not old enough yet to have given off all Thoughts of Love, or to be exempted from the Effects of Enjoyment: for after a long Intrigue with the Steward of her Estate, she was, or imagin'd at least that she was, with child; and tho she lik'd him well enough for a Gallant, she could by no means think him fit for a Husband, either because her Pride wou'd not permit her to think of her Servant for her Master, or that she fear'd to give him a power over her Conduct, who had been a Witness how weak a Guard of Virtue she had to secure the conjugal Duty he might expect from her as her Husband. But whatever was the Motive, the Arrival of her Nephew gave her other Thoughts, finding him a fit Coxcomb for her ends; for you find, that a little Conversation will let you into his Character, at least so far as to discover him to be a very self-conceited Fool, and one on whom by consequence Flattery wou'd have no small effect. His Aunt having made

this

this Discovery, took care to detain him some days longer than he intended, and by all the cunning Arts of a designing Woman, gave him cause to believe that his Suit wou'd not be very unsuccessful, if he shou'd make his Addresses to her. He naturally thought well of himself, and fir'd with so many Advances that his Aunt made to him, he resolv'd to try if he cou'd gain her.

She was a Woman that had yet a Rest of Beauty, improv'd too by the help of Art, that she might pretend, without vanity, to a Conquest where no brighter or more youthful Faces interpos'd; to this she had an engaging Air, and a sprightly Conversation: but that which compleated the Victory over our young Spark, was her Estate; that was exceeding beautiful, because very great, and join'd with her other Charms, was not to be resisted by a Man who was possess'd with the contrary Vices of Avarice and Prodigality. For he had still a thirst of Wealth, which he perpetually squander'd; being incapable of doing a generous Action, tho he would do many foolish ones, which seem'd to him worthy that Name; as particularly that which I'm just going to relate after his Marriage with his Aunt, for there ended this Amour.

Some small time after the consummation of the Nuptials, finding her fears of being with child vain, and quite tired of the Fool her Husband, she perpetually was contriving how to get handsomly rid of him; for tho he seem'd to love her well enough for a Wife, yet he was too watchful of her Motions to give her opportunity of those Pleasures she had so long taken with liberty. This made her very ill-humour'd and cross; which he endeavour'd, by pleasing her all the ways he cou'd think of, to remove: But all in vain; unless he cou'd remove himself, and his legal Right to her Estate, all his Careless and Complaisance signified nothing.

In short, after she had acted this part sometime, and made him very earnest in the Enquiry into the cause of her Chagrin, she informed him that she was very sensible the chief Motive that engaged him to make Love to her was her Estate, and that all his Professions of Love were only false Baits to delude her too credulous Heart, and catch her Estate; that she cou'd never forgive her self, being over-reached by so unexperienced a Youth, or ever have patience to support the Affliction this gave her.

He used all the Arguments he could think of to convince her of her Error, and that he loved her with a sincere and tender Passion, without any regard to her Estate, which she was as entirely Mistress of as before. In vain was all he said, she turned it to a contrary end to what he meant it; told him 'twas easy professing his Love sincere when he was in possession of the Fruits of his past Dissimulation, and that she could never believe her Fortune had no share in his Affections, as long as he was Master of it whether she would or not: that she must despair, being so much older than him, of long being able so much as of a cold Civility, when it was out of her power to give him any more. He, out of a foolish Fancy of Generosity, or excessive good Opinion of his own Charms and Power over her, tells her he has now thought of a way to satisfy her Doubts, and by a convincing Proof of his Love, remove all those Anxieties that gave her so much Pain, and robbed him of his Rest and Satisfaction; for to shew her that it was her Person, and that alone which he esteemed, he would immediately put her Fortune into her own possession again, and keep no other Right he had to any thing of hers, but her Person, which was the Treasure he only coveted a quiet Enjoyment of.

This

This was the Point she had all this while been labouring to gain, and you may imagine she lost not the lucky Minute of the Fool's ridiculous Fondness. The Writings were made, and she put in absolute possession of all her Fortune, and had therefore no farther need of a longer Dissimulation; nay, the Curb that had been set on her unruly Will for the short time of their Marriage, provoked her to observe no measures with him, whom she could not forgive the many Pleasures he had disappointed her of. He was first tormented with fresh Proofs every day of his being a notorious Cuckold, to which were added the Affronts of the Servants, and the Contempt of the Mistress; and when none of these wou'd rid her hands of him, whose sight she loath'd, having taken particular care to have him well beaten, she thrust him out of doors, to provide for himself. His late Treatment made him unwilling to return, for fear of a worse Reception; and since he had found all means ineffectual to reclaim her, he concluded to pass on to his own Estate, and from thence to *London*, out of the hearing himself the perpetual Discourse of the Country.

He had not been long in Town, when one day walking in the Park in a very mean Condition (his own Estate being then seized by his Brothers, for the Repayment of what he had wronged them of) he sees his Wife alone, and though mask'd, knows her: his Necessities prompted him at least to try if the making himself Master of her Person, and playing the Tyrant in his turn, would not furnish him with a present Supply, if not recover him the Possession of her Estate, by cancelling the Deed that put it in her power to abuse him. She was very well dress'd, and he something shabby; he seizes her, uses all the Arguments he could to persuade her Reformation, and Re-union to a Man that yet had a value for her; but all in vain. He told her  
plainly



plainly he would keep her Person, tho he had nothing to do with her Estate. 'Twas in vain for her to struggle, so she went with him to the *Horse-Guards*, contriving all the way how to get rid of him: and being come there, on some occasion there hapned to be a great Concourse of People; this gave her a lucky hint, and starting from him, she sought the Protection of the Mob, assuring them he was a poultry Scoundrel, that wou'd needs pretend to seduce her to his Ends, but on denial had on his Threats prevailed with her to go quietly to that place, where she hoped her Rescue. He assur'd them he was her Husband, and that he only meant to reclaim her from her evil Courses, and carry her home. She, with all the Assurance imaginable, laughing at his Assertion, desired them to consider if that Man looked like her Husband. Her Dress and Mein had engaged a Gentleman of the Guards to espouse her Quarrel, who preventing the Decision of the Mob, declared his Opinion in the Lady's favour, and proposed the giving him the Civility of the *Horse-pond*, which suiting with the brutal Pleasure of the Mob, prevail'd; and so the poor Knight was carry'd to the Enchanted Castle, and the Lady set free, for more agreeable Encounters: for she was not ungrateful to her Deliverer.

This unlucky Adventure was no small check to his Hopes, and Opinion of his own Conduct and Judgment; yet about half a year after, being now more gay by the Recovery of his Estate, and walking in the Park again, he meets his treacherous Spouse, and full of the Injury he had last received from her, and out of fear of the like Misfortune, his Dress being now answerable to hers, he upbraids her with what was past, and assures her nothing shall now deliver her from him; and so endeavouring to force her out again at the *Horse-Guards*, where she enter'd, and near which he met her, she

D

by

by her cunning and seeming Sorrow for what had past, prevail'd with him to go out at *St. James's*; and being got out of the Gate, she makes to the first Coach very peaceably with him, where he found three Gentlemen who waited ready for her, and on her approach came out, deliver'd her from her Husband, and without much difficulty carry'd her off.

Being thus again out-witted by her, and seeing no help for his desperate Condition, he gave over all thoughts of her, and sets his mind on some fresh Amour, to wear off the uneasy Remembrance of his past Adventures. Among the rest that were doom'd to suffer his Addreses, it has been my fate of late to share the ill luck; tho I have the advantage of a great deal of good Company to atone for the impertinent Moments he taxes me with, his Conversation diverting sometimes some of my best Friends, and his Letters my self: they are so affectedly ridiculous, that I will shew you one of them extraordinary in its kind.

*To the incomparable fine Hands of the Seraphick Astrea.*

SHOU'D I make a Palinode for the Aggressions of my Passion, I should disappoint the Justice of your Expectations: for without any periodical Flourishes, you know your Wit has irresistible Charms; and that we can no more resist the Desire of imparting our Pain when the Paroxysm approaches, than a sick Man in a Fever the desire of Water. The Horoscope of my Love for the bright *Astrea* rose under a very noxious Influence, if its Stars ordain it abortive. You, Madam, that are Mistress of the Encyclopedy of the Sciences, who have the whole Galaxy of the Muses to attend you, that have the Coruscations of the Night in  
your

your Eyes, *Jove's* Bolts and Lightning in your Frowns, and the Sheers of the three fatal Sisters in your Anger, should also have the Commiseration of the Gods in the Tribunal of your Heart, to preponderate to the Severity of your Justice. The wise Antients, among their Hieroglyphicks, made *Justice* blind, that she might see and discover the several Shares and Proportions due to the several Pretenders to her Favour: You, Madam, are the Portraiture, the admirable *Icon* of that Justice whose Name you bear.

*Terras Astrea reliquit*: that is,  
 " 'Tis full well known,  
 " That Justice is flown.

Yet, most serene Fair One, she possesses your Breast; there she nidificates, there she erects her Bower, and there I hope to have her declare in the favour of, Madam,

*Your most Obsequious Humble Servant,  
 and Non-pareil Admirer, &c.*

This indeed is the Soul of a mere Academy, that is, of one whom Learning, ill understood, has fitted for a publick Coxcomb, and of whom there is scarce any one so ignorant, as to have a good opinion. You have indeed, reply'd I, a most extraordinary Lover of him, but whose Folly is too gross to be so long entertaining as he shall think fit to be impertinent: for like common Beggars, they are not to be deny'd; and are so far Courtiers, to think perpetual Importunities Merit: So that if you have no way of ridding your hands of him but laughing at him, 'twill never do; for a Fool follows you the more for laughing at him, as a Spaniel does for beating of him.

Why truly (reply'd *Astrea*) he is grown so troublesome now, that I shall be forced to use him as bad

as his Wife has done, in my own defence; and that I intend to put in execution the more speedily, since I find my *Lysander* grows uneasy at his Addresses, which can never move any thing but Laughter: however I shall easily sacrifice so trifling a Sport to the Quiet of the Man I love, in which you must assist me; for *Lysander* shall have no hand in it, both to secure him from a Quarrel, and my self the Pleasure of revenging him on a Fop that could hope where he had possession.

I promised to give her all the assistance I was capable of, to gratify so reasonable a Revenge; for if one Man affronts another by his Rudeness, the Person affronted must be looked upon as a Coward, if he take not Satisfaction. I can imagine no reason in the world, why a Woman of Wit, that is affronted with the saucy impertinent Love of a Fool that will not be deny'd, shou'd not punish his Insolence according to her power. *Wit* is the Weapon she had to fight with, and that she was to make use of in her Satisfaction, to which, as a Second, I was very willing to contribute; tho' the Part she afterwards engaged me to play, was not so agreeable to me as I at first imagined: for to give a conceited Coxcomb any reason to believe he has an Ascendant over a Woman, and then allow him the least Opportunity, is to put her self in a manifest hazard of her Honour and Satisfaction. But this I did not much consider, being willing to free my Friend from the Importunities of one she cou'd no more suffer, than know how to be handsomly rid of.

And upon her persuasion, I took the opportunity of his next Visit to give him all the reason imaginable to make him think me extremely taken with his Person: which Interview *Astrea* took care to improve on my departure, and to let him know, that I was a Person of no less Fortune than Quality, which would repair the Loss of an unfaithful Wife.

Flat.

Flattery, as it has some power on the most sensible, so it is of such force with a Fool, that no Consideration can withstand it. He soon thought the pursuit of me more eligible, where he imagined his Perfections had made such an Impression, that I could no more resist the Charm, than the barren Passion he had hitherto entertain'd for *Astrea*. In short, she came to a perfect understanding, and the Assignment was made, and some Friends provided to be in readiness to disappoint him, when he most thought me his own. But the Gentlemen retired to the Balcony to see some sudden hubbub in the Street, and my Lover, full of himself, and the opinion of my being wholly at his devotion, press'd so hard for the Victory, that when nothing else would secure me, I was forced to cry out: on which the Gentlemen approach'd, and he believing one of 'em my Husband, was in a most dreadful fright, and soon discover'd the Baseness of his Spirit; for in hopes to get clear off himself, he accused me to him he supposed my Husband: But this not availing, he was handsomely toss'd in a Blanket, wash'd, and turn'd out of doors. All which Misfortunes he dissembled to *Astrea*, and renew'd his Suit to her, till, by appointment, I and the two Gentlemen enter'd the Room, and expos'd the Truth of the Story; which he cou'd not deny: and confounded with the Reproaches of *Astrea*, and the whole Company's laughing at him, he never after troubled her with a Visit.

This was the end of this ridiculous Amour; but that which touch'd her Heart, cou'd not be so easily disposed of. I have already mention'd *Lysander*, as a Lover she valued; and she having contributed her Letters to him, to the last Impression, I shall say no more of it than what those discover, which I have now inserted in their order.

LOVE-LETTERS to a Gentle-  
man. By Mrs. A. BEHN.

*Printed from the Original Letters.*

LETTER I.



YOU bid me write, and I wish it were only the Effects of Complaisance that makes me obey you. I should be very angry with my self and you, if I thought it were any other Motive: I hope it is not, and will not have you believe otherwise. I cannot help however wishing you no Mirth, nor any Content in your Dancing-Design; and this unwonted Malice in me I do not like, and wou'd have concealed it if I cou'd, lest you shou'd take it for something which I am not, nor will believe my self guilty of. May your Women be all ugly, ill-natur'd, ill-dress'd, ill-fashion'd, and unconvertible; and, for your greater Disappointment, may every Moment of your time there be taken up with Thoughts of me (a sufficient Curse) and yet you will be better entertain'd than me, who possibly am, and shall be uneasy with Thoughts not so good. Perhaps you had eas'd me of some Trouble, if you had let me see you, or known you had been well: but these  
are

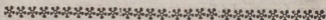
are Favours for better Friends, and I'll endeavour not to resent the loss, or rather the miss of 'em. It may be, since I have so easily granted this Desire of yours, in writing to you, you will fear you have pulled a Trouble on——but do not. I do by this send for you——You know what you gave your Hand upon; the Date of Banishment is already out, and I cou'd have wished you had been so good-natur'd as to have disobey'd me. Pray take notice therefore I am better natur'd than you. I am profoundly melancholy since I saw you, I know not why: and should be glad to see you when your Occasions will permit you to visit

ASTREA.

LETTER II.

YOU may tell me a thousand Years, my dear *Lycidas*, of your unbounded Friendship; but after so unkind a Departure as that last night, give me leave (when serious) to doubt it; nay, 'tis past doubt, I know you rather hate me. What else could hurry you from me, when you saw me surrounded with all the necessary Impossibilities of speaking to you? I made as broad Signs as one could do, who durst not speak, both for your sake and my own. I acted even imprudently to make my Soul be understood, that was then (if I may say so) in real Agonies for your Departure. 'Tis a wonder a Woman so violent in all her Passions as I, did not (forgetting all Prudence, all Considerations) fly out into absolute Commands, or at least Entreaties, that you would give me a moment's time longer. I burst to speak with you to know a thousand things; but particularly, how you came to be so barbarous, as to carry away all that cou'd make my Satisfaction. You carry'd away my Letter, and you carry'd away *Lycidas*: I will not call him mine, because he has so

unkindly taken himself back. 'Twas with that design you came; for I saw all night with what Reluctancy you spoke, how coldly you entertain'd me, and with what Pain and Uneasiness you gave me the only Conversation I value in the World. I am ashamed to tell you this; I know your peevish Vertue will misinterpret me. But take it how you will, think of it as you please; I am undone, and will be free; I will tell you, you did not use me well: I am ruined, and will rail at you—Come then, I conjure you, this Evening, that after it I may shut those Eyes that have been too long waking. I have committed a thousand Madnesses in this; but you must pardon the Faults you have created. Come and do so; for I must see you to-night, and that in better Humour than you were last night. No more; obey me as you have that Friendship for me you profess: and assure your self to find a very welcome Reception from  
*(Lycidas)*      Your *Astrea*.



### L E T T E R    I I I .

W H E N shall we understand one another? For I thought, dear *Lycidas*, you had been a Man of your Parole. I will as soon believe you will forget me, as that you have not remember'd the Promise you made me. Confess you are the teasingest Creature in the World, rather than suffer me to think you neglect me, or wou'd put a slight upon me, that have chosen you from all the whole Creation to give my entire Esteem to. This I had assured you yesterday, but that I dreaded the Effects of your Censure to-day: and tho' I scorn to guard my Tongue, as hoping it will never offend willingly, yet I can with much ado hold it, when I have a great mind to say a thousand things I know will be taken in an ill sense. Possibly you will wonder  
 what



what compels me to write: What moves me to send where I find so little welcome; nay, where I meet with such Returns: it may be, I wonder too. You say I am changed; I had rather almost justify an Ill than repent; maintain false Arguments, than yield I am i'th' wrong. In fine, charming Friend *Lycidas*, whatever I was since you knew me, believe I am still the same in Soul and Thought; but that is what shall never hurt you, what shall never be but to serve you. Why then did you say you would not sit near me? Was that, my Friend, was that the Esteem you profess? Who grows cold first? Who is changed? and who the Aggressor? 'Tis I was first in Friendship, and shall be last in Constancy. You by Inclination, and not for want of Friends, have I placed highest in my Esteem; and for that reason your Conversation is the most acceptable and agreeable of any in the World—and for this reason you shun mine. Take your course; be a Friend like a Foe, and continue to impose upon me, that you esteem me when you fly me. Renounce your false Friendship, or let me see you give it entire to

ASTREA.

---

L E T T E R IV.

I Had rather, dear *Lycidas*, set my self to write to any Man on earth than you; for I fear your severe Prudence and Discretion, so nice, may make an ill Judgment of what I say: Yet you bid me not dissemble; and you need not have caution'd me, who so naturally hate those little Arts of my Sex, that I often run on Freedoms that may well enough bear a Censure from People so scrupulous as *Lycidas*. Nor dare I follow all my Inclinations neither, nor tell all the little Secrets of my Soul: why I write them,

them, I can give no account; 'tis but fooling my self, perhaps, into an undoing. I do but (by this soft Entertainment) look in my Heart, like a young Gamester, to make it venture its last Stake: this I say may be the Danger; I may come off unhurt, but cannot be a Winner: why then should I throw an uncertain cast, where I hazard all, and you nothing? Your stanch Prudence is proof against Love, and all the Banks on my side. You are so unreasonable, you would have me pay where I have contracted no Debt; you would have me give, and you like a Miser would distribute nothing. Greedy *Lycidas*! Unconscionable and Ungenerous! You wou'd not be in love for all the World, yet wish I were so. Uncharitable!—Wou'd my Fever cure you? or a Curse on me make you blest'd? Say *Lycidas*, will it? I have heard, when two Souls kindly meet 'tis a vast Pleasure, as vast as the Curse must be, when Kindness is not equal; and why shou'd you believe that necessary for me, that will be so very incommode for you? Will you, dear *Lycidas*, allow then, that you have less Good-Nature than I? Pray be just, till you can give such Proofs of the contrary, as I shall be Judg of; or give me a Reason for your Ill-nature. So much for loving.

Now, as you are my Friend, I conjure you to consider what Resolution I took up, when I saw you last (which methinks is a long time) of seeing no Man till I saw your Face again; and when you remember that, you will possibly be so kind as to make what haste you can to see me again. Till then have Thoughts as much in favour of me as you can; for when you know me better, you will believe I merit all. May you be impatient and uneasy till you see me again: and bating that, may all the Blessings of Heaven and Earth light on you, is the continu'd Prayers of

(dear *Lycidas*)

Your true *ASTREA*.

L E T.

## L E T T E R V.

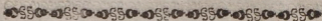
**T**Hough it be very late, I cannot go to Bed, but I must tell thee I have been very good ever since I saw thee, and have been a writing, and have seen no Face of Man, or other Body, save my own People. I am mightily pleas'd with your Kindness to me to-night; and 'twas, I hope and believe, very innocent and undisturbing on both sides. My *Lycidas* says, He can be soft and dear when he please to put off his haughty Pride, which is only assum'd to see how far I dare love him ununited. Since then my Soul's Delight you are, and may ever be assur'd I am, and ever will be yours, befall me what will; and that all the Devils of Hell shall not prevail against thee: shew then, I say, my dearest Love, thy native sweet Temper; shew me all the Love thou hast undissembled. Then, and never till then, shall I believe you love; and deserve my Heart, for God's sake, to keep me well: and if thou hast Love (as I shall never doubt, if thou art always as to-night) shew that Love, I beseech thee; there being nothing so grateful to God, and Mankind, as Plain-dealing. 'Tis too late to conjure thee farther: I will be purchas'd with Softness, and dear Words, and kind Expressions, sweet Eyes, and a low Voice.

Farewel; I love thee dearly, passionately and tenderly, and am resolv'd to be eternally

(My only Dear Delight,  
and Joy of my Life)

Thy *ASTREA*.

L E T -



## L E T T E R VI.

Since you, my dearest *Lycidas*, have prescrib'd me Laws and Rules, how I shall behave myself to please and gain you; and that one of these is not Lying or Dissembling; and that I had to-night promis'd you should never have a tedious Letter from me more: I will begin to keep my Word, and stint my Heart and Hand. I promis'd tho' to write; and tho' I have no great matter to say more, than the Assurance of my Eternal Love to you, yet to obey you, and not only so, but to oblige my own impatient Heart, I must, late as 'tis, say something to thee.

I stay'd after thee to-night, till I had read a whole Act of my new Play; and then he led me over all the way, saying, Gad you were the Man: And beginning some rallying Love-Discourse after Supper, which he fancy'd was not so well receiv'd as it ought, he said you were not handsome, and call'd *Philly* to own it; but he did not, but was of my side, and said you were handsome: So he went on a while, and all ended that concern'd you. And this, upon my word, is all.

Your Articles I have read over, and do not like them; you have broke one, even before you have sworn or seal'd 'em; that is, they are writ with Reserve. I must have a better Account of your Heart to-morrow, when you come. I grow desperate fond of you, and would fain be us'd well; if not, I will march off: But I will believe you mean to keep your Word, as I will for ever do mine. Pray make haste to see me to-morrow; and if I am not at home when you come, send for me over the way, where I have engaged to dine,  
there

there being an Entertainment on purpose to-morrow for me.

For God's sake make no more Niceties and Scruples than need, in your way of living with me; that is, do not make me believe this Distance is to ease you, when indeed 'tis meant to ease us both of Love; and, for God's sake, do not misinterpret my Excess of Fondness: and if I forget my self, let the Check you give be sufficient to make me desist. Believe me, dear Creature, 'tis more out of Humour and Jest, than any Inclination on my side; for I could sit eternally with you, without that part of Disturbance: Fear me not, for you are (from that) as safe as in Heaven it self. Believe me, dear *Lycidas*, this Truth, and trust me. 'Tis late, farewell; and come, for God's sake, betimes to-morrow, and put off your foolish Fears and Niceties, and do not shame me with your perpetual ill Opinion; my Nature is proud and insolent, and cannot bear it: I will be used something better, in spite of all your Apprehensions falsely grounded. Adieu, keep me as I am ever yours,

ASTREA.

By this Letter, one would think I were the nicest Thing on Earth; yet I know a dear Friend goes far beyond me in that unnecessary Fault.

LE T T E R VII.

*My Charming Unkind,*

I Would have gag'd my Life you could not have left me so coldly, so unconcerned as you did; but you are resolv'd to give me Proofs of your No Love. Your Counsel, which was given you to-night, has wrought the Effects which it usually does

46 *The LIFE and MEMOIRS*

does in Hearts like yours. Tell me no more you love me; for 'twill be hard to make me think it, tho it be the only Blessing I ask on earth: But if Love can merit a Heart, I know who ought to claim yours. My Soul is ready to burst with Pride and Indignation; and at the same time, Love, with all his Softness, assails me, and will make me write: so that between one and the other, I can express neither as I ought. What shall I do to make you know I do not use to condescend to so much Submission, nor to tell my Heart so freely? Though you think it Use, methinks I find my Heart swell with Disdain at this Minute, for my being ready to make Asseverations of the contrary, and to assure you I do not, nor never did love, or talk at the rate I do to you, since I was born: I say, I wou'd swear this, but something rolls up my Bosom, and checks my very Thought as it rises. You ought, Oh Faithless, and infinitely Adorable *Lycidas*! to know and guess my Tendernefs; you ought to see it grow, and daily increase upon your hands. If it be troublesome, 'tis because I fancy you lessen, whilst I encrease, in Passion; or rather, that by your ill Judgment of mine, you never had any in your Soul for me. Oh unlucky, oh vexatious Thought! Either let me never see that charming Face, or ease my Soul of so tormenting an Agony, as the cruel Thought of not being beloved. Why, my Lovely Dear, should I flatter you? Or, why make more Words of my Tendernefs, than another Woman, that loves as well, wou'd do, as once you said? No, you ought rather to believe that I say more, because I have more than any Woman can be capable of: My Soul is form'd of no other Material than Love; and all that Soul of Love was form'd for my dear, faithless *Lycidas* — Methinks I have a Fancy, that something will prevent my going to-morrow

Morning:

Morning : However I conjure thee, if possible, to come to-morrow about seven or eight at Night, that I may tell you in what a deplorable Condition you left me to-night. I cannot describe it; but I feel it, and wish you the same Pain, for going so inhumanly : But oh! you went to Joys, and left me to Torments ! You went to love alone, and left me Love and Rage, Fevers and Calentures, even Madness it self ! Indeed, indeed, my Soul ! I know not to what degree I love you ; let it suffice I do most passionately, and can have no Thoughts of any other Man, whilst I have Life. No ! reproach me, defame me, lampoon me, curse me, and kill me, when I do, and let Heaven do so too.

Farewel—— I love you more and more every Moment of my Life. Know it, and Goodnight. Come to-morrow, being *Wednesday*, to, my Adorable *Lycidas*, your  
ASTREA.

---

L E T T E R VIII.

WHY, my dearest Charmer, do you disturb that Repose I had resolv'd to pursue, by taking it unkindly that I did not write ? I cannot disobey you, because indeed I wou'd not, tho'twere better much for both I had been for ever silent : I prophesy so, but at the same time cannot help my Fate, and know not what Force or Credit there is in the Vertue we both profess ; but I am sure'tis not good to tempt it : I think I am sure, and I think my *Lycidas* just. But oh ! to what purpose is all this fooling ? You have often wisely considered it ; but I never stay'd to think till 'twas too late ; and whatever Resolutions I make in the absence of my lovely Friend, one single sight  
turns

turns me all Woman, and all his. Take notice then, my *Lycidas*, I will henceforth never be wise more; never make any Vows against my Inclinations, or the little wing'd Deity. I own I have neither the Coldness of *Lycidas*, nor the Prudence; I cannot either not love, or have a thousand Arts of hiding it; I have no body to fear, and therefore may have some body to love: But if you are destin'd to be he, the Lord have mercy on me; for I'm sure you'll have none. I expect a Reprimand for this plain Confession; but I must justify it, and I will, because I cannot help it: I was born to ill Luck; and this Loss of my Heart, is, possibly, not the least part on't. Do not let me see you disapprove it, I may one day grow ashamed on't, and reclaim; but never, whilst you blow the Flame, tho perhaps against your Will. I expect now a very wise Answer; and, I believe, with abundance of Discretion, you will caution me to avoid this Danger that threatens. Do so, if you have a mind to make me launch farther into the main Sea of Love: Rather deal with me as with a right Woman; make me believe my self infinitely lov'd. I may chance from the natural Inconstancy of my Sex, to be as false as you wou'd wish, and leave you in quiet: For as I am satisfied I love in vain, and without return, I'm satisfied that nothing, but the thing that hates me, cou'd treat me as *Lycidas* does; and 'tis only the Vanity of being lov'd by me, can make you countenance a Softness so displeasing to you. How cou'd any thing, but the Man that hates me, entertain me so unkindly? Witness your excellent Opinion of me, of loving others; witness your passing by the end of the Street where I live, and squandering away your time at any Coffee-house, rather than allow me what you know in your Soul is the greatest Blessing of my Life, your dear *dull* melancholy Company;



pany; I call it dull, because you can never be gay or merry where *Astrea* is. How cou'd this Indifference possess you, when your malicious Soul knew I was languishing for you? I dy'd, I fainted, and pain'd for an Hour of what you lavish'd out, regardless of me, and without so much as thinking on me! What can you say, that Judgment may not pass? that you may not be condemn'd for the worst-natur'd, incorrigible Thing in the World? Yield, and at least say, My honest Friend *Astrea*, I neither do love thee, nor can, nor ever will; at least let me say, you were generous, and told me plain blunt Truth: I know it; nay, worse, you impudently (but truly) told me your Business wou'd permit you to come every night, but your Inclinations wou'd not: At least this was honest, but very unkind, and not over-civil. Do not you, my amiable *Lycidas*, know I wou'd purchase your sight at any rate? Why this Neglect then? Why keeping distance? But as much as to say, *Astrea*, truly you will make me love, you will make me be fond of you, you will please and delight me with your Conversation, and I am a Fellow that do not desire to be pleas'd, therefore be not so civil to me; for I do not desire civil Company, nor Company that diverts me. A pretty Speech this! and yet if I do obey, desist being civil, and behave my self very rudely, as I have done, you say, these two or three days——then, Oh, *Astrea*! where is your Profession? Where your Love so boasted? Your Good-Nature, &c? Why truly, my dear *Lycidas*, where it was, and ever will be, so long as you have invincible Charms, and shew your Eyes, and look so dearly; tho you may, by your prudent Counsel, and your wise Conduct of Absence, and marching by my Door without calling in, oblige me to stay my Hand, and hold my Tongue. I can conceal my Kindness, tho not dissemble one: I can make you

think I am wise, if I list; but when I tell you I have Friendship, Love and Esteem for you, you may pawn your Soul upon it: believe 'tis true, and satisfy your self you have, my dear *Lycidas*, in your *Astrea* all she professes. I shou'd be glad to see you as soon as possible (you say *Thursday*) you can: I beg you will, and shall with Impatience expect you betimes. Fail me not, as you wou'd have me think you have any Value for *ASTREA*.

I beg you will not fail to let me hear from you, to-day being *Wednesday*, and see you at night if you can.

Here I must draw to an end; for tho considerable Trusts were repos'd in her, yet they were of that Import, that I must not presume here to insert 'em: But shall conclude with her Death, occasion'd by an unskilful Physician, on the 16th of *April*, 1689. She was buried in the Cloysters of *Westminster-Abby*, cover'd only with a plain Marble Stone, with two wretched Verses on it, made, as I'm inform'd, by a very ingenious Gentleman, tho no Poet: the very Person, whom the Envious of our Sex, and the Malicious of the other, wou'd needs have the Author of most of hers; which, to my knowledge, were her own Product, without the Assistance of any thing but Nature, which shews it self indeed without the Embarassments of Art in every thing she has writ.

She was of a generous and open Temper, something passionate, very serviceable to her Friends in all that was in her power; and cou'd sooner forgive an Injury, than do one. She had Wit, Honour, Good-humour, and Judgment. She was Mistress of all the pleasing Arts of Conversation, but us'd 'em not to any but those who love Plain-dealing. She was a Woman of Sense, and by consequence a Lover of Pleasure, as indeed all both  
Men

Men and Women are ; but only some wou'd be thought to be above the Conditions of Humanity, and place their chief Pleasure in a proud vain Hypocrisy. For my part, I knew her intimately, and never saw ought unbecoming the just Modesty of our Sex, tho more gay and free than the Folly of the Precise will allow. She was, I'm satisfy'd, a greater Honour to our Sex than all the Canting Tribe of Dissemblers, that die with the false Reputation of Saints. This I may venture to say, because I'm unknown, and the revengeful Censures of my Sex will not reach me, since they will never be able to draw the Veil, and discover the Speaker of these bold Truths. If I have done my dead Friend any manner of Justice, I'm satisfy'd, having obtain'd my End: If not, the Reader must remember that there are few *Astrea's* arise in our Age; and till such a one does appear, all our Endeavours in Encomiums on the last must be vain and impotent.







THE  
 HISTORY  
 OF THE  
 ROYAL SLAVE.

**I** Do not pretend, in giving you the History of this *ROYAL SLAVE*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whose Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poet's pleasure; nor in relating the Truth, design to adorn it with any Accidents, but such as arriv'd in earnest to him: And it shall come simply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to support it, and to render it diverting, without the addition of Invention.

I was my self an Eye-witness to a great part of what you will find here set down; and what I cou'd not be Witness of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this History, the *Hero* himself, who gave us the whole Transactions of his Youth: And though I shall omit, for brevity's sake, a thousand little Accidents of his Life, which,

however pleasant to us, where History was scarce, and Adventures very rare, yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diversions for every Minute, new and strange. But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumstance of his Life.

The Scene of the last part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America*, called *Surinam*, in the *West-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave*, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to these new *Colonies*; those they make use of there, not being *Natives* of the place: for those we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but, on the contrary, caress 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the world; trading with them for their Fish, Venison, Buffalo's Skins, and little Rarities; as *Marmosets*, a sort of Monkey, as big as a Rat or Weasel, but of a marvellous and delicate shape, having Face and Hands like a Human Creature; and *Cousheries*, a little Beast in the form and fashion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten, but so exactly made in all Parts like that Noble Beast, that it is it in *Miniature*. Then for little *Parakatoes*, great *Parrots*, *Muckaws*, and a thousand other Birds and Beasts of wonderful and surprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours. For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are some threescore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be seen at his Majesty's *Antiquary's*; where are also some rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, presented to 'em by my self; some as big as my Fist, some less; and all of various Excellencies, such as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themselves little short Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths  
for

for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whose Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Set of these presented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre, and it was the Dress of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Persons of Quality; and was unimitable. Besides these, a thousand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature; and some of Art, as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, &c. We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noses and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin, Brass or Silver beat thin, and any shining Trinket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a Quarter of an Ell long, and of the same breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of several Colours; which Apron they wear just before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long stripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread these Beads also on long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waste, and then cross, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties, which indeed are finely shap'd, as almost all are, and who have pretty Features, are charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddish Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the Colour of a new Brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. They are extreme modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an un-

decent Action, or Glance: and being continually us'd to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first Parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no Wishes, there being nothing to heighten Curiosity; but all you can see, you see at once, and every moment see; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsome young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While she, as if no such Lover were present, or rather as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but she look'd down with all the blushing Modesty I have seen in the most severe and cautious of our World. And these People represented to me an absolute *Idea* of the first State of Innocence, before Man knew how to sin: And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and vertuous Mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but destroy that Tranquillity they possess by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion. They once made mourning and fasting for the Death of the *English* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on such a day to 'em, and neither came nor sent; believing, when a Man's word was past, nothing but Death cou'd or shou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they saw he was not dead, they ask'd him what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a Man was a *Liar*, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Liar, and guilty of that Infamy.* They have a native



tive Justice, which knows no Fraud; and they understand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White Men*. They have Plurality of Wives; which, when they grow old, serve those that succeed 'em, who are young, but with a Servitude easy and respected; and unless they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Those on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldest War-Captain was obey'd with great Resignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has led them on to Battle with Conduct and Success; of whom I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter, and of some other of their Customs and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With these People, as I said, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Understanding, as it behoves us to do; they knowing all the places where to seek the best Food of the Country, and the means of getting it; and for very small and unvaluable Trifles, supply us with what 'tis impossible for us to get: for they do not only in the Woods, and over the *Sevana's*, in Hunting, supply the parts of Hounds, by swiftly scouring through those almost impassable Places, and by the mere Activity of their Feet run down the nimblest Deer, and other eatable Beasts; but in the Water, one wou'd think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the deep; so rare an Art they have in swimming, diving, and almost living in Water; by which they command the less swift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for shooting, what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have so admirable an Aim, that they will split almost an Hair, and at any distance that an Arrow can reach: they will shoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk  
with

with the Dart's Point, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being on all occasions very useful to us, we find it absolutely necessary to carefs 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do other, their numbers so far surpassing ours in that Continent.

Those then whom we make use of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negroes*, Black-Slaves all together, who are transported thither in this manner.

Those who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Master, or a Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him so much a-piece, a matter of twenty Pound a head, for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they shall be deliver'd on such a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have so contracted, go a-board, and receive their number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men, the rest Women and Children. Or be there more or less of either Sex, you are obliged to be contented with your Lot.

*Coramantien*, a Country of *Blacks* so called, was one of those Places in which they found the most advantageous Trading for these Slaves, and thither most of our great Traders in that Merchandize traffick; for that Nation is very warlike and brave: and having a continual Campaign, being always in hostility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives: for all they took in Battle were sold as Slaves; at least those common Men who cou'd not ransom themselves. Of these Slaves so taken, the General only has all the Profit; and of these Generals our Captains and Masters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was himself a Man of an hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, tho' he had many beautiful Black Wives: for most certainly there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his Sons, thirteen of whom died in Battle, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Successor, one Grand-child, Son to one of these dead Victors, who, as soon as he could bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was sent into the Field to be train'd up by one of the oldest Generals to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occasions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the Age of seventeen, one of the most expert Captains, and bravest Soldiers that ever saw the Field of *Mars*: so that he was ador'd as the wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Besides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty, so transcending all those of his gloomy Race, that he struck an Awe and Reverence, even into those that knew not his Quality; as he did into me, who beheld him with surprize and wonder, when afterwards he arrived in our World.

He had scarce arrived at his seventeenth Year, when, fighting by his side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for so was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General who saw the Arrow shot, and perceiving it aimed at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpose to receive it in his own Body, rather than it should touch that of the Prince, and so saved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaimed General in the old Man's place: and then it was, at the finishing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince  
came

came to Court, where he had hardly been a Month together, from the time of his fifth Year to that of seventeen; and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd so much Humanity: or, to give his Accomplishments a juster Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatness of Soul, those refined Notions of true Honour, that absolute Generosity, and that Softness that was capable of the highest Passions of Love and Gallantry, whose Objects were almost continually fighting Men, or those mangled or dead, who heard no Sounds but those of War and Groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a *Frenchman* of Wit and Learning, who finding it turn to very good account to be a sort of Royal Tutor to this young Black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extremely belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reason was, he lov'd when he came from War, to see all the *English* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniard* also, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often seen and conversed with this Great Man, and been a Witness to many of his mighty Actions; and do assure my Reader, the most illustrious Courts could not have produced a braver Man, both for Greatness of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more solid, a Wit more quick, and a Conversation more sweet and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much: He had heard of and admired the *Romans*: He had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd discourse of it with all the Sense and Abhorrence of the Injustice imaginable. He had an extreme good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his

Nature, but in all Points address'd himself as if his Education had been in some *European* Court.

This great and just Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extreme Curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke *French* and *English*, and that I could talk with him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surprized when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; so beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and address'd himself to me, and some other Women, with the best Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the most exact that can be fancy'd: The most famous Statuary cou'd not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from head to foot. His Face was not of that brown rusty Black which most of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or polished Jett. His Eyes were the most awful that cou'd be seen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Nose was rising and *Roman*, instead of *African* and flat. His Mouth the finest shaped that could be seen; far from those great turn'd Lips, which are so natural to the rest of the Negroes. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was so nobly and exactly form'd, that bating his Colour, there could be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handsome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty. His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art, which was by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come short of those of his Person; for his Discourse was admirable upon almost any Subject: and whoever had heard him speak, wou'd have been convinced of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confined to the white Men, especially to those of Christendom; and wou'd have confess'd  
that

that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a Soul, as politick Maxims, and was as sensible of Power, as any Prince civiliz'd in the most refined Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the most illustrious Courts.

This Prince, such as I have describ'd him, whose Soul and Body were so admirably adorned, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather, as I said) as capable of Love, as 'twas possible for a brave and gallant Man to be; and in saying that, I have named the highest Degree of Love: for sure great Souls are most capable of that Passion.

I have already said, the old General was kill'd by the Shot of an Arrow by the side of this Prince in Battle; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead Hero had one only Daughter left of his Race, a Beauty, that to describe her truly, one need say only, she was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful Black *Venus* to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Person as he, and of delicate Virtues. I have seen a hundred White Men fighting after her, and making a thousand Vows at her feet, all in vain, and unsuccessful. And she was indeed too great for any but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

*Oroonoko* coming from the Wars (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in honour he ought to make a Visit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foster-father, the dead General; and to make some Excuses to her, because his Preservation was the occasion of her Father's Death; and to present her with those Slaves that had been taken in this last Battle, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers

of

of any Merit, he was infinitely surpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whose Face and Person was so exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modesty with which she receiv'd him, that Softness in her Look and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occasion of this Honour that was done by so great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom she had heard such admirable things; the Awfulness wherewith she receiv'd him, and the Sweetness of her Words and Behaviour while he stay'd, gain'd a perfect Conquest over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be subdu'd. So that having made his first Compliments, and presented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not insensible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wish'd for nothing more than so glorious a Conquest, was pleas'd to believe, she understood that silent Language of new-born Love; and, from that moment, put on all her additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and though he did not speak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleasure to hear all his Followers speak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid, insomuch that, even in the presence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if possible, the Beauties they had found in her: so that nothing else was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whisperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* stay'd not long before he made his second Visit; nor, considering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him say, that he admir'd by what strange Inspiration he came to talk things so soft, and so passionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Conversation of Women; but (to use his own words) he said, Most happily,  
some

some new, and, till then, unknown Power instructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the same time, in favour of him, inspir'd *Imoinda* with a sense of his Passion. She was touch'd with what he said, and return'd it all in such Answers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleasure unknown before. Nor did he use those Obligations ill, that Love had done him, but turn'd all his happy moments to the best advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if such a distinction may be made in Love; and especially in that Country, where Men take to themselves as many as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin with Woman, is, to turn her off, to abandon her to want, shame and misery: such ill Morals are only practis'd in *Christian* Countries, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Vertue or Morality, think that sufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of those Professors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, so he made her such Propositions as were not only and barely such; but, contrary to the custom of his Country, he made her Vows, she shou'd be the only Woman he wou'd possess while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles shou'd encline him to change; for her Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young; and he shou'd have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms she now bore; and shou'd look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find it no longer in her Face.

After a thousand Assurances of his lasting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, she condescended to receive him for her Husband; or rather, receiv'd him, as the greatest Honour the Gods cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in these cases to be observ'd, which I forgot to ask how 'twas perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both sides, that in obedi-

ence



ence to him, the Grand-father was to be first made acquainted with the Design: For they pay a most absolute Resignation to the Monarch, especially when he is a Parent also.

On the other side, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to insinuate into his Heart a thousand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who represented her to his Fancy, as the most charming he had ever possess'd in all the long race of his numerous Years. At this Character, his old Heart, like an extinguish'd Brand, most apt to take fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his second Childhood, long'd with impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he could but innocently play. But how he shou'd be confirm'd she was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court, (where Maidens never came, unless for the King's private Use) he was next to consider; and while he was so doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was most certainly Mistress to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him some *Chagreen*: however, it gave him also an opportunity, one day, when the Prince was a hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who should go and make a Present to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he should then, unknown, see this fair Maid, and have an opportunity to hear what Message she wou'd return the Prince for his Present, and from thence gather the state of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in execution, and the old Monarch saw, and burn'd: He found her all he had heard, and would not delay his Happiness, but found he should have some Obstacle to overcome her Heart; for she express'd her sense of the Present the Prince had sent her, in terms so sweet, so soft and pretty, with an Air of

Love and Joy that cou'd not be dissembled, inso-much that 'twas past doubt whether she lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King some affliction; but he salv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferiour to what they paid their Gods; and what Love wou'd not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty wou'd compel her to.

He was therefore no sooner got to his Apartment, but he sent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation: He sends the Lady he has a mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which she is cover'd, and secur'd for the King's Use; and 'tis Death to disobey; besides, held a most impious Disobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that seiz'd the lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in these cases are dangerous, and Pleading worse than Treason; trembling, and almost fainting, she was oblig'd to suffer her self to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he sat under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd-for Virgin; whom he having commanded shou'd be brought to him, they (after disrobing her) led her to the Bath, and making fast the Doors, left her to descend. The King, without more Courtship, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw her self on the Marble, on the brink of the Bath, and besought him to hear her. She told him, as she was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory she should have been, of having it in her power to oblige her King; but as by the Laws he could not, and from his Royal Goodness would not take from any Man his wedded Wife; so she believ'd she shou'd be the Occasion of making him

him commit a great Sin, if she did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him, she was another's, and cou'd not be so happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, hastily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had married a Woman of her Degree, without his Consent. *Imoinda*, seeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble, (whether with Age or Anger, I know not, but she fancy'd the last) almost repented she had said so much, for now she fear'd the storm wou'd fall on the Prince; she therefore said a thousand things to appease the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with calmness: but before she spoke, he imagin'd who she meant, but wou'd not seem to do so, but commanded her to lay aside her Mantle, and suffer her self to receive his Caresses, or, by his Gods he swore, that happy Man whom she was going to name shou'd die, though it were even *Oroonoko* himself. *Therefore* (said he) *deny this Marriage, and swear thy self a Maid. That* (reply'd *Imoinda*) *by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband. 'Tis enough* (said the King;) *'tis enough both to satisfy my Conscience, and my Heart.* And rising from his Seat, he went and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to resist.

In this time, the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to visit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only so, but heard she had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a storm; and in his madness, they had much ado to save him from laying violent hands on himself. Force first prevail'd, and then Reason: They urg'd all to him, that might oppose his Rage; but nothing weigh'd so greatly with him as the King's Old Age, uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, because it pleas'd him most, and flatter'd best his Heart. Yet this serv'd not altogether to

make him cease his different Passions, which sometimes rag'd within him, and softned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appease him, to tell him, his Grandfather was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no cause to sigh and mourn for the loss of a Mistress, he cou'd not with all his strength and courage retrieve. And he wou'd often cry, *Oh, my Friends! were she in wall'd Cities, or confin'd from me in Fortifications of the greatest strength; did Inchantments or Monsters detain her from me; I wou'd venture through any Hazard to free her: But here, in the Arms of a feeble Old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade in Arms, and all my vast Desire of Glory, avail me nothing. Imoinda is as irrecoverably lost to me, as if she were snatch'd by the cold Arms of Death: Oh! she is never to be retriev'd. If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate shou'd bow the old King to his Grave, even that wou'd not leave me Imoinda free; but still that Custom that makes it so vile a Crime for a Son to marry his Father's Wives or Mistresses, wou'd hinder my Happiness; unless I wou'd either ignobly set an ill Precedent to my Successors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to some unknown World who never heard our Story.*

But it was objected to him, That his Case was not the same; for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife by solemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he so pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the breach of the Law being on his Grandfather's side; and that if he cou'd circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a sort of *Seraglio*, it was both just and lawful for him so to do.

This

This Reasoning had some force upon him, and he shou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the thought that she was possess'd by his Grandfather. However, he lov'd so well, that he was resolv'd to believe what most favour'd his Hope, and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda's* own mouth, what only she cou'd satisfy him in, whether she was robb'd of that Blessing which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a sight of the Women, (for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when the King went to entertain himself with some one of his Wives or Mistresses; and 'twas Death, at any other time, for any other to go in) so he knew not how to contrive to get a sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and suffer'd under a Torment the most painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his share of Affliction. He was troubled, for having been forc'd, by an irresistible Passion, to rob his Son of a Treasure, he knew, cou'd not but be extremely dear to him; since she was the most beautiful that ever had been seen, and had besides, all the Sweetness and Innocence of Youth and Modesty, with a Charm of Wit surpassing all. He found, that however she was forc'd to expose her lovely Person to his wither'd Arms, she cou'd only sigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear speaking of him, tho her Life were, by Custom, forfeited by owning her Passion. But she spoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him to whom she spoke; and of the Praises of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young Hero, that gave *Imoinda* a thousand Privileges to speak of him, without offending; and this Condescension in the old King, that

made her take the Satisfaction of speaking of him so very often.

Besides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himself: And those of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Vertues of the Prince, still answer'd what they thought conduc'd best to his Service; which was, to make the old King fancy that the Prince had no more Interest in *Imoinda*, and had resign'd her willingly to the Pleasure of the King; that he diverted himself with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report these things again to *Imoinda*, that she might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and rest better contented in his Arms. But, however she was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all appearance, with unconcern and content; her Heart was bursting within, and she was only happy when she cou'd get alone, to vent her Grievs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to justify as far as possibly he cou'd by his Actions; and when he appear'd in the Presence of the King, he shew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: so that in a little time, the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Mistresses. But as soon as he enter'd, one day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the first Glance from her Eyes, notwithstanding all his determin'd Resolution, he was ready to sink in the place where he stood; and had certainly done so, but for the support of *Aboan*, a young Man who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance; had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And

I have observ'd, 'tis a very great Error in those who laugh when one says, *A Negro can change Colour*: for I have seen 'em as frequently blush, and look pale, and that as visibly as ever I saw in the most beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain, that both these Changes were evident, this day, in both these Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who saw with some Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, strove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Caress, with which she met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as soon as the King was busy'd in looking on some fine thing of *Imoinda's* making, she had time to tell the Prince, with her angry, but Love-darting Eyes, that she resent'd his Coldness, and bemoan'd her own miserable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes silent, but answer'd hers again, as much as Eyes cou'd do, instructed by the most tender and most passionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they spoke so well, and so effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted but she was the only delight and darling of that Soul she found pleading in 'em its right of Love, which none was more willing to resign than she. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an instant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they both found there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he saw another Door open'd by *Onahal* (a former old Wife of the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*,) and saw the Prospect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the dalliance of the King, who immediately led the trembling Victim from his sight, into that prepar'd Repose; what Rage! what wild Frenzies seiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within bounds, and to suffer without noise, it became the more insupportable, and rent his Soul

with ten thousand Pains. He was forced to retire to vent his Groans, where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay struggling a long time, and only breathing now and then——Oh *Imoinda*! When *Onahal* had finished her necessary Affair within, shutting the Door, she came forth, to wait till the King called; and hearing some one sighing in the other Room, she past on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which she thought needed her Aid. She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the Nature of his Disease, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*, she told him he had not so much cause as he imagined to afflict himself: for if he knew the King so well as she did, he would not lose a moment in Jealousy; and that she was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the same opinion, and both together persuaded him to re-assume his Courage; and all sitting down on the Carpet, the Prince said so many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half-persuaded her to be of his Party: and she promised him, she would thus far comply with his just Desires, that she would let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he suffer'd, and what he said.

This Discourse lasted till the King called, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he assumed a Look as gay as 'twas possible a Man in his circumstances could do: and presently after, he was call'd in with the rest who waited without. The King commanded Musick to be brought, and several of his young Wives and Mistresses came all together by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace so surpassing all the rest, as her Beauty was above 'em, and received the Present ordained as a Prize. The Prince was every moment more charmed with  
the



the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this Fair-One; and while he gazed, and she danc'd, *Onabal* was retired to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onabal*, as I said, was one of the Cast-Mistresses of the old King; and 'twas these (now past their Beauty) that were made Guardians or Governantes to the new and the young ones, and whose business it was to teach them all those wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charmed heretofore in their turn; and who now treated the triumphing Happy-ones with all the Severity as to Liberty and Freedom, that was possible, in revenge of their Honours they rob them of; envying them those Satisfactions, those Gallantries and Presents, that were once made to themselves, while Youth and Beauty lasted, and which they now saw pass, as it were regardless by, and paid only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it self declining Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find those Careless paid to new Beauties, to which once she laid claim; to hear them whisper, as she passes by, that once was a delicate Woman. Those abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the despights and decays of time, on these flourishing Happy-ones. And 'twas this Severity that gave *Oroonoko* a thousand Fears he should never prevail with *Onabal* to see *Imoinda*. But, as I said, she was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This young Man was not only one of the best Quality, but a Man extremely well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had subdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onabal*, which had not forgot how pleasant it was to be in love. And though she had some Decays in her Face, she had none in her Sense and Wit; she was there agreeable still, even to *Aboan's* Youth: so that he took pleasure in entertaining her

her with Discourses of Love. He knew also, that to make his court to these She-favourites, was the way to be great; these being the Persons that do all Affairs and Business at Court. He had also observed that she had given him Glances more tender and inviting than she had done to others of his Quality. And now, when he saw that her Favour cou'd so absolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to sigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all soft upon her, and gave her hope that she had made some Impressions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thousand Advances to him: but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that day, and his Conversation.

*Aboan* fail'd not that night to tell the Prince of his Success, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was over-joy'd with this good News, and besought him if it were possible to caress her so, as to engage her entirely, which he could not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Desires: *For then* (said the Prince) *her Life lying at your mercy, she must grant you the Request you make in my behalf.* *Aboan* understood him, and assur'd him he would make love so effectually, that he would defy the most expert Mistress of the Art, to find out whether he dissembled it, or had it really. And 'twas with impatience they waited the next opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the time of taking the Field approached; and 'twas impossible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army to encounter the Enemy; so that every Day seem'd a tedious Year, till he saw his *Imoinda*: for he believed he cou'd not live, if he were forced away without being so happy. 'Twas with impatience therefore that he expected the next Visit the King wou'd

wou'd make; and according to his Wish it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of these two Lovers had not pass'd so secretly, but an old jealous Lover could spy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers who told him they observ'd it: so that the Prince was hasten'd to the Camp, and this was the last Visit he found he should make to the *Otan*; he therefore urged *Aboan* to make the best of this last Effort, and to explain himself so to *Onabal*, that she deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to speak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Custom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and Antick Postures the Women-Royal made, to divert the King, *Onabal* singled out *Aboan*, whom she found most pliable to her wish. When she had him where she believ'd she cou'd not be heard, she sigh'd to him, and softly cry'd, *Ah, Aboan! when will you be sensible of my Passion? I confess it with my Mouth, because I would not give my Eyes the Lye; and you have but too much already perceived they have confess'd my Flame: nor would I have you believe, that because I am the abandoned Mistress of a King, I esteem my self altogether divested of Charms: No, Aboan; I have still a Rest of Beauty enough engaging, and have learn'd to please too well, not to be desirable. I can have Lovers still, but will have none but Aboan. Madam, (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) you have already, by my Eyes, found you can still conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me you condescend to this kind Confession. But, Madam, Words are used to be so small a part of our Country-Courtship, that 'tis rare one can get so happy an Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and those few Minutes we have, are forced to be snatch'd*  
for

for more certain Proofs of Love than speaking and sighing: and such I languish for.

He spoke this with such a Tone, that she hoped it true, and cou'd not forbear believing it; and being wholly transported with Joy for having subdued the finest of all the King's Subjects to her Desires, she took from her Ears two large Pearls, and commanded him to wear 'em in his. He would have refused 'em, crying, *Madam, these are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone-Hour only, that can make me happy.* But forcing the Pearls into his Hand, she whisper'd softly to him; *Oh! do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love sets her a thinking.* And pressing his Hand, she cry'd, *This Night you shall be happy: Come to the Gate of the Orange-Grove, behind the Otan, and I will be ready about Mid-night to receive you.* 'Twas thus agreed, and she left him, that no notice might be taken of their speaking together.

The Ladies were still dancing, and the King laid on a Carpet with a great deal of Pleasure was beholding them, especially *Imoinda*, who that day appear'd more lovely than ever, being enliven'd with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her, of the constant Passion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet at the other end of the Room, with his Eyes fixed on the Object of his Soul; and as she turned or moved, so did they: and she alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions. Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other use, than in beholding with infinite pleasure the Joy she produced in those of the Prince. But while she was more regarding him, than the Steps she took, she chanced to fall; and so near him, as that leaping with extreme force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as she fell: and 'twas visible to the whole Presence, the Joy wherewith he received her. He clasped her close to his

Bosom,

Bosom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Mistress of a King, and that Punishment that is the Reward of a Boldness of this nature. And had not the Presence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety, than her own) befriended him, in making her spring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had at that instant met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the last degree, rose up in rage, broke all the Diversion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and sent out word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he shou'd suffer the Death ordained for disobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whose unseasonable Transport and Carefs of *Imoinda* was blamed by all Men that loved him: and now he perceived his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for such another Moment he would be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in disorder about this Accident; and *Onabal* was particularly concern'd, because on the Prince's Stay depended her Happiness; for she cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*: So that e'er they departed, they contrived it so, that the Prince and he should both come that night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons, and that there they wou'd wait her Orders.

They parted thus with Grief enough till night, leaving the King in possession of the lovely Maid. But nothing could appease the Jealousy of the old Lover; he wou'd not be imposed on, but would have it, that *Imoinda* made a false Step on purpose to fall into *Oroonoko*'s Bosom, and that all things looked like a Design on both sides; and 'twas in vain she protested her Innocence: He was old

and

and obstinate, and left her more than half assur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, sent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Messenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince pensive, and altogether unprepar'd for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the ground, and answer'd very little. This confirmed the Jealousy of the King, and he commanded that they should very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he should not stir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other shou'd be employ'd to watch him: So that the hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watched to the very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was seen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

*Oroonoko* and *Aboan* were no sooner enter'd, but *Onabal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not knowing any thing of her Happiness, was laid in Bed. But *Onabal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the best of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own; where he shew'd the height of Complaisance for his Prince, when, to give him an opportunity, he suffer'd himself to be caress'd in bed by *Onabal*.

The Prince softly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little surpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet she trembled with a thousand Fears. I believe he omitted saying nothing to this young Maid, that might persuade her to suffer him to seize his own, and take the Rights of Love. And I believe she was not long resisting those Arms where she so long'd to be; and having Opportunity, Night, and Silence, Youth, Love and Desire, he soon prevail'd, and ravished in a moment what his old  
Grand-

Grandfather had been endeavouring for so many Months.

'Tis not to be imagined the Satisfaction of these two young Lovers; nor the Vows she made him, that she remained a spotless Maid till that night, and that what she did with his Grandfather had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour; the Gods, in Mercy and Justice, having reserved that for her plighted Lord, to whom of right it belonged. And 'tis impossible to express the Transports he suffer'd, while he listen'd to a Discourse so charming from her loved Lips; and clasped that Body in his Arms, for whom he had so long languished: and nothing now afflicted him, but his sudden Departure from her; for he told her the Necessity, and his Commands, but should depart satisfy'd in this, That since the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of those Enjoyments which only belonged to him, he believed for the future he would be less able to injure him: so that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwise so, than that she was Wife to another, he believed her safe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet would he have ventur'd at the Conquest of the World, and have given it all to have had her avoided that Honour of receiving the *Royal Veil*. 'Twas thus, between a thousand Caresses, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, so liable to that cruel Promotion: 'twas a Glory that could well have been spared here, tho' desired and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how time ran on, and that the Dawn must conduct him far away from his only Happiness, they heard a great Noise in the *Otan*, and unusual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, starting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battle-

Battle-Ax he used to wear by his side; and having not so much leisure as to put on his Habit, he opposed himself against some who were already opening the Door: which they did with so much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it; but was forced to cry out with a commanding Voice, *Whoever ye are that have the Boldness to attempt to approach this Apartment thus rudely; know, that I, the Prince Oroonoko, will revenge it with the certain Death of him that first enters: Therefore, stand back, and know, this Place is sacred to Love and Me this night; to-morrow 'tis the King's.*

This he spoke with a Voice so resolv'd and assur'd, that they soon retired from the Door; but cry'd, *'Tis by the King's Command we are come; and being satisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own Safety, as thou art advis'd by thy Friends.*

At these words they departed, and left the Prince to take a short and sad leave of his *Imoinda*; who, trusting in the Strength of her Charms, believed she should appease the Fury of a jealous King, by saying, she was surpriz'd, and that it was by force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore she hasten'd him to the Camp, and with much ado prevail'd on him to go. Nor was it she alone that prevail'd; *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both assured him of a Lye that should be well enough contrived to secure *Imoinda*. So that at last, with a Heart sad as Death, dying Eyes, and sighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his way to the Camp.

It was not long after, the King in Person came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda*, with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedness, and Perfidy; and threatenng her Royal Lover, she fell on her



her face at his feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his pardon for a Fault which she had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was also prostrate with her, could testify: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and ravished her. She spoke this much against her Conscience; but to save her own Life, 'twas absolutely necessary she should feign this Fal-  
sity. She knew it could not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that would stand by him, against any Injuries that should assault him. How-  
ever this last Thought of *Imoinda's* being ravished, changed the Measures of his Revenge; and whereas before he designed to be himself her Executioner, he now resolved she should not die. But as it is the greatest Crime in nature amongst 'em, to touch a Woman after having been possess'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother, so now he looked on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor wou'd he resign her to his Grandson, because she had received the *Royal Veil*: He therefore re-  
moves her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*; whom he put into safe hands, with order they should be both sold off as Slaves to another Country, either *Chris-  
tian* or *Heathen*, 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worse than Death, they im-  
plor'd might be reversed; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in execution accordingly, and that with so much Secrecy, that none, either with-  
out or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Absence, or their Destiny.

The old King nevertheless executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believed he had made a very great Conquest over himself, when he had once resolved, and had perform'd what he resolv'd. He believed now, that his Love had been unjust; and that he cou'd not expect the Gods, or  
*Captain of the Clouds* (as they call the unknown  
G Power)

Power) wou'd suffer a better Consequence from so ill a Cause. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excused; and to say, he had reason for what he did: And now every body cou'd assure the King how passionately *Imoinda* was beloved by the Prince; even those confess'd it now, who said the contrary before his Flame was not abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himself in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man disobligh'd, first by the Rape of his Mistress, or rather Wife, and now by depriving of him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him desperate, and do some cruel thing, either to himself or his old Grandfather the Offender, he began to repent him extremely of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Besides he consider'd he ought in honour to have killed her for this Offence, if it had been one. He ought to have had so much Value and Consideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to death, and not to have sold her like a common Slave; the greatest Revenge, and the most disgraceful of any, and to which they a thousand times prefer Death, and implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* would highly resent this Affront, he thought good to make some Excuse for his Rashness to him; and to that end, he sent a Messenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Pardon, and to endeavour to mitigate his Grief; but that by no means he shou'd tell him she was sold, but secretly put to death: for he knew he should never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Messenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of engaging with the Enemy; but but as soon as he heard of the arrival of the Messenger,

ger,

ger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embraced him, and received him with Joy: which was soon abated by the down-cast Looks of the Messenger, who was instantly demanded the Cause by *Oroonoko*; who, impatient of delay, ask'd a thousand Questions in a breath, and all concerning *Imoinda*. But there needed little return; for he cou'd almost answer himself of all he demanded from his Sighs and Eyes. At last the Messenger casting himself at the Prince's feet, and kissing them with all the Submission of a Man that had something to implore which he dreaded to utter, he besought him to hear with Calmness what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himself against the ungrateful things he must relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languishing Voice,——*I am armed against their worst Efforts——For I know they will tell me, Imoinda is no more——and after that, you may spare the rest.* Then, commanding him to rise, he laid himself on a Carpet, under a rich Pavilion, and remained a good while silent, and was hardly heard to sigh. When he was come a little to himself, the Messenger asked him leave to deliver that part of his Embassy which the Prince had not yet divin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee——* Then he told him the Affliction the old King was in, for the Rashness he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he deign'd to ask pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince would not suffer that Loss to touch his Heart too sensibly, which now all the Gods cou'd not restore him, but might recompense him in Glory, which he begged he would pursue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, would soon even the Account between him and a feeble old Man.

*Oroonoko* bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Master; and to assure him, there was no Account of Revenge to be adjusted between them: if there were, 'twas he was the Aggressor, and that Death would be just, and, maugre his Age, wou'd see him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of Glory to Youths more fortunate and worthy of that Favour from the Gods: That henceforth he would never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow, but abandon the small Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grandfather had thought good to send out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence and Beauty.

After having spoken this, whatever his greatest Officers and Men of the best Rank cou'd do, they could not raise him from the Carpet, or persuade him to Action, and Resolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he shut himself into his Pavilion all that day, while the Enemy was ready to engage: and wondring at the delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then address'd themselves to him, and to whom they had much ado to get Admittance. They fell on their faces at the foot of his Carpet, where they lay, and besought him with earnest Prayers and Tears, to lead them forth to Battle, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implored him to have regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications, but this, That he had now no more business for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care: *Go* (continued he, sighing) *and divide it amongst you, and reap with Joy what you so vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Destiny.*

They

They then demanded what they should do, and whom he would constitute in his room, that the Confusion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, he would not give himself the trouble—but wish'd 'em to chuse the bravest Man amongst 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it wou'd: *For, Oh my Friends!* (said he) *it is not Titles make Men brave or good; or Birth that bestows Courage and Generosity, or makes the Owner happy. Believe this, when you behold Oroonoko the most wretched, and abandoned by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.* So turning himself about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they could urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unsuccessful, with sad Faces and ominous Looks, that presaged no good luck, suffer'd a thousand Fears to take possession of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon them, before they would provide for their Safety, by any Defence: and though they were assured by some, who had a mind to animate them, that they should be immediately headed by the Prince, and that in the mean time *Aboan* had orders to command as General; yet they were so dismay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they could make but a very feeble Resistance; and at last, downright fled before the Enemy, who pursued 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em. Nor could all *Aboan's* Courage, which that day gained him immortal Glory, shame 'em into a manly Defence of themselves. The Guards that were left behind about the Prince's Tent, seeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and scatter themselves all over the Plain, in great disorder, made such out-cries as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd bury'd for two days, without permitting any Sustenance

to approach him. But, in spite of all his Resolutions, he had not the Constancy of Grief to that degree, as to make him insensible of the Danger of his Army; and in that instant he leaped from his Couch, and cry'd—*Come, if we must die, let us meet Death the noblest way; and 'twill be more like Oroonoko to encounter him at an Army's Head, opposing the Torrent of a conquering Foe, than lazily on a Couch, to wait his lingering Pleasure, and die every moment by a thousand racking Thoughts; or be tamely taken by an Enemy, and led a whining love-sick Slave to adorn the Triumphs of Jamoan, that young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the Limits I have prescrib'd him.*

While he was speaking, he suffer'd his People to dress him for the Field; and sallying out of his Pavilion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he shew'd, he appear'd like some Divine Power descended to save his Country from Destruction: and his People had purposely put him on all things that might make him shine with most Splendor, to strike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickest of those that were pursuing his Men; and being animated with Despair, he fought as if he came on purpose to die, and did such things as will not be believed that Human Strength could perform; and such as soon inspir'd all the rest with new Courage, and new Order. And now it was that they began to fight indeed; and so, as if they would not be outdone even by their ador'd Hero; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing absolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conquest: and *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to single out *Jamoan*, he took him prisoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almost to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces,  
and

and fine Parts; so that he never put him amongst the Rank of Captives, as they used to do, without distinction, for the common Sale, or Market, but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Prisoner but the Name, and returned no more into his own Country; so great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*, and by a thousand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Disease of Melancholy and Languishment: which I have often heard him say, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Conversation of this Prince and *Aboan*, and the *French* Governour he had from his Childhood, of whom I have spoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infused into his young Pupil. This *Frenchman* was banished out of his own Country, for some Heretical Notions he held: and tho he was a Man of very little Religion, he had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan's* Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the place, they spent some time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chusing rather to remain awhile there in his Tents, than to enter into a Palace, or live in a Court where he had so lately suffer'd so great a Loss. The Officers therefore, who saw and knew his Cause of Discontent, invented all sorts of Diversions and Sports to entertain their Prince: So that what with those Amusements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Persuasions, Arguments, and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in time a great part of that *Chagreen*, and Torture of Despair, which the first Efforts of *Imoinda's* Death had given him; insomuch as having received a thousand kind Embassies from the King, and Invitation to return to Court, he obey'd, tho with no little reluctancy: and when he did so, there was a

visible change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But time lessens all Extremes, and reduces 'em to *Mediums*, and Unconcern: but no Motives of Beauties, tho' all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any sort of Amour, though he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and other Ambitions and Designs.

*Oroonoko* was no sooner return'd from this last Conquest, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that cou'd be expressed to a young Victor, who was not only returned triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, than there arriv'd in the Port an *English Ship*.

The Master of it had often before been in these Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his Predecessors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer sort of Address and Conversation, better bred, and more engaging, than most of that sort of Men are; so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almost all his life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than most of the Traders to those Countries were; and especially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European Mode*, than any other had been, and took more delight in the *White Nations*; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he sold abundance of his Slaves; and for the Favour and Esteem he had for him, made him many Presents, and oblig'd him to stay at Court as long as possibly he cou'd. Which the Captain seem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince every day with Globes and Maps, and mathematical Discourses and Instruments; eating, drinking, hunting, and living with him with so much familiarity,



liarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in return of all these mighty Favours, besought the Prince to honour his Vessel with his Presence, some day or other at Dinner, before he shou'd set sail: which he condescended to accept, and appointed his day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a readiness, in the most magnificent order he cou'd possibly: And the day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet-Cushions, row'd to the shore, to receive the Prince; with another Long-Boat, where was plac'd all his Musick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extremely delighted; who met him on the shore, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the noblest of the Youths of the Court: And after they had first carry'd the Prince on board, the Boats fetch'd the rest off; where they found a very splendid Treat, with all sorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas possible in such a place to be.

The Prince having drank hard of Punch, and several sorts of Wine, as did all the rest, (for great care was taken, they shou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; so that he was curious of beholding every place where he decently might descend. The rest, no less curious, who were not quite overcome with Drinking, rambled at their pleasure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well laid his Design before, gave the Word, and seiz'd on all his Guests; they clapping great Irons suddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down into the Hold, to view that part of the Vessel; and locking him  
fast

fast down, secur'd him. The same Treachery was us'd to all the rest; and all in one instant, in several places of the Ship, were lash'd fast in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Design over, they set all Hands to work to hoist Sail; and with as treacherous as fair a Wind they made from the Shore with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing less than such an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave in the Captain; but I will spare my sense of it, and leave it to my Reader to judge as he pleases. It may be easily guess'd, in what manner the Prince resent'd this Indignity, who may be best resembled to a Lion taken in a Toil; so he rag'd, so he struggled for Liberty, but all in vain: and they had so wisely manag'd his Fetters, that he could not use a hand in his defence to quit himself of a Life that wou'd by no means endure Slavery; nor cou'd he move from the place where he was ty'd, to any solid part of the Ship against which he might have beat his Head, and have finish'd his Disgrace that way. So that being deprived of all other means, he resolv'd to perish for want of Food; and pleas'd at last with that Thought, and toil'd and tir'd by Rage and Indignation, he laid himself down, and sullenly resolv'd upon dying, and refused all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more so, because he found almost all of 'em of the same Humour; so that the loss of so many brave Slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, would have been very considerable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he wou'd not be seen himself) to *Oroonoko*, and to assure him, he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a Deed, and which could not be now remedy'd, since they were far from shore; but since he resent'd it in so high a nature,

nature, he assur'd him he would revoke his Resolution, and set both him and his Friends a-shore on the next Land they should touch at; and of this the Messenger gave him his Oath, provided he would resolve to live. And *Oroonoko*, whose Honour was such as he never had violated a Word in his Life himself, much less a solemn Asseveration, believ'd in an instant what this Man said; but reply'd, He expected, for a Confirmation of this, to have his shameful Fetters dismiss'd. This demand was carried to the Captain; who return'd him answer, That the Offence had been so great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durst not trust him with Liberty while he remain'd in the Ship, for fear lest by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit some Outrage fatal to himself, and the King his Master, to whom this Vessel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* reply'd, He would engage his Honour to behave himself in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the command of the Captain, as he was Lord of the King's Vessel, and General of those Men under his command.

This was deliver'd to the still doubting Captain, who could not resolve to trust a Heathen, he said, upon his Parole, a Man that had no sense or notion of the God that he worshipp'd. *Oroonoko* then reply'd, He was very sorry to hear that the Captain pretended to the knowledge and worship of any Gods, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to credit as he would be credited. But they told him, the difference of their Faith occasion'd that distrust: For the Captain had profest to him upon the word of a Christian, and sworn in the name of a great God; which if he should violate, he would expect eternal Torment in the World to come. *Is that all the Obligation he has to be just to his Oath?* (reply'd *Oroonoko*) *Let him know, I swear*  
by

by my Honour; which to violate, would not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest Men, and so give my self perpetual Pain, but it would be eternally offending and displeasing all Mankind; harming, betraying, circumventing and outraging all Men. But Punishments hereafter are suffer'd by one's self; and the World takes no Cognizance whether this GOD have reveng'd 'em, or not, 'tis done so secretly, and deserv'd so long: while the Man of no Honour suffers every moment the Scorn and Contempt of the honestest World, and dies every day ignominiously in his Fame, which is more valuable than Life. I speak not this to move Belief, but to shew you how you mistake, when you imagine, That he who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word with his Gods. So, turning from him with a disdainful Smile, he refused to answer him, when he urg'd him to know what Answer he should carry back to his Captain; so that he departed without saying any more.

The Captain pondering and consulting what to do, it was concluded that nothing but Oroonoko's Liberty would encourage any of the rest to eat, except the *French-man*, whom the Captain could not pretend to keep Prisoner, but only told him, he was secured, because he might act something in favour of the Prince, but that he should be freed as soon as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly necessary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might shew himself to the rest; that they might have an eye upon him, and that they could not fear a single Man.

This being resolv'd, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himself went to Oroonoko; where, after many Compliments, and Assurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his Parole, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, dismiss'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and re-  
pos'd

pos'd him a while, (for he had neither eat nor slept in four days before) he besought him to visit those obstinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner of Sustainance; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of that Liberty the first Opportunity.

*Oroonoko*, who was too generous, not to give credit to his Words, shew'd himself to his People, who were transported with excess of Joy at the sight of their darling Prince; falling at his feet, and kissing and embracing 'em; believing, as some divine Oracle, all he assur'd 'em. But he besought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became those whom he had seen act so nobly in Arms; and that they could not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendship, since 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) could have, against the Revenge, he said, they might possibly justly take, for the Injuries sustain'd by him. And they all, with one accord, assur'd him, they cou'd not suffer enough, when it was for his Repose and Safety.

After this, they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, since by it they hoped to redeem the Prince, who, all the rest of the Voyage, was treated with all the respect due to his Birth, tho nothing could divert his Melancholy; and he wou'd often sigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Punishment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Possess'd with a thousand Thoughts of past Joys with this fair young Person, and a thousand Grievs for her eternal Loss, he endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at last arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver some part of their Slaves.

Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on board, to demand those Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongst those, the Overseers of those Plantations where I then chanc'd to be: the Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up those noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have spoken of; and having put 'em, some in one, and some in other Lots, with Women and Children (which they call *Pickaninies*) they sold 'em off, as Slaves, to several Merchants and Gentlemen; not putting any two in one Lot, because they would separate 'em far from each other; nor daring to trust 'em together, lest Rage and Courage should put 'em upon contriving some great Action, to the ruin of the Colony.

*Oroonoko* was first seiz'd on, and sold to our Overseer, who had the first Lot, with seventeen more of all sorts and sizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he saw this, he found what they meant; for, as I said, he understood *English* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any Resistance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes that forc'd Blushes on his guilty Checks, he only cry'd in passing over the side of the Ship; *Farewel, Sir, 'tis worth my Sufferings, to gain so true a Knowledge both of you, and of your Gods by whom you swear.* And desiring those that held him to forbear their Pains, and telling 'em he would make no Resistance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves, let us descend, and see if we can meet with more Honour and Honesty in the next World we shall touch upon.* So he nimbly leapt into the Boat, and shewing no more concern, suffer'd himself to be row'd up the River, with his seventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him, was a young *Cornish* Gentleman, whose Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into those Parts by the Lord——Governour, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the last Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the Richness of his Vest, no sooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding something so extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mein, a greatness of Look, and haughtiness in his Air, and finding he spoke *English*, had a great mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune: which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the Rank of common Slaves; *Trefry* soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd; and from that moment began to conceive so vast an Esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest Brother, and shew'd him all the Civilities due to so great a Man.

*Trefry* was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguist; could speak *French* and *Spanish*; and in the three days they remain'd in the Boat (for so long were they going from the Ship to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* so agreeably with his Art and Discourse, that he was no less pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himself, at least, fortunate in this, that since he was a Slave, as long as he would suffer himself to remain so, he had a Man of so excellent Wit and Parts for a Master. So that before they had finish'd their Voyage up the River, he made no scruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and most part of what I have here related, and put himself wholly into the hands of his new Friend, whom he found resenting all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatnesses of his Actions; which were recited with

with that Modesty, and delicate Sense, as wholly vanquish'd him, and subdu'd him to his Interest. And he promis'd him on his Word and Honour he wou'd find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again; assuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of so dishonourable an Action; and that he would sooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of such a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concern'd to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promis'd to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he should have an account of 'em.

Though, as *Oroonoko* afterwards said, he had little reason to credit the Words of a *Backbearary*; yet he knew not why, but he saw a kind of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he saw an Honesty in his Eyes, and he found him wise and witty enough to understand Honour: for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit cou'd not be a Knave or Villain.*

In their Passage up the River, they put in at several Houses for Refreshment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People would flock to behold this Man: not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the sight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in admiration of his Beauty. Besides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, so different from the rest, and which the Captain cou'd not strip him of, because he was forc'd to surprize his Person in the minute he sold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gaz'd at the more, he begged *Trefry* to give him something more besitting a Slave, which he did, and took off his Robes: Nevertheless he shone thro' all, and his *Osenbrigs* (a sort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not conceal the Graces of his Looks and  
Mein;



Mein; and he had no less Admirers than when he had his dazzling Habit on: The Royal Youth appear'd in spight of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without designing it. As soon as they approached him, they venerated and esteemed him; his Eyes insensibly commanded Respect, and his Behaviour insinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talked of but this young and gallant Slave, even by those who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the Christians never buy any Slaves but they give 'em some Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; so that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cesar*; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (scarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*: for 'tis most evident he wanted no part of the personal Courage of that *Cesar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in some part of the World replenished with People and Historians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obscure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; though I doubt not but it had lived from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who immediately after his time took that Country, had not killed, banished and dispersed all those that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who designed it, dy'd before he began it, and bemoan'd himself for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore I must call *Oroonoko* *Cesar*; since by that Name only he was known in our Western World, and by that Name he was received on shore at *Parham-House*, where he was destin'd a Slave. But if the King himself (God

blefs him) had come afhore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectation by all the whole Plantation, and thofe neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was received more like a Governour than a Slave: notwithstanding, as the Custom was, they assign'd him his Portion of Land, his Houfe and his Bufinefs up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Delign to put him to his Task, he endured no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd fome days in the Houfe, receiving all Vifits that were made him, without ftriving towards that part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At laft, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his Houfe, and the Bufinefs assign'd him. But he no fooner came to the Houfes of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it felf, the *Negroes* all having left work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at feveral times, fold moft of 'em to thefe Parts; and from a Veneration they pay to great Men, efppecially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the fight of him, they all caft themfelves at his feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* and kissing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several *English* Gentlemen were with him, and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em was here confirm'd; of which he himfelf before had no other Witnefs than *Cafar* himfelf: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandeur confirm'd by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

*Cafar* troubled with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, befought 'em to rife, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; affuring them he was no better. At which they fet up with one accord a moft terrible and hideous mourning and condoling, which he and the *English* had much ado to appeafe: but

but at last they prevailed with 'em, and they prepared all their barbarous Musick, and every one kill'd and dress'd something of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land apart, on which, at their leisure-times, they breed all eatable things) and clubbing it together, made a most magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Presence; which he did, and several *English* with him, where they all waited on him, some playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their several Nations, and with unweary'd Industry endeavouring to please and delight him.

While they sat at Meat, Mr. *Trefry* told *Cesar*, that most of these young Slaves were undone in love with a fine She-Slave, whom they had had about six Months on their Land; the Prince, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curiosity of examining further into that Tale, which of all Discourses was most agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be so unhappy, as to be all undone for one fair Slave? *Trefry*, who was naturally amorous, and lov'd to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the most charming Black that ever was beheld on their Plantation, about fifteen or sixteen Years old, as he guess'd; that for his part he had done nothing but sigh for her ever since she came; and that all the White Beauties he had seen, never charm'd him so absolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her that did not fall in love with her; and that she had all the Slaves perpetually at her feet; and the whole Country resounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for so (said he) we have christen'd her: but she denies us all with such a noble Disdain, that 'tis a Miracle to see, that she who can give such

eternal Desires, should her self be all Ice and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the most graceful Modesty that ever beautify'd Youth; the softest Sigher—that, if she were capable of Love, one would swear she languished for some absent happy Man; and so retired, as if she fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day, or that the Breezes wou'd steal Kisses from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work, some sighing Lover every day makes it his petition to perform for her; which she accepts blushing, and with reluctancy, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not presume to hope; so great an Awe she strikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. *I do not wonder (reply'd the Prince) that Clemene should refuse Slaves, being, as you say, so beautiful; but wonder how she escapes those that can entertain her as you can do: or why, being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield? I confess (said Trefry) when I have, against her will, entertained her with Love so long, as to be transported with my Passion even above Decency, I have been ready to make use of those Advantages of Strength and Force Nature has given me: But Oh! she disarms me with that Modesty and Weeping, so tender and so moving, that I retire, and thank my Stars she overcame me.* The Company laugh'd at his Civility to a Slave, and *Cesar* only applauded the Nobleness of his Passion and Nature, since that Slave might be noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus pass'd they this Night, after having received from the Slaves all imaginable Respect and Obedience.

The next day, *Trefry* ask'd *Cesar* to walk when the Heat was allay'd, and designedly carry'd him by the Cottage of the fair Slave; and told him she whom he spoke of last night lived there retir'd: *But (says he) I would not wish you to approach; for*

*I am sure you will be in love as soon as you behold her.* *Cesar* assured him, he was proof against all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagined his Heart could be so perfidious to love again, after *Imoinda*, he believed he should tear it from his Bosom. They had no sooner spoke, but a little Shock-Dog, that *Clemene* had presented her, which she took great delight in, ran out; and she, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on those who were just speaking of her: when seeing them, she would have run in again, but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, *Clemene, however you fly a Lover, you ought to pay some respect to this Stranger,* (pointing to *Cesar*.) But she, as if she had resolved never to raise her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he spoke, and gave the Prince the leisure to look the more at her. There needed no long gazing, or Consideration, to examine who this fair Creature was; he soon saw *Imoinda* all over her; in a minute he saw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modesty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body destitute of almost Life: it stood without Motion, and for a Minute knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himself, so oppress'd he was with Over-joy, if he had not met with this allay, that he perceived *Imoinda* fall dead in the hands of *Trefry*. This awaken'd him, and he ran to her aid, and caught her in his Arms, where by degrees she came to herself; and 'tis needless to tell with what Transports, what Extasies of Joy, they both awhile beheld each other, without speaking; then snatched each other to their Arms; then gaze again, as if they still doubted whether they possess'd the Blessing they grasped: but when they recover'd their Speech, 'tis not to be imagined what tender things they ex-

press'd to each other; wondring what strange Fate had brought them again together. They soon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but at the same time they mutually protested, that even Fetters and Slavery were soft and easy, and would be supported with Joy and Pleasure, while they cou'd be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cesar* swore he disdain'd the Empire of the World, while he could behold his *Imoinda*; and she despis'd Grandeur and Pomp, those Vanities of her Sex, when she could gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where she resided, and said, That little Inch of the World would give him more Happiness than all the Universe cou'd do; and she vow'd, it was a Palace, while adorned with the Presence of *Oroonoko*.

*Trefry* was infinitely pleas'd with this Novel, and found this *Clemente* was the fair Mistress of whom *Cesar* had before spok; and was not a little satisfy'd, that Heaven was so kind to the Prince as to sweeten his Misfortunes by so lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themselves, was impatient to come down to *Parham-House* (which was on the same Plantation) to give me an account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make these Lovers a Visit, having already made a Friendship with *Cesar*, and from his own Mouth learned what I have related; which was confirm'd by his *Frenchman*, who was set on shore to seek his Fortune, and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, because a Christian; and he came daily to *Parham-Hill* to see and pay his Respects to his Pupil Prince. So that concerning and interest'g my self in all that related to *Cesar*, whom I had assur'd of Liberty as soon as the Governour arriv'd, I hasten'd presently to the Place where these Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this beautiful young Slave (who

(who had already gain'd all our Esteems, for her Modesty and her extraordinary Prettiness) to be the same I had heard *Cesar* speak so much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble Respect; and tho' from her being carved in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we could not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that those who are nobly born of that Country, are so delicately cut and raised all over the Fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were japan'd, the Works being raised like high Point round the edges of the Flowers. Some are only carved with a little Flower, or Bird, at the sides of the Temples, as was *Cesar*; and those who are so carved over the Body, resemble our ancient *Picts* that are figur'd in the Chronicles, but these Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy day *Cesar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country would afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very short time after she conceived with Child, which made *Cesar* even adore her, knowing he was the last of his great Race. This new Accident made him more impatient of Liberty, and he was every day treating with *Tresny* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty, and offer'd either Gold, or a vast quantity of Slaves, which should be paid before they let him go, provided he could have any Security that he should go when his Ransom was paid. They fed him from day to day with Promises, and delay'd him till the Lord-Governour should come; so that he began to suspect them of Falshood, and that they would delay him till the time of his Wife's Delivery, and make a Slave of that too: for all the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents be-

long. This Thought made him very uneasy, and his Sullenness gave them some Jealousies of him; so that I was obliged, by some Persons who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very fatal sometimes in those Colonies that abound so with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vast numbers) to discourse with *Cesar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I possibly could: They knew he and *Clemene* were scarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable of. I entertained them with the Lives of the *Romans*, and great Men, which charmed him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Mistress of, and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the Knowledge of the true God: But of all Discourses, *Cesar* liked that the worst, and would never be reconciled to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jest; it was a Riddle he said would turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him understand what Faith was. However, these Conversations fail'd not altogether so well to divert him, that he liked the Company of us Women much above the Men, for he could not drink, and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot. So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, especially my self, whom he call'd his *Great Mistress*; and indeed my Word would go a great way with him. For these Reasons I had opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleas'd of late, as he us'd to be; was more retir'd and thoughtful; and told him, I took it ill he shou'd suspect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom; which was not so long a way, but when he was once on his Voyage he wou'd quickly arrive there.

He



He made me some Answers that shew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask, what advantage it would be to doubt? It would but give us a fear of him, and possibly compel us to treat him so as I should be very loth to behold: that is, it might occasion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not so luckily spoke of me, for I perceiv'd he resent'd that Word, which I strove to soften again in vain: However, he assur'd me, that whatsoever Resolutions he should take, he would act nothing upon the *White* People; and as for my self, and those upon that *Plantation* where he was, he would sooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it self, than lift his Hand against his greatest Enemy on that place. He besought me to suffer no Fears upon his account, for he could do nothing that Honour should not dictate; but he accus'd himself for having suffer'd Slavery so long: yet he charg'd that weakness on Love alone, who was capable of making him neglect even Glory it self; and, for which, now he reproaches himself every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he spoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he would not be long in Bondage; and though he suffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was sufficient to render him uneasy; and he had been too long idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms. He had a Spirit all rough and fierce, and that could not be tam'd to lazy Rest; and though all Endeavours were us'd to exercise himself in such Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as Running, Wrestling, Pitching the Bar, Hunting and Fishing, Chasing and Killing *Tygers* of a monstrous size, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful *Snakes*, such as *Alexander* is reported to have encounter'd at the River of *Amazons*, and which *Cesar* took great delight to overcome; yet these

these were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was still panting after more renown'd Actions.

Before I parted that day with him, I got, with much-ado, a Promise from him to rest yet a little longer with patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governour, who was every day expected on our shore: he assur'd me he would, and this Promise he desired me to know was given perfectly in complaisance to me, in whom he had an intire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to trust him much out of our view, nor did the Country, who fear'd him; but with one accord it was advis'd to treat him fairly, and oblige him to remain within such a compass, and that he should be permitted, as seldom as could be, to go up to the Plantations of the *Negroes*; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by some that should be rather in appearance Attendants than Spies. This Care was for some time taken, and *Cesar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Respect, and was glad his discontent had oblig'd 'em to be more observant to him; he received new assurance from the Overseer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him. During this time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleasant to relate to you the Diversions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My stay was to be short in that Country; because my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to possess the Honour design'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of six and thirty Islands, besides the Continent of *Surinam*) nor the Advantages he hop'd to reap by them: so that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to stay upon the Place. Though, in a  
word,

word, I must say thus much of it; that certainly had his late Majesty, of sacred Memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming World he had been Master of in that Continent, he would never have parted so easily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent whose vast Extent was never yet known, and may contain more noble Earth than all the Universe beside; for, they say, it reaches from East to West one way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things both for Beauty and Use; 'tis there eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May*, and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn: Groves of Oranges, Lemons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies. The Trees appearing all like Nofegays adorn'd with Flowers of different kinds, some are all White, some Purple, some Scarlet, some Blue, some Yellow; bearing at the same time ripe Fruit, and blooming Young, or producing every day new. The very Wood of all these Trees has an intrinsick Value above common Timber; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold, and bear a price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums; so that we make our Candles of such an aromatick Substance, as does not only give a sufficient Light, but, as they burn, they cast their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common firing, and all the Houses are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when set on the Table, if it be native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room; especially a little Beast call'd an *Armadilly*, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Armour, so jointed, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on: this Beast is about the bigness of a Pig  
of

of six Weeks old. But it were endless to give an account of all the divers wonderful and strange Things that Country affords, and which we took a very great delight to go in search of; tho' those Adventures are oftentimes fatal, and at least dangerous; But while we had *Caspar* in our company on these Designs, we fear'd no harm, nor suffer'd any.

As soon as I came into the Country, the best House in it was presented me, call'd *St. John's Hill*: It stood on a vast Rock of white Marble, at the foot of which the River ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little Waves still dashing and washing the foot of this Rock, made the softest Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the opposite Bank was adorn'd with such vast quantities of different Flowers eternally blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a thousand rare Forms and Colours, that the Prospect was the most ravishing that Sands can create. On the edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Lemon-Trees, about half the length of the *Mall* here, whose flowery and fruit-bearing Branches met at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whose Rays are very fierce there, from entering a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River, made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hottest hours of the day, but refresh'd the sweet Blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming; and sure, the whole Globe of the World cannot shew so delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boasted *Italy* can produce a Shade to out-vie this, which Nature had join'd with Art to render so exceeding fine; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast Trees, as big as *English* Oaks, could take footing on so solid a Rock, and in so little

little Earth as cover'd that Rock: But all things by Nature there are rare, delightful and wonderful. But to our Sports.

Sometimes we would go surprizing, and in search of young *Tygers* in their Dens, watching when the old ones went forth to forage for Prey; and oftentimes we have been in great danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when surpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Design, and *Cesar* was with us; who had no sooner stoln a young *Tyger* from her Nest, but going off, we encounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which he had torn off with his mighty Paw, and going with it towards his Den: we had only four Women, *Cesar*, and an *English Gentleman*, Brother to *Harry Martin* the great *Oliverian*; we found there was no escaping this enraged and ravenous Beast. However, we Women fled as fast as we could from it; but our Heels had not saved our Lives, if *Cesar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tyger* quit her Prey to make the more speed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin's* Sword, desired him to stand aside, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him; and *Cesar* met this monstrous Beast of mighty Size, and vast Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his awful stern Eyes full upon those of the Beast, and putting himself into a very stiddy and good aiming Posture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breast down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword: the dying Beast stretch'd forth her Paw, and going to grasp his Thigh, surpriz'd with death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Flesh very deep, feebly wounded him, but could not grasp the Flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return: which, after some assurance of his Victory, we

we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Bosom of the *Tiger*, who was laid in her Blood on the ground; he took up the *Cub*, and with an unconcern that had nothing of the Joy or Gladness of a Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my feet. We all extremely wonder'd at his daring, and at the bigness of the Beast, which was about the height of an Heifer, but of mighty great and strong Limbs.

Another time being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tyger* which had long infested that Part, and borne away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other things that were for the support of those to whom they belong'd: abundance of People assail'd this Beast, some affirming they had shot her with several Bullets quite through the Body, at several times; and some swearing they shot her through the very Heart, and they believ'd she was a Devil, rather than a mortal thing. *Cesar* had often said, he had a mind to encounter this Monster, and spoke with several Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I shot her with so many poison'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that: so that he remarking all these places where she was shot, fancy'd still he should overcome her, by giving her another sort of a Wound than any had yet done, and one day said (at the Table) *What Trophies and Garlands, Ladies, will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this ravenous Beast, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs?* We all promis'd he should be rewarded at all our hands. So taking a Bow, which he chose out of a great many, he went up into the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be; they had not past very far in it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if she were pleas'd with something she was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the Belly

Belly of a new ravish'd Sheep, which she had torn open; and seeing her self approach'd, she took fast hold of her Prey with her fore Paws, and set a very fierce raging Look on *Cesar*, without offering to approach him, for fear at the same time of losing what she had in possession. So that *Cesar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim; and getting an opportunity to shoot her where he design'd: 'twas some time before he could accomplish it; and to wound her, and not kill her, would but have enrag'd her the more, and endanger'd him. He had a Quiver of Arrows at his side, so that if one fail'd, he could be supply'd; at last, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found she was ravenous, and fell to as soon as she saw him retire, being more eager of her Prey, than of doing new Mischiefs: when he going softly to one side of her, and hiding his Person behind certain Herbage that grew high and thick, he took so good aim, that, as he intended, he shot her just into the Eye, and the Arrow was sent with so good a will, and so sure a hand, that it stuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being seconded by another Arrow, she fell dead upon the Prey. *Cesar* cut her open with a Knife, to see where those Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why she did not die of 'em. But I shall now relate a thing that, possibly, will find no credit among Men; because 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and live: But when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were seven Bullets of Lead in it, the Wound seam'd up with great Scars, and she liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long since they were shot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curiosity, which all the Country came to see; and which gave *Cesar* occasion of many  
fine

resolv'd; so did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now, none of us speaking the Language of the People, and imagining we should have a half Diversion in gazing only; and not knowing what they said, we took a Fisherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us: But because he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em, and being, by long living there, become a perfect *Indian* in colour, we, who had a mind to surprize 'em, by making them see something they never had seen, (that is, *White People*) resolv'd only my self, my Brother and Woman should go: so *Cesar*, the Fisherman, and the rest, hiding behind some thick Reeds and Flowers that grew in the Banks, let us pass on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little distant from the Houses, or Huts, we saw some dancing, others busy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River. They had no sooner spy'd us, but they set up a loud Cry, that frighted us at first; we thought it had been for those that should kill us, but it seems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all naked; and we were dress'd, so as is most commode for the hot Countries, very glittering and rich; so that we appear'd extremely fine: my own Hair was cut short, and I had a taffety Cap, with black Feathers on my Head; my Brother was in a Stuff-Suit, with silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of green Ribbon. This was all infinitely surprizing to them; and because we saw them stand still till we approach'd 'em, we took heart and advanc'd, came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling still for more Company; who came swarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeeme*: taking their Hair up in their Hands, and spreading it



it wide to those they call'd out to; as if they would say (as indeed it signify'd) *Numberless Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us, laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breasts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to see another; admiring our Shoes and Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave 'em, and they ty'd about their Legs, being lac'd with silver Lace at the ends; for they much esteem any shining things. In fine, we suffer'd 'em to survey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they would never have done admiring us. When *Cæsar*, and the rest, saw we were receiv'd with such wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by these Fishermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they saw him therefore, they set up a new Joy, and cry'd in their Language, *Ob! here's our Tiguamy, and we shall now know whether those things can speak*. So advancing to him, some of 'em gave him their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tiguamy*; which is as much as, *How do you do*; or, *welcome Friend*: and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, if we had Sense and Wit? If we could talk of Affairs of Life and War, as they could do? If we could hunt, swim, and do a thousand things they use? He answer'd 'em, We could. Then they invited us into their Houses, and dress'd Venison and Buffalo for us; and, going out, gather'd a Leaf of a Tree, called a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of six Yards long, and spread it on the Ground for a Table-cloth; and cutting another in pieces, instead of Plates, set us on little low *Indian*-Stools, which they cut out of one entire

piece of Wood, and paint in a sort of Japan-work. They serve every one their Mefs on these pieces of Leaves; and it was very good, but too high-season'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother and I took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new wonder; and I soon perceiv'd, by an admiration that is natural to these People, and by the extreme Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to establish any unknown or extravagant Religion among them, and to impose any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For seeing a Kinsman of mine set some Paper on fire with a Burning-glass, a Trick they had never before seen, they were like to have ador'd him for a God, and begg'd he would give 'em the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppose it against Winds and Storms: which he did, and they held it up in those Seasons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them, and kept it like a holy Relique. They are very superstitious, and call'd him the great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet*. They shewed us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about sixteen Years old, as handsom as Nature could make a Man. They consecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are used to compleat him in the finest manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little arts and cunning they are capable of; to all the legerdemain Tricks, and sleight of Hand, whereby he imposes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Physick and Divinity: And by these Tricks makes the sick believe he sometimes eases their Pains, by drawing from the afflicted Part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any strange thing; and though they have besides undoubted good Remedies for almost all their Diseases, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines, and make themselves feared, loved, and revered. This young *Peeie* had a very  
young

young Wife, who seeing my Brother kiss her, came running and kiss'd me. After this they kiss'd one another, and made it a very great Jest, it being so novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæsar* had a mind to see and talk with their War-Captains, and we were conducted to one of their Houses; where we beheld several of the great Captains, who had been at Council: But so frightful a Vision it was to see 'em, no Fancy can create; no sad Dreams can represent so dreadful a Spectacle. For my part, I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men: but however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very humane and noble; but some wanted their Noses, some their Lips, some both Noses and Lips, some their Ears, and others cut through each Cheek, with long Slashes, through which their Teeth appear'd: they had several other formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Dismembrings. They had *Comitia's*, or little Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked stuck in it; a Bow at their Back, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and most had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd *Amora Tiguame* to us, at our entrance, and were pleas'd we said as much to them: They seated us, and gave us Drink of the best sort, and wonder'd as much as the others had done before, to see us. *Cæsar* was marvelling as much at their Faces, wondring how they should all be so wounded in War; he was impatient to know how they all came by those frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in noble Battel: They told us by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men, chosen out by some old Captain whose fighting was past, and who could only teach the Theory of

War, were to stand in competition for the Generalship, or great War-Captain; and being brought before the old Judges, now past Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do, to shew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he who is first ask'd, making no reply, cuts off his Nose, and throws it contemptibly on the ground; and the other does something to himself that he thinks surpasses him, and perhaps deprives himself of Lips and an Eye: so they slash on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And it's by a passive Valour they shew and prove their Activity; a sort of Courage too brutal to be applauded by our *Black Hero*; nevertheless, he express'd his Esteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cesar* begat so good an understanding between the *Indians* and the *English*, that there were no more Fears or Heart-burnings during our stay, but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em. Many things remarkable, and worthy reciting, we met with in this short Voyage; because *Cesar* made it his business to search out and provide for our Entertainment, especially to please his dearly ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a sharer in all our Adventures; we being resolv'd to make her Chains as easy as we could, and to compliment the Prince in that manner that most oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with some *Indians* of strange Aspects; that is, of a larger size, and other sort of Features, than those of our Country. Our *Indian Slaves*, that row'd us, ask'd 'em some Questions; but they could not understand us, but shew'd us a long cotton String, with several Knots on it, and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains so many Moons as there were Knots: they were habited in Skins of a strange Beast, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold-Dust; which, as well as they could give us to understand,

derstand, came streaming in little small Channels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any body, or persons, that would go to the Mountains. We carry'd these Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord-Governour came: And because all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governour, by his Letters, commanded (for they sent some of the Gold to him) that a Guard should be set at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons* (a River so call'd, almost as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to those Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further prosecuted, and the Governour being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Design dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the advantage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majesty lost by losing that part of *America*.

Though this Digression is a little from my Story, however, since it contains some Proofs of the Curiosity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus for some time we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to shew she was with Child, and did nothing but sigh and weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her self, and the Infant yet unborn; and believ'd, if it were so hard to gain the liberty of two, 'twould be more difficult to get that for three. Her Grievs were so many Darts in the great Heart of *Cesar*, and taking his opportunity, one *Sunday*, when all the *Whites* were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of several Trades, and *Slaves* for four Years, that inhabited among the *Negro* Houses; and *Sunday* being their Day of debauch, (otherwise they were a sort of Spies upon *Cesar*) he went, pretending out of goodness to 'em, to feast among 'em, and sent all

his Musick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole gang, about three hundred *Negroes*, and about an hundred and fifty were able to bear Arms, such as they had, which were sufficient to do execution with Spirits accordingly: For the *English* had none but rusty Swords, that no Strength could draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to oil 'em, and keep 'em in good order: The Guns also, unless here and there one, or those newly carry'd from *England*, would do no good or harm; for 'tis the nature of that Country to rust and eat up Iron, or any Metals but Gold and Silver. And they are very expert at the Bow, which the *Negroes* and *Indians* are perfect Masters of.

*Cesar*, having singled out these Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em, of the Miseries and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toils and Sufferings, under such Loads, Burdens and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beasts than Men; senseless Brutes, than human Souls. He told 'em, it was not for Days, Months or Years, but for Eternity; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes: They suffer'd not like Men, who might find a Glory and Fortitude in Oppression; but like Dogs, that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had lost the divine Quality of Men, and were become insensible Asses, fit only to bear; nay, worse; an Ass, or Dog, or Horse, having done his Duty, could lie down in retreat, and rise to work again, and while he did his Duty, indur'd no Stripes; but Men, villanous, senseless Men, such as they, toil'd on all the tedious Work till *Black Friday*: and then, whether they work'd or not, whether they were faulty or meriting, they, promiscuously, the innocent with the guilty, suffer'd

fer'd the infamous Whip, the sordid Stripes, from their Fellow-Slaves, till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whose every Drop ought to be revenged with a Life of some of those Tyrants that impose it. *And why (said he) my dear Friends and Fellow-sufferers, should we be Slaves to an unknown People? Have they vanquished us nobly in Fight? Have they won us in Honourable Battle? And are we by the Chance of War become their Slaves? This wou'd not anger a noble Heart; this would not animate a Soldier's Soul: no, but we are bought and sold like Apes or Monkeys, to be the sport of Women, Fools and Cowards; and the Support of Rogues and Runagades, that have abandoned their own Countries for Rapine, Murders, Theft and Villanies. Do you not hear every day how they upbraid each other with Infamy of Life, below the wildest Salvages? And shall we render Obedience to such a degenerate Race, who have no one human Vertue left, to distinguish them from the vilest Creatures? Will you, I say, suffer the Lash from such hands? They all reply'd with one accord, No, No, No; Cæsar has spoke like a great Captain, like a great King.*

After this he would have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall Negroe of some more Quality than the rest, his Name was *Tuscan*; who bowing at the feet of *Cæsar*, cry'd, *My Lord, we have listen'd with Joy and Attention to what you have said; and, were we only Men, would follow so great a Leader through the World: But Oh! consider we are Husbands, and Parents too, and have things more dear to us than Life; our Wives and Children, unfit for Travel in those unpassable Woods, Mountains and Bogs. We have not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers to wade, and Mountains to encounter; ravenous Beasts of Prey.*

— To this *Cæsar* reply'd, *That Honour was the first Principle in Nature, that was to be obey'd; but as no Man would pretend to that, without all the Acts*

of

of *Vertue, Compassion, Charity, Love, Justice, and Reason*; he found it not inconsistent with that, to take equal care of their *Wives and Children*, as they wou'd of themselves; and that he did not design, when he led them to *Freedom, and glorious Liberty*, that they shou'd leave that better part of themselves to perish by the hand of the *Tyrant's Whip*: But if there were a *Woman* among them so degenerate from *Love and Vertue*, to chuse *Slavery* before the pursuit of her *Husband*, and with the hazard of her *Life*, to share with him in his *Fortunes*; that such a one ought to be abandoned, and left as a *Prey* to the common *Enemy*.

To which they all agreed—and bowed. After this, he spoke of the impassable *Woods and Rivers*; and convinced them, the more *Danger* the more *Glory*. He told them, that he had heard of one *Hannibal*, a great *Captain*, had cut his way through *Mountains of solid Rocks*; and should a few *Shrubs* oppose them, which they could fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuse to Men resolved to die, or overcome. As for *Bogs*, they are with a little *Labour* filled and harden'd; and the *Rivers* could be no *Obstacle*, since they swam by *Nature*, at least by *Custom*, from the first hour of their *Birth*: That when the *Children* were weary, they must carry them by turns, and the *Woods* and their own *Industry* wou'd afford them *Food*. To this they all assented with *Joy*.

*Tuscan* then demanded, what he would do: He said they would travel towards the *Sea*, plant a new *Colony*, and defend it by their *Valour*; and when they could find a *Ship*, either driven by stress of *Weather*, or guided by *Providence* that way, they wou'd seize it, and make it a *Prize*, till it had transported them to their own *Countries*: at least they should be made free in his *Kingdom*, and be esteem'd as his *Fellow-Sufferers*, and Men that had the *Courage* and the *Bravery* to attempt, at least,  
for



for Liberty; and if they dy'd in the Attempt, it would be more brave, than to live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kifs'd his Feet at this Resolution, and with one accord vow'd to follow him to death; and that Night was appointed to begin their march. They made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamaca about their Shoulders, and under their Arm, like a Scarf, and to lead their Children that could go, and carry those that could not. The Wives, who pay an entire Obedience to their Husbands, obey'd, and stay'd for 'em where they were appointed: The Men stay'd but to furnish themselves with what defensive Arms they could get; and all met at the Rendezvouz, where *Cesar* made a new encouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But as they cou'd not march far that night, on Monday early, when the Overseers went to call 'em all together, to go to work, they were extremely surprized, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only suddenly spread all over the Plantation, but soon reached the neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about 600 Men, they call the Militia of the Country, that came to assist us in the pursuit of the Fugitives: but never did one see so comical an Army march forth to War. The Men of any Fashion would not concern themselves, tho it were almost the Common Cause; for such Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Consequences oftentimes, in many Colonies: But they had a Respect for *Cesar*, and all hands were against the *Parhamites* (as they called those of *Parham-Plantation*) because they did not in the first place love the Lord-Governour; and secondly, they would have it, that *Cesar* was ill used, and baffled with: and 'tis not impossible  
but

but some of the best in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the Slaves; so that they of the better sort wou'd not meddle in the matter. The Deputy-Governour, of whom I have had no great occasion to speak, and who was the most fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the most Friendship to *Cesar*, was now the only violent Man against him; and though he had nothing, and so need fear nothing, yet talked and looked bigger than any Man. He was a Fellow, whose Character is not fit to be mentioned with the worst of the Slaves: This Fellow would lead his Army forth to meet *Cesar*, or rather to pursue him. Most of their Arms were of those sort of cruel Whips they call *Cat with nine Tails*; some had rusty useles Guns for shew; others old Basket Hilts, whose Blades had never seen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went along, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror in such a Battle; for he foresaw and knew, if by fighting they put the Negroes into despair, they were a sort of sullen Fellows, that would drown or kill themselves before they would yield; and he advis'd that fair means was best: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and would take his own Measures.

It was not hard to find these Fugitives; for as they fled, they were forced to fire and cut the Woods before 'em: so that night or day they pursu'd 'em by the Light they made, and by the Path they had cleared. But as soon as *Cesar* found he was pursu'd, he put himself in a posture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Rear; and himself, with *Tuscan* by his side, or next to him, all promising to die or conquer. Encouraged thus, they never stood to parley, but fell on pell-mell upon the *English*, and killed some, and wounded

wounded a great many; they having recourse to their Whips, as the best of their Weapons. And as they observed no order, they perplexed the Enemy so forely, with lashing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children seeing their Husbands so treated, being of fearful cowardly Dispositions, and hearing the *English* cry out, *Yield, and Live! Yield, and be Pardoned!* they all run in amongst their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about them, crying out, *Yield! Yield! and leave Cæsar to their Revenge:* that by degrees the Slaves abandon'd *Cæsar*, and left him only *Tuscan* and his Heroick *Imoinda*, who grown big as she was, did nevertheless press near her Lord, having a Bow and a Quiver full of poisoned Arrows, which she managed with such dexterity, that she wounded several, and shot the Governour into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have died, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Mistress, sucked the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he stir'd not from the Place till he had parly'd with *Cæsar*, who he found was resolv'd to die fighting, and would not be taken; no more would *Tuscan* or *Imoinda*. But he, more thirsting after Revenge of another sort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made use of all his Art of talking and dissembling, and besought *Cæsar* to yield himself upon Terms which he himself should propose, and should be sacredly assented to, and kept by him. He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or could believe the Force of two Men, and a young Heroine, could overthrow all them, and with all the Slaves now on their side also; but it was the vast Esteem he had for his Person, the Desire he had to serve so gallant a Man, and to hinder himself from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occasion of the Death of a Prince, whose Valour and Magnanimity deserved the Empire of the World.

He

He protested to him, he looked upon this Action as gallant and brave, however tending to the Prejudice of his Lord and Master, who would by it have lost so considerable a number of Slaves; that this Flight of his, shou'd be looked on as a Heat of Youth, and a Rashness of a too forward Courage, and an unconsider'd Impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accomplish that which they would effectually perform as soon as any Ship arriv'd that would touch on his Coast: *So that if you will be pleas'd* (continued he) *to surrender your self, all imaginable Respect shall be paid you; and your Self, your Wife and Child, if it be born here, shall depart free out of our Land.* But *Cesar* would hear of no Composition; though *Byam* urged, if he pursued and went on in his Design, he would inevitably perish, either by great Snakes, wild Beasts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whose Condition requir'd Ease, and not the Fatigues of tedious Travel, where she could not be secured from being devoured. But *Cesar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they ador'd; who instructed them in Principles so false, that honest Men could not live amongst them; though no People profess'd so much, none performed so little: That he knew what he had to do when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his guard, and never to eat and drink with Christians, without his Weapon of Defence in his hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they spoke. As for the Rashness and Inconsiderateness of his Action, he would confess the Governour is in the right; and that he was ashamed of what he had done, in endeavouring to make those free, who were by Nature Slaves, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be used as Christians Tools; Dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for  
such

such Masters; and they wanted only but to be whipped into the knowledg of the Christian Gods, to be the vilest of all creeping things; to learn to worship such Deities as had not power to make them just, brave, or honest: In fine, after a thousand things of this nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, He had rather die, than live upon the same Earth with such Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and protested together so much, that *Trefry* believing the Governour to mean what he said, and speaking very cordially himself, generously put himself into *Cesar's* hands, and took him aside, and persuaded him, even with Tears, to live, by surrendring himself, and to name his Conditions. *Cesar* was overcome by his Wit and Reasons, and in consideration of *Imoinda*: and demanding what he desired, and that it should be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, because he had perceived that was the common way of Contract between Man and Man amongst the Whites; all this was performed, and *Tuscan's* Pardon was put in, and they surrender'd to the Governour, who walked peaceably down into the Plantation with them, after giving order to bury their Dead. *Cesar* was very much toil'd with the Bustle of the Day, for he had fought like a Fury; and what Mischief was done, he and *Tuscan* performed alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof, that they durst do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no sooner arrived at the Place where all the Slaves receive their Punishments of Whipping, but they laid hands on *Cesar* and *Tuscan*, faint with Heat and Toil; and surprizing them, bound them to two several Stakes, and whipped them in a most deplorable and inhuman manner, rending the very Flesh from their Bones, especially *Cesar*, who was not perceived to make  
any

any Moan, or to alter his Face, only to roll his Eyes on the faithless Governour, and those he believed guilty, with Fierceness and Indignation; and to compleat his Rage, he saw every one of those Slaves, who but a few days before ador'd him as something more than mortal, now had a Whip to give him some Lashes, while he strove not to break his Fetters; though if he had, it were impossible: but he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, which was at once both awful and terrible to behold.

When they thought they were sufficiently revenged on him, they unty'd him, almost fainting with loss of Blood, from a thousand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Clothes, and led him bleeding and naked as he was, and loaded him all over with Irons, and then rubb'd his Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian Pepper*, which had like to have made him raving mad; and, in this Condition made him so fast to the Ground, that he could not stir, if his Pains and Wounds would have given him leave. They spared *Imoinda*, and did not let her see this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parbam*, and shut her up; which was not in kindness to her, but for fear she should die with the sight, or miscarry, and then they should lose a young Slave, and perhaps the Mother.

You must know, that when the News was brought on *Monday* Morning, that *Cesar* had betaken himself to the Woods, and carry'd with him all the Negroes, we were possess'd with extreme Fear, which no Persuasions could dissipate, that he would secure himself till night, and then, that he would come down and cut all our Throats. This Apprehension made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be secured; and while we were  
away,

away, they acted this Cruelty; for I suppose I had Authority and Interest enough there, had I suspected any such thing, to have prevented it: but we had not gone many Leagues, but the News overtook us, that *Cesar* was taken and whipped like a common Slave. We met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and Goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my new Comedy, by his own Name, in memory of so brave a Man: He was wise and eloquent, and, from the Fineness of his Parts; bore a great sway over the Hearts of all the Colony: He was a Friend to *Cesar*, and resented this false dealing with him very much. We carry'd him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accommodation; when he came, the first News we heard, was, That the Governour was dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not so well. But it seems, he would have the Pleasure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Cesar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finished, he dropt down; and then they perceived the Wound he had on his Shoulder was by a venom'd Arrow, which, as I said, his *Indian* Mistress healed, by sucking the Wound.

We were no sooner arrived, but we went up to the Plantation to see *Cesar*; whom we found in a very miserable and unexpressible Condition; and I have a thousand times admired how he lived in so much tormenting Pain. We said all things to him, that Trouble, Pity and Good-Nature could suggest, protesting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorrence of such Cruelties; making a thousand Professions and Services to him, and begging as many Pardons for the Offenders, till we said so much, that he believed we had no hand in his ill Treatment: but told us, He could never pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confess'd he saw his Grief and

Sorrow for his Suffering, which he could not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very Slaves, for speaking in his defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head—— and shou'd, by his Justice and Honour, have been an Example to 'em——for him he wished to live to take a dire revenge of him; and said, *It had been well for him, if he had sacrificed me instead of giving me the contemptible Whip.* He refused to talk much; but begging us to give him our Hands, he took them, and protested never to lift up his, to do us any harm. He had a great Respect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counsel like that of a Parent; and assured him, he would obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*: Therefore (said he) *for his own Safety, let him speedily dispatch me; for if I could dispatch my self, I would not, till that Justice were done to my injured Person, and the Contempt of a Soldier: No, I would not kill my self, even after a Whipping, but will be content to live with that Infamy, and be pointed at by every grinning Slave, till I have compleated my Revenge; and then you shall see, that Oroonoko scorns to live with the Indignity that was put on Cæsar.* All we could do, could get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper, and order'd a Chirurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm, which he suffer'd, and in some time he began to be able to walk and eat. We failed not to visit him every day, and to that end had him brought to an Apartment at *Parham*.

The Governour had no sooner recover'd, and had heard of the Menaces of *Cæsar*, but he called his Council, who (not to disgrace them, or burlesque the Government there) consisted of such notorious Villains as *Newgate* never transported; and, possibly, originally were such who understood neither  
the



the Laws of God or Man, and had no sort of Principles to make them worthy the Name of Men; but at the very Council-Table wou'd contradict and fight with one another, and swear so bloodily, that 'twas terrible to hear and see 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards hanged when the *Dutch* took possession of the Place, others sent off in Chains.) But calling these special Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counsel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (damn 'em) it might be their own Cases; and that *Cesar* ought to be made an Example to all the Negroes, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Masters: and at this rate no Man was safe from his own Slaves; and concluded, *nemine contradicente*, That *Cesar* should be hanged.

*Trefry* then thought it time to use his Authority, and told *Byam*, his Command did not extend to his Lord's Plantation; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *White-Hall*; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord——(who there represented the King's Person) than they could those about the King himself; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary; and tho his Lord were absent in Person, his Power was still in being there, which he had entrusted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular Plantations reached, and all that belonged to it: the rest of the Country, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exercise his Tyranny upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that interested themselves in *Cesar's* Life, and absolutely said, he should be defended. So turning the Governour, and his wise Council, out of doors, (for they sat at *Parham-House*) we set a Guard upon our Lodging-Place, and would admit none but those we called Friends to us and *Cesar*.

The Governour having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his Recovery was compleated, *Cesar* did not know but he was still there, and indeed, for the most part, his time was spent there: for he was one that loved to live at other Peoples Expence, and if he were a day absent, he was ten present there; and us'd to play, and walk, and hunt and fish with *Cesar*: So that *Cesar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he should find an opportunity of being revenged on him; though, after such a Revenge, he could not hope to live: for if he escaped the Fury of the *English* Mobile, who perhaps would have been glad of the occasion to have killed him, he was resolv'd not to survive his whipping; yet he had some tender Hours, a repenting Softness, which he called his Fits of Cowardice, wherein he struggled with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there: but, for the most part, his time was past in melancholy Thoughts, and black Designs. He consider'd, if he should do this Deed, and die either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at best a Slave to the enraged Multitude; his great Heart could not endure that Thought: *Perhaps* (said he) *she may be first ravished by every Brute; expos'd, first to their nasty Lusts, and then a shameful Death*: No, he could not live a moment under that Apprehension, too insupportable to be borne. These were his Thoughts, and his silent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards: so that now resolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all those he thought had enraged him; pleasing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he should make over the whole face of the Plantation; he first resolv'd on a Deed, that (however horrid it first appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reasons, we thought it brave and just. Being able to walk, and, as he believed,

fit

fit for the execution of his great Design, he begg'd *Trefry* to trust him into the Air, believing a Walk would do him good; which was granted him: and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he used to do in his more happy and calmer days, he led her up into a Wood, where (after with a thousand Sighs, and long gazing silently on her Face, while Tears gush'd, in spite of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Design, first of killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himself, and the Impossibility of escaping, and therefore he told her the Necessity of dying. He found the heroick Wife faster pleading for Death, than he was to propose it, when she found his fix'd Resolution; and, on her Knees, besought him not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (grieved to death) yet pleased at her noble Resolution, took her up, and embracing of her with all the Passion and Languishment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treasure of his Soul, this Pleasure of his Eyes; while Tears trickled down his Cheeks, hers were smiling with Joy she should die by so noble a Hand, and he sent into her own Country (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him she so tenderly loved, and so truly ador'd in this: For Wives have a respect for their Husbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity; and when a Man finds any occasion to quit his Wife, if he love her, she dies by his hand; if not, he sells her, or suffers some other to kill her. It being thus, you may believe the Deed was soon resolved on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the parting, the eternal leave-taking of two such Lovers, so greatly born, so sensible, so beautiful, so young, and so fond, must be very moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All that Love could say in such cases, being ended, and all the intermitting Irresolutions be-

ing adjusted, the lovely, young and ador'd Victim lays her self down before the Sacrificer; while he, with a hand resolved, and a heart-breaking within, gave the fatal Stroke, first cutting her Throat, and then severing her yet smiling Face from that delicate Body, pregnant as it was with the Fruits of tenderest Love. As soon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers, of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the same Cover-lid of Nature; only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found she was dead, and past all retrieve, never more to bless him with her Eyes, and soft Language, his Grief swell'd up to rage; he tore, he raved, he roar'd like some Monster of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*. A thousand times he turned the fatal Knife that did the Deed toward his own Heart, with a Resolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which was now a thousand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him: and he would cry out, *No, since I have sacrific'd Imoinda to my Revenge, shall I lose that Glory which I have purchased so dear, as at the Price of the fairest, dearest, softest Creature that ever Nature made? No, no!* Then at her Name Grief would get the ascendant of Rage, and he would lie down by her side, and water her Face with Showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from those Eyes; and however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not power to stir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more beloved, and more ador'd than ever.

He remained in this deplorable Condition for two days, and never rose from the Ground where he had made her sad Sacrifice; at last rousing from his Side, and accusing himself with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead, and that the Deaths of those barbarous Enemies were deferred too long,  
he

he resolv'd now to finish the great Work: but offering to rise, he found his Strength so decay'd, that he reel'd to and fro, like Boughs assailed by contrary Winds; so that he was forced to lie down again, and try to summon all his Courage to his Aid. He found his Brains turned round, and his Eyes were dizzy, and Objects appear'd not the same to him they were wont to do; his Breath was short, and all his Limbs surpriz'd with a Faintness he had never felt before. He had not eat in two days, which was one occasion of his Feebleness, but excess of Grief was the greatest, yet still he hop'd he shou'd recover Vigour to act his Design, and lay expecting it yet six days longer; still mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and striving every day to rise, but could not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little Affliction for *Cesar* and his Wife: some were of opinion he was escaped, never to return; others thought some Accident had hapned to him: but however, we fail'd not to send out a hundred People several ways, to search for him. A Party of about forty went that way he took, among whom was *Tuscan*, who was perfectly reconciled to *Byam*: They had not gone very far into the Wood, but they smelt an unusual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks must be very noisom, that can be distinguished among such a quantity of natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces: so that they concluded they should find him dead, or some body that was so; they pass'd on towards it, as loathsome as it was, and made such rustling among the Leaves that lie thick on the ground, by continual falling, that *Cesar* heard he was approach'd: and though he had, during the space of these eight days, endeavour'd to rise, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and seeing his Pursuers, he rose, and reel'd to a neighbouring Tree, against

which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of those that advanc'd and saw him, he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they would be safe. So that they stood still, and hardly believing their Eyes, that would persuade them that it was *Cæsar* that spoke to 'em, so much was he alter'd; they ask'd him, what he had done with his Wife, for they smelt a Stink that almost struck them dead? He pointing to the dead Body, sighing, cry'd, *Behold her there.* They put off the Flowers that cover'd her, with their Sticks, and found she was kill'd, and cry'd out, *Oh, Monster! that hast murder'd thy Wife.* Then asking him, why he did so cruel a Deed? He replied, He had no leisure to answer impertinent Questions: *You may go back* (continued he) *and tell the faithless Governour, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my last; and that my Arm is too feeble to obey my Heart, in what it had design'd him:* But his Tongue faltering, and trembling, he could scarce end what he was saying. The *English* taking advantage by his Weakness, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all means.* He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a fainting, or a dream, he cryed out, *No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will find no more Cæsars to be whipt; no more find a Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have Strength yet left to secure me from a second Indignity.* They swore all anew; and he only shook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn. Then they cry'd out, *Who will venture on this single Man? Will no body?* They stood all silent while *Cæsar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt to the first Adventurer, let him assure himself,* (and, at that word, held up his Knife in a menacing posture:) *Look ye, ye Faithless Crew,* said he, *'tis not Life I seek, nor am I afraid of dying,* (and at that word, cut a piece of Flesh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em,) *yet still*

*I would live if I could, till I had perfected my Revenge: But, oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and if I make not haste, I shall fall a Victim to the shameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly, and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what strength he could; while some, on their Knees imploring, besought him to hold his Hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *Englishman* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil,* (taking Courage when he saw him almost dead) and swearing a horrid Oath for his farewell to the World, he rush'd on him. *Cæsar* with his arm'd Hand, met him so fairly, as stuck him to the heart, and he fell dead at his feet. *Tuscan* seeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, O Cæsar! and therefore will not let thee die, if possible;* and running to him, took him in his Arms: but, at the same time, warding a Blow that *Cæsar* made at his Bosom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Cæsar* having not the strength to pluck the Knife forth, tho he attempted it, *Tuscan* neither pull'd it out himself, nor suffer'd it to be pull'd out, but came down with it sticking in his Arm; and the reason he gave for it, was, because the Air should not get into the Wound. They put their Hands a-cross, and carry'd *Cæsar* between six of 'em, fainting as he was, and they thought dead, or just dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who dress'd his Wounds, and sow'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to see him; and, if before we thought him so beautiful a Sight, he was now so alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's-Head black'd over, nothing but Teeth and Eye-holes: For some days we suffer'd no body to speak to him, but caus'd Cordials to be poured down his Throat; which

sustained

sustained his Life, and in six or seven days he recover'd his Senses: For, you must know, that Wounds are almost to a miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unless Wounds in the Legs, which they rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to speak, we talk'd to him, and ask'd him some Questions about his Wife, and the Reasons why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Resolution, and of his parting, and he besought us we would let him die, and was extremely afflicted to think it was possible he might live: he assur'd us, if we did not dispatch him, he would prove very fatal to a great many. We said all we could to make him live, and gave him new Assurances; but he begg'd we would not think so poorly of him, or of his Love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we could flatter him to Life again: but the Chirurgeon assur'd him he could not live, and therefore he need not fear. We were all (but *Cesar*) afflicted at this News, and the Sight was ghastly: His Discourse was sad; and the earthy Smell about him so strong, that I was perswaded to leave the place for some time, (being my self but sickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illness upon any extraordinary Melancholy.) The Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what possible care they could of the Life of *Cesar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin's*, about three days Journey down the River. But I was no sooner gone, than the Governor taking *Trefry*, about some pretended earnest Business, a Day's Journey up the River, having communicated his Design to one *Banister*, a wild *Irish* Man, and one of the Council, a Fellow of absolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but rich; he came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took *Cesar*, and had him carried to the same Post where he was  
whipp'd;



whipp'd; and causing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he should die like a Dog, as he was. *Cesar* replied, This was the first piece of Bravery that ever *Banister* did, and he never spoke Sense till he pronounc'd that Word; and, if he would keep it, he would declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the *Whites*, that ever he heard speak Truth. And turning to the Men that had bound him, he said, *My Friends, am I to die, or to be whipt?* And they cry'd, *Whipt! no, you shall not escape so well.* And then he reply'd, smiling, *A Blessing on thee;* and assur'd them, they need not tie him, for he would stand fix'd like a Rock, and endure Death so as should encourage them to die: *But if you whip me (said he) be sure you tie me fast.*

He had learn'd to take Tobacco; and when he was assur'd he should die, he desir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready lighted; which they did: And the Executioner came, and first cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favour'd Knife, they cut off his Ears and his Nose, and burn'd them; he still smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and still he bore up, and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head sunk, and his Pipe dropt and he gave up the Ghost, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Sister were by him all the while, but not suffer'd to save him; so rude and wild were the Rabble, and so inhuman were the Justices who stood by to see the Execution, who after paid dearly enough for their Insolence. They cut *Cesar* in Quarters, and sent them to several of the chief Plantations: One Quarter was sent to Colonel *Martin*; who refus'd it, and swore, he had rather see the Quarters of *Banister*, and the Governour

nour himself, than those of *Cæsar*, on his Plantations; and that he could govern his *Negroes*, without terrifying and grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangled King.

Thus died this great Man, worthy of a better Fate, and a more sublime Wit than mine to write his Praise: Yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is considerable enough to make his glorious Name to survive to all Ages, with that of the brave, the beautiful, and the constant *Imoinda*.



THE



THE  
*FAIR FILT;*  
OR, THE  
A M O U R S  
OF  
*Prince Tarquin and Miranda.*



S Love is the most noble and divine Passion of the Soul, so it is that to which we may justly attribute all the real Satisfactions of Life; and without it, Man is unfinish'd and unhappy.

There are a thousand things to be said of the Advantages this generous Passion brings to those, whose Hearts are capable of receiving its soft Impressions; for 'tis not every one that can be sensible of its tender Touches. How many Examples, from History and Observation, could I give of its wondrous Power; nay, even to a degree of Transmigration! How many Idiots has it made wise! How many Fools eloquent! How many home-bred  
?Squires

'Squires accomplish'd! How many Cowards brave!  
 And there is no sort of Species of Mankind on  
 whom it cannot work some Change and Miracle,  
 if it be a noble well-grounded Passion, except on  
 the Fop in fashion, the harden'd incorrigible Fop;  
 so often wounded, but never reclaim'd: For still,  
 by a dire Mistake, conducted by vast Opinia-  
 trecty, and a greater Portion of Self-love, than  
 the rest of the Race of Man, he believes that Affec-  
 tation in his Mein and Dress, that Mathematical  
 Movement, that Formality in every Action, that a  
 Face manag'd with Care, and soften'd into Ridicule,  
 the languishing Turn, the Toss, and the Back-shake  
 of the Periwig, is the direct Way to the Heart of  
 the fine Person he adores; and instead of curing  
 Love in his Soul, serves only to advance his Folly;  
 and the more he is enamour'd, the more industri-  
 ously he assumes (every hour) the Coxcomb.  
 These are Love's Play-things, a sort of Animals  
 with whom he sports; and whom he never  
 wounds, but when he is in good humour, and al-  
 ways shoots laughing. 'Tis the Diversion of the  
 little God, to see what a fluttering and bustle one  
 of these Sparks, new-wounded, makes; to what  
 fantastick Fooleries he has recourse: The Glass is  
 every moment call'd to counsel, the Valet consult-  
 ed and plagu'd for new Invention of Dress, the  
 Footman and Scrutore perpetually employ'd; *Bil-  
 let-doux* and *Madrigals* take up all his Mornings,  
 till Play-time in dressing, till Night in gazing;  
 still, like a Sun-flower, turn'd towards the Beams  
 of the fair Eyes of his *Celia*, adjusting himself in  
 the most amorous Posture he can assume, his Hat  
 under his Arm, while the other Hand is put care-  
 lessly into his Bosom, as if laid upon his panting  
 Heart; his Head a little bent to one side, support-  
 ed with a world of Crevat-string, which he takes  
 mighty care not to put into disorder; as one may  
 guess

gues by a never-failing and horrid Stiffness in his Neck; and if he have any occasion to look aside, his whole Body turns at the same time, for fear the Motion of the Head alone should incommode the Crevat or Periwig: And sometimes the Glove is well manag'd, and the white Hand display'd. Thus, with a thousand other little Motions and Formalities, all in the common Place or Road of Foppery, he takes infinite pains to shew himself to the Pit and Boxes, a most accomplish'd Afs. This is he, of all human Kind, on whom Love can do no Miracles; and who can no where, and upon no occasion, quit one Grain of his refin'd Foppery, unless in a Duel, or a Battel, if ever his Stars should be so severe and ill-manner'd, to reduce him to the Necessity of either: Fear then would ruffle that fine Form he had so long preserv'd in nicest Order, with grief considering, that an unlucky Chance-wound in his Face, if such a dire Misfortune should befall him, would spoil the Sale of it for ever.

Perhaps it will be urg'd, that since no Metamorphosis can be made in a Fop by Love, you must consider him one of those that only talks of Love, and thinks himself that happy thing, a Lover; and wanting fine Sense enough for the real Passion, believes what he feels to be it. There are in the Quiver of the God a great many different Darts; some that wound for a Day, and others for a Year; they are all fine, painted, glittering Darts, and shew as well as those made of the noblest Metal; but the Wounds they make, reach the Desire only, and are cur'd by possessing, while the short-liv'd Passion betrays the cheat. But 'tis that refin'd and illustrious Passion of the Soul, whose aim is Vertue, and whose end is Honour, that has the power of changing Nature, and is capable of performing all those heroick things, of which History is full.

How

How far distant Passions may be from one another, I shall be able to make appear in these following Rules. I'll prove to you the strong Effects of Love in some unguarded and ungovern'd Hearts; where it rages beyond the Inspirations of a *God all soft and gentle*, and reigns more like a *Fury from Hell*.

I do not pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd Story, or any thing piec'd together with romantick Accidents; but every Circumstance, to a tittle, is Truth. To a great part of the main, I my self was an Eye-witness; and what I did not see, I was confirm'd of by Actors in the Intrigue, holy Men, of the Order of *St. Francis*: But for the sake of some of her Relations, I shall give my *Fair Jilt* a feign'd Name, that of *Miranda*; but my Hero must retain his own, it being too illustrious to be conceal'd.

You are to understand, that in all the Catholick Countries, where Holy Orders are establish'd, there are abundance of differing kinds of Religious, both of Men and Women. Amongst the Women, there are those we call *Nuns*, that make solemn Vows of perpetual Chastity: There are others who make but a simple Vow, as for five or ten Years, or more or less; and that time expir'd, they may contract a-new for longer time, or marry, or dispose of themselves as they shall see good; and these are ordinarily call'd *Galloping Nuns*: Of these there are several Orders; as *Canonesses*, *Begines*, *Quests*, *Swart-Sisters*, and *Jesuitesses*, with several others I have forgot. Of those of the *Begines* was our *Fair Votress*.

These Orders are taken up by the best Persons of the Town, young Maids of Fortune, who live together, not inclos'd, but in Palaces that will hold about fifteen hundred or two thousand of these *Fille Devotes*; where they have a regulated Govern-  
ment,

ment, under a sort of *Abbeſs*, or *Prioreſs*, or rather a *Governante*. They are oblig'd to a Method of Devotion, and are under a ſort of Obedience. They wear a Habit much like our Widows of Quality in *England*, only without a *Bando*; and their Veil is of a thicker Crape than what we have here, through which one cannot ſee the Face: for when they go abroad, they cover themſelves all over with it; but they put 'em up in the Churches, and lay 'em by in the Houſes. Every one of theſe have a Confefſor, who is to 'em a ſort of Steward: For, you muſt know, they that go into theſe Places, have the Management of their own Fortunes, and what their Parents deſign 'em. Without the advice of this Confefſor, they act nothing, nor admit of a Lover that he ſhall not approve; at leaſt, this Method ought to be taken, and is by almoſt all of 'em: tho' *Miranda* thought her Wit above it, as her Spirit was.

But as theſe Women are, as I ſaid, of the beſt Quality, and live with the Reputation of being retir'd from the World a little more than ordinary, and becauſe there is a ſort of difficulty to approach 'em, they are the People the moſt courted, and liable to the greateſt Temptations; for as difficult as it ſeems to be, they receive Viſits from all the Men of the beſt Quality, eſpecially Strangers. All the Men of Wit and Converſation meet at the Apartments of theſe fair *Fille Devotes*, where all manner of Gallantries are perform'd, while all the Study of theſe Maids is to accompliſh themſelves for theſe noble Converſations. They receive Preſents, Balls, Serenades and Billets: All the News, Wit, Verſes, Songs, Novels, Muſick, Gaming, and all fine Diverſion, is in their Apartments, they themſelves being of the beſt Quality and Fortune. So that to manage theſe Gallantries, there is no ſort of Female Arts they are not practis'd in, no Intrigue they are

ignorant of, and no Management of which they are not capable.

Of this happy number was the fair *Miranda*, whose Parents being dead, and a vast Estate divided between her self and a young Sister, (who liv'd with an unmarried old Uncle, whose Estate afterwards was all divided between 'em) she put her self into this uninclos'd Religious House: but her Beauty, which had all the Charms that ever Nature gave, became the Envy of the whole *Sisterhood*. She was tall, and admirably shaped; she had a bright Hair, and Hazle-Eyes, all full of Love and Sweetness: No Art could make a Face so fair as hers by Nature, which every Feature adorn'd with a Grace that Imagination cannot reach: Every Look, every Motion charm'd, and her black Dress shew'd the Lustre of her Face and Neck. She had an Air, though gay as so much Youth could inspire, yet so modest, so nobly reserv'd, without Formality, or Stiffness, that one who look'd on her would have imagin'd her Soul the Twin-Angel of her Body; and both together made her appear something Divine. To this she had a great deal of Wit, read much, and retain'd all that serv'd her purpose. She sung delicately, and danc'd well, and play'd on the Lute to a miracle. She spoke several Languages naturally; for being Co-heiress to so great a Fortune, she was bred with the nicest Care, in all the finest Manners of Education; and was now arriv'd to her Eighteenth Year.

'Twere needless to tell you how great a noise the Fame of this young Beauty, with so considerable a Fortune, made in the World: I may say, the World, rather than confine her Fame to the scanty Limits of a Town; it reach'd to many others: And there was not a Man of any Quality that came to *Antwerp*, or pass'd through the City, but made it his business to see the lovely *Miranda*, who was  
universally



universally ador'd : Her Youth and Beauty, her Shape, and Majesty of Mein, and Air of Greatness, charm'd all her Beholders; and thousands of People were dying by her Eyes, while she was vain enough to glory in her Conquest, and make it her business to wound. She lov'd nothing so much as to behold sighing Slaves at her feet, of the greatest Quality; and treated 'em all with an Affability that gave 'em Hope. Continual Musick, as soon as it was dark, and Songs of dying Lovers, were sung under her Windows; and she might well have made her self a great Fortune (if she had not been so already) by the rich Presents that were hourly made her; and every body daily expected when she would make some one happy, by suffering her self to be conquer'd by Love and Honour, by the Assiduities and Vows of some one of her Adorers. But *Miranda* accepted their Presents, heard their Vows with pleasure, and willingly admitted all their soft Addresses; but would not yield her Heart, or give away that lovely Person to the possession of one, who could please it self with so many. She was naturally Amorous, but extremely Inconstant: She lov'd one for his Wit, another for his Face, a third for his Mein; but above all, she admir'd Quality: Quality alone had the Power to attack her entirely; yet not to one Man, but that Vertue was still admir'd by her in all: wherever she found that, she lov'd, or at least acted the Lover with such Art, that (deceiving well) she fail'd not to compleat her Conquest; and yet she never durst trust her fickle Humour with Marriage. She knew the Strength of her own Heart, and that it could not suffer it self to be confin'd to one Man, and wisely avoided those Inquietudes, and that Uneasiness of Life she was sure to find in that married Life, which would, against her Nature, oblige her to the Embraces of one, whose Humour was, to love

all the Young and the Gay. But Love, who had hitherto only play'd with her Heart, and given it nought but pleasing wanton Wounds, such as afforded only soft Joys, and not Pains, resolv'd, either out of Revenge to those Numbers she had abandon'd, and who had sigh'd so long in vain, or to try what power he had upon so fickle a Heart, to send an Arrow dipp'd in the most tormenting Flames that rage in Hearts most sensible. He struck it home and deep, with all the Malice of an angry God.

There was a Church belonging to the *Cordeliers*, whither *Miranda* often repair'd to her Devotion; and being there one day, accompany'd with a young Sister of the Order, after the Mass was ended, as 'tis the custom, some one of the Fathers goes about the Church with a Box for Contribution, or Charity-money; it happen'd that day, that a young Father, newly initiated, carried the Box about, which, in his turn, he brought to *Miranda*. She had no sooner cast her Eyes on this young Friar, but her Face was overspread with Blushes of Surprise: She beheld him stedfastly, and saw in his Face all the Charms of Youth, Wit, and Beauty; he wanted no one Grace that could form him for Love, he appear'd all that is adorable to the Fair Sex, nor could the mishapen Habit hide from her the lovely Shape it endeavour'd to cover, nor those delicate Hands that approach'd her too near with the Box. Besides the Beauty of his Face and Shape, he had an Air altogether great, in spite of his profess'd Poverty, it betray'd the Man of Quality; and that Thought weigh'd greatly with *Miranda*. But Love, who did not design she should now feel any sort of those easy Flames, with which she had heretofore burnt, made her soon lay all those Considerations aside, which us'd to invite her to love, and now lov'd she knew not why.

She

She gaz'd upon him, while he bow'd before her, and waited for her Charity, till she perceiv'd the lovely Friar to bless, and cast his Eyes to the ground. This awaken'd her Shame, and she put her Hand into her Pocket, and was a good while in searching for her Parse, as if she thought of nothing less, than what she was about; at last she drew it out, and gave him a Pistole; but with so much Deliberation and Leisure, as easily betray'd the Satisfaction she took in looking on him: while the good Man, having receiv'd her Bounty, after a very low Obeisance, proceeded to the rest; and *Miranda* casting after him a Look all languishing, as long as he remain'd in the Church, departed with a Sigh as soon as she saw him go out, and returned to her Apartment, without speaking one Word all the way to the young *Fille Devote*, who attended her; so absolutely was her Soul employ'd with this young Holy Man. *Cornelia* (so was this Maid call'd who was with her) perceiving she was so silent, who us'd to be all Wit and Good-Humour, and observing her little Disorder at the sight of the young Father, tho she was far from imagining it to be Love, took an occasion, when she was come home, to speak of him. *Madam*, said she, *did you not observe that fine young Cordelier, who brought the Box?* At a Question that nam'd that Object of her Thoughts, *Miranda* blush'd; and she finding she did so, redoubled her Confusion, and she had scarce Courage enough to say, ——— *Yes, I did observe him:* And then, forcing her self to smile a little, continu'd; *And I wonder'd to see so jolly a young Friar of an Order so severe and mortify'd.* *Madam* (reply'd *Cornelia*) *when you know his Story, you will not wonder.* *Miranda*, who was impatient to know all that concern'd her new Conqueror, oblig'd her to tell his Story; and *Cornelia* obey'd, and proceeded.

## The Story of Prince HENRICK.

' YOU must know, Madam, that this young  
 ' Holy Man is a Prince of *Germany*, of the  
 ' House of——, whose Fate it was, to fall most  
 ' passionately in love with a fair young Lady, who  
 ' lov'd him with an Ardour equal to what he vow'd  
 ' her. Sure of her Heart, and wanting only the  
 ' approbation of her Parents, and his own, which  
 ' her Quality did not suffer him to despair of, he  
 ' boasted of his Happiness to a young Prince, his  
 ' elder Brother, a Youth amorous and fierce, impa-  
 ' tient of Joys, and sensible of Beauty, taking fire  
 ' with all fair Eyes: He was his Father's Darling,  
 ' and Delight of his fond Mother; and by an  
 ' ascendant over both their Hearts, rul'd their  
 ' Wills.

' This young Prince no sooner saw, but lov'd the  
 ' fair Mistress of his Brother, and with an Autho-  
 ' rity of a Sovereign, rather than the Advice of a  
 ' Friend, warn'd his Brother *Henrick* (this now  
 ' young Friar) to approach no more this Lady,  
 ' whom he had seen; and seeing, lov'd.

' In vain the poor surpriz'd Prince pleads his  
 ' right of Love, his exchange of Vows, and assu-  
 ' rance of a Heart that could never be but for  
 ' himself. In vain he urges his Nearness of Blood,  
 ' his Friendship, his Passion, or his Life, which so  
 ' entirely depended on the possession of the charm-  
 ' ing Maid. All his pleading serv'd but to blow  
 ' his Brother's flame; and the more he implores,  
 ' the more the other burns: and while *Henrick* fol-  
 ' lows him, on his Knees, with humble Submissi-  
 ' ons, the other flies from him in Rages of trans-  
 ' ported Love; nor could his Tears, that pursu'd  
 ' his Brother's Steps, move him to Pity: Hot-  
 ' headed, vain-conceited of his Beauty, and great-  
 ' er

er Quality, as elder Brother, he doubts not his  
 Success, and resolv'd to sacrifice all to the Vio-  
 lence of his new-born Passion.

In short, he speaks of his Design to his Mother,  
 who promis'd him her Assistance; and according-  
 ly proposing it first to the Prince, her Husband,  
 urging the Languishment of her Son, she soon  
 wrought so on him, that a Match being conclu-  
 ded between the Parents of this young Beauty, and  
*Henrick's* Brother, the Hour was appointed before  
 she knew of the Sacrifice she was to be made.  
 And while this was in agitation, *Henrick* was  
 sent on some great Affairs, up into *Germany*, far  
 out of the way; not but his boding Heart, with  
 perpetual Sighs and Throbs, eternally foretold  
 him his Fate.

All the Letters he writ were intercepted, as  
 well as those she writ to him. She finds her self  
 every day perplex'd with the Addressees of the  
 Prince she hated; he was ever sighing at her feet.  
 In vain were all her Reproaches, and all her  
 Coldness, he was on the surer side; for what  
 he found Love would not do, Force of Parents  
 would.

She complains, in her Heart, of young *Henrick*,  
 from whom she could never receive one Letter;  
 and at last could not forbear bursting into Tears,  
 in spite of all her Force, and feign'd Courage;  
 when, on a Day, the Prince told her, that *Hen-  
 rick* was withdrawn to give him time to court  
 her; to whom, he said, he confess'd he had  
 made some Vows, but did repent of 'em, know-  
 ing himself too young to make 'em good: That  
 it was for that reason he brought him first to see  
 her; and for that reason, that after that, he ne-  
 ver saw her more, nor so much as took leave of  
 her; when, indeed, his Death lay upon the next  
 Visit, his Brother having sworn to murder him;

and to that end, put a guard upon him, till he was sent into *Germany*.

All this he utter'd with so many passionate Asserations, Vows, and seeming Pity for her being so inhumanly abandon'd, that she almost gave credit to all he had said, and had much ado to keep her self within the bounds of Moderation, and silent Grief. Her Heart was breaking, her Eyes languish'd, and her Cheeks grew pale, and she had like to have fallen dead into the treacherous Arms of him that had reduc'd her to this Discovery; but she did what she could to assume her Courage, and to shew as little Resentment as possible for a Heart, like hers, oppress'd with Love, and now abandon'd by the dear Subject of its Joys and Pains.

But, Madam, not to tire you with this Adventure, the Day arriv'd wherein our still weeping Fair Unfortunate was to be sacrific'd to the Capriciousness of Love; and she was carry'd to Court by her Parents, without knowing to what end, where she was even compell'd to marry the Prince.

*Henrick*, who all this while knew no more of his Unhappiness, than what his Fears suggested, returns, and passes even to the Presence of his Father, before he knew any thing of his Fortune; where he beheld his Mistress and his Brother, with his Father, in such a Familiarity, as he no longer doubted his Destiny. 'Tis hard to judge, whether the Lady, or himself, was most surpriz'd; she was all pale and unmoveable in her Chair, and *Henrick* fix'd like a Statue: at last Grief and Rage took place of Amazement, and he could not forbear crying out, *Ab, Traytor! Is it thus you have treated a Friend and Brother? And you, O perjur'd Charmer! Is it thus you have rewarded all my Vows?* He could say no more; but reeling against

gainst the Door, had fall'n in a Swoon upon the Floor, had not his Page caught him in his Arms, who was entring with him. The good old Prince, the Father, who knew not what all this meant, was soon inform'd by the young weeping Princess; who, in relating the Story of her Amour with *Henrick*, told her Tale in so moving a manner, as brought Tears to the Old Man's Eyes, and Rage to those of her Husband; he immediately grew jealous to the last degree: He finds himself in possession ('tis true) of the Beauty he ador'd, but the Beauty adoring another; a Prince young and charming as the Light, soft, witty, and raging with an equal Passion. He finds this dreaded Rival in the same House with him, with an Authority equal to his own; and fancies, where two Hearts are so entirely agreed, and have so good an Understanding, it would not be impossible to find opportunities to satisfy and ease that mutual Flame, that burnt so equally in both; he therefore resolv'd to send him out of the World, and to establish his own Repose by a Deed, wicked, cruel, and unnatural, to have him assassinated the first opportunity he could find. This Resolution set him a little at ease, and he strove to dissimble Kindness to *Henrick*, with all the Art he was capable of, suffering him to come often to the Apartment of the Princess, and to entertain her oftentimes with Discourse, when he was not near enough to hear what he spoke; but still watching their Eyes, he found those of *Henrick* full of Tears, ready to flow, but restrain'd, looking all dying, and yet reproaching, while those of the Princess were ever bent to the Earth, and she, as much as possible, shunning his Conversation. Yet this did not satisfy the jealous Husband; 'twas not her Complaisance that could appease him; he found her Heart was panting within, whenever  
Henrick

' *Henrick* approach'd her, and every Visit more and  
 ' more confirmed his Death.

' The Father often found the Disorders of the  
 ' Sons; the Softness and Address of the one gave  
 ' him as much fear, as the angry Blushings, the  
 ' fierce Looks, and broken Replies of the other,  
 ' whenever he beheld *Henrick* approach his Wife:  
 ' so that the Father, fearing some ill consequence  
 ' of this, besought *Henrick* to withdraw to some  
 ' other Country, or travel into *Italy*, he being now  
 ' of an Age that required a View of the World.  
 ' He told his Father, That he would obey his Com-  
 ' mands, tho he was certain, that moment he was  
 ' to be separated from the sight of the fair Princess,  
 ' his Sister, would be the last of his Life; and, in  
 ' fine, made so pitiful a Story of his suffering Love,  
 ' as almost mov'd the old Prince to compassionate  
 ' him so far, as to permit him to stay: but he saw  
 ' inevitable Danger in that, and therefore bid him  
 ' prepare for his Journey.

' That which pass'd between the Father and *Hen-*  
 ' *rick*, being a Secret, none talked of his departing  
 ' from Court; so that the Design the Brother had  
 ' went on: and making a Hunting-match one day,  
 ' where most young People of Quality were, he  
 ' order'd some whom he had hired to follow his  
 ' Brother, so as if he chanc'd to go out of the way,  
 ' to dispatch him: and accordingly, Fortune gave  
 ' 'em an opportunity; for he lagg'd behind the  
 ' Company, and turn'd aside into a pleasant Thic-  
 ' ket of Hazles, where alighting, he walked on foot  
 ' in the most pleasant part of it, full of Thought,  
 ' how to divide his Soul between Love and Obe-  
 ' dience. He was sensible that he ought not to stay;  
 ' that he was but an Affliction to the young Prin-  
 ' cess, whose Honour cou'd never permit her to  
 ' ease any part of his Flame; nor was he so vicious  
 ' to entertain a Thought that should stain her Ver-

' tue.



‘ tue. He beheld her now as his Brother’s Wife,  
‘ and that secured his Flame from all loose Desires,  
‘ if her native Modesty had not been sufficient of it  
‘ self to have done it, as well as that profound Respect  
‘ he paid her: and he consider’d in obeying his Fa-  
‘ ther, he left her at ease, and his Brother freed  
‘ of a thousand Fears; he went to seek a Cure,  
‘ which if he could not find, at last he could but  
‘ die; and so he must, even at her feet: However,  
‘ that ’twas more noble to seek a Remedy for his  
‘ Disease, than expect a certain Death by staying.  
‘ After a thousand Reflections on his hard Fate, and  
‘ bemoaning himself, and blaming his cruel Stars,  
‘ that had doom’d him to die so young, after an in-  
‘ finity of Sighs and Tears, Resolvings and Unre-  
‘ solvings, he, on the sudden, was interrupted by  
‘ the trampling of some Horses he heard, and their  
‘ rushing through the Boughs, and saw four Men  
‘ make towards him: He had not time to mount,  
‘ being walked some Paces from his Horse. One  
‘ of the Men advanced, and cry’d, *Prince, you must*  
‘ *die—I do believe thee* (reply’d *Henrick*) *but not*  
‘ *by a Hand so base as thine*: And at the same time  
‘ drawing his Sword, run him into the Groin.  
‘ When the Fellow found himself so wounded, he  
‘ wheel’d off, and cry’d, *Thou art a Prophet, and hast*  
‘ *rewarded my Treachery with Death*. The rest came  
‘ up, and one shot at the Prince, and shot him in  
‘ the Shoulder; the other two hastily laying hold  
‘ (but too late) on the Hand of the Murderer,  
‘ cry’d, *Hold, Traitor; we relent, and he shall not*  
‘ *die*. He reply’d, *’Tis too late, he is shot; and see,*  
‘ *he lies dead. Let us provide for our selves, and tell*  
‘ *the Prince, we have done the Work; for you are*  
‘ *as guilty as I am*. At that they all fled, and  
‘ left the Prince lying under a Tree weltering in  
‘ his Blood.

' About the Evening, the Forester going his  
 ' Walks, saw the Horse richly caparison'd, without  
 ' a Rider, at the Entrance of the Wood; and go-  
 ' ing farther, to see if he could find its Owner,  
 ' found there the Prince almost dead: he imme-  
 ' diately mounts him on the Horse, and himself be-  
 ' hind, bore him up, and carry'd him to the Lodg;  
 ' where he had only one old Man, his Father, well  
 ' skilled in Surgery, and a Boy. They put him to  
 ' bed, and the old Forester, with what Art he had,  
 ' dress'd his Wound, and in the Morning sent for  
 ' an abler Surgeon, to whom the Prince enjoin'd  
 ' Secrecy, because he knew him. The Man was  
 ' faithful, and the Prince in time was recover'd of  
 ' his Wound; and as soon as he was well he came  
 ' for *Flanders*, in the Habit of a Pilgrim, and after  
 ' some time, took the *Order of St. Francis*, none  
 ' knowing what became of him, till he was pro-  
 ' fess'd; and then he writ his own Story to the  
 ' Prince his Father, to his Mistress, and his ungrate-  
 ' ful Brother. The young Princess did not long  
 ' survive his Loss, she languish'd from the moment  
 ' of his Departure; and he had this to confirm his  
 ' devout Life, to know she dy'd for him.

' My Brother, Madam, was an Officer under the  
 ' Prince his Father, and knew his Story perfectly  
 ' well; from whose Mouth I had it.'

*What!* (reply'd *Miranda* then) *is Father Hen-*  
*rick a Man of Quality? Yes, Madam* (said *Cornelia*)  
*and has changed his Name to Francisco. But Miran-*  
*da*, fearing to betray the Sentiments of her Heart,  
 by asking any more Questions about him, turned  
 the Discourse; and some Persons of Quality came  
 in to visit her (for her Apartment was about six a-  
 clock, like the Presence-Chamber of a Queen, al-  
 ways filled with the greatest People :) There meet  
 all the *Beaux Esprits*, and all the Beauties. But it  
 was visible *Miranda* was not so gay as she used to be;  
 but

but pensive, and answering *Mal a propos*, to all that was said to her. She was a thousand times going to speak, against her Will, something of the charming Friar, who was never from her Thoughts; and she imagined, if he could inspire Love in a coarse, grey, ill-made Habit, a shorn Crown, a Hair-cord about his Waste, bare-legg'd, in Sandals instead of Shoes, what must he do, when looking back on time, she beholds him in a Prospect of Glory, with all that Youth, and illustrious Beauty, set off by the advantage of Dress and Equipage? She frames an Idea of him all gay and splendid, and looks on his present Habit as some Disguise proper for the Stealths of Love; some feigned put-on Shape, with the more Security to approach a Mistress, and make himself happy; and that the Robe laid by, she has the Lover in his proper Beauty, the same he would have been, if any other Habit (though ever so rich) were put off: In the Bed, the silent gloomy Night, and the soft Embraces of her Arms, he loses all the Friar, and assumes all the Prince; and that awful Reverence, due alone to his holy Habit, he exchanges for a thousand Dalliances, for which his Youth was made; for Love, for tender Embraces, and all the Happiness of Life. Some Moments she fancies him a Lover, and that the fair Object that takes up all his Heart, has left no room for her there; but that was a Thought that did not long perplex her, and which, almost as soon as borne, she turned to her advantage. She beholds him a Lover, and therefore finds he has a Heart sensible and tender; he had Youth to be fir'd, as well as to inspire; he was far from the loved Object, and totally without Hope: and she reasonably consider'd, that Flame wou'd of it self soon die, that had only Despair to feed on. She beheld her own Charms; and Experience, as well as her Glass, told her, they never fail'd of Conquest;

Conquest; especially where they design'd it: And she believed *Henrick* would be glad, at least, to quench that Flame in himself, by an Amour with her, which was kindled by the young Princess of—his Sister.

These, and a thousand other Self-flatteries, all vain and indiscreet, took up her waking Nights, and now more retired Days; while Love, to make her truly wretched, suffer'd her to sooth her self with fond Imaginations; not so much as permitting her Reason to plead one moment to save her from undoing: She would not suffer it to tell her, he had taken holy Orders, made sacred and solemn Vows of everlasting Chastity, that 'twas impossible he could marry her, or lay before her any Argument that might prevent her Ruin; but Love, mad malicious Love, was always called to Counsel, and, like easy Monarchs, she had no Ears, but for Flatterers.

Well then, she is resolv'd to love, without considering to what end, and what must be the consequence of such an Amour. She now miss'd no Day of being at that little Church, where she had the Happiness, or rather the Misfortune (so Love ordained) to see this Ravisher of her Heart and Soul; and every day she took new fire from his lovely Eyes. Unawares, unknown and unwillingly he gave her Wounds, and the Difficulty of her Cure made her rage the more: She burnt, she languish'd and dy'd for the young Innocent, who knew not he was the Author of so much Mischief.

Now she resolves a thousand ways in her tortured Mind, to let him know her Anguish, and at last pitch'd upon that of writing to him soft Billets, which she had learnt the Art of doing; or if she had not, she had now Fire enough to inspire her with all that could charm and move. These she deliver'd to a young Wench, who waited on her,

her, and whom she had entirely subdu'd to her Interest, to give to a certain Lay-Brother of the Order, who was a very simple harmless Wretch, and who served in the Kitchen, in the nature of a Cook in the Monastery of *Cordeliers*. She gave him Gold to secure his Faith and Service: and not knowing from whence they came (with so good Credentials) he undertook to deliver the Letters to Father *Francisco*; which Letters were all afterwards, as you shall hear, produced in open Court. These Letters failed not to come every day; and the Sense of the first was, to tell him, that a very beautiful young Lady, of a great Fortune, was in love with him, without naming her: but it came as from a third Person, to let him know the Secret, that she desir'd he would let her know whether she might hope any Return from him; assuring him, he needed but only see the fair Languisher, to confess himself her Slave.

This Letter being deliver'd him, he read by himself, and was surprized to receive Words of this nature, being so great a Stranger in that Place; and could not imagine, or would not give himself the trouble of guessing who this should be, because he never designed to make Returns.

The next day, *Miranda*, finding no advantage from her Messenger of Love, in the Evening sends another (impatient of delay) confessing that she who suffer'd the Shame of writing and imploring, was the Person her self who ador'd him. 'Twas there her raging Love made her say all things that discover'd the Nature of its Flame, and propose to flee with him to any part of the World, if he would quit the Convent; that she had a Fortune considerable enough to make him happy, and that his Youth and Quality were not given him to so unprofitable an end as to lose themselves in a Convent, where Poverty and Ease was all their business.

ness. In fine, she leaves nothing un-urg'd that might debauch and invite him; not forgetting to send him her own Character of Beauty, and left him to judge of her Wit and Spirit by her Writing, and her Love by the Extremity of Passion she profess'd. To all which the lovely Friar made no return, as believing a gentle Capitulation or Exhortation to her would but inflame her the more, and give new Occasions for her continuing to write. All her Reasonings, false and vicious, he despis'd, pity'd the Error of her Love, and was Proof against all she could plead. Yet notwithstanding his Silence, which left her in doubt, and more tormented her, she ceas'd not to pursue him with her Letters, varying her Style; sometimes all wanton, loose and raving; sometimes feigning a Virgin-Modesty all over, accusing her self, blaming her Conduct, and sighing her Destiny, as one compell'd to the shameful Discovery by the Austerity of his Vow and Habit, asking his Pity and Forgiveness; urging him in Charity to use his fatherly Care to persuade and reason with her wild Desires, and by his Counsel drive the God from her Heart, whose Tyranny was worse than that of a Fiend; and he did not know what his pious Advice might do. But still she writes in vain, in vain she varies her Style, by a Cunning, peculiar to a Maid possess'd with such a sort of Passion.

This cold Neglect was still Oil to the burning Lamp, and she tries yet more Arts, which for want of right Thinking were as fruitless. She has recourse to Presents; her Letters came loaded with Rings of great Price, and Jewels, which Fops of Quality had given her. Many of this sort he receiv'd, before he knew where to return 'em, or how; and on this occasion alone he sent her a Letter, and restor'd her Trifles, as he call'd them: But his Habit having not made him forget his Quality  
and

and Education, he writ to her with all the profound Respect imaginable; believing by her Presents, and the Liberality with which she parted with 'em, that she was of Quality. But the whole Letter, as he told me afterwards, was to persuade her from the Honour she did him, by loving him; urging a thousand Reasons, solid and pious, and assuring her, he had wholly devoted the rest of his Days to Heaven, and had no need of those gay Trifles she had sent him, which were only fit to adorn Ladies so fair as her self, and who had business with this glittering World, which he disdain'd, and had for ever abandon'd. He sent her a thousand Blessings, and told her, she should be ever in his Prayers, tho' not in his Heart, as she desir'd: And abundance of Goodness more he express'd, and Counsel he gave her, which had the same effect with his Silence; it made her love but the more, and the more impatient she grew. She now had a new Occasion to write, she now is charm'd with his Wit; this was the new Subject. She rallies his Resolution, and endeavours to recall him to the World, by all the Arguments that human Invention is capable of.

But when she had above four Months languish'd thus in vain, not missing one day, wherein she went not to see him, without discovering her self to him; she resolv'd, as her last Effort, to shew her Person, and see what that, assisted by her Tears, and soft Words from her Mouth, could do, to prevail upon him.

It happen'd to be on the Eve of that Day when she was to receive the Sacrament, that she, covering her self with her Veil, came to *Vespers*, purposing to make choice of the conquering Friar for her Confessor.

She approach'd him; and as she did so, she trembled with Love. At last she cry'd, *Father, my Confessor is gone for some time from the Town, and I*

*am oblig'd to-morrow to receive, and beg you will be pleas'd to take my Confession.*

He could not refuse her; and let her into the Sacrify, where there is a Confession-Chair, in which he seated himself; and on one side of him she kneel'd down, over-against a little Altar, where the Priests Robes lie, on which were plac'd some lighted Wax-Candles, that made the little place very light and splendid, which shone full upon *Miranda*.

After the little Preparation usual in Confession, she turn'd up her Veil, and discover'd to his View the most wondrous Object of Beauty he had ever seen, dress'd in all the Glory of a young Bride; her Hair and Stomacher full of Diamonds, that gave a Lustre all dazling to her brighter Face and Eyes. He was surpriz'd at her amazing Beauty, and question'd whether he saw a Woman, or an Angel at his Feet. Her Hands, which were elevated, as if in Prayer, seem'd to be form'd of polish'd Alabaster; and he confess'd, he had never seen any thing in Nature so perfect, and so admirable.

He had some pain to compose himself to hear her Confession, and was oblig'd to turn away his Eyes, that his Mind might not be perplex'd with an Object so diverting; when *Miranda*, opening the finest Mouth in the World, and discovering new Charms, began her Confession.

*Holy Father* (said she) *amongst the number of my vile Offences, that which afflicts me to the greatest degree, is, that I am in love: Not* (continued she) *that I believe simple and vertuous Love a Sin, when 'tis plac'd on an Object proper and suitable; but, my dear Father,* (said she, and wept) *I love with a Violence which cannot be contain'd within the Bounds of Reason, Moderation, or Vertue. I love a Man whom I cannot possess without a Crime, and a Man who cannot make me happy without being perjur'd. Is he marry'd?* (reply'd the



the Father.) *No; (answer'd Miranda.) Are you so? (continued he.) Neither, (said she.) Is he too near ally'd to you? (said Francisco:) a Brother, or Relation? Neither of these, (said she.) He is unenjoy'd, unpromis'd; and so am I: Nothing opposes our Happiness, or makes my Love a Vice, but you——'Tis you deny me Life: 'Tis you that forbid my Flame: 'Tis you will have me die, and seek my Remedy in my Grave, when I complain of Tortures, Wounds, and Flames. O cruel Charmer! 'tis for you I languish; and here, at your Feet, implore that Pity, which all my Addresses have fail'd of procuring me.——*

With that, perceiving he was about to rise from his Seat, she held him by his Habit, and vow'd she would in that posture follow him, wherever he flew from her. She elevated her Voice so loud, he was afraid she might be heard; and therefore suffer'd her to force him into his Chair again; where being seated, he began, in the most passionate Terms imaginable, to dissuade her: but finding she the more persisted in Eagerness of Passion, he us'd all the tender Assurance that he could force from himself, that he would have for her all the Respect, Esteem and Friendship that he was capable of paying; that he had a real Compassion for her: and at last she prevail'd so far with him, by her Sighs and Tears, as to own he had a Tenderness for her, and that he could not behold so many Charms, without being sensibly touch'd by 'em, and finding all those Effects, that a Maid so fair and young causes in the Souls of Men of Youth and Sense: But that, as he was assured, he could never be so happy to marry her, and as certain he could not grant any thing but honourable Passion, he humbly besought her not to expect more from him than such. And then began to tell her how short Life was, and transitory its Joys; how soon she would grow weary of Vice, and how often change to find real Repose in it, but never

ver arrive to it. He made an end by new Assurance of his eternal Friendship, but utterly forbid her to hope.

Behold her now deny'd, refus'd and defeated, with all her pleading Youth, Beauty, Tears, and Knees, imploring, as she lay, holding fast his *Scapular*, and embracing his Feet. What shall she do? She swells with Pride, Love, Indignation and Desire; her burning Heart is bursting with Despair, her Eyes grow fierce, and from Grief she rises to a Storm; and in her agony of Passion, with Looks all disdainful, haughty, and full of rage, she began to revile him, as the poorest of Animals; tells him his Soul was dwindled to the Meanness of his Habit, and his Vows of Poverty were suited to his degenerate Mind. *And (said she) since all my nobler Ways have fail'd me; and that, for a little Hypocritical Devotion, you resolve to lose the greatest Blessings of Life, and to sacrifice me to your Religious Pride and Vanity, I will either force you to abandon that dull Disimulation, or you shall die, to prove your Sanctity real. Therefore answer me immediately, answer my Flame, my raging Fire, which your Eyes have kindled; or here, in this very moment, I will ruin thee; and make no scruple of revenging the Pains I suffer, by that which shall take away your Life and Honour.*

The trembling young Man, who, all this while, with extreme anguish of Mind, and fear of the dire result, had listen'd to her Ravings, full of dread, demanded what she would have him do? When she reply'd—*Do that which thy Youth and Beauty were ordain'd to do:—This Place is private, a sacred Silence reigns here, and no one dares to pry into the Secrets of this holy Place: We are as secure from Fears of Interruption, as in Desarts uninhabited, or Caves forsaken by wild Beasts. The Tapers too shall veil their Lights, and only that glimmering Lamp shall be witness of our dear Stealths of Love—Come to my Arms,*

*Arms, my trembling, longing Arms; and curse the Folly of thy Bigotry, that has made thee so long lose a Blessing, for which so many Princes sigh in vain.*

At these words she rose from his Feet, and snatching him in her Arms, he could not defend himself from receiving a thousand Kisses from the lovely Mouth of the charming Wanton; after which, she ran her self, and in an instant put out the Candles. But he cry'd to her, *In vain, O too indiscreet Fair One, in vain you put out the Light; for Heaven still has Eyes, and will look down upon my broken Vows. I own your Power, I own I have all the Sense in the World of your charming Touches; I am frail Flesh and Blood, but——yet——yet I can resist; and I prefer my Vows to all your powerful Temptations.—— I will be deaf and blind, and guard my Heart with Walls of Ice, and make you know, that when the Flames of true Devotion are kindled in a Heart, it puts out all other Fires; which are as ineffectual, as Candles lighted in the Face of the Sun.—— Go, vain Wanton, and repent, and mortify that Blood which has so shamefully betray'd thee, and which will one day ruin both thy Soul and Body.——*

At these words *Miranda*, more enrag'd, the nearer she imagin'd her self to Happiness, made no reply; but throwing her self, in that instant, into the Confessing-Chair, and violently pulling the young Friar into her Lap, she elevated her Voice to such a degree, in crying out, *Help, help! A Rape! Help, help!* that she was heard all over the Church, which was full of People at the Evening's Devotion; who flock'd about the Door of the *Sacristy*, which was shut with a Spring-lock on the inside, but they durst not open the Door.

'Tis easily to be imagin'd, in what condition our young Friar was, at this last devilish Stratagem of his wicked Mistress. He strove to break from those Arms that held him so fast; and his bustling

to get away, and hers to retain him, disorder'd her Hair and Habit to such a degree, as gave the more Credit to her false Accusation.

The Fathers had a Door on the other side, by which they usually enter'd, to dress in this little Room; and at the Report that was in an instant made 'em, they hasted thither, and found *Miranda* and the good Father very indecently struggling; which they mis-interpreted, as *Miranda* desir'd: who, all in Tears, immediately threw her self at the Feet of the Provincial, who was one of those that enter'd; and cry'd, *O holy Father! revenge an innocent Maid, undone and lost to Fame and Honour, by that vile Monster, born of Goats, nurs'd by Tygers, and bred up on savage Mountains, where Humanity and Religion are Strangers. For, O holy Father, could it have enter'd into the Heart of Man, to have done so barbarous and horrid a Deed, as to attempt the Virgin-Honour of an unspotted Maid, and one of my Degree, even in the moment of my Confession, in that holy time, when I was prostrate before him and Heaven, confessing those Sins that press'd my tender Conscience; even then to load my Soul with the blackest of Infamies, to add to my Number a Weight that must sink me to Hell? Alas! under the Security of his innocent Looks, his holy Habit, and his awful Function, I was led into this Room to make my Confession; where, he locking the Door, I had no sooner began, but he gazing on me, took fire at my fatal Beauty; and starting up, put out the Candles, and caught me in his Arms; and raising me from the Pavement, set me in the Confession-Chair; and then——— Oh, spare me the rest.*

With that a Shower of Tears burst from her fair dissembling Eyes; and Sobs so naturally acted, and so well manag'd, as left no Doubt upon the good Men, but all she had spoken was Truth.

— At

— At first, (proceeded she) I was unwilling to bring so great a Scandal on his Order, as to cry out; but struggled as long as I had Breath; pleaded the Heinousness of the Crime, urging my Quality, and the Danger of the Attempt. But he, deaf as the Winds, and ruffling as a Storm, pursu'd his wild Design with so much Force and Insolence, as I at last, unable to resist, was wholly vanquish'd, robb'd of my native Purity. With what Life and Breath I had, I call'd for Assistance, both from Men and Heaven; but oh, alas! your Succours come too late: — You find me here a wretched, undone, and ravish'd Maid. Revenge me, Fathers; revenge me on the perfidious Hypocrite, or else give me a Death that may secure your Cruelty and Injustice from ever being proclaim'd over the World; or my Tongue will be eternally reproaching you, and cursing the wicked Author of my Infamy.

She ended as she began, with a thousand Sighs and Tears; and receiv'd from the Provincial all Assurances of Revenge.

The innocent betray'd Victim, all the while she was speaking, heard her with an Astonishment that may easily be imagin'd; yet shew'd no extravagant Signs of it, as those would do, who feign it to be thought innocent: but being really so, he bore, with an humble, modest, and blushing Countenance, all her Accusations; which silent Shame they mistook for evident Signs of his Guilt.

When the Provincial demanded, with an unwonted Severity in his Eyes and Voice, what he could answer for himself? calling him Prophaner of his sacred Vows, and Infamy to the holy Order; the injur'd, but the innocently accus'd, only reply'd, *May Heaven forgive that bad Woman, and bring her to Repentance! For his part, he was not so much in love with Life, as to use many Arguments to justify his Innocence; unless it were to free that Order from a Scandal, of which he had the Honour to be profess'd.* But as

*for himself, Life or Death were things indifferent to him, who heartily despis'd the World.*

He said no more, and suffer'd himself to be led before the Magistrate; who committed him to Prison, upon the Accusation of this implacable Beauty; who, with so much feign'd Sorrow, prosecuted the matter, even to his Tryal and Condemnation; where he refus'd to make any great Defence for himself. But being daily visited by all the Religious, both of his own and other Orders, they oblig'd him (some of 'em knowing the Austerity of his Life, others his Cause of Grievs that first brought him into Orders, and others pretending a nearer Knowledge, even of his Soul it self) to stand upon his Justification, and discover what he knew of that wicked Woman; whose Life had not been so exemplary for Vertue, not to have given the World a thousand Suspicions of her Lewdness and Prostitutions.

The daily Importunities of these Fathers made him produce her Letters: But as he had all the Gown-Men on his side, she had all the Hats and Feathers on hers; all the Men of Quality taking her part, and all the Church-men his. They heard his daily Protestations and Vows, but not a word of what pass'd at Confession was yet discover'd: He held that as a Secret sacred on his part; and what was said in nature of a Confession, was not to be reveal'd, though his Life depended on the Discovery. But as to the Letters, they were forc'd from him, and expos'd; however, Matters were carry'd with so high a hand against him, that they serv'd for no Proof at all of his Innocence, and he was at last condemn'd to be burn'd at the Market-place.

After his Sentence was pass'd, the whole Body of Priests made their Addresses to the Marquis *Castel Roderigo*, the then Governour of *Flanders*, for a Reprieve;

prieve; which, after much-ado, was granted him for some Weeks, but with an absolute denial of Pardon: so prevailing were the young Cavaliers of his Court, who were all Adorers of this Fair *Jilt*.

About this time, while the poor innocent young *Henrick* was thus languishing in Prison, in a dark and dismal Dungeon, and *Miranda*, cured of her Love, was triumphing in her Revenge, expecting, and daily giving new Conquests; and who, by this time, had re-assum'd all her wonted Gaiety, there was a great noise about the Town, that a Prince of mighty Name, and fam'd for all the Excellencies of his Sex, was arriv'd; a Prince young, and gloriously attended, call'd Prince *Tarquin*.

We had often heard of this great Man, and that he was making his Travels in *France* and *Germany*: And we had also heard, that some Years before, he being about Eighteen Years of Age, in the time when our King *Charles*, of Blessed Memory, was in *Brussels*, in the last Year of his Banishment, that all on a sudden, this young Man rose up upon 'em like the Sun, all glorious and dazzling, demanding place of all the Princes in that Court. And when his Pretence was demanded, he own'd himself Prince *Tarquin*, of the Race of the last Kings of *Rome*, made good his Title, and took his Place accordingly. After that he travell'd for about six Years up and down the World, and then arriv'd at *Antwerp*, about the time of my being sent thither by King *Charles*.

Perhaps there could be nothing seen so magnificent as this Prince: He was, as I said, extremely handsome, from Head to Foot exactly form'd, and he wanted nothing that might adorn that native Beauty to the best advantage. His Parts were suitable to the rest: He had an Accomplishment fit for a Prince, an Air haughty, but a Carriage affable,  
easy

easy in Conversation, and very entertaining, liberal and good-natur'd, brave and inoffensive. I have seen him pass the Streets with twelve Foot-men, and four Pages; the Pages all in green Velvet Coats, lac'd with Gold, and white Velvet Trunks; the Men in Cloth, richly lac'd with Gold; his Coaches, and all other Officers, suitable to a great Man.

He was all the Discourse of the Town; some laughing at his Title, others reverencing it: Some cry'd, that he was an Impostor; others that he had made his Title as plain, as if *Tarquin* had reign'd but a Year ago. Some made Friendships with him, others would have nothing to say to him; but all wonder'd where his Revenue was, that supported this Grandeur; and believ'd, tho he could make his Descent from the *Roman* Kings very well out, that he could not lay so good a Claim to the *Roman* Land. Thus every body meddled with what they had nothing to do; and, as in other places, thought themselves on the surer side, if, in these doubtful Cases, they imagin'd the worst.

But the Men might be of what Opinion they pleas'd concerning him; the Ladies were all agreed that he was a Prince, and a young handsome Prince, and a Prince not to be resisted: He had all their Wishes, all their Eyes, and all their Hearts. They now dress'd only for him; and what Church he grac'd, was sure, that day, to have the Beauties, and all that thought themselves so.

You may believe, our amorous *Miranda* was not the least Conquest he made. She no sooner heard of him, which was as soon as he arriv'd, but she fell in Love with his very Name. *Jesu!* — A young King of *Rome!* Oh, 'twas so novel, that she doated on the Title; and had not car'd whether the rest had been Man or Monkey almost: She was resolv'd to be the *Lucretia* that this young *Tarquin* should ravish.



To this end, she was no sooner up the next day, but she sent him a *Billet Deaux*, assuring him how much she admired his Fame; and that being a Stranger in the Town, she begged the Honour of introducing him to all the *Belle-Conversations*, &c. which he took for the Invitation of some Coquet, who had Interest in fair Ladies; and civilly return'd her an Answer, that he would wait on her. She had him that day watched to Church; and impatient to see what she heard so many People flock to see, she went also to the same Church: those sanctified Abodes being too often profaned by such Devotees, whose Business is to ogle and ensnare.

But what a Noise and Humming was heard all over the Church, when *Tarquin* enter'd! His Grace, his Mien, his Fashion, his Beauty, his Dress, and his Equipage, surprized all that were present: And by the good Management and Care of *Miranda*, she got to kneel at the side of the Altar, just over against the Prince; so that, if he wou'd, he cou'd not avoid looking full upon her. She had turned up her Veil, and all her Face and Shape appear'd such, and so enchanting, as I have described; and her Beauty heighten'd with Blushes, and her Eyes full of Spirit and Fire, with Joy, to find the young *Roman* Monarch so charming, she appear'd like something more than mortal, and compelled his Eyes to a fixed gazing on her Face: She never glanc'd that way, but she met them; and then would feign so modest a Shame, and cast her Eyes downward with such inviting Art, that he was wholly ravished and charmed, and she over-joy'd to find he was so.

The Ceremony being ended, he sent a Page to follow that Lady home, himself pursuing her to the Door of the Church, where he took some holy Water, and threw upon her, and made her a profound

found Reverence. She forc'd an innocent Look, and a modest Gratitude in her Face, and bow'd, and pass'd forward, half assured of her Conquest; leaving him to go home to his Lodging, and impatiently wait the Return of his Page. And all the Ladies who saw this first beginning between the Prince and *Miranda*, began to curse and envy her Charms, who had deprived them of half their Hopes.

After this, I need not tell you, he made *Miranda* a Visit; and from that day, never left her Apartment, but when he went home at nights, or unless he had Business; so entirely was he conquer'd by this Fair One. But the Bishop, and several Men of Quality, in Orders, that profess'd Friendship to him, advised him from her Company; and spoke several things to him, that might (if Love had not made him blind) have reclaim'd him from the Pursuit of his Ruin. But whatever they trusted him with, she had the Art to wind her self about his Heart, and make him unravel all his Secrets; and then knew as well, by feign'd Sighs and Tears, to make him disbelieve all: So that he had no Faith but for her; and was wholly enchanted and bewitch'd by her. At last, in spite of all that wou'd have opposed it, he marry'd this famous Woman, possess'd by so many great Men and Strangers before, while all the World was pitying his Shame and Misfortunes.

Being marry'd, they took a great House; and as she was indeed a great Fortune, and now a great Princess, there was nothing wanting that was agreeable to their Quality; all was splendid and magnificent. But all this would not acquire them the World's Esteem; they had an Abhorrence for her former Life, and despis'd her; and for his espousing a Woman so infamous, they despis'd him. So that though they admir'd, and gazed upon their Equipage,

Equipage, and glorious Dress, they foresaw the Ruin that attended it, and paid her Quality little Respect.

She was no sooner married, but her Uncle dy'd; and dividing his Fortune between *Miranda* and her Sister, leaves the young Heiress, and all her Fortune, entirely in the Hands of the Princess.

We will call this Sister *Alcidiana*; she was about fourteen Years of Age, and now had chosen her Brother, the Prince, for her Guardian. If *Alcidiana* were not altogether so great a Beauty as her Sister, she had Charms sufficient to procure her a great many Lovers, tho her Fortune had not been so considerable as it was; but with that Addition, you may believe, she wanted no Courtships from those of the best Quality: though every body deplor'd her being under the Tutorage of a Lady so expert in all the Vices of her Sex, and so cunning a Manager of Sin, as was the Princess; who, on her part, failed not, by all the Caressees, and obliging Endearments, to engage the Mind of this young Maid, and to subdue her wholly to her Government. All her Senses were eternally regaled with the most bewitching Pleasures they were capable of: She saw nothing but Glory and Magnificence, heard nothing but Musick of the sweetest Sounds; the richest Perfumes employ'd her Smelling, and all she eat and touch'd was delicate and inviting: and being too young to consider how this State and Grandeur was to be continu'd, little imagin'd her vast Fortune was every day diminishing, towards its needless Support.

When the Princess went to Church, she had her Gentleman bare before her, carrying a great Velvet Cushion, with great Golden Tassels, for her to kneel on, and her Train borne up a most prodigious length, led by a Gentleman Usher, bare; follow'd  
by

by innumerable Footmen, Pages, and Women. And in this State she would walk in the Streets, as in those Countries 'tis the fashion for the great Ladies to do, who are well; and in her Train two or three Coaches, and perhaps a rich Velvet Chair embroidered, would follow in State.

'Twas thus for some time they liv'd, and the Princess was daily press'd by young sighing Lovers, for her consent to marry *Alcidiana*; but she had still one Art or other to put them off, and so continually broke all the great Matches that were propos'd to her, notwithstanding their Kindred, and other Friends, had industriously endeavour'd to make several great Matches for her; but the Princess was still positive in her denial, and one way or other broke all. At last it happen'd, there was one propos'd, yet more advantageous, a young Count, with whom the young Maid grew passionately in love, and besought her Sister to consent that she might have him, and got the Prince to speak in her behalf; but he had no sooner heard the secret Reasons *Miranda* gave him, but (entirely her Slave) he changed his Mind, and suited it to hers, and she, as before, broke off that Amour: which so extremely incens'd *Alcidiana*, that she, taking an opportunity, got from her Guard, and ran away, putting herself into the hands of a wealthy Merchant, her Kinsman, and one who bore the greatest Authority in the City; him she chuses for her Guardian, resolving to be no longer a Slave to the Tyranny of her Sister. And so well she order'd Matters, that she writ to this young Cavalier, her last Lover, and retrieved him; who came back to *Antwerp* again, to renew his Courtship.

Both Parties being agreed, it was no hard Matter to persuade all but the Princess. But though she oppos'd it, it was resolv'd on, and the Day appointed

appointed for Marriage, and the Portion demanded; demanded only, but never to be pay'd, the best part of it being spent. However, she put them off from day to day, by a thousand frivolous Delays: and when she saw they would have recourse to force, and that all her Magnificence would be at an end, if the Law should prevail against her; and that without this Sister's Fortune, she could not long support her Grandeur; she bethought herself of a Means to make it all her own, by getting her Sister made away: but she being out of her Tuition, she was not able to accomplish so great a Deed of Darknes. But since 'twas resolved it must be done, she resolves on a thousand Stratagems; and at last pitches upon an effectual one.

She had a Page called *Van Brune*; a Youth of great Address and Wit, and one she had long managed for her purpose. This Youth was about seventeen Years of Age, and extremely beautiful; and in the time when *Alcidiana* lived with the Princess, she was a little in love with this handsome Boy; but 'twas checked in its Infancy, and never grew up to a Flame: Nevertheless, *Alcidiana* retained still a sort of Tendernefs for him, while he burned in good earnest with Love for the Princess.

The Princess one day ordering this Page to wait on her in her Closet, she shut the Door; and after a thousand Questions of what he would undertake to serve her, the amorous Boy finding himself alone, and carefs'd by the fair Person he ador'd, with joyful Blushes that beautify'd his Face, told her, *There was nothing upon Earth, he would not do, to obey her least Commands.* She grew more familiar with him, to oblige him; and seeing Love dance in his Eyes, of which she was so good a Judg, she treated him more like a Lover, than a Servant; till  
at

at last the ravished Youth, wholly transported out of himself, fell at her feet, and impatiently implor'd to receive her Commands quickly, that he might fly to execute them; for he was not able to bear her charming Words, Looks, and Touches, and retain his Duty. At this she smil'd, and told him, the Work was of such a nature, as wou'd mortify all Flames about him; and he wou'd have more need of Rage, Envy, and Malice, than the Aids of a Passion so soft as what she now found him capable of. He assur'd her, he would stick at nothing, tho even against his Nature, to recompence for the Boldness he now, through his Indiscretion, had discover'd. She smiling, told him, he had committed no Fault; and that possibly, the Pay he should receive for the Service she required at his hands, should be——what he most wish'd for in the World. At this he bow'd to the Earth; and kissing her Feet, bad her command: And then she boldly told him, *'Twas to kill her Sister Alcidianna.* The Youth, without so much as starting or pausing upon the matter, told her, *It should be done;* and bowing low, immediately went out of the Clofet. She called him back, and would have given him some Instruction; but he refused it, and said, *The Action and the Contrivance should be all his own.* And offering to go again, she——again recalled him; putting into his hand a Purse of a hundred Pistoles, which he took, and with a low Bow departed.

He no sooner left her Presence, but he goes directly, and buys a Dose of Poison, and went immediately to the House where *Alcidianna* lived; where desiring to be brought to her Presence, he fell a weeping; and told her, his Lady had fallen out with him, and dismissed him her Service: and since from a Child he had been brought up in the Family, he humbly besought *Alcidianna* to receive him

him into hers, she being in a few days to be marry'd. There needed not much intreaty to a thing that pleased her so well, and she immediately received him to pension: And he waited some days on her, before he could get an opportunity to administer his devilish Potion. But one night, when she drank Wine with roasted Apples, which was usual with her; instead of Sugar, or with the Sugar, the baneful Drug was mixed, and she drank it down.

About this time, there was a great Talk of this Page's coming from one Sister, to go to the other. And Prince *Tarquin*, who was ignorant of the Design from the beginning to the end, hearing some Men of Quality at his Table speaking of *Van Brune's* Change of Place (the Princess then keeping her Chamber upon some trifling Indisposition) he answer'd, *That surely they were mistaken, that he was not dismissed from the Princess's Service*: And calling some of his Servants, he asked for *Van Brune*; and whether any thing had happen'd between her Highness and him, that had occasion'd his being turned off. They also seem'd ignorant of this matter; and those who had spoken of it, began to fancy there was some Juggle in the case, which time would bring to light.

The ensuing Day 'twas all about the Town, that *Alcidiana* was poison'd: and though not dead, yet very near it; and that the Doctors said, she had taken Mercury. So that there was never so formidable a Sight as this fair young Creature; her Head and Body swoln, her Eyes starting out, her Face black, and all deformed: so that diligent search was made, who it should be that did this; who gave her Drink and Meat. The Cook and Butler were examined, the Footmen called to an account; but all concluded, she received nothing but from the Hand of her new Page, since he came into her

Service. He was examined, and shewed a thousand guilty Looks: And the Apothecary, then attending among the Doctors, proved he had bought Mercury of him three or four days before; which he could not deny: and making many Excuses for his buying it, betray'd him the more; so ill he chanced to dissemble. He was immediately sent to be examined by the Margrave or Justice, who made his *Mittimus*, and sent him to Prison.

'Tis easy to imagine, in what Fears and Confusion the Princess was at this News: She took her Chamber upon it, more to hide her guilty Face, than for any Indisposition. And the Doctors apply'd such Remedies to *Alcidiana*, such Antidotes against the Poison, that in a short time she recover'd; but lost the finest Hair in the World, and the Complexion of her Face ever after.

It was not long before the Trials for Criminals came on; and the Day being arrived, *Van Brune* was try'd the first of all; every body having already read his Destiny, according as they wish'd it; and none would believe, but just indeed as it was: So that for the Revenge they hop'd to see fall upon the Princess, every one wish'd he might find no mercy, that she might share of his Shame and Misery.

The Sessions-House was fill'd that day with all the Ladies, and chief of the Town, to hear the result of his Trial; and the sad Youth was brought loaden with Chains, and pale as death: where every Circumstance being sufficiently proved against him, and he making but a weak Defence for himself, he was convicted, and sent back to Prison, to receive his Sentence of Death on the morrow; where he own'd all, and who set him on to do it. He own'd 'twas not Reward of Gain he did it for, but Hope he should command at his pleasure the Possession of his Mistress, the Princess, who shou'd deny



deny him nothing, after having entrusted him with so great a Secret; and that besides, she had elevated him with the Promise of that glorious Reward, and had dazled his young Heart with so charming a Prospect, that blind and mad with Joy, he rushed forward, to gain the desired Prize, and thought on nothing but his coming Happiness: That he saw too late the Follies of his presumptuous Flame, and cursed the deluding Flatteries of the fair Hypocrite, who had soothed him to his undoing: That he was a miserable Victim to her Wickedness; and hoped he should warn all young Men, by his Fall, to avoid the Dissimulation of the deceiving Fair: That he hoped they would have pity on his Youth, and attribute his Crime to the subtle Persuasions alone of his Mistress, the Princess: And that since *Alciana* was not dead, they would grant him Mercy, and permit him to live to repent of his grievous Crime, in some Part of the World, whither they might banish him.

He ended with Tears, that fell in abundance from his Eyes; and immediately the Princess was apprehended, and brought to Prison, to the same Prison, where yet the poor young Father *Francisco* was languishing, he having been from Week to Week reprieved, by the Intercession of the Fathers; and possibly she there had time to make some Reflections.

You may imagine *Tarquin* left no means unessay'd, to prevent the Imprisonment of the Princess, and the publick Shame and Infamy she was likely to undergo in this Affair: But the whole City being over-joy'd that she should be punished, as an Author of all this Mischief, were generally bent against her, both Priests, Magistrates, and People; the whole Force of the Stream running that way, she found no more Favour than the meanest Criminal. The Prince therefore, when he saw

'twas impossible to rescue her from the Hands of Justice, suffer'd with Grief unspeakable, what he could not prevent, and led her himself to the Prison, follow'd by all his People, in as much State as if he had been going to his Marriage; where, when she came, she was as well attended and served as before, he never stirring one moment from her.

The next day she was tried in open and common Court; where she appeared in glory, led by *Tarquín*, and attended according to her Quality: And she could not deny all the Page had alledged against her, who was brought thither also in Chains; and after a great many Circumstances, she was found guilty, and both received Sentence: the Page to be hanged till he was dead, on a Gibbet in the Market-place; and the Princess to stand under the Gibbet, with a Rope about her Neck, the other end of which was to be fastned to the Gibbet where the Page was hanging; and to have an Inscription, in large Characters, upon her Back and Breast, of the Cause why; where she was to stand from ten in the Morning, to twelve.

This Sentence, the People with one accord, believed too favourable for so ill a Woman, whose Crimes deserved Death, equal to that of *Van Brune*. Nevertheless, there were some who said, it was infinitely more severe than Death itself.

The following *Friday* was the Day of Execution, and one need not tell of the Abundance of People, who were flocked together in the Market-place: And all the Windows were taken down, and filled with Spectators, and the Tops of Houses; when at the Hour appointed, the fatal Beauty appear'd. She was dress'd in a black Velvet Gown, with a rich Row of Diamonds all down the forepart of her Breast, and a great Knot of Diamonds

at the Peak behind; and a Petticoat of flower'd Gold, very rich, and laced; with all things else fuitable. A Gentleman carry'd her great Velvet Cushion before her, on which her Prayer-Book, embroider'd, was laid; her Train was borne up by a Page, and the Prince led her, bare; followed by his Footmen, Pages, and other Officers of his House.

When they arrived at the Place of Execution, the Cushion was laid on the ground, upon a *Portugal-Mat*, spread there for that purpose; and the Princess stood on the Cushion, with her Prayer-Book in her Hand, and a Priest by her side; and was accordingly tied up to the Gibbet.

She had not stood there ten Minutes, but she had the mortification (at least, one would think it so to her) to see her sad Page, *Van Brune*, approach; fair as an Angel, but languishing and pale. That Sight moved all the Beholders with as much Pity, as that of the Princess did Disdain and Pleasure.

He was dressed all in Mourning, and very fine Linen; bare-headed, with his own Hair, the fairest that could be seen, hanging all in Curls on his Back and Shoulders, very long. He had a Prayer-Book of black Velvet in his Hand, and behaved himself with much Penitence and Devotion.

When he came under the Gibbet, he seeing his Mistress in that Condition, shew'd an infinite Concern, and his fair Face was cover'd over with Blushes; and falling at her Feet, he humbly asked her pardon for having been the occasion of so great an Infamy to her, by a weak Confession, which the Fears of Youth, and Hopes of Life, had obliged him to make, so greatly to her dishonour: for indeed he had wanted that manly Strength, to bear the Efforts of dying, as he ought, in silence, rather

ther than of committing so great a Crime against his Duty and Honour it self; and that he could not die in peace, unless she would forgive him. The Princess only nodded her Head, and cried, *I do—*

And after having spoken a little to his Father-Confessor, who was with him, he chearfully mounted the Ladder, and in sight of the Princess, he was turned off, while a loud Cry was heard thro all the Market-place, especially from the Fair Sex; he hanging there till the time the Princess was to depart: And then she was put into a rich embroider'd Chair, and carry'd away, *Tarquin* going into his; for he had all that time stood supporting the Princess under the Gallows, and was very weary. She was sent back, till her Releasement came; which was that night, about seven of the Clock: and then she was conducted to her own House in great State, with a dozen white Wax Flambeaux about her Chair.

If the Guardian of *Alciqiana*, and her Friends, before were impatient of having the Portion out of the hands of these Extravagants, 'tis not to be imagined, but they were now much more so; and the next day they sent an Officer, according to Law, to demand it, or to summon the Prince to give Reasons why he would not pay it. The Officer received for Answer, That the Mony should be called in, and paid in such a time, setting a certain time, which I have not been so curious as to retain, or put in my Journal-Observations; but I am sure it was not long, as may be easily imagin'd; for they every moment suspected the Prince would pack up, and, be gone, some time or other, on the sudden: and for that reason they would not trust him without Bail, or two Officers to remain in his House, to watch that nothing should be removed, or touched. As for Bail, or Security, he could  
give

give none; every one sunk their Heads out of the Collar, when it came to that: So that he was obliged, at his own Expence, to maintain Officers in his House.

The Princess finding her self reduced to the last Extremity, and that she must either produce the Value of a hundred thousand Crowns, or see the Prince her Husband lodged for ever in a Prison, and all their Glory vanish; and that it was impossible to fly, since guarded; she had recourse to an Extremity, worse than the Affair of *Van Brune*. And in order to this, she first puts on a world of Sorrow and Concern, for what she feared might arrive to the Prince: And indeed, if ever she shed Tears which she did not dissemble, it was upon this occasion. But here she almost over-acted: she stirred not from her Bed, and refused to eat, or sleep, or see the Light; so that the Day being shut out of her Chamber, she lived by Wax-lights, and refused all Comfort and Consolation.

The Prince, all raving with Love, tender Compassion and Grief, never stirred from her Bed-side, nor ceased to implore, that she would suffer herself to live. But she, who was not now so passionately in love with *Tarquin*, as she was with the Prince; nor so fond of the Man as his Titles, and of Glory; foresaw the total Ruin of the last, if not prevented by avoiding the Payment of this great Sum; which could not otherwise be, than by the Death of *Alcidiana*: And therefore, without ceasing, she wept, and cry'd out, *She could not live, unless Alcidiana dy'd. This Alcidiana* (continu'd she) *who has been the Author of my Shame; who has expos'd me under a Gibbet, in the publick Market-place—— Oh!——I am deaf to all Reason, blind to natural Affection. I renounce her, I hate her as my mortal Foe; my Stop to Glory, and the Finisher of my Days, e'er half my Race of Life be run.*

Then throwing her false, but snowy, charming Arms, about the Neck of her heart-breaking Lord, and Lover, who lay sighing and listening by her side, he was charmed and bewitched into saying all things that appeased her: And lastly, told her, *Alcidiana should be no longer any Obstacle to her Repose; but that, if she would look up, and cast her Eyes of Sweetness and Love upon him, as heretofore; forget her Sorrow, and redeem her lost Health; he would take what Measures she should propose to dispatch this fatal Stop to her Happiness, out of the way.*

These Words fail'd not to make her carefs him in the most endearing manner that Love and Flattery could invent; and she kiss'd him to an Oath, a solemn Oath, to perform what he had promised; and he vowed liberally. And she assumed in an instant her Good-Humour, and suffer'd a Supper to be prepar'd, and did eat; which in many days before she had not done: so obstinate and powerful was she in dissembling well.

The next thing to be considered was, which way this Deed was to be done; for they doubted not, but when 'twas done, all the World would lay it upon the Princess, as done by her command: But she urged, Suspicion was no Proof; and that they never put to death any one, but when they had great and certain Evidence, who were the Offenders. She was sure of her own Constancy, that Racks and Tortures should never get the Secret from her Breast; and if he were as confident on his part, there was no danger. Yet this Preparation she made towards the laying the Fact on others, that she caused several Letters to be writ from *Germany*, as from the Relations of *Van Brune*, who threatned *Alcidiana* with Death, for depriving their Kinsman (who was a Gentleman) of his Life, tho he had not taken away hers. And it was the report of the Town, how this young Maid was threatned. And indeed,  
the

the Death of the Page had so afflicted a great many, that *Alcidiana* had procured her self abundance of Enemies upon that account, because she might have saved him if she had pleased; but, on the contrary, she was a Spectator, and in full Health and Vigour, at his Execution: And People were not so much concerned for her at this Report, as they would have been.

The Prince, who now had, by reasoning the matter soberly with *Miranda*, found it absolutely necessary to dispatch *Alcidiana*; resolved himself, and with his own Hand to execute it; not daring to trust to any of his most favourite Servants, tho he had many, who possibly would have obeyed him: for they loved him as he deserved; and so would all the World, had he not been so purely deluded by this fair Enchantress. He therefore, as I said, resolved to keep this great Secret to himself; and taking a Pistol, charged well with two Bullets, he watched an opportunity to shoot her as she should go out or into her House, or Coach, some Evening.

To this end he waited several Nights near her Lodgings; but still, either she went not out; or when she returned, she was so guarded with Friends, her Lover, and Flambeaux, that he could not aim at her without endangering the Life of some other. But one Night above the rest, upon a Sunday, when he knew she would be at the Theatre; for she never missed that day seeing the Play: he waited at the Corner of the Stadt-House, near the Theatre, with his Cloke cast over his Face, and a black Perriwig, all alone, with his Pistol ready cock'd; and remain'd not very long, but he saw her Kinsman's Coach come along: 'twas almost dark, Day was just shutting up her Beauties, and left such a Light to govern the World, as served only just to distinguish one Object from another, and a convenient help

help to Mischief. He saw alight out of the Coach only one young Lady, the Lover, and then the destin'd Victim; which he (drawing near) knew rather by her Tongue than Shape. The Lady ran into the Play-House, and left *Alcidiana* to be conducted by her Lover into it: who led her to the Door, and went to give some Order to the Coachman; so that the Lover was about twenty Yards from *Alcidiana*; when she stood the fairest Mark in the World, on the Threshold of the Entrance of the Theatre, there being many Coaches about the Door, so that hers could not come so near. *Tarquin* was resolv'd not to lose so fair an Opportunity, and advanc'd, but went behind the Coaches; and when he came over against the Door, through a great booted Velvet Coach, that stood between him and her, he shot; and she having the Train of her Gown and Petticoat on her Arm, in great quantity, he missed her Body, and shot through her Cloaths, between her Arm and her Body. She, frightned to find something hit her, and to see the Smoke, and hear the Report of the Pistol; running in, cried, *I am shot, I am dead.*

This Noise quickly alarm'd her Lover; and all the Coachmen and Footmen immediately ran, some one way, and some another. One of 'em seeing a Man haste away in a Cloak; he being lusty, bold *German*, stopped him; and drawing upon him, bad him stand, and deliver his Pistol, or he would run him through.

*Tarquin* being surprized at the Boldness of this Fellow to demand his Pistol, as if he positively knew him to be the Murderer (for so he thought himself, since he believed *Alcidiana* dead) had so much presence of Mind as to consider, if he suffered himself to be taken he should poorly die a publick Death; and therefore resolv'd upon one Mischief more, to secure himself from the first:  
And



And in the moment that the *German* bad him deliver his Pistol, he cried, *Though I have no Pistol to deliver, I have a Sword to chastise thy Insolence.* And throwing off his Cloke, and flinging his Pistol from him, he drew, and wounded, and disarmed the Fellow.

This Noise of Swords brought every body to the place; and immediately the bruit ran, *The Murderer was taken, the Murderer was taken:* Tho none knew which was he, nor the Cause of the Quarrel between the two fighting Men, which none yet knew; for it now was darker than before. But at the noise of the Murderer being taken, the Lover of *Alcidiana*, who by this time found his Lady unhurt, all but the Trains of her Gown and Petticoat, came running to the place, just as *Tarquin* had disarmed the *German*, and was ready to have kill'd him; when laying hold of his Arm, they arrested the Stroke, and redeemed the Footman.

They then demanded who this Stranger was, at whose mercy the Fellow lay; but the Prince, who now found himself venturing for his last Stake, made no reply; but with two Swords in his hands went to fight his way through the Rabble: And tho there were above a hundred Persons, some with Swords, others with long Whips, (as Coach-men) so invincible was the Courage of this poor unfortunate Gentleman at that time, that all these were not able to seize him; but he made his way through the Ring that encompassed him, and ran away; but was, however, so closely pursued, the Company still gathering as they ran, that toiled with fighting, oppressed with guilt, and fear of being taken, he grew fainter and fainter, and suffered himself, at last, to yield to his Pursuers, who soon found him to be Prince *Tarquin* in disguise: And they carried him directly to Prison, being Sunday, to wait the coming Day, to go before a Magistrate.

In

In an hour's time the whole fatal Adventure was carried all over the City, and every one knew that *Tarquin* was the intended Murderer of *Alcidiana*; and not one but had a real Sorrow and Compassion for him. They heard how bravely he had defended himself, how many he had wounded before he could be taken, and what Numbers he had fought through: And even those that saw his Valour and Bravery, and who had assisted at his being seiz'd, now repented from the bottom of their Hearts, their having any hand in the Ruin of so gallant a Man; especially, since they knew the Lady was not hurt. A thousand Addresses were made to her, not to prosecute him; but her Lover, a hot-headed Fellow, more fierce than brave, would by no means be pacified, but vowed to pursue him to the Scaffold.

The Monday came, and the Prince being examined confessed the matter of Fact, since there was no harm done; believing a generous Confession the best of his game: but he was sent back to closer Imprisonment, loaded with Irons, to expect the next Sessions. All his Household-Goods were seiz'd, and all they could find, for the use of *Alcidiana*. And the Princess, all in Rage, tearing her Hair, was carried to the same Prison, to behold the cruel Effects of her hellish Designs.

One need not tell here how sad and horrid this Meeting appear'd between her Lord and her: let it suffice, it was the most melancholy and mortifying Object that ever Eyes beheld. On *Miranda's* part, 'twas sometimes all Rage and Fire, and sometimes all Tears and Groans; but still 'twas sad Love, and mournful Tenderness on his. Nor could all his Sufferings, and the prospect of Death it self, drive from his Soul one Spark of that Fire the obstinate God had fatally kindled there: And in the midst of all his Sighs, he would recal himself, and cry,—  
*I have Miranda still.* He

He was eternally visited by his Friends and Acquaintance; and this last Action of Bravery had got him more than all his former Conduct had lost. The Fathers were perpetually with him; and all join'd with one common Voice in this, That he ought to abandon a Woman so wicked as the Princess; and that however Fate dealt with him, he could not shew himself a true Penitent, while he laid the Author of so much Evil in his Bosom: That Heaven would never bless him, till he had renounced her: And on such Conditions he would find those that would employ their utmost Interest to save his Life, who else would not stir in this Affair. But he was so deaf to all, that he could not so much as dissemble a Repentance for having married her.

He lay a long time in Prison, and all that time the poor Father *Francisco* remained there also: and the good Fathers, who daily visited these two amorous Prisoners, the Prince and Princess; and who found, by the Management of Matters, it would go very hard with *Tarquin*, entertained 'em often with holy Matters relating to the Life to come; from which, before his Tryal, he gathered what his Stars had appointed, and that he was destin'd to die.

This gave an unspeakable Torment to the now repenting Beauty, who had reduced him to it; and she began to appear with a more solid Grief: which being perceived by the good Fathers, they resolved to attack her on the yielding side; and after some discourse upon the Judgment for Sin, they came to reflect on the Business of Father *Francisco*; and told her, she had never thrived since her accusing of that Father, and laid it very home to her Conscience; assuring her that they would do their utmost in her Service, if she would confess that secret Sin to all the World, so that she might atone for the Crime  
by

by the saving that good Man. At first she seemed inclined to yield; but shame of being her own Detector in so vile a matter, recalled her Goodness, and she faintly persisted in it.

At the end of six Months, Prince *Tarquin* was called to his Tryal; where I will pass over the Circumstances, which are only what is usual in such Criminal Cases, and tell you, that he being found guilty of the Intent of killing *Alcidiana*, was condemned to lose his Head in the Market-place, and the Princess to be banished her Country.

After Sentence pronounced, to the real grief of all the Spectators, he was carry'd back to Prison. And now the Fathers attack her a-new; and she, whose Grievs daily encreased, with a Languishment that brought her very near her Grave, at last confess'd all her Life, all the Lewdness of her Practices with several Princes and great Men, besides her Lusts with People that served her, and others in mean Capacity: And lastly, the whole Truth of the young Friar; and how she had drawn the Page, and the Prince her Husband, to this design'd Murder of her Sister. This she signed with her Hand, in the presence of the Prince, her Husband, and several Holy Men who were present. Which being signify'd to the Magistrates, the Friar was immediately deliver'd from his Irons (where he had languished more than two whole Years) in great Triumph, with much Honour, and lives a most exemplary pious Life, as he did before; for he is now living in *Antwerp*.

After the Condemnation of these two unfortunate Persons, who begot such different Sentiments in the Minds of the People (the Prince, all the Compassion and Pity imaginable; and the Princess, all the Contempt and Despight;) they languished almost six Months longer in Prison: so great an Interest there was made, in order to the saving his Life,

Life, by all the Men of the Robe. On the other side, the Princes, and great Men of all Nations, who were at the Court of *Brussels*, who bore a secret Revenge in their hearts against a Man who had, as they pretended, set up a false Title, only to take place of them; who indeed was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*, as they said; so incens'd them against him, that they were too hard at Court for the Church-men. However, this Dispute gave the Prince his Life some Months longer than was expected; which gave him also some Hope, that a Reprieve for Ninety Years would have been granted, as was desired. Nay, Father *Francisco* so interested himself in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and several Princes of *Germany*, with whom the Marquis *Castel Roderigo* was well acquainted, to intercede with him for the saving of *Tarquin*; since 'twas more by his Persuasions, than those of all who attacked her, that made *Miranda* confess the Truth of her Affair with him. But at the end of six Months, when all Applications were found fruitless and vain, the Prince receiv'd News, that in two days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounc'd, and for which he prepared himself with all Chearfulness.

On the following Friday, as soon as it was light, all People of any Condition came to take their leaves of him; and none departed with dry Eyes, or Hearts unconcern'd to the last degree: For *Tarquin*, when he found his Fate inevitable, bore it with a Fortitude that shewed no signs of Regret; but address'd himself to all about him with the same chearful, modest, and great Air, he was wont to do in his most flourishing Fortune. His Valet was dressing him all the Morning, so many Interruptions they had by Visitors; and he was all in Mourning, and so were all his Followers: for even to the last he kept up his Grandeur, to the amazement

ment of all People. And indeed, he was so passionately belov'd by them, that those he had dismiss'd serv'd him voluntarily, and would not be persuaded to abandon him while he liv'd.

The Princess was also dress'd in Mourning, and her two Women; and notwithstanding the unheard-of Lewdness and Villanies she had confess'd of herself, the Prince still ador'd her: for she had still those Charms that made him first do so; nor, to his last moment, could be brought to wish, that he had never seen her; but on the contrary, as a Man yet vainly proud of his Fetters, he said, *All the Satisfaction his short moment of Life could afford him, was, that he died in endeavouring to serve Miranda, his adorable Princess.*

After he had taken leave of all, who thought it necessary to leave him to himself for some time, he retir'd with his Confessor; where they were about an Hour in Prayer, all the Ceremonies of Devotion that were fit to be done, being already past. At last the Bell toll'd, and he was to take leave of the Princess, as his last Work of Life, and the most hard he had to accomplish. He threw himself at her Feet, and gazing on her, as she sat more dead than alive, overwhelm'd with silent Grief, they both remain'd some moments speechless; and then, as if one rising Tide of Tears had supply'd both their Eyes, it burst out in Streams at the same instant: and when his Sighs gave way, he utter'd a thousand Farewels, so soft, so passionate, and moving, that all who were by were extremely touch'd with it, and said, *That nothing could be seen more deplorable and melancholy.* A thousand times they bid Farewel, and still some tender Look, or Word, would prevent his going: Then embrace, and bid Farewel again. A thousand times she ask'd his pardon for being the occasion of that fatal Separation; a thousand times assuring him, she would fol-  
low

low him, for she could not live without him. And Heaven knows when their soft and sad Careffes would have an end, had not the Officers assur'd him 'twas time to mount the Scaffold. At which words the Princess fell fainting in the Arms of her Women, and they led *Tarquin* out of Prison.

When he came to the Market-place, whither he walked on foot, follow'd by his own Domesticks, and some bearing a black Velvet Coffin with Silver Hinges; the Heads-man before him with his fatal Scimitar drawn, his Confessor by his side, and many Gentlemen, and Church-men, with Father *Francisco* attending him, the People shovring Millions of Blessings on him, and beholding with weeping Eyes, he mounted the Scaffold; which was strewed with some Saw-dust, about the place where he was to kneel, to receive the Blood: For they behead People kneeling, and with the back-stroak of a Scimitar, and not lying on a Block, and with an Ax, as we in *England*. The Scaffold had a low Rail about it, that every Body might more conveniently see. This was hung with black, and all that State that such a Death could have, was here in most decent Order.

He did not say much upon the Scaffold: The sum of what he said to his Friends, was, To be kind, and take care of the poor Penitent his Wife: To others, recommending his honest and generous Servants, whose Fidelity was so well known and commended, that they were soon promis'd Preferment. He was some time in Prayer, and a very short time in speaking to his Confessor; then he turn'd to the Heads-man, and desired him to do his Office well, and gave him twenty *Louis d'Ors*; and undressing himself with the help of his Valet and Page, he pull'd off his Coat, and had underneath a white Satten Waste-coat: He took off his Perriwig, and put on a white Satten Cap, with a Hol-

land one done with Point under it, which he pulled over his Eyes; then took a chearful Leave of all, and kneel'd down, and said, *When he lifted up his Hands the third time, the Heads-man should do his Office.* Which accordingly was done, and the Heads-man gave him his last Stroke, and the Prince fell on the Scaffold. The People with one common Voice, as if it had been but one entire one, pray'd for his Soul; and Murmurs of Sighs were heard from the whole Multitude, who scrambled for some of the bloody Saw-dust, to keep for his Memory.

The Heads-man going to take up the Head, as the manner is, to shew to the People, he found he had not struck it off, and that the Body stir'd; with that he step'd to an Engine, which they always carry with 'em, to force those who may be refractory; thinking, as he said, to have twisted the Head from the Shoulders, conceiving it to hang but by a small matter of Flesh. Tho' 'twas an odd Shift of the Fellow's, yet 'twas done, and the best shift he could suddenly propose. The Margrave, and another Officer, old Men, were on the Scaffold, with some of the Prince's Friends, and Servants; who seeing the Heads-man put the Engine about the Neck of the Prince, began to call out, and the People made a great noise. The Prince, who found himself yet alive; or rather, who was past thinking, but had some sense of Feeling left, when the Heads-man took him up, and set his Back against the Rail, and clap'd the Engine about his Neck, got his two Thumbs between the Rope and his Neck, feeling himself press'd there; and struggling between Life and Death, and bending himself over the Rail backward, while the Heads-man pulled forward, he threw himself quite over the Rail, by chance, and not design, and fell upon the Heads and Shoulders of the People, who were crying out with amazing  
Shouts



Shouts of Joy. The Heads-man leap'd after him but the Rabble had like to have pulled him to pieces: All the City was in an uproar, but none knew what the matter was, but those who bore the Body of the Prince, whom they found yet living; but how, or by what strange Miracle preserv'd they knew not, nor did examine; but with one accord, as if the whole Crowd had been one Body, and had had but one Motion, they bore the Prince on their heads about a hundred Yards from the Scaffold, where there is a Monastery of Jesuits; and there they secur'd him. All this was done, his beheading, his falling, and his being secur'd, almost in a moment's time; the People rejoicing, as at some extraordinary Victory won. One of the Officers being, as I said, an old timorous Man, was so frighten'd at the Accident, the Bustle, the Noise, and the Confusion, of which he was wholly ignorant, that he dy'd with Amazement and Fear; and the other was fain to be let blood.

The Officers of Justice went to demand the Prisoner, but they demanded in vain; they had now a Right to protect him, and would do so. All his over-joy'd Friends went to see in what condition he was, and all of Quality found admittance: They saw him in Bed, going to be dress'd by the most skilful Surgeons, who yet could not assure him of Life. They desired no body should speak to him, or ask him any Questions. They found that the Heads-man had struck him too low, and had cut him into the Shoulder-bone. A very great Wound, you may be sure; for the Sword, in such Executions, carries an extreme force: However, so great Care was taken on all sides, and so greatly the Fathers were concern'd for him, that they found an amendment, and hopes of a good Effect of their incomparable Charity and Goodness.

At last, when he was permitted to speak, the first News he ask'd was after the Princess. And his Friends were very much afflicted to find, that all his loss of Blood had not quenched that Flame, nor let out that which made him still love that bad Woman. He was sollicit'd daily to think no more of her: And all her Crimes were laid so open to him, and so shamefully represented; and on the other side, his Vertues so admir'd; and which, they said, would have been eternally celebrated, but for his Folly with this infamous Creature; that at last, by assuring him of all their Assistance if he abandon'd her; and to renounce him, and deliver him up, if he did not; they wrought so far upon him, as to promise, he would suffer her to go alone into Banishment, and would not follow her, or live with her any more. But alas! this was but his Gratitude that compell'd this Complaisance, for in his heart he resolv'd never to abandon her; nor was he able to live, and think of doing it: However, his Reason assur'd him, he could not do a Deed more justifiable, and one that would regain his Fame sooner.

His Friends ask'd him some Questions concerning his Escape; and that since he was not beheaded, but only wounded, why he did not immediately rise up? But he replied, he was so absolutely prepossessed, that at the third lifting up his Hands he should receive the Stroke of Death, that at the same instant the Sword touch'd him, he had no sense; nay, not even of Pain, so absolutely dead he was with Imagination; and knew not that he stirr'd, as the Heads-man found he did: nor did he remember any thing, from the lifting up of his Hands, to his fall; and then awaken'd, as out of a Dream, or rather a moment's Sleep without Dream, he found he liv'd, and wonder'd what was arriv'd to him, or how he came to live; having  
not,

not, as yet, any Sense of his Wound, tho so terrible an one.

After this *Alcidiana*, who was extremely afflicted for having been the Profecutor of this great Man; who, bating this last Design against her, which we knew was the Instigation of her Sister, had oblig'd her with all the Civility imaginable; now sought all means possible of getting his Pardon, and that of her Sister: tho of an hundred thousand Crowns, which she should have paid her, she could get but ten thousand; which was from the Sale of her rich Beds, and some other Furniture. So that the young Count, who before should have marry'd her, now went off for want of Fortune; and a young Merchant (perhaps the best of the two) was the Man to whom she was destin'd.

At last, by great Intercession, both their Pardons were obtain'd; and the Prince, who would be no more seen in a place that had prov'd every way so fatal to him, left *Flanders*, promising never to live with the Fair Hypocrite more; but e'er he departed, he writ her a Letter, wherein he order'd her, in a little time, to follow him into *Holland*; and left a Bill of Exchange with one of his trusty Servants, whom he had left to wait upon her, for Mony for her Accommodation: so that she was now reduced to one Woman, one Page, and this Gentleman. The Prince, in this time of his Imprisonment, had several Bills of great Sums from his Father, who was exceeding rich, and this all the Children he had in the World, and whom he tenderly loved.

As soon as *Miranda* was come into *Holland*, she was welcom'd with all imaginable Respect and Endearment by the old Father; who was impos'd upon so, as that he knew not she was the fatal Occasion of all these Disasters to his Son; but rather look'd on her as a Woman, who had brought him an hundred and fifty thousand Crowns, which his

Misfortunes had consum'd. But, above all, she was receiv'd by *Tarquin* with a Joy unspeakable; who, after some time to redeem his Credit, and gain himself a new Fame, put himself into the *French Army*, where he did wonders: and after three Campaigns, his Father dying, he return'd home, and retir'd to a Country-House; where, with his Princess, he liv'd as a private Gentleman, in all the Tranquillity of a Man of good Fortune. They say *Miranda* has been very penitent for her Life past, and gives Heaven the Glory for having given her these Afflictions, that have reclaim'd her, and brought her to as perfect a State of Happiness, as this troublesome World can afford.

Since I began this Relation, I heard that Prince *Tarquin* dy'd about three quarters of a Year ago.





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
*Agnes de Castro.*



Though Love, all soft and flattering, promises nothing but Pleasures ; yet its Consequences are often sad and fatal. It is not enough to be in love, to be happy ; since Fortune, who is capricious, and takes delight to trouble the Repose of the most elevated and vertuous, has very little respect for passionate and tender Hearts, when she designs to produce strange Adventures.

Many Examples of past Ages render this Maxim certain : but the Reign of *Don Alphonso* the IVth, King of *Portugal*, furnishes us with one, the most extraordinary that History can produce.

He was the Son of that *Don Denice*, who was so successful in all his Undertakings, that it was said of him, that he was capable of performing whatever he design'd ; (and of *Isabella*, a Princess of eminent Vertue ) who when he came to inherit a flourishing and tranquil State, endeavour'd to establish Peace and Plenty in abundance in his Kingdom.

And to advance this his Design, he agreed on a Marriage between his Son *Don Pedro*, (then about eight Years of Age) and *Bianca*, Daughter of *Don Pedro*, King of *Castile*; and whom the young Prince married when he arrived to his sixteenth Year.

*Bianca* brought nothing to *Coimbra* but Infirmities, and very few Charms. *Don Pedro*, who was full of Sweetness and Generosity, liv'd nevertheless very well with her; but those Distempers of the Princess degenerating into the Palsy, she made it her request to retire, and at her Intercession, the Pope broke the Marriage, and the melancholy Princess concealed her Languishment in a solitary Retreat: And *Don Pedro*, for whom they had provided another Match, married *Constantia Manuel*, Daughter of *Don John Manuel*, a Prince of the Blood of *Castile*, and famous for the Enmity he had to his King.

*Constantia* was promised to the King of *Castile*, but that King not keeping his word, they made no difficulty of bestowing her on a young Prince, who was one day to reign over a number of fine Provinces. He was but five and twenty Years of Age, and the Man of all *Spain* that had the best Fashion and Grace: and with the most advantageous Qualities of the Body he possess'd those of the Soul, and shewed himself worthy in all things of the Crown that was destin'd for him.

The Princess *Constantia* had Beauty, Wit, and Generosity, in as great a measure as 'twas possible for a Woman to be possess'd with; her Merit alone ought to have attach'd *Don Pedro* eternally to her; and certainly he had for her an Esteem, mixt with so great a Respect, as might very well pass for Love with those that were not of a nice and curious Observation; but alas! his real Care was reserv'd for another Beauty.

*Constantia* brought into the World, the first Year after her Marriage, a Son, who was called *Don Louis*; but it scarce saw the Light, and dy'd almost as soon as born. The Loss of this little Prince sensibly touched her, but the Coldness she observ'd in the Prince her Husband, went yet nearer her Heart; for she had given herself absolutely up to her Duty, and had made her Tenderness for him her only Concern: But puissant Glory, which ty'd her so entirely to the Interest of the Prince of *Portugal*, open'd her eyes upon his Actions, where she observ'd nothing in his Cares and Civilities that was natural, or could satisfy her delicate Heart.

At first she fancy'd her self deceived, but time having confirmed her in what she fear'd, she sigh'd in secret; yet had that Consideration for the Prince, as not to let him see her Disorder: and which nevertheless she could not conceal from *Agnes de Castro*, who lived with her, rather as a Companion, than a Maid of Honour, and whom her Friendship made her infinitely distinguish from the rest.

This Maid, so dear to the Princess, very well merited the preference her Mistress gave her; she was beautiful to excess, wise, discreet, witty, and had more Tenderness for *Constantia* than she had for her self, having quitted her Family, which was illustrious, to give her self wholly to the Service of the Princess, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was into the Bosom of this Maid, that the Princess unladed her first Moans; and the charming *Agnes* forgot nothing that might give ease to her afflicted Heart.

Nor was *Constantia* the only Person who complain'd of *Don Pedro*: Before his Divorce from *Bianca*, he had expressed some Care and Tenderness for *Elvira Gonzales*, Sister to *Don Alvaro Gonzales*, Favourite to the King of *Portugal*; and this Amusement in the young Years of the Prince, had made

made a deep Impression on *Elvira*, who flatter'd her Ambition with the Infirmities of *Bianca*. She saw, with a secret Rage, *Constantia* take her place, who was possess'd with such Charms, that quite divested her of all Hopes.

Her Jealousy left her not idle, she examined all the Actions of the Prince, and easily discover'd the little Regard he had for the Princess; but this brought him not back to her. And it was upon very good grounds that she suspected him to be in love with some other Person, and possess'd with a new Passion; and which she promised herself, she would destroy as soon as she could find it out. She had a Spirit altogether proper for bold and hazardous Enterprizes; and the Credit of her Brother gave her so much Vanity, as all the Indifference of the Prince was not capable of humbling.

The Prince languished, and concealed the Cause with so much Care, that 'twas impossible for any to find it out. No publick Pleasures were agreeable to him, and all Conversations were tedious; and it was Solitude alone that was able to give him any ease.

This Change surprized all the World. The King, who loved his Son very tenderly, earnestly press'd him to know the Reason of his Melancholy; but the Prince made no answer, but only this, That it was the effect of his Temper.

But Time ran on, and the Princess was brought to bed of a second Son, who liv'd, and was called *Fernando*. *Don Pedro* forc'd himself a little to take part in the publick Joy, so that they believ'd his Humour was changing; but this Appearance of a Calm endur'd not long, and he fell back again into his black Melancholy.

The artful *Elvira* was incessantly agitated in searching out the Knowledge of this Secret. Chance wrought for her; and, as she was walking full of Indig-



Indignation and Anger, in the Garden of the Palace of *Coimbra*, she found the Prince of *Portugal* sleeping in an obscure Grotto.

Her Fury could not contain it self at the sight of this loved Object, she roll'd her Eyes upon him, and perceived in spight of Sleep, that some Tears escaped his Eyes; the Flame which burnt yet in her Heart soon grew soft and tender there: But oh! she heard him sigh, and after that utter these words, *Yes, Divine Agnes, I will sooner die, than let you know it: Constantia shall have nothing to reproach me with.* *Elvira* was enraged at this Discourse, which represented to her immediately, the same moment, *Agnes de Castro* with all her Charms; and not at all doubting, but it was she who possess the Heart of *Don Pedro*, she found in her Soul more Hatred for this fair Rival, than Tenderness for him.

The Grotto was not a fit Place to make Reflections in, or to form Designs. Perhaps her first Transports would have made her waken him, if she had not perceived a Paper lying under his Hand, which she softly seized on; and that she might not be surprized in the reading it, she went out of the Garden with as much haste as confusion.

When she was retired to her Apartment, she open'd the Paper, trembling, and found in it these Verses, writ by the Hand of *Don Pedro*; and which, in appearance, he had newly then compos'd.

*In vain, Oh! Sacred Honour, you debate  
The mighty Business in my Heart:  
Love! Charming Love! rules all my Fate;  
Interest and Glory claim no part.  
The God, sure of his Victory, triumphs there,  
And will have nothing in his Empire share.*

*In vain, Oh! Sacred Duty, you oppose ;  
 In vain, your Nuptial Tye you plead :  
 Those forc'd Devoirs LOVE overthrows,  
 And breaks the Vows he never made.  
 Fixing his fatal Arrows every where ;  
 I burn and languish, in a soft Despair.*

*Fair Princess, you to whom my Faith is due ;  
 Pardon the Destiny that drags me on :  
 'Tis not my fault, my Heart's untrue,  
 I am compelled to be undone.  
 My Life is yours, I gave it with my Hand,  
 But my Fidelity I can't command.*

*Elvira* did not only know the Writing of *Don Pedro*, but she knew also that he could write Verses. And seeing the sad Part which *Constantia* had in these which were now fallen into her hands, she made no scruple of resolving to let the Princess see 'em : but that she might not be suspected, she took care not to appear in the business her self; and since it was not enough for *Constantia* to know that the Prince did not love her, but that she must know also that he was a Slave to *Agnes de Castro*; *Elvira* caused these few Verses to be written in an unknown Hand, under those writ by the Prince.

*Sleep betray'd the unhappy Lover,  
 While Tears were streaming from his Eyes,  
 His heedless Tongue without disguise,  
 The Secret did discover :  
 The Language of his Heart declare,  
 That Agnes' Image triumphs there.*

*Elvira* regarded neither Exactness nor Grace in these Lines : And if they had but the effect she design'd, she wished no more.

Her

Her Impatience could not wait till the next day to expose them: she therefore went immediately to the Lodgings of the Princess, who was then walking in the Garden of the Palace; and passing without resistance, even to her Cabinet, she put the Paper into a Book, in which the Princess used to read, and went out again unseen, and satisfy'd with her good Fortune.

As soon as *Constantia* was return'd, she enter'd into her Cabinet, and saw the Book open, and the Verses lying in it, which were to cost her so dear: She soon knew the Hand of the Prince which was so familiar to her, and besides the Information of what she had always fear'd, she understood it was *Agnes de Castro* (whose Friendship alone was able to comfort her in her Misfortunes) who was the fatal Cause of it; she read over the Paper an hundred times, desiring to give her Eyes and Reason the Lye; but finding but too plainly she was not deceiv'd, she found her Soul possess'd with more Grief than Anger: when she consider'd, as much in love as the Prince was, he had kept his Torment secret. After having made her moan, without condemning him, the Tendernefs she had for him, made her shed a Torrent of Tears, and inspir'd her with a Resolution of concealing her Resentment.

She would certainly have done it by a Vertue extraordinary, if the Prince, who missing his Verses when he waked, and fearing they might fall into indiscreet Hands, had not enter'd the Palace, all troubled with his Loss; and hastily going into *Constantia's* Apartment, saw her fair Eyes all wet with Tears, and at the same instant cast his own on the unhappy Verses that had escaped from his Soul, and now lay before the Princess.

He immediately turned pale at this sight, and appear'd so mov'd, that the generous Princess felt more Pain than he did: *Madam*, said he, (infinitely alarm'd)

alarm'd) from whom had you that Paper? It cannot come but from the Hand of some Person, answer'd *Constantia*, who is an Enemy both to your Repose and mine. It is the Work, Sir, of your own Hand; and doubtless, the Sentiment of your Heart: But be not surpriz'd, and do not fear, for if my *Tenderness* should make it pass for a Crime in you, the same *Tenderness*, which nothing is able to alter, shall hinder me from complaining.

The Moderation and Calmness of *Constantia*, serv'd only to render the Prince more ashamed and confus'd. How generous are you, Madam, (pursu'd he) and how unfortunate am I! Some Tears accompany'd his Words, and the Princess, who lov'd him with extreme Ardour, was so sensibly touch'd, that it was a good while before she could utter a word. *Constantia* then brok silence, and shewing him what *Elvira* had caus'd to be written: You are betray'd, Sir, (added she) you have been heard speak, and your Secret is known. It was at this very moment that all the Forces of the Prince abandon'd him; and his Condition was really worthy Compassion: He could not pardon himself the involuntary Crime he had committed, in exposing of the lovely and the innocent *Agnes*. And though he was convinced of the Vertue and Goodness of *Constantia*, the Apprehensions that he had, that this modest and prudent Maid might suffer by his Conduct, carry'd him beyond all consideration.

The Princess, who heedfully survey'd him, saw so many Marks of Despair in his Face and Eyes, that she was afraid of the Consequences; and holding out her Hand, in a very obliging manner to him, she said, I promise you, Sir, I will never more complain of you; and that *Agnes* shall always be very dear to me; you shall never bear me make you any Reproaches: And since I cannot possess your Heart, I will content my self with endeavouring to render my self

self worthy of it. *Don Pedro*, more confus'd and dejected than before he had been, bent one of his Knees at the feet of *Constantia*, and with respect kiss'd that fair kind Hand she had given him, and perhaps forgot *Agnes* for a moment.

But Love soon put a stop to all the little Advances of *Hymen*; the fatal Star that presid'd over the Destiny of *Don Pedro* had not yet vented its Malignity; and one moment's sight of *Agnes* gave new Forces to his Passion.

The Wishes and Desires of this charming Maid had no part in this Victory; her Eyes were just, though penetrating, and they searched not in those of the Prince, what they had a desire to discover to her.

As she was never far from *Constantia*, *Don Pedro* was no sooner gone out of the Closet, but *Agnes* enter'd; and finding the Princess all pale and languishing in her Chair, she doubted not but there was some sufficient Cause for her Affliction: she put herself in the same Posture the Prince had been in before, and expressing an Inquietude, full of Concern; *Madam*, said she, *by all your Goodness, conceal not from me the Cause of your Trouble.* *Alas*, *Agnes*, reply'd the Princess, *what would you know? And what should I tell you? The Prince, the Prince, my dearest Maid, is in love; the Hand that he gave me, was not a Present of his Heart; and for the Advantage of this Alliance, I must become the Victim of it—What! the Prince in love?* (reply'd *Agnes*, with an Astonishment mix'd with Indignation) *What Beauty can dispute the Empire over a Heart so much your due? Alas, Madam, all the respect I owe him, cannot hinder me from murmuring against him. Accuse him of nothing,* (interrupted *Constantia*) *he does what he can; and I am more obliged to him for desiring to be faithful, than if I possess his real Tenderness. It is not enough to fight, but to overcome; and the Prince*  
does

does more in the Condition wherein he is, than I ought reasonably to hope for: In fine, he is my Husband, and an agreeable one; to whom nothing is wanting, but what I cannot inspire; that is, a Passion which would have made me but too happy. Ah! Madam, (cry'd out Agnes, transported with her Tendernefs for the Princess) he is a blind and stupid Prince, who knows not the precious Advantages he possesses. He must surely know something, (reply'd the Princess, modestly.) But, Madam, (reply'd Agnes) Is there any thing, not only in Portugal, but in all Spain, that can compare with you? And, without considering the charming Qualities of your Person, can we enough admire those of your Soul? My dear Agnes, (interrupted Constantia, sighing) she who robs me of my Husband's Heart, has but too many Charms to plead his Excuse; since it is thou, Child, whom Fortune makes use of, to give me the killing Blow. Yes, Agnes, the Prince loves thee; and the Merit I know thou art possess'd of, puts bounds to my Complaints, without suffering me to have the least Resentment.

The delicate Agnes little expected to hear what the Princess told her: Thunder would have less surpriz'd, and less oppress'd her. She remain'd a long time without speaking; but at last, fixing her Looks all frightful on Constantia, What say you, Madam? (cry'd she) And what Thoughts have you of me? What, that I should betray you? And coming hither only full of Ardor to be the Repose of your Life, do I bring a fatal Poison to afflict it? What Detestation must I have for the Beauty they find in me, without aspiring to make it appear? And how ought I to curse the unfortunate Day, on which I first saw the Prince?——But, Madam, it cannot be me whom Heaven has chosen to torment you, and to destroy all your Tranquillity: No, it cannot be so much my Enemy, to put me to so great a tryal. And if I were that odious Person, there is no Excuse, or Punishment, to which

which I would not condemn my self. It is *Elvira*, Madam, the Prince loves, and loved before his Marriage with you, and also before his Divorce from Bianca; and somebody has made an indiscreet Report to you of this Intrigue of his Youth: But, Madam, what was in the time of Bianca, is nothing to you. It is certain that Don Pedro loves you, (answer'd the Princess) and I have Vanity enough to believe, that none besides your self could have disputed his Heart with me: But the Secret is discover'd, and Don Pedro has not disown'd it. What (interrupted *Agnes*, more surpriz'd than ever) is it then from himself you have learned his Weakness? The Princess then shew'd her the Verses, and there was never any Despair like to hers.

While they were both thus sadly employ'd, both sighing, and both weeping, the impatient *Elvira*, who was willing to learn the Effect of her Malice, returned to the Apartment of the Princess, where she freely enter'd, even to the Cabinet where these unhappy Persons were; who all afflicted and troubled as they were, blushed at her approach, whose Company they did not desire: She had the pleasure to see *Constantia* hide from her the Paper which had been the Cause of all their Trouble, and which the Princess had never seen, but for her Spight and Revenge; and to observe also in the Eyes of the Princess, and those of *Agnes*, an immoderate Grief: She staid in the Cabinet as long as it was necessary to be assur'd, that she had succeeded in her Design; but the Princess, who did not desire such a Witness of the Disorder, in which she then was, pray'd to be left alone. *Elvira* then went out of the Cabinet, and *Agnes de Castro* withdrew at the same time.

It was in her own Chamber, that *Agnes* examining more freely this Adventure, found it as cruel as Death. She loved *Constantia* sincerely, and had not till then any thing more than an Esteem, mixt

with Admiration, for the Prince of *Portugal*; which indeed, none could refuse to so many fine Qualities. And looking on her self as the most unfortunate of her Sex, as being the Cause of all the Suffering of the Princess, to whom she was obliged for the greatest Bounties, she spent the whole Night in Tears and Complaints, sufficient to have reveng'd *Constantia* of all the Grievs she made her suffer.

The Prince, on his side, was in no great Tranquillity; the Generosity of his Princess increas'd his Remorse, without diminishing his Love: he fear'd, and with reason, that those who were the occasion of *Constantia's* seeing those Verses, should discover his Passion to the King, from whom he hoped for no Indulgence: and he would most willingly have given his Life, to have been free from this Extremity.

In the mean time the afflicted Princess languish'd in a most deplorable Sadness; she found nothing in those who were the Cause of her Misfortunes, but things fitter to move her Tenderness than her Anger: It was in vain that Jealousy strove to combat the Inclination she had to love her fair Rival; nor was there any occasion of making the Prince less dear to her: and she felt neither Hatred, nor so much as Indifference for innocent *Agnes*.

While these three disconsolate Persons abandon'd themselves to their Melancholy, *Elvira*, not to leave her Vengeance imperfect, study'd in what manner she might bring it to the height of its Effects. Her Brother, on whom she depended, shew'd her a great deal of Friendship, and judging rightly that the Love of *Don Pedro* to *Agnes de Castro* wou'd not be approved by the King, she acquainted *Don Alvaro* her Brother with it, who was not ignorant of the Passion the Prince had once protested to have for his Sister. He found himself very much interested



rested in this News, from a second Passion he had for *Agnes*; which the Business of his Fortune had hitherto hindred him from discovering: And he expected a great many Favours from the King, that might render the Effort of his Heart the more considerable.

He hid not from his Sister this one thing, which he found difficult to conceal; so that she was now possess'd with a double Grief, to find *Agnes* Sovereign of all the Hearts, to which she had a pretension.

*Don Alvaro* was one of those ambitious Men, that are fierce without Moderation, and proud without Generosity; of a melancholy, cloudy Humour, of a cruel Inclination, and to effect his Ends, found nothing difficult or unlawful. Naturally he lov'd not the Prince, who, on all accounts, ought to have held the first Rank in the Heart of the King, which should have set bounds to the Favour of *Don Alvaro*; who when he knew the Prince was his Rival, his Jealousy increas'd his Hate of him: and he conjured *Elvira* to employ all her Care, to oppose an Engagement that could not but be destructive to them both; she promised him, and he not very well satisfi'd, rely'd on her Address.

*Don Alvaro*, who had too lively a Representation within himself, of the Beauties and Grace of the Prince of *Portugal*, thought of nothing, but how to combat his Merits, he himself not being handsome, or well made: His Fashion was as disagreeable as his Humour, and *Don Pedro* had all the Advantages that one Man may possibly have over another. In fine, all that *Don Alvaro* wanted, adorn'd the Prince: but as he was the Husband of *Constantia*, and depended upon an absolute Father, and that *Don Alvaro* was free, and Master of a good Fortune, he thought himself more as-

sur'd of *Agnes*, and fixed his Hopes on that Thought.

He knew very well, that the Passion of *Don Pedro* could not but inspire a violent Anger in the Soul of the King. Industrious in doing ill, his first Business was to carry this unwelcome News to him. After he had given time to his Grief, and had compos'd himself to his Desire, he then besought the King to interest himself in his amorous Affair, and to be the Protector of his Person.

Though *Don Alvaro* had no other Merit to commend him to the King, than a continual and blind Obedience to all his Commands; yet he had favour'd him with several Testimonies of his vast Bounty: and considering the height to which the King's Liberality had rais'd him, there were few Ladies that would have refused his Alliance. The King assured him of the Continuation of his Friendship and Favour, and promised him, if he had any Authority, he would give him the charming *Agnes*.

*Don Alvaro*, perfectly skilful in managing his Master, answer'd the King's last Bounties with a profound Submission. He had yet never told *Agnes* what he felt for her; but he thought now he might make a publick Declaration of it, and sought all means to do it.

The Gallantry which *Coimbra* seem'd to have forgotten, began now to be awakened. The King, to please *Don Alvaro*, under pretence of diverting *Constantia*, order'd some publick Sports, and commanded that every thing should be magnificent.

Since the Adventure of the Verses, *Don Pedro* endeavour'd to lay a constraint on himself, and to appear less troubled; but in his heart he suffer'd always alike: and it was not but with great uneasiness he prepar'd himself for the Turnament.

And

And since he could not appear with the Colours of *Agnes*, he took those of his Wife, without Device, or any great Magnificence.

*Don Alvaro* adorn'd himself with the Liveries of *Agnes de Castro*; and this fair Maid, who had yet found no Consolation from what the Princess had told her, had this new cause of being displeas'd.

*Don Pedro* appear'd in the List with an admirable Grace; and *Don Alvaro*, who looked on this Day as his own, appear'd there all shining with Gold, mix'd with Stones of Blue, which were the Colours of *Agnes*; and there were embroider'd all over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold on blue Velvet, and Nets for the Snares of Love, with abundance of double *A's*; his Device was a Love coming out of a Cloud, with these Verses written underneath:

*Love from a Cloud breaks like the God of Day,  
And to the World his Glories does display;  
To gaze on charming Eyes, and make 'em know,  
What to soft Hearts, and to his Power they owe.*

The Pride of *Don Alvaro* was soon humbled at the feet of the Prince of *Portugal*, who threw him against the ground, with twenty others, and carry'd alone the Glory of the Day. There was in the Evening a noble Assembly at *Constantia's*, where *Agnes* would not have been, unless expressly commanded by the Princess. She appear'd there all negligent and careless in her Dress, but yet she appear'd all beautiful and charming. She saw, with disdain, her Name, and her Colours, worn by *Don Alvaro*, at a publick Triumph; and if her Heart was capable of any tender Motions, it was not for such a Man as he, for whom her Delicacy destin'd them: She look'd on him with a Contempt, which did not hinder him from pressing so near, that

there was a necessity for her to hear what he had to declare to her.

She treated him not uncivilly, but her Coldness would have rebated the Courage of any but *Alvaro*. *Madam*, said he, (when he could be heard of none but herself) *I have hitherto concealed the Passion you have inspired me with, fearing it should displease you; but it has committed a Violence on my Respect; and I could no longer conceal it from you. I never reflected on your Actions* (answer'd *Agnes*, with all the Indifference of which she was capable) *and if you think you offend me, you are in the wrong to make me perceive it. This Coldness is but an ill Omen for me* (reply'd *Don Alvaro*) *and if you have not found me out to be your Lover to-day, I fear you will never approve my Passion.*

*Oh! what a time have you chosen to make it appear to me? (pursued Agnes.) Is it so great an Honour for me, that you must take such care to shew it to the World? And do you think that I am so desirous of Glory, that I must aspire to it by your Actions? If I must, you have very ill maintain'd it in the Turnament; and if it be that Vanity that you depend upon, you will make no great progress on a Soul that is not fond of Shame. If you were possess'd of all the Advantages, which the Prince has this day carried away, you yet ought to consider what you are going about; and it is not a Maid like me, who is touch'd with Enterprizes, without respect or permission.*

The Favourite of the King was too proud to hear *Agnes*, without Indignation: but as he was willing to conceal it, and not offend her, he made not his Resentment appear; and considering the Observation she made on the Triumphs of *Don Pedro*, (which increased his Jealousies) *If I have not overcome at the Turnament*, reply'd he, *I am not the less in love for being vanquish'd, nor less capable of Success on occasion.*

They

They were interrupted here, but from that day, *Don Alvaro*, who had open'd the first Difficulties, kept no more his wonted Distance, but perpetually persecuted *Agnes*; yet, though he were protected by the King, that inspir'd in her never the more Consideration for him. *Don Pedro* was always ignorant by what means the Verses he had lost in the Garden, fell into the hands of *Constantia*. As the Princess appeared to him indulgent, he was only concerned for *Agnes*; and the love of *Don Alvaro*, which was then so well known, increas'd the Pain: and had he been possess'd of the Authority, he would not have suffer'd her to have been expos'd to the Persecutions of so unworthy a Rival. He was also afraid of the King's being advertis'd of his Passion, but he thought not at all of *Elvira's*, nor apprehended any Malice from her Resentment.

While she burnt with a Desire of destroying *Agnes*, against whom she vented all her Venom: and she was never weary of making new Reports to her Brother, assuring him, that tho they could not prove that *Agnes* made any returns to the Tenderness of the Prince; yet that was the Cause of *Constantia's* Grief: And, that if this Princess should die of it, *Don Pedro* might marry *Agnes*. In fine, she so incens'd the jealous *Don Alvaro's* Jealousy, that he could not hinder himself from running immediately to the King, with the discovery of all he knew, and all he quest, and who, he had the pleasure to find, was infinitely intrag'd at the News. *My dear Alvaro*, said the King, *you shall instantly marry this dangerous Beauty: And let Possession assure your Repose and mine. If I have protected you on either Occasions, judge what a Service of so great an Importance for me, would make me undertake; and without any reserve, the Forces of this State are in your power, and almost any thing that I can give shall be*

assured you, so you render your self Master of the Destiny of Agnes.

*Don Alvaro* pleas'd, and vain with his Master's Bounty, made use of all the Authority he gave him: He passionately lov'd *Agnes*, and would not, on the sudden, make use of Violence; but resolv'd with himself to employ all possible Means to win her fairly; yet if that fail'd, to have recourse to force, if she continued always insensible.

While *Agnes de Castro* (importun'd by his Assiduities, despairing at the Grief of *Constantia*, and perhaps made tender by those she had caus'd in the Prince of *Portugal*) took a Resolution worthy of her Vertue; yet, amiable as *Don Pedro* was, she found nothing in him, but his being Husband to *Constantia*, that was dear to her: And, far from encouraging the Power she had got over his Heart, she thought of nothing but removing from *Coimbra*. The Passion of *Don Alvaro*, which she had no inclination to favour, serv'd her as a Pretext; and press'd with the fear of causing, in the end, a cruel Divorce between the Prince and his Princess, she went to find *Constantia*, with a trouble, which all her Care was not able to hide from her.

The Princess easily found it out; and their common Misfortunes having not chang'd their Friendship—*What ails you, Agnes?* (said the Princess to her, in a soft Tone, and her ordinary Sweetness) *And what new Misfortune causes that Sadness in thy Looks? Madam,* (reply'd *Agnes*, shedding a Rivulet of Tears) *the Obligations and Ties I have to you, put me upon a cruel Tryal; I had bounded the Felicity of my Life in hope of passing it near your Highness, yet I must carry to some other part of the World this unlucky Face of mine, which renders me nothing but ill Offices: And it is to obtain that Liberty, that I am come to throw my self at your feet; looking upon you as my Sovereign.*

*Constantia* was so surpriz'd and touch'd with the Proposition of *Agnes*, that she lost her Speech for some moments; Tears, which were sincere, express'd her first Sentiments: And after having shed abundance, to give a new Mark of her Tenderness to the fair afflicted *Agnes*, she with a sad and melancholy Look, fix'd her Eyes upon her, and holding out her Hand to her, in a most obliging manner, sighing, cry'd—*You will then, my dear Agnes, leave me; and expose me to the Grievs of seeing you no more? Alas, Madam,* (interrupted this lovely Maid) *hide from the unhappy Agnes a Bounty which does but increase her Misfortunes. It is not I, Madam, that would leave you; it is my Duty, and my Reason that orders my Fate. And those Days which I shall pass far from you, promise me nothing to oblige me to this Design, if I did not see my self absolutely forc'd to it. I am not ignorant of what passes at Coimbra; and I shall be an Accomplise of the Injustice there committed, if I should stay there any longer.—Ah, I know your Vertue,* (cry'd *Constantia*) *and you may remain here, in all safety, while I am your Protectress; and let what will happen, I will accuse you of nothing. There's no answering for what's to come,* (reply'd *Agnes*, sadly) *and I shall be sufficiently guilty, if my Presence cause Sentiments, which cannot be innocent. Besides, Madam, the Importunities of Don Alvaro are insupportable to me; and though I find nothing but Aversion to him, since the King protects his Insolence, and he's in a condition of undertaking any thing, my Flight is absolutely necessary. But, Madam, tho he has nothing but what seems odious to me; I call Heaven to witness, that if I could cure the Prince by marrying Don Alvaro, I would not consider of it a moment; and finding in my Punishment the Consolation of sacrificing my self to my Princess, I would support it without murmuring. But if I were the Wife of Don Alvaro, Don Pedro would always look upon me with the same Eyes: So that*

*I find nothing more reasonable for me, than to hide my self in some Corner of the World; where, though I shall most certainly live without Pleasure, yet I shall preserve the Repose of my dearest Mistress. All the Reason you find in this Design, (answered the Princess) cannot oblige me to approve of your Absence: Will it restore me the Heart of Don Pedro? And will he not fly away with you? His Grief is mine, and my Life is ty'd to his; do not make him despair then, if you love me. I know you, I tell you so once more; and let your Power be ever so great over the Heart of the Prince, I will not suffer you to abandon us.*

Though Agnes thought she had perfectly known Constantia, yet she did not expect to find so intire a Vertue in her, which made her think her self more happy, and the Prince more criminal. *Oh, Wisdom! Oh, Bounty without Example!* (cry'd she) *Why is it, that the cruel Destinies do not give you all you deserve? You are the disposer of my Actions,* continu'd she (in kissing the Hand of Constantia) *I'll do nothing but what you'll have me: But consider, weigh well the Reasons that ought to counsel you in the Measures you oblige me to take.*

Don Pedro, who had not seen the Princess all that day, came in then, and finding 'em both extremely troubled, with a fierce Impatience, demanded the Cause: *Sir,* answer'd Constantia, *Agnes too wise, and too scrupulous, fears the Effects of her Beauty, and will live no longer at Coimbra; and it was on this Subject, (which cannot be agreeable to me) that she ask'd my Advice.* The Prince grew pale at this Discourse, and snatching the Words from her Mouth (with more concern than possess either of them) cry'd with a Voice very feeble, *Agnes cannot fail, if she follow your Counsel, Madam; and I leave you full liberty to give it her.* He then immediately went out, and the Princess, whose Heart he perfectly possess, not being able to hide her Displeasure, said,



said, *My dear Agnes, if my Satisfaction did not only depend on your Conversation, I should desire it of you, for Don Pedro's sake; it is the only Advantage that his unfortunate Love can hope: And would not the World have reason to call me barbarous, if I contribute to deprive him of that? But the sight of me will prove a Poison to him* — (reply'd *Agnes*;) *And what should I do, my Princess, if after the Reserve he has hitherto kept, his Mouth should add any thing to the Torments I have already felt, by speaking to me of his Flame? You would hear him sure, without causing him to despair,* (reply'd *Constantia*) *and I should put this Obligation to the account of the rest you have done. Would you then have me expect those Events which I fear, Madam?* (reply'd *Agnes*) *Well——I will obey, but just Heavens (pursued she) if they prove fatal, do not punish an innocent Heart for it. Thus this Conversation ended. Agnes withdrew into her Chamber, but it was not to be more at ease.*

What *Don Pedro* had learn'd of the Design of *Agnes*, caus'd a cruel Agitation in his Soul; he wish'd he had never loved her, and desir'd a thousand times to die: But it was not for him to make Vows against a thing which Fate had design'd him; and whatever Resolutions he made, to bear the Absence of *Agnes*, his Tenderness had not force enough to consent to it.

After having, for a long time, combated with himself, he determin'd to do, what was impossible for him to let *Agnes* do. His Courage reproach'd him with the Idleness, in which he pass'd the most youthful and vigorous of his Days: and making it appear to the King, that his Allies, and even the Prince *Don John Emanuel*, his Father-in-law, had Concerns in the World which demand'd his Presence on the Frontiers; he easily obtain'd Liberty to make this Journey, to which the Princess would put no Obstacle.

*Agnes*

*Agnes* saw him part without any Concern, but it was not upon the account of any Aversion she had to him. *Don Alvaro* began then to make his Importunity, an open Persecution; he forgot nothing that might touch the insensible *Agnes*, and made use, a long time, only of the Arms of Love: But seeing that this Submission and Respect was to no purpose, he form'd strange Designs.

As the King had a deference for all his Counsels, it was not difficult to inspire him with what he had a mind to: He complain'd of the ungrateful *Agnes*, and forgot nothing that might make him perceive that she was not cruel to him on his account, but from the too much Sensibility she had for the Prince. The King, who was extreme angry at this, reiterated all the Promises he had made him.

The King had not yet spoke to *Agnes*, in favour of *Don Alvaro*; and not doubting but his Approbation would surmount all Obstacles, he took an occasion to entertain her with it: And removing some distance from those who might hear him, *I thought Don Alvaro had Merit enough*, (said he to her) *to have obtained a little share in your Esteem; and I could not imagine there would have been any necessity of my soliciting it for him: I know you are very charming, but he has nothing that renders him unworthy of you; and when you shall reflect on the Choice my Friendship has made of him, from among all the great Men of my Court, you will do him, at the same time, Justice. His Fortune is none of the meanest, since he has me for his Protector: He is nobly born, a Man of Honour and Courage; he adores you, and it seems to me that all these Reasons are sufficient to vanquish your Pride.*

The Heart of *Agnes* was so little disposed to give it self to *Don Alvaro*, that all the King of Portugal had said had no effect on her in his favour. *If Don Alvaro, Sir*, (answered she) *were without Merit,*  
he

he possesses Advantages enough in the Bounty your Majesty is pleas'd to honour him with, to make him Master of all things; it is not that I find any Defect in him that I answer not his Desires: But, Sir, by what obstinate Power would you that I should love, if Heaven has not given me a Soul that is tender? And why should you pretend that I should submit to him, when nothing is dearer to me than my Liberty? You are not so free, nor so insensible, as you say, (answered the King, blushing with Anger;) and if your Heart were exempt from all sorts of Affection, he might expect a more reasonable Return than what he finds. But, imprudent Maid, conducted by an ill Fate, (added he, in fury) what Pretensions have you to Don Pedro? Hitherto, I have hid the Chagreen, which his Weakness, and yours give me; but it was not the less violent for being hid. And since you oblige me to break out, I must tell you, that if my Son were not already married to Constantia, he should never be your Husband; renounce then those vain Ideas, which will cure him, and justify you.

The courageous Agnes was scarce Mistress of the first Transports, at a Discourse so full of Contempt; but calling her Vertue to the aid of her Anger, she recover'd her self by the assistance of Reason: And considering the Outrage she receiv'd, not as coming from a great King, but a Man blinded and possess'd by Don Alvaro, she thought him not worthy of her Resentment; her fair Eyes animated themselves with so shining a vivacity, they answer'd for the purity of her Sentiments; and fixing them stedfastly on the King, *If the Prince, Don Pedro, have Weaknesses,* (reply'd she, with an Air disdainful) *he never communicated 'em to me; and I am certain, I never contributed wilfully to 'em: But to let you see how little I regard your Defiance, and to put my Glory in safety, I will live far from you, and all that belongs to you: Yes, Sir, I will quit Coimbra with pleasure; and for this Man, who is so dear to you,* (answer'd she with

with a noble Pride and Fierceness, of which the King felt all the force) for this Favourite, so worthy to possess the most tender Affections of a great Prince, I assure you, that into whatever part of the World Fortune conducts me, I will not carry away the least Remembrance of him. At these words she made a profound Reverence, and made such haste from his Presence, that he could not oppose her going if he would.

The King was now more strongly convinc'd than ever, that she favour'd the Passion of *Don Pedro*, and immediately went to *Constancia*, to inspire her with the same Thought; but she was not capable of receiving such Impressions, and following her own natural Inclinations, she generously defended the Vertue of his Actions. The King, angry to see her so well intentioned to her Rival, whom he would have had her hated, reproached her with the sweetness of her Temper, and went thence to mix his Anger with *Don Alvaro's* Rage, who was totally confounded when he saw the Negotiation of his Master had taken no effect. The haughty Maid braves me then, Sir, said he to the King, and despises the Honour which your Bounty offered her! Why cannot I resist so fatal a Passion? But I must love her, in spite of my self; and if this Flame consume me, I can find no way to extinguish it. What can I further do for you, replied the King? Alas, Sir, answered *Don Alvaro*, I must do by force, what I cannot otherwise hope from the proud and cruel *Agnes*. Well then, added the King, since it is not fit for me to authorize publickly a Violence in the midst of my Kingdom, chuse those of my Subjects whom you think most capable of serving you, and take away by force the Beauty that charms you; and if she do not yield to your Love, put that Power you are Master of in execution, to oblige her to marry you.

*Don Alvaro*, ravish'd with this Proposition, which at the same time flatter'd both his Love and his Anger, cast himself at the feet of the King, and renewed his Acknowledgments by fresh Protestations, and thought of nothing but employing his unjust Authority against *Agnes*.

*Don Pedro* had been about three Months absent, when *Alvaro* undertook what the King counselled him to; tho' the Moderation was known to him, yet he feared his Presence, and would not attend the return of a Rival, with whom he would avoid all Disputes.

One Night, when the said *Agnes*, full of her ordinary Inquietudes, in vain expected the God of Sleep, she heard a noise, and after saw some Men unknown enter her Chamber, whose Measures being well consulted, they carried her out of the Palace, and putting her in a close Coach, forced her out of *Coimbra*, without being hinder'd by any Obstacle. She knew not of whom to complain, nor whom to suspect: *Don Alvaro* seem'd too puissant to seek his Satisfaction this way; and she accus'd not the Prince of this attempt, of whom she had so favourable an Opinion; whatever she could think or say, she could not hinder her ill Fortune: They hurried her on with diligence, and before it was Day, were a considerable way off from the Town.

As soon as Day began to break, she surveyed those that encompassed her, without so much as knowing one of them; and seeing that her Cries and Prayers were all in vain with these deaf Ravishers, she satisfied her self with imploring the Protection of Heaven, and abandon'd her self to its Conduct.

While she sat thus overwhelmed with Grief, uncertain of her Destiny, she saw a Body of Horse advance towards the Troop which conducted her:  
the

the Ravishers did not shun them, thinking it to be *Don Alvaro*: but when he approached more near, they found it was the Prince of *Portugal* who was at the head of 'em, and who, without foreseeing the occasion that would offer it self of serving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbra* full of her Idea, after having performed what he ought in this Expedition.

*Agnes*, who did not expect him, changed now her Opinion, and thought that it was the Prince that had caused her to be stolen away. 'Oh, Sir! said she to him, having still the same Thought, Is it you that have torn me from the Princess? And could so cruel a Blow come from a Hand that is so dear to her? What will you do with an unfortunate Creature, who desires nothing but Death? And why will you obscure the Glory of your Life, by an Artifice unworthy of you?' This Language astonish'd the Prince no less than the sight of *Agnes* had done; he found by what she had said, that she was taken away by force; and immediately passing to the height of Rage, he made her understand by one only Look, that he was not the base Author of her trouble. 'I tear you from *Constantia*, whose only Pleasure you are! replied he: What Opinion have you of *Don Pedro*? No, Madam, though you see me here, I am altogether innocent of the Violence that has been done you; and there is nothing I will refuse to hinder it.' He then turned himself to behold the Ravishers, but his Presence had already scatter'd 'em: he order'd some of his Men to pursue 'em, and to seize some of 'em, that he might know what Authority it was that set 'em at work.

During this, *Agnes* was no less confus'd than before; she admir'd the Conduct of her Destiny, that brought the Prince at a time when he was so necessary to her. Her Inclinations to do him justice, soon repair'd

repair'd the Offence her Suspicions had caus'd; she was glad to have escap'd a Misfortune, which appear'd certain to her; but this was not a sincere Joy, when she consider'd that her Lover was her Deliverer, and a Lover worthy of all her Acknowledgments, but who owed his Heart to the most amiable Princess in the World.

While the Prince's Men were pursuing the Ravishers of *Agnes*, he was left almost alone with her; and tho he had always resolv'd to shun being so, yet his Constancy was not proof against so fair an Occasion: 'Madam, said he to her, is it possible  
' that Men born amongst those that obey us, should  
' be capable of offending you? I never thought my  
' self destin'd to revenge such an Offence; but since  
' Heaven has permitted you to receive it, I will  
' either perish or make them repent it.' Sir, replied  
' *Agnes*, more concern'd at this Discourse than at the  
' Enterprize of *Don Alvaro*, those who are wanting  
' in their respect to the Princess and you, are not  
' obliged to have any for me. I do not in the least  
' doubt but *Don Alvaro* was the undertaker of this  
' Enterprize, and I judged what I ought to fear from  
' him, by what his Importunities have already made  
' me suffer. He is sure of the King's Protection,  
' and he will make him an Accomplice in his  
' Crime; but, Sir, Heaven conducted you hither  
' happily for me, and I owe you for the liberty I  
' have of serving the Princess yet longer.' You will  
' do for *Constantia*, replied the Prince, what 'tis  
' impossible not to do for you; your Goodness at-  
' taches you to her, and my Destiny engages me to  
' you for ever.'

The modest *Agnes*, who fear'd this Discourse as much as the Misfortune she had newly shunned, answer'd nothing but by down-cast Eyes; and the Prince, who knew the trouble she was in, left her to go to speak to his Men, who brought back one

of those that belong'd to *Don Alvaro*, by whose Confession he found the truth: He pardon'd him, thinking not fit to punish him, who obey'd a Man whom the weakness of his Father had render'd powerful.

Afterwards they conducted *Agnes* back to *Coimbra*, where her Adventure began to make a great noise: the Princess was ready to die with Despair, and at first thought it was only a continuation of the design this fair Maid had of retiring; but some Women that served her having told the Princess, that she was carried away by Violence, *Constantia* made her complaint to the King, who regarded her not at all.

‘ Madam, said he to her, let this fatal Plague  
‘ remove it self, who takes from you the Heart of  
‘ your Husband; and without afflicting your self  
‘ for her absence, bless Heaven and me for it.’

The generous Princess took *Agnes's* part with a great deal of Courage, and was then disputing her defence with the King, when *Don Pedro* arrived at *Coimbra*.

The first Object that met the Prince's Eyes was *Don Alvaro*, who was passing through one of the Courts of the Palace, amidst a Croud of Courtiers, whom his favour with the King drew after him. This sight made *Don Pedro* rage; but that of the Princess and *Agnes* caus'd in him another sort of Emotion: He easily divin'd, that it was *Don Pedro*, who had taken her from his Men, and, if his Fury had acted what it would, it might have produc'd very sad effects.

‘ *Don Alvaro*, said the Prince to him, is it thus  
‘ you make use of the Authority which the King  
‘ my Father hath given you? Have you receiv'd Em-  
‘ ployments and Power from him, for no other end  
‘ but to do these base Actions, and to commit Rapes  
‘ on Ladies? Are you ignorant how the Princess in-  
‘ terests



'terests her self in all that concerns this Maid?  
 'And do you not know the tender and affectionate  
 'Esteem she has for her?' No, replied *Don Alvaro*,  
 (with an Insolence that had like to have put the  
 Prince past all patience) 'I am not ignorant of it,  
 'nor of the Interest your Heart takes in her.' Base  
 'and treacherous as thou art, replied the Prince,  
 'neither the Favour which thou hast so much abu-  
 'sed, nor the Insolence which makes thee speak  
 'this, should hinder me from punishing thee, wert  
 'thou worthy of my Sword; but there are other  
 'ways to humble thy Pride, and 'tis not fit for such  
 'an Arm as mine to seek so base an Employment  
 'to punish such a Slave as thou art.'

*Don Pedro* went away at these Words, and left  
*Alvaro* in a Rage, which is not to be express'd;  
 despairing to see himself defeated in an Enterprize  
 he thought so sure; and at the Contempt the Prince  
 shewed him, he promis'd himself to sacrifice all to  
 his Revenge.

Tho the King loved his Son, he was so preposses-  
 sed against his Passion, that he could not pardon  
 him what he had done, and condemn'd him as much  
 for this last act of Justice, in delivering *Agnes*, as  
 if it had been the greatest of Crimes.

*Elvira*, whom the sweetness of Hope flatter'd  
 some moments, saw the return of *Agnes* with a sen-  
 sible Displeasure, which suffer'd her to think of no-  
 thing but irritating her Brother.

In fine, the Prince saw the King, but instead of  
 being receiv'd by him with a Joy due to the suc-  
 cess of his Journey, he appear'd all fullen and out  
 of humour. After having paid him his first Re-  
 spects, and gave him an exact account of what he  
 had done, he spoke to him about the Violence com-  
 mitted against the Person of *Agnes de Castro*, and  
 complain'd to him of it in the Name of the Prin-  
 cess, and of his own: 'You ought to be silent in

' this Affair, replied the King; and the Motive  
 ' which makes you speak is so shameful for you,  
 ' that I sigh, and blush at it. What is it to you,  
 ' if this Maid, whose Presence is troublesome to  
 ' me, be removed hence, since 'tis I that desire it?'  
 ' But, Sir, interrupted the Prince, what necessity  
 ' is there of employing Force, Artifice, and the  
 ' Night, when the least of your Orders had been  
 ' sufficient? *Agnes* would willingly have obey'd you;  
 ' and if she continue at *Coimbra*, it is perhaps a-  
 ' gainst her Will: but be it as it will, Sir, *Con-*  
 ' *stantia* is offended, and if it were not for fear of  
 ' displeasing you, (the only thing that retains me)  
 ' the Ravisher should not have gone unpunished.'  
 ' How happy are you, replied the King, smiling  
 ' with disdain, in making use of the Name of  
 ' *Constantia* to uphold the Interest of your Heart!  
 ' you think I am ignorant of it, and that this  
 ' unhappy Princess looks on the Injury you do  
 ' her with Indifference. Never speak to me  
 ' more of *Agnes*, (with a Tone very severe.)  
 ' Content your self, that I pardon what's past, and  
 ' think maturely of the Considerations I have for  
 ' *Don Alvaro*, when you would design any thing a-  
 ' gainst him.' Yes, Sir, replied the Prince, with  
 ' fierceness, I will speak to you no more of *Agnes*;  
 ' but *Constantia* and I will never suffer, that she  
 ' should be any more expos'd to the Insolence of  
 ' your Favourite.' The King had like to have  
 ' broke out into a Rage at this Discourse; but he had  
 ' yet a rest of Prudence left that hinder'd him. ' Re-  
 ' tire (said he to *Don Pedro*) and go make Reflections  
 ' on what my Power can do, and what you owe  
 ' me.'

During this Conversation, *Agnes* was receiving  
 from the Princess, and from all the Ladies of the  
 Court, great Expressions of Joy and Friendship:

*Constantia*

*Constantia* saw again her Husband, with a great deal of satisfaction; and far from being sorry at what he had lately done for *Agnes*, she privately return'd him thanks for it, and still was the same towards him, notwithstanding all the Jealousy which was endeavour'd to be inspir'd in her.

*Don Alvaro*, who found in his Sister a Maliciousness worthy of his trust, did not conceal his fury from her. After she had made vain attempts to moderate it, in blotting *Agnes* out of his Heart, seeing that his Disease was incurable, she made him understand, that so long as *Constantia* should not be jealous, there were no hopes: That if *Agnes* should once be suspected by her, she would not fail of abandoning her, and that then it would be easy to get Satisfaction, the Prince being now so proud of *Constantia's* Indulgency. In giving this Advice to her Brother, she promis'd to serve him effectually; and having no need of any body but her self to perform ill things, she recommended *Don Alvaro* to manage well the King.

Four Years were pass'd in that melancholy Station, and the Princess, besides her first dead Child, and *Ferdinando*, who was still living, had brought two Daughters into the World.

Some days after *Don Pedro's* return, *Elvira*, who was most dextrous in the Art of well-governing any wicked Design, did gain one of the Servants who belong'd to *Constantia's* Chamber. She first spoke her fair, then overwhelm'd her with Presents and Gifts; and finding in her as ill a Disposition as in her self, she readily resolv'd to employ her.

After she was sure of her, she compos'd a Letter, which was after writ over again in an unknown Hand, which she deposited in that Maid's Hands, that she might deliver to *Constantia* with the first

Opportunity, telling her, that *Agnes* had drop'd it. This was the Substance of it.

**I** Employ not my own Hand to write to you, for Reasons that I shall acquaint you with. How happy am I to have overcome all your Scruples! And what Happiness shall I find in the Progress of our Intrigue! The whole Course of my Life, shall continually represent to you the Sincerity of my Affections; pray think on the secret Conversation that I require of you: I dare not speak to you in publick, therefore let me conjure you here, by all that I have suffer'd, to come to-night to the Place appointed, and speak to me no more of *Constantia*; for she must be content with my Esteem, since my Heart can be only yours.

The unfaithful *Portuguese* serv'd *Elvira* exactly to her Desires, and the very next day seeing *Agnes* go out from the Princess, she carry'd *Constantia* the Letter; which she took, and found there what she was far from imagining: Tenderness never produc'd an Effect more full of grief, than what it made her suffer. 'Alas! they are both culpable, (said she, sighing) and in spite of the Defence my Heart would make for 'em, my Reason condemns 'em. Unhappy Princess, the sad subject of the Capriciousness of Fortune! Why dost not thou die, since thou hast not a Heart of Honour to revenge it self? O *Don Pedro*! why did you give me your Hand, without your Heart? And thou, fair, and ungrateful! wert thou born to be the Misfortune of my Life, and perhaps the only cause of my Death?' After having given some Moments to the Violence of her Grief, she called the Maid, who brought her the Letter, commanding her to speak of it to no body, and to suffer no one to enter into her Chamber.

She

She consider'd then of that Prince with more liberty, whose Soul she was not able to touch with the least Tendernefs; and of the cruel Fair One that had betray'd her: Yet, even while her Soul was upon the Rack, she was willing to excuse 'em, and ready to do all she could for *Don Pedro*; at least, she made a firm Resolution, not to complain of him.

*Elvira* was not long without being inform'd of what had pass'd, nor of the Melancholy of the Princess, from whom she hop'd all she desir'd.

*Agnes*, far from foreseeing this Tempest, return'd to *Constantia*; and hearing of her Indisposition, pass'd the rest of the Day at her Chamber-door, that she might from time to time learn news of her Health, for she was not suffer'd to come in, at which *Agnes* was both surpriz'd and troubled. The Prince had the same Destiny, and was astonish'd at an Order which ought to have excepted him.

The next day *Constantia* appear'd, but so alter'd, that 'twas not difficult to imagine what she had suffer'd. *Agnes* was the most impatient to approach her, and the Princess could not forbear weeping. They were both silent for some time, and *Constantia* attributed this Silence of *Agnes* to some Remorse which she felt: and this unhappy Maid being able to hold no longer; *Is it possible, Madam,* (said she) *that two Days should have taken from me all the Goodness you had for me? What have I done? And for what do you punish me?* The Princess regarded her with a languishing Look, and return'd her no Answer but Sighs. *Agnes*, offended at this reserve, went out with very great Dissatisfaction and Anger; which contributed to her being thought criminal. The Prince came in immediately after, and found *Constantia* more disorder'd than usual, and conjur'd her in a most obliging manner to take care of her Health: *The greatest good for me* (said she)

she) is not the Continuation of my Life; I should have more care of it if I loved you less; but—She could not proceed; and the Prince, excessively afflicted at her trouble, sigh'd sadly, without making her any answer, which redoubled her Grief. Spight then began to mix it self; and all things persuading the Princess that they made a Sacrifice of her, she would enter into no Explanation with her Husband, but suffer'd him to go away without saying any thing to him.

Nothing is more capable of troubling our Reason, and consuming our Health, than secret Notions of Jealousy in Solitude.

*Constantia*, who us'd to open her Heart freely to *Agnes*, now believing she had deceiv'd her, abandon'd her self so absolutely to Grief, that she was ready to sink under it; she immediately fell sick with the violence of it, and all the Court was concern'd at this Misfortune: *Don Pedro* was truly afflicted at it, but *Agnes* more than all the World beside. *Constantia's* Coldness towards her, made her continually sigh; and her Distemper, created merely by fancy, caus'd her to reflect on every thing that offer'd it self to her Memory; so that at last she began even to fear her self, and to reproach her self for what the Princess suffer'd.

But the Distemper began to be such, that they fear'd *Constantia's* Death, and she her self began to feel the Approaches of it. This Thought did not at all disquiet her: she look'd on Death as the only relief from all her Torments; and regarded the despair of all that approach'd her without the least concern.

The King, who lov'd her tenderly, and who knew her Vertue, was infinitely mov'd at the Extremity she was in. And *Don Alvaro*, who lost not the least Occasion of making him understand, that it was Jealousy which was the cause of *Constantia's*

stantia's Distemper, did but too much incense him against Criminals worthy of Compassion. The King was not of a Temper to conceal his Anger long: *You give fine Examples,* (said he to the Prince) *and such as will render your Memory illustrious! The Death of Constantia (of which you are only to be accus'd) is the unhappy Fruit of your guilty Passion. Fear Heaven after this; and behold your self as a Monster that does not deserve to see the Light. If the Interest you have in my Blood did not plead for you, what ought you not to fear from my just Resentment? But what must not imprudent Agnes, to whom nothing ties me, expect from my hands? If Constantia dies, she, who has the Boldness, in my Court, to cherish a foolish Flame by vain Hopes, and make us lose the most amiable Princess, whom thou art not worthy to possess, shall feel the Effects of her Indiscretion.*

Don Pedro knew very well, that Constantia was not ignorant of his Sentiments for Agnes; but he knew also with what Moderation she receiv'd it: He was very sensible of the King's Reproaches; but as his Fault was not voluntary, and that a commanding Power, a fatal Star, had forc'd him to love in spite of himself, he appear'd afflicted and confus'd: *You condemn me, Sir,* (answered he) *without having well examin'd me; and if my Intentions were known to you, perhaps you would not find me so criminal: I would take the Princess for my Judge, whom you say I sacrifice, if she were in a condition to be consulted. If I am guilty of any Weakness, her Justice never reproach'd me for it; and my Tongue never inform'd Agnes of it. But suppose I have committed any Fault, why would you punish an innocent Lady, who perhaps condemns me for it as much as you? Ah, Villain!* (interrupted the King) *she has but too much favour'd you: You would not have lov'd thus long, had she not made you some Returns.* Sir, (reply'd  
the

the Prince, pierc'd with Grief for the Outrage that was committed against *Agnes*) you offend a *Vertue*, than which nothing can be purer; and those Expressions which break from your *Choler*, are not worthy of you. *Agnes* never granted me any Favours; I never asked any of her; and I protest to Heaven, I never thought of any thing contrary to the Duty I owe *Constantia*.

As they thus argued, one of the Princess's Women came all in Tears to acquaint *Don Pedro*, that the Princess was in the last Extremities of Life: Go see thy fatal Work, (said the King) and expect from a too-long patient Father the Usage thou deserwest.

The Prince ran to *Constantia*, whom he found dying, and *Agnes* in a swoon, in the Arms of some of the Ladies. What caus'd this double Calamity, was, that *Agnes*, who could suffer no longer the Indifferency of the Princess, had conjur'd her to tell her what was her Crime, and either to take her Life from her, or restore her Friendship.

*Constantia*, who found she must die, could no longer keep her secret Affliction from *Agnes*; and after some Words, which were a Preparation to the sad Explanation, she shewed her that fatal Billet which *Elvira* had caus'd to be written: *Ab, Madam!* (cry'd out the fair *Agnes*, after having read it) *Ab, Madam!* how many cruel *Inquietudes* had you spared me, had you open'd your Heart to me with your wonted Bounty! 'Tis easy to see that this Letter is counterfeit, and that I have Enemies without compassion. Could you believe the Prince so imprudent, to make use of any other Hand but his own, on an occasion like this? And do you believe me so simple to keep about me this Testimony of my Shame, with so little Precaution? You are neither betray'd by your Husband nor me; I attest Heaven, and those Efforts I have made, to leave *Coimbra*. Alas, my dear Princess! how little have you known her, whom you have

so



so much honoured? Do not believe that when I have justify'd my self, I will have any more Communication with the World: No, no; there will be no Retreat far enough from hence for me. I will take care to hide this unlucky Face, where it shall be sure to do no more harm.

The Princess, touched at this Discourse, and the Tears of Agnes, press'd her hand, which she held in hers; and fixing Looks upon her capable of moving Pity in the most insensible Souls, *If I have committed any Offence, my dear Agnes, (answer'd she) Death, which I expect in a moment, shall revenge it. I ought also to protest to you, That I have not ceas'd loving you, and that I believe every thing you have said, giving you back my most tender Affections.*

'Twas at this time that the Grief, which equally oppress'd 'em, put the Princess into such an Extremity, that they sent for the Prince. He came, and found himself almost without Life or Motion at this sight. And what secret Motive soever might call him to the aid of Agnes, 'twas to Constantia he ran. The Princess, who finding her last Moments drawing on, by a cold Sweat that cover'd her all over; and finding she had no more business with Life, and causing those Persons she most suspected to retire, ' Sir, (said she to Don Pedro) if I abandon Life without regret, it is not without Trouble that I part with you. But, Prince, we must vanquish when we come to die; and I will forget my self wholly, to think of nothing but of you. I have no Reproaches to make against you, knowing that 'tis Inclination that disposes Hearts, and not Reason. Agnes is beautiful enough to inspire the most ardent Passion, and vertuous enough to deserve the first Fortunes in the World. I ask her, once more, pardon for the Injustice I have done her, and recommend her to you, as a Person most dear to me. Promise me, my dear Prince,

' Prince, before I expire, to give her my Place in  
 ' your Throne; it cannot be better fill'd: you can-  
 ' not chuse a Princess more perfect for your People,  
 ' nor a better Mother for our little Children.  
 ' And you, my dear and my faithful *Agnes* (pur-  
 ' su'd she) listen not to a Vertue too scrupulous,  
 ' that they may make any opposition to the Prince  
 ' of *Portugal*: Refuse him not a Heart, of which  
 ' he is worthy; and give him that Friendship  
 ' which you had for me, with that which is due  
 ' to his Merit. Take care of my little *Fernando*  
 ' and the two young Princesses: let them find me  
 ' in you, and speak to them sometimes of me.  
 ' Adieu, live both of you happy, and receive my  
 ' last Embraces.'

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd a little  
 her Forces, lost them again a second time: Her  
 Weakness was follow'd with Convulsions so vhe-  
 ment, that they were afraid of her Life; but *Don*  
*Pedro* never removed from *Constantia*: What, *Ma-*  
*dam* (said he) you will leave me then; and you think  
 'tis for my Good. Alas, *Constantia*! if my Heart  
 has committed any Outrage against you, your Vertue  
 has sufficiently revenged you on me in spite of you.  
 Can you think me so barbarous?—As he was going  
 on, he saw Death shut the Eyes of the most gene-  
 rous Princess for ever; and he was within a very  
 little of following her.

But what Loads of Grief did this bring upon  
*Agnes*, when she found in that Interval, wherein Life  
 and Death were struggling in her Soul, that *Con-*  
*stantia* was newly expir'd! She would then have ta-  
 ken away her own Life, and have let her Despair  
 fully appear.

At the noise of the Death of the Princess, the  
 Town and the Palace was all in Tears. *Elvira*,  
 who saw then *Don Pedro* free to engage himself,  
 repented of having contributed to the Death of

*Constantia*; and thinking herself the Cause of it, promis'd her Grievs never to pardon herself.

She had need of being guarded several days together; during which time she fail'd not incessantly to weep. And the Prince gave all those days to deepest Mourning. But when the first Emotions were past, those of his Love made him feel that he was still the same.

He was a long time without seeing *Agnes*; but this Absence of his served only to make her appear the more charming when he did see her.

*Don Alvaro*, who was afraid of the Liberty of the Prince, made new Efforts to move *Agnes de Castro*, who was now become insensible to every thing but Grief. *Elvira*, who was willing to make the best of the Design she had begun, consulted all her Womens Arts, and the Delicacy of her Wit, to revive the Flames with which the Prince once burnt for her: But his Inconstancy was bounded, and it was *Agnes* alone that was to reign over his Heart. She had taken a firm Resolution, since the Death of *Constantia*, to pass the rest of her Days in a solitary Retreat. In spite of the precaution she took to hide this Design, the Prince was informed of it, and did all he was able to dispose his Constancy and Fortitude to it. He thought himself stronger than he really was; but after he had too well consulted his Heart, he found but too well how necessary the Presence of *Agnes* was to him. ' Madam (said he ' to her one day, with a Heart big, and his Eyes in ' tears) which Action of my Life has made you de- ' termine my Death? Tho I never told you how ' much I loved you, yet I am persuaded you are ' not ignorant of it. I was constrained to be si- ' lent during some Years for your sake, for *Constan-* ' *tia's*, and my own; but 'tis not possible for me ' to put this force upon my Heart for ever: I must ' once at least tell you how it languishes. Re-

ceive

‘ceive then the Assurances of a Passion, full of  
 ‘Respect and Ardour, with an offer of my Fortune,  
 ‘which I wish not better, but for your advantage.’

*Agnes* answer’d not immediately to these words,  
 but with abundance of Tears; which having wiped  
 away, and beholding *Don Pedro* with an air which  
 made him easily comprehend she did not agree  
 with his Desires; ‘If I were capable of the  
 ‘Weakness with which you’d inspire me, you’d be  
 ‘obliged to punish me for it: What! (said she)  
 ‘*Constantia* is scarce bury’d, and you would have  
 ‘me offend her! No, my Prince (added she with  
 ‘more Softness) no, no, she whom you have heap’d  
 ‘so many Favours on, will not call down the An-  
 ‘ger of Heaven, and the Contempt of Men upon  
 ‘her, by an Action so perfidious. Be not obstinate  
 ‘then in a Design in which I will never shew you  
 ‘Favour. You owe to *Constantia*, after her Death,  
 ‘a Fidelity that may justify you: and I, to repair  
 ‘the Ills I have made her suffer, ought to shun all  
 ‘Converse with you.’ ‘Go, Madam (reply’d the  
 ‘Prince, growing pale) go, and expect the News of  
 ‘my Death; in that part of the World, whither  
 ‘your Cruelty shall lead you, the News shall follow  
 ‘close after; you shall quickly hear of it: and I  
 ‘will go seek it in those Wars which reign among  
 ‘my Neighbours.’

These Words made the fair *Agnes de Castro* per-  
 ceive that her Innocency was not so great as she  
 imagined, and that her Heart interested it self in  
 the Preservation of *Don Pedro*: ‘You ought, Sir,  
 ‘to preserve your Life (reply’d *Agnes*) for the sake  
 ‘of the little Prince and Princesses, which *Con-*  
 ‘*stantia* has left you. Would you abandon their  
 ‘Youth (continu’d she, with a tender Tone) to  
 ‘the Cruelty of *Don Alvaro*? Live! Sir, live! and  
 ‘let the unhappy *Agnes* be the only Sacrifice.’  
 ‘Alas, cruel Maid! (interrupted *Don Pedro*) Why  
 ‘do

do you command me to live, if I cannot live with you? Is it an effect of your Hatred?' 'No Sir, (reply'd *Agnes*) I do not hate you; and I wish to God that I could be able to defend my self against the Weakness with which I find my self possess'd. Oblige me to say no more, Sir; you see my Blushes, interpret them as you please: but consider yet, that the less Aversion I find I have to you, the more culpable I am; and that I ought no more to see, or speak to you. In fine, Sir, if you oppose my Retreat, I declare to you, that *Don Alvaro*, as odious as he is to me, shall serve for a Defence against you; and that I will sooner consent to marry a Man I abhor, than to favour a Passion that cost *Constantia* her Life.' 'Well then, *Agnes* (reply'd the Prince, with Looks all languishing and dying) follow the Motions which barbarous Vertue inspires you with; take these Measures you judg necessary, against an unfortunate Lover, and enjoy the Glory of having cruelly refused me.'

At these words he went away; and troubled as *Agnes* was, she would not stay him: Her Courage combated with her Grief, and she thought now, more than ever, of departing.

'Twas difficult for her to go out of *Coimbra*; and not to defer what appear'd to her so necessary, she went immediately to the Apartment of the King, notwithstanding the Interest of *Don Alvaro*. The King received her with a Countenance severe, not being able to consent to what she demanded: *You shall not go hence*, (said he) *and if you are wise, you shall enjoy here with Don Alvaro, both my Friendship and my Favour. I have taken another Resolution* (answer'd *Agnes*) *and the World has no part in it. You will accept Don Pedro*, (reply'd the King) *his Fortune is sufficient to satisfy an ambitious Maid: but you will not succeed Constantia, who lov'd you so tenderly;*  
and

and Spain has Princesses enow to fill up part of the Throne which I shall leave him. Sir, (reply'd Agnes, piqu'd at this Discourse) If I had a Disposition to love, and a Design to marry, perhaps the Prince might be the only Person on whom I would fix it: And you know, if my Ancestors did not possess Crowns, yet they were worthy to wear 'em. But let it be how it will, I am resolv'd to depart, and to remain no longer a Slave in a Place to which I came free.

This bold Answer, which shew'd the Character of Agnes, anger'd and astonish'd the King. You shall go when we think fit (reply'd he) and without being a Slave at Coimbra, you shall attend our Order.

Agnes saw she must stay, and was so griev'd at it, that she kept her Chamber several days, without daring to inform herself of the Prince; and this Retirement spared her the Affliction of being visited by Don Alvaro.

During this, Don Pedro fell sick, and was in so great danger, that there was a general apprehension of his Death. Agnes did not in the least doubt, but it was an effect of his Discontent: she thought at first she had Strength and Resolution enough to see him die, rather than to favour him; but had she reflected a little, she had soon been convinc'd to the contrary. She found not in her heart that cruel Constancy she thought there so well established: She felt Pains and Inquietude, shed Tears, made Wishes; and, in fine, discover'd that she lov'd.

'Twas impossible to see the Heir of the Crown, a Prince that deserved so well, even at the point of Death, without a general Affliction. The People who loved him, pass'd whole days at the Palace-gate to hear News of him: The Court was all overwhelm'd with Grief.

Don Alvaro knew very well how to conceal a malicious Joy, under an Appearance of Sadness.

Elvira,

*Elvira*, full of Tendernefs, and perhaps of Remorse, fuffer'd alfo on her fide. The King, altho he condemn'd the Love of his Son, yet ftill had a Tendernefs for him, and could not refolve to lofe him. *Agnes de Caftro*, who knew the Caufe of his Diftemper, expected the end of it with ftange Anxieties: In fine, after a Month had pafs'd away in Fears, they began to have a little hopes of his Recovery. The Prince and *Don Alvaro* were the only Perfons that were not glad of it: But *Agnes* rejoic'd enough for all the reft.

*Don Pedro*, feeing that he muft live whether he wou'd or no, thought of nothing but paffing his days in melancholy and difcontent: As foon as he was in a condition to walk, he fought out the moft folitary Places, and gain'd fo much upon his own Weaknefs, to go every where, where *Agnes* was not; but her Idea follow'd him always, and his Memory, faithful to represent her to him with all her Charms, render'd her always dangerous.

One day, when they had carry'd him into the Garden, he fought out a Labyrinth which was at the fartheft part of it, to hide his Melancholy, during fome hours; there he found the fad *Agnes*, whom Grief, little different from his, had brought thither; the fight of her whom he expected not, made him tremble: She faw by his pale and meagre Face, the remains of his Diftemper; his Eyes full of Languifhment troubled her, and tho her Defire was fo great to have fled from him, an unknown Power ftopt her, and 'twas impoffible for her to go.

After fome Moments of Silence, which many Sighs interrupted, *Don Pedro* rais'd himfelf from the Place where his Weaknefs had forced him to fit; he made *Agnes* fee, as he approach'd her, the fad Marks of his Sufferings: and not content with the Pity he faw in her Eyes, *You have refolved my Death then, cruel Agnes,* (faid he) *my defire was the*

R

same

*same with yours; but Heaven has thought fit to reserve me for other Misfortunes, and I see you again as unhappy, but more in love than ever.*

There was no need of these Words to move *Agnes* to compassion, the Languishment of the Prince spoke enough; and the Heart of this fair Maid was but too much disposed to yield it self: She thought then that *Constantia* ought to be satisfy'd; Love, which combated for *Don Pedro*, triumphed over Friendship, and found that happy Moment, for which the Prince of *Portugal* had so long sigh'd.

*Do not reproach me, for that which has cost me more than you, Sir; (reply'd she) and do not accuse a Heart, which is neither ingrateful nor barbarous: and I must tell you, that I love you. But now I have made you that Confession, what is it farther that you require of me? Don Pedro, who expected not a Change so favourable, felt a double Satisfaction; and falling at the feet of Agnes, he express'd more by the Silence his Passion created, than he could have done by the most eloquent Words.*

After having known all his good fortune, he then consulted with the amiable *Agnes*, what was to be feared from the King; they concluded that the cruel Billet, which so troubled the last days of *Constantia*, could come from none but *Elvira* and *Don Alvaro*. The Prince, who knew that his Father had search'd already an Alliance for him, and was resolv'd on his Favourite's marrying *Agnes*, conjur'd her so tenderly to prevent these Persecutions, by consenting to a secret Marriage, that, after having a long time consider'd, she at last consented. *I will do what you will have me (said she) tho I presage nothing but fatal Events from it; all my Blood turns to Ice, when I think of this Marriage, and the Image of Constantia seems to hinder me from doing it.*



The amorous Prince surmounted all her Scruples, and separated himself from *Agnes*, with a Satisfaction which soon redoubled his Forces; he saw her afterward with the Pleasure of a Mystery: And the Day of their Union being arrived, *Don Gill*, Bishop of *Guarda*, performed the Ceremony of the Marriage, in the presence of several Witnessess, faithful to *Don Pedro*, who saw him Possessor of all the Charms of the fair *Agnes*.

She lived not the more peaceable for belonging to the Prince of *Portugal*; her Enemies, who continually persecuted her, left her not without troubles: and the King, whom her Refusal inrag'd, laid his absolute Commands on her to marry *Don Alvaro*, with Threats to force her to it, if she continu'd rebellious.

The Prince took loudly her part; and this, join'd to the Refusal he made of marrying the Princess of *Aragon*, caus'd Suspensions of the Truth in the King his Father. He was seconded by those that were too much interest'd, not to unriddle this Secret. *Don Alvaro* and his Sister acted with so much care, gave so many Gifts, and made so many Promises, that they discover'd the secret Engagements of *Don Pedro* and *Agnes*.

The King wanted but little of breaking out into all the rage and fury so great a Disappointment could inspire him with, against the Princess. *Don Alvaro*, whose Love was changed into the most violent Hatred, appeas'd the first Transports of the King, by making him comprehend, that if they could break the Marriage of 'em, that would not be a sufficient Revenge; and so poison'd Soul of the King, to consent to the Death of *Agnes*.

The barbarous *Don Alvaro* offer'd his Arm for this terrible Execution, and his Rage was Security for the Sacrifice.

The King, who thought the Glory of his Family disgraced by this Alliance, and his own in particular in the Procedure of his Son, gave full Power to this Murder, to make the innocent *Agnes* a Victim to his Rage.

It was not easy to execute this horrid Design: Tho' the Prince saw *Agnes* but in secret, yet all his Cares were still awake for her, and he was marry'd to her above a Year, before *Don Alvaro* could find out an opportunity so long sought for.

The Prince diverted himself but little, and very rarely went far from *Coimbra*; but on a day, an unfortunate Day, and marked out by Heaven for an unheard-of and horrid Assassin, he made a Party to hunt at a fine House, which the King of *Portugal* had near the City.

*Agnes* lov'd every thing that gave the Prince satisfaction; but a secret Trouble made her apprehend some Misfortune in this unhappy Journey. *Sir*, (said she to him, alarm'd, without knowing the Reason why) *I tremble, seeing you to-day as it were designed the last of my Life: Preserve your self, my dear Prince; and though the Exercise you take be not very dangerous, beware of the least Hazards, and bring me back all that I trust with you.* *Don Pedro*, who had never found her so handsome and so charming before, embraced her several times, and went out of the Palace with his Followers, with a Design not to return till the next day.

He was no sooner gone, but the cruel *Don Alvaro* prepared himself for the Execution he had resolv'd on; he thought it of that importance, that it required more Hands than his own, and so chose for his Companions *Diego Lopes Pacheco*, and *Pedro Cuello*, two Monsters like himself, whose Cruelty he was assur'd of by the Presents he had made 'em.

They waited the coming of the Night, and the lovely *Agnes* was in her first sleep, which was the last

last of her Life, when these Assassins approach'd her Bed. Nothing made resistance to *Don Alvaro*, who could do every thing, and whom the blackest Furies introduced to *Agnes*; she waken'd, and opening her Curtains, saw, by the Candle burning in her Chamber, the Ponyard with which *Don Alvaro* was armed; he having his Face not cover'd, she easily knew him, and forgetting herself, to think of nothing but the Prince: *Just Heaven* (said she, lifting up her fine Eyes) *if you will revenge Constantia, satisfy your self with my Blood only, and spare that of Don Pedro.* The barbarous Man that heard her, gave her not time to say more; and finding he could never (by all he could do by Love) touch the Heart of the fair *Agnes*, he pierc'd it with his Ponyard: his Accomplices gave her several Wounds, tho there was no necessity of so many to put an end to an innocent Life.

What a sad Spectacle was this for those who approach'd her Bed the next day! And what dismal News was this to the unfortunate Prince of *Portugal*! He returned to *Coimbra* at the first report of this Adventure, and saw what had certainly cost him his Life, if Men could die of Grief. After having a thousand times embraced the bloody Body of *Agnes*, and said all that a just Despair could inspire him with, he ran like a Mad-man into the Palace, demanding the Murderers of his Wife, of things that could not hear him. In fine, he saw the King, and without observing any respect, he gave a loose to his Resentment: after having rail'd a long time, overwhelm'd with Grief, he fell into a Swoon, which continu'd all that day. They carry'd him into his Apartment: and the King, believing that this Misfortune would prove his Cure, repented not of what he had permitted.

*Don Alvaro*, and the two other Assassins, quitted *Coimbra*. This Absence of theirs, made 'em appear

guilty of the Crime, for which the afflicted Prince  
 vow'd a speedy Vengeance to the Ghost of his love-  
 ly *Agnes*, resolving to pursue them to the uttermost  
 part of the Universe: He got a considerable num-  
 ber of Men together, sufficient to have made resis-  
 tance, even on the King of *Portugal* himself, if he  
 should yet take the part of the Murderers; with these  
 he ravaged the whole Country, as far as the *Duero*  
 Waters, and carry'd on a War, even till the Death  
 of the King, continually mixing Tears with Blood,  
 which he gave to the revenge of his dearest *Agnes*.

Such was the deplorable end of the unfortunate  
 Love of *Don Pedro* of *Portugal*, and of the fair *Ag-  
 nes de Castro*, whose Remembrance he faithfully pre-  
 serv'd in his Heart, even upon the Throne, to which  
 he mounted, by the Right of his Birth, after the  
 Death of the King.



T H E

THE  
 Lover's WATCH:  
 OR, THE  
 ART of making LOVE.

---

The ARGUMENT.

**T**IS in the most happy and august Court of the best and greatest Monarch of the World, that Damon, a young Nobleman, whom we will render under that Name, languishes for a Maid of Quality, who will give us leave to call her Iris.

Their Births are equally illustrious; they are both rich, and both young; their Beauty such as I do not too nicely particularize, lest I should discover (which I am not permitted to do) who these charming Lovers are. Let it suffice, that Iris is the most fair and accomplish'd Person that ever adorn'd a Court; and that Damon is only worthy of the Glory of her Favour; for he has all that can render him lovely in the fair Eyes of the amiable Iris. Nor is he Master of those superficial Beauties alone, that please at first sight; he can charm the Soul with a thousand Arts of Wit and Gallantry. And, in

a word, I may say, without flattering either, that there is no one Beauty, no one Grace, no Perfection of Mind and Body, that wants to compleat a Victory on both sides.

The agreement of Age, Fortunes, Quality and Humours in these two fair Lovers, made the impatient Damon hope, that nothing would oppose his Passion; and if he saw himself every hour languishing for the adorable Maid, he did not however despair: And if Iris sigh'd, it was not for fear of being one day more happy.

In the midst of the Tranquillity of these two Lovers, Iris was obliged to go into the Country for some Months, whither 'twas impossible for Damon to wait on her, he being oblig'd to attend the King his Master; and being the most amorous of his Sex, suffer'd with extreme Impatience the absence of his Mistress. Nevertheless, he fail'd not to send to her every day, and gave up all his melancholy Hours to Thinking, Sighing, and Writing to her the softest Letters that Love could inspire. So that Iris even blessed that Absence that gave her so tender and convincing Proofs of his Passion; and found this dear way of conversing, even recompens'd all her Sighs for his Absence.

After a little Intercourse of this kind, Damon bethought himself to ask Iris a Discretion which he had won of her, before she left the Town; and in a Billet-doux to that purpose, prest her very earnestly for it. Iris being infinitely pleas'd with his Importunity, suffer'd him to ask it often; and he never fail'd of doing so.

But as I do not here design to relate the Adventures of these two amiable Persons, nor give you all the Billet-douxes that pass between them; you shall here find nothing but the Watch, this charming Maid sent her impatient Lover.

\*\*\*\*\*

## IRIS to DAMON.



I must be confest, *Damon*, that you are the most importuning Man in the World. Your Billets have an hundred times demanded a *Discretion*, which you won of me; and tell me, you will not wait my return to be paid. You are either a very faithless Creditor, or believe me very unjust, that you dun with such impatience. But to let you see that I am a Maid of Honour, and value my Word, I will acquit my self of this Obligation I have to you, and send you a *Watch* of my fashion; perhaps you never saw any so good. It is not one of those that have always something to be mended in it; but one that is without fault, very just and good, and will remain so as long as you continue to love me: But, *Damon*, know, that the very Minute you cease to do so, the String will break, and it will go no more. 'Tis only useful in my absence, and when I return 'twill change its Motion: and though I have set it but for the Spring-time, 'twill serve you the whole Year round: and 'twill be necessary only that you alter the Business of the hours (which my *Cupid*, in the middle of my *Watch*, points you out) according to the length of the Days and Nights. Nor is the Dart of that little God directed to those Hours, so much to inform you how they pass, as how you ought to pass them; how you ought to employ those of your absence from *Iris*. 'Tis there you shall find the whole Business of a Lover, from his Mistress; for I have design'd it a Rule to all your Actions. The Consideration of the Work-man ought to make you set a Value  
upon

upon the Work: And though it be not an accomplish'd and perfect Piece; yet, *Damon*, you ought to be grateful and esteem it, since I have made it for you alone. But however I may boast of the Design, I know, as well as I believe you love me, that you will not suffer me to have the Glory of it wholly, but will say in your Heart,

*That Love, the great Instructor of the Mind,  
That forms a-new, and fashions every Soul,  
Refines the gross Defects of human Kind;  
Humbles the proud and vain, inspires the dull:  
Gives Cowards noble Heat in Fight,  
And teaches feeble Women how to write:  
That doth the Universe command;  
Does from my Iris' Heart direct her Hand.*

I give you the liberty to say this to your Heart, if you please: And that you may know with what Justice you do so, I will confess in my turn.

#### The Confession.

*That Love's my Conduct where I go,  
And Love instructs me all I do.  
Prudence no longer is my Guide,  
Nor take I Counsel of my Pride.  
In vain does Honour now invade,  
In vain does Reason take my part;  
If against Love it do persuade,  
If it rebel against my Heart.  
If the soft Ev'ning do invite,  
And I incline to take the Air,  
The Birds, the Spring, the Flow'rs no more delight;  
'Tis Love makes all the Pleasure there:  
Love, which about me still I bear;  
I'm charm'd with what I thither bring,  
And add a Softness to the Spring.*

If



The LOVER'S WATCH. 251

*If for Devotion I design,  
Love meets me, even at the Shrine;  
In all my Worship claims a part,  
And robs even Heaven of my Heart:  
All Day does counsel and controul,  
And all the Night employs my Soul.  
No wonder then if all you think be true,  
That Love's concern'd in all I do for you.*

And, Damon, you know that Love is no ill Master; and I must say, with a Blush, that he has found me no unapt Scholar; and he instructs too agreeably not to succeed in all he undertakes.

*Who can resist his soft Commands?  
When he resolves, what God withstands?*

But I ought to explain to you my Watch: The naked Love which you will find in the middle of it, with his Wings clip'd, to shew you he is fixed and constant, and will not fly away, points you out with his Arrow the four and twenty Hours that compose the Day and the Night: Over every Hour you will find written what you ought to do, during its Course; and every Half-hour is marked with a Sigh, since the quality of a Lover is, to sigh day and night: Sighs are the Children of Lovers that are born every hour. And that my Watch may always be just, Love himself ought to conduct it; and your Heart should keep time with the Movement:

*My Present's delicate and new,  
If by your Heart the Motion's set;  
According as that's false or true,  
You'll find my Watch will answer it.*

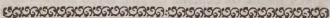
Every hour is tedious to a Lover, separated from his Mistress; and to shew you how good I am, I will

252 *The LOVER'S WATCH.*

will have my *Watch* instruct you, to pass some of them without Inquietude; that the force of your Imagination may sometimes charm the trouble you have for my Absence:

*Perhaps I am mistaken here,  
My Heart may too much Credit give:  
But, Damon, you can charm my Fear,  
And soon my Error undeceive.*

But I will not disturb my Repose at this time with a Jealousy, which I hope is altogether frivolous and vain; but begin to instruct you in the Mysteries of my *Watch*. Cast then your Eyes upon the eighth Hour in the Morning, which is the Hour I would have you begin to wake: You will find there written,



EIGHT a-clock.

*Agreeable Reverie.*

DO not rise yet; you may find Thoughts agreeable enough, when you awake, to entertain you longer in Bed. And 'tis in that hour you ought to recollect all the Dreams you had in the Night. If you had dream'd any thing to my advantage, confirm your self in that thought; but if to my disadvantage, renounce it, and disown the injurious Dream. 'Tis in this Hour also that I give you leave to reflect on all that I have ever said and done, that has been most obliging to you, and that gives you the most tender Sentiments.

The Reflections.

*Remember, Damon, while your Mind  
Reflects on things that charm and please,*

*You*

The LOVER'S WATCH. 253

You give me Proofs that you are kind,  
And set my doubting Soul at ease:  
For when your Heart receives with Joy  
The thoughts of Favours which I give,  
My Smiles in vain I not employ,  
And on the Square we love and live.

Think then on all I ever did,  
That e'er was charming, e'er was dear;  
Let nothing from that Soul be hid,  
Whose Grievs and Joys I feel and share.  
All that your Love and Faith have sought,  
All that your Vows and Sighs have bought,  
Now render present to your Thought.

And for what's to come, I give you leave, *Damon*,  
to flatter your self, and to expect, I shall still pur-  
sue those Methods, whose remembrance charms so  
well: But, if it be possible, conceive these kind  
Thoughts between sleeping and waking, that all  
my too forward Complaisance, my Goodness, and  
my Tenderness, which I confess to have for you,  
may pass for half Dreams: for 'tis most certain,

*That though the Favours of the Fair  
Are ever to the Lover dear;  
Yet, lest he should reproach that easy Flame,  
That buys its Satisfaction with its Shame;  
She ought but rarely to confess  
How much she finds of Tenderness;  
Nicely to guard the yielding part,  
And hide the hard kept Secret in her Heart.*

For, let me tell you, *Damon*, though the Passion of  
a Woman of Honour be ever so innocent, and the  
Lover ever so discreet and honest; her Heart feels  
I know not what of reproach within, at the re-  
flection of any Favours she has allow'd him. For  
my part, I never call to mind the least soft or kind  
word

Word I have spoken to *Damon*, without finding at the same instant my Face cover'd over with Blushes, and my Heart with sensible Pain. I sigh at the remembrance of every Touch I have stolen from his Hand, and have upbraided my Soul, which confesses so much guilty Love, as that secret Desire of touching him made appear. I am angry at the discovery, tho I am pleas'd at the same time with the Satisfaction I take in doing so; and ever disorder'd at the remembrance of such Arguments of too much Love. And these unquiet Sentiments alone, are sufficient too persuade me, that our Sex cannot be reserv'd too much. And I have often, on these occasions, said to my self,

The Reserve.

*The Damon every Vertue have,  
With all that pleases in his Form,  
That can adorn the Just and Brave,  
That can the coldest Bosom warm;  
Tho Wit and Honour there abound,  
Yet the Pursuer's ne'er pursu'd,  
And when my Weakness he has found,  
His Love will sink to Gratitude:  
While on the asking part he lives,  
'Tis she th' Obliger is, who gives.*

*And he that at one Throw the Stake has won,  
Gives over play, since all the Stock is gone.  
And what dull Gamester ventures certain Store  
With Losers who can set no more?*

NINE a-clock.

*Design to please no body.*

**I** Should continue to accuse you of that Vice I have often done, that of Laziness, if you remain'd past this Hour in bed; 'tis time for you to rise;

The LOVER'S WATCH. 255

rise; my *Watch* tells you 'tis nine a-Clock. Remember that I am absent, therefore do not take too much pains in dressing your self, and setting your Person off.

The Question.

Tell me! What can be design,  
Who in his Mistress' absence will be fine?  
Why does he cock, and comb, and dress?  
Why is the Cravat-string in Print?  
What does th' embroider'd Coat confess?  
Why to the Glass this long Address,  
If there be nothing in't?  
If no new Conquest is design'd,  
If no Beauty fill his Mind?

Let Fools and Fops, whose Talents lie  
In being neat, in being spruce,  
Be dress'd in vain, and tawdery;  
With Mem<sup>o</sup> of Sense, 'tis out of use:  
The only Folly that Distinction sets  
Between the noisy fluttering Fools and Wits.

Remember, Iris is away;  
And sighing to your Valet cry,  
Spare your Perfumes and Care to day,  
I have no business to be gay,  
Since Iris is not by.  
I'll be all negligent in Dress,  
And scarce set off for Complaisance:  
Put me on nothing that may please,  
But only such as may give no Offence.

Say to your self, as you are dressing, ' Would it please Heaven, that I might see *Iris* to-day! But oh! 'tis impossible: Therefore all that I shall see will be but indifferent Objects, since 'tis *Iris* only that I wish to see.' And sighing, whisper to you self: The



even that Hour is too much to be so employ'd. But I will think, you thought of nothing less then dressing while you were about it. Lose than no more Minutes, but open your Scrutore, and read over some of those Billets you have receiv'd from me. Oh! what Pleasures a Lover feels about his Heart, in reading those from a Mistress he entirely loves!

The Joy.

*Who, but a Lover, can express  
The Joys, the Pains, the Tenderness,  
That the soft amorous Soul invades,  
While the dear Billet-deux he reads?  
Raptures Divine the Heart o'er-flow;  
Which he that loves not, cannot know.*

*A thousand Tremblings, thousand Fears,  
The short-breath'd Sighs, the joyful Tears;  
The Transport, where the Love's confest;  
The Change, where Coldness is express;  
The diff'ring Flames the Lover burns,  
As those are shy, or kind, by turns.*

However you find 'em, Damon, construe 'em all to my advantage: Possibly, some of them have an Air of Coldness, something different from that Softness they are usually too amply fill'd with; but where you find they have, believe there, that the Sense of Honour, and my Sex's Modesty, guided my Hand a little, against the Inclinations of my Heart; and that it was as a kind of an Atonement, I believed I ought to make, for something I feared I had said too kind, and too obliging before. But wherever you find that Stop, that Check in my Career of Love, you will be sure to find something that follows it to favour you, and deny that unwilling Imposition upon my Heart; which, lest you should mistake, Love shews himself in Smiles again, and flatters more agreeably, disdaining the Tyranny of

258 *The LOVERS' WATCH.*

Honour and rigid Custom, that Imposition upon our Sex; and will, in spite of me, let you see he reigns absolutely in my Soul.

The reading my *Billet-deux* may detain you an Hour: I have had so much Goodness to write you now to entertain you so long at least, and sometimes reproach my self for it; but, contrary to all my Scruples, I find my self dispos'd to give you those frequent Marks of my Tenderness. If yours be so great as you express it, you ought to kiss my Letters a thousand times; you ought to read them with Attention, and weigh every Word, and value every Line. A Lover may receive a thousand endearing Words from a Mistress, more easily than a Billet. One says a great many kind things of course to a Lover, which one is not willing to write, or to give testify'd under one's hand, signed and sealed. But when once a Lover has brought his Mistress to that degree of Love, he ought to assure himself, she loves not at the common rate.

## Love's Witness.

*Slight unpremeditated Words are borne*

*By every common Wind into the Air;*

*Carelessly utter'd, die as soon as born,*

*And in one instant, give both Hope and Fear:*

*Breathing all Contraries with the same Wind,*

*According to the Caprice of the Mind.*

*But Billet-deux are constant Witnesses,*

*Sustantial Records to eternity;*

*Just Evidence, who the Truth confess,*

*On which the Lover safely may rely:*

*They're serious Thoughts, digested and resolv'd;*

*And last, when Words are into Clouds devolv'd.*

I will not doubt, but you give credit to all that is kind in my Letters; and I will believe, you find a Satisfaction in the Entertainment they give you, and that



The LOVER'S WATCH. 259

that the hour of reading 'em is not disagreeable to you. I could wish, your Pleasure might be extreme, even to the degree of suffering the Thought of my Absence not to diminish any part of it. And I could wish too, at the end of your reading, you would sigh with Pleasure, and say to your self——

The Transport.

O Iris! While you thus can charm,  
While at this Distance you can wound and warm;  
My absent Torments I will bless and bear,  
That give me such dear Proofs how kind you are.  
Present, the valu'd Store was only seen;  
Now I am rifling the bright Mass within.

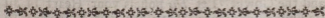
Every dear, past, and happy Day,  
When languishing at Iris' feet I lay;  
When all my Prayers, and all my Tears could move  
No more than her Permission, I should love:

Vain with my Glorious Destiny,  
I thought, beyond, scarce any Heaven cou'd be.

But, Charming Maid, now I am taught,  
That Absence has a thousand Joys to give,  
On which, the Lovers, present, never thought,  
That recompense the Hours we grieve.

Rather by Absence let me be undone,  
Than forfeit all the Pleasures that has won.

With this little Rapture, I wish you wou'd finish the reading my Letters, shut your Scrutore, and quit your Cabinet; for my Love leads to eleven a-clock.



ELEVEN a-clock.

The Hour to write in.

IF my Watch did not 'inform you 'tis now time to write, I believe, Damon, your Heart wou'd, and tell you also that I should take it kindly, if you

would employ a whole Hour that way; and that you should never lose an Occasion of writing to me, since you are assured of the welcome I give your Letters. Perhaps you will say, an hour is too much, and that 'tis not the mode to write long Letters. I grant you, *Damon*, when we write those indifferent ones of Gallantry in course, or necessary Compliment; the handsome comprizing of which in the fewest words, renders 'em the most agreeable: But in Love we have a thousand foolish things to say, that of themselves bear no great Sound, but have a mighty Sense in Love; for there is a peculiar Eloquence natural alone to a Lover, and to be understood by no other Creature: To those, Words have a thousand Graces and Sweetnesses; which, to the unconcerned, appear Meanness, and easy Sense, at the best. But, *Damon*, you and I are none of those ill Judges of the Beauties of Love; we can penetrate beyond the Vulgar, and perceive the fine Soul in every Line, through all the humble Dress of Phrase; when possibly they who think they discern it best in florid Language, do not see it at all. *Love* was not born or bred in Courts, but Cottages; and nurs'd in Groves and Shades, smiles on the Plains, and wantons in the Streams; all unador'd and harmless. Therefore, *Damon*, do not consult your Wit in this Affair, but Love alone; speak all that he and Nature taught you, and let the fine Things you learn in Schools alone: Make use of those Flowers you have gather'd there, when you converse with States-men and the Gown. Let *Iris* possess your Heart in all its simple Innocence, that's the best Eloquence to her that loves: and this is my Instruction to a Lover that would succeed in his Amours; for I have a Heart very difficult to please, and this is the nearest way to it.

Advice

Advice to Lovers.

Lovers, if you wou'd gain the Heart  
 Of Damon, learn to win the Prize;  
 He'll shew you all its tend'rest part,  
 And where its greatest Danger lies.  
 The Magazine of its disdain;  
 Where Honour, feebly guarded, does remain.

If present, do but little say;  
 Enough the silent Lover speaks:  
 But wait, and sigh, and gaze all day;  
 Such Rhet'rick, more than Language, takes.  
 For Words the dullest way do move;  
 And utter'd more to shew your Wit than Love.

Let your Eyes tell her of your Heart;  
 Its Story is, for Words, too delicate.  
 Souls thus exchange, and thus impart,  
 And all their Secrets can relate.

A Tear, a broken Sigh, she'll understand;  
 Or the soft trembling Pressings of the Hand.

Or if your Pain must be in Words express'd,  
 Let 'em fall gently, unassur'd, and slow;  
 And where they fail, your Looks may tell the rest:  
 Thus Damon spoke, and I was conquer'd so,  
 The witty Talker has mistook his Art;  
 The modest Lover only charms the Heart.

Thus, while all day you gazing sit,  
 And fear to speak, and fear your Fate,  
 You more Advantages by Silence get,  
 Than the gay forward Youth with all his Prate.  
 Let him be silent here; but when away,  
 Whatever Love can dictate, let him say.

There let the bashful Soul unveil,  
 And give a loose to Love and Truth:  
 Let him improve the amorous Tale,  
 With all the Force of Words, and Fire of Youth:

262 *The LOVER'S WATCH.*

*There all, and any thing, let him express;  
Too long he cannot write, too much confess.*

O *Damon!* How well have you made me understand this soft Pleasure! You know my Tenderness too well, not to be sensible how I am charmed with your agreeable long Letters.

## The Invention.

*Ah! he who first found out the way  
Souls to each other to convey,  
Without dull Speaking, sure must be  
Something above Humanity.  
Let the fond World in vain dispute,  
And the first Sacred Mystery impute  
Of Letters to the learned Brood,  
And of the Glory cheat a God:  
'Twas Love alone that first the Art essay'd,  
And Psyche was the first fair yielding Maid,  
That was by the dear Billet-deux betray'd.*

It is an Art too ingenious to have been found out by Man, and too necessary to Lovers, not to have been invented by the God of Love himself. But, *Damon*, I do not pretend to exact from you those Letters of Gallantry, which, I have told you, are filled with nothing but fine Thoughts, and writ with all the Arts of Wit and Subtilty: I would have yours still all tender unaffected Love, Words unchosen, Thoughts unstudied, and Love unfeign'd. I had rather find more Softness than Wit, in your Passion; more of Nature than of Art; more of the Lover than the Poet. Nor would I have you write any of those little short Letters that are read over in a Minute; in Love, long Letters bring a long Pleasure: Do not trouble your self to make 'em fine, or write a great deal of Wit and Sense in a few Lines; that is the Notion of a witty Billet, in any Affair  
but

but that of Love. And have a care rather to avoid these Graces to a Mistress; and assure your self, dear *Damon*, that what pleases the Soul pleases the Eye, and the largeness or bulk of your Letter shall never offend me; and that I only am displeas'd when I find them small. A Letter is ever the best and most powerful Agent to a Mistress, it almost always persuades, 'tis always renewing little Impressions, that possibly otherwise Absence would deface. Make use then, *Damon*, of your Time while it is given you, and thank me that I permit you to write to me: Perhaps I shall not always continue in the humour of suffering you to do so; and it may so happen, by some turn of Chance and Fortune, that you may be deprived, at the same time, both of my Presence, and of the Means of sending to me. I will believe that such an Accident would be a great Misfortune to you, for I have often heard you say, that, "To make the most happy Lover suffer Martyrdom, one need only forbid him Seeing, Speaking, and Writing to the Object he loves." Take all the Advantages then you can, you cannot give me too often Marks too powerful of your Passion: Write therefore, during this Hour, every Day. I give you leave to believe, that while you do so, you are serving me the most obligingly and agreeably you can, while absent; and that you are giving me a Remedy against all Grief, Uneasiness, Melancholy, and Despair; nay, if you exceed your Hour, you need not be asham'd. The Time you employ in this kind Devoir, is the Time that I shall be grateful for, and no doubt will recompense it. You ought not however to neglect Heaven for me; I will give you time for your Devotion, for my *Watch* tells you 'tis time to go to the Temple.

T W E L V E a-clock.

*Indispensible Duty.*

**T**H E R E are certain Duties which one ought never to neglect: That of adoring the Gods is of this nature; and which we ought to pay, from the bottom of our Hearts: And that, *Damon*, is the only time I will dispense with your not thinking on me. But I would not have you go to one of those Temples, where the celebrated Beauties, and those that make a Profession of Gallantry, go; and who come thither only to see, and be seen; and whither they repair, more to shew their Beauty and Dress, than to honour the Gods. If you will take my advice, and oblige my wish, you shall go to those that are least frequented, and you shall appear there like a Man that has a perfect Veneration for all things sacred.

The Instruction.

*Damon, if your Heart and Flame,  
You wish, should always be the same,  
Do not give it leave to rove,*

*Nor expose it to new Harms:*

*E'er you think on't, you may love,*

*If you gaze on Beauty's Charms:*

*If with me you wou'd not part,*

*Turn your Eyes into your Heart.*

*If you find a new Desire*

*In your easy Soul take fire,*

*From the tempting Ruin fly;*

*Think it faithless, think it base:*

*Fancy soon will fade and die,*

*If you wisely cease to gaze.*

*Lovers*

The LOVER'S WATCH. 265

Lovers should have Honour too,  
Or they pay but half Love's due.

Do not to the Temple go,  
With design to gaze or show:  
Whate'er Thoughts you have abroad,

Though you can deceive elsewhere,  
There's no feigning with your God;  
Souls should be all perfect there.

The Heart that's to the Altar brought,  
Only Heaven should fill its Thought.

Do not your sober Thoughts perplex,  
By gazing on the Ogling Sex:

Or if Beauty call your Eyes,

Do not on the Object dwell;

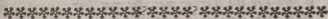
Guard your Heart from the Surprise,

By thinking Iris doth excel.

Above all earthly Things I'd be,

Damon, most belov'd by thee:

And only Heaven must rival me.



O N E a-clock.

Forc'd Entertainment.

**I** Perceive it will be very difficult for you to quit the Temple, without being furrounded with Compliments from People of Ceremony, Friends, and News-mongers, and several of those sorts of Persons, who afflict and busy themselves, and rejoice at a hundred things they have no Interest in; Coquets and Politicians, who make it the Business of their whole Lives, to gather all the News of the Town; adding or diminishing, according to the Stock of their Wit and Invention, and spreading it all abroad to the believing Fools and Gossips;  
and

and perplexing every body with a hundred ridiculous Novels, which they pass off for Wit and Entertainment: Or else some of those Recounters of Adventures that are always telling of Intrigues, and that make a Secret to a hundred People of a thousand foolish things they have heard: Like a certain pert and impertinent Lady of the Town, whose Youth and Beauty being past, set up for Wit, to uphold a feeble Empire over Hearts; and whose Character is this:

The Coquet.

*Milanda, who had never been  
Esteem'd a Beauty at fifteen,  
Always amorous was, and kind:  
To every Swain she lent an Ear;  
Free as Air, but false as Wind;  
Yet none complain'd, she was severe.  
She eas'd more than she made complain;  
Was always singing, pert, and vain.*

*Where-e'er the Throng was, she was seen,  
And swept the Youths along the Green;  
With equal Grace she flatter'd all,  
And fondly proud of all Address;  
Her Smiles invite, her Eyes do call,  
And her vain Heart her Looks confess.  
She rallies this, to that she bow'd,  
Was talking ever, laughing loud.*

*On every side she makes advance,  
And every where a Confidence;  
She tells for Secrets all she knows,  
And all to know she does pretend:  
Beauty in Maids she treats as Foes;  
But every handsome Youth as Friend.  
Scandal still passes off for Truth;  
And Noise and Nonsense, Wit and Youth.*

Coquet



The LOVERS' WATCH. 267

Coquet all o'er, and every part,  
 Yet wanting Beauty, even of Art;  
 Herds with the ugly, and the old;  
 And plays the Critick on the rest:  
 Of Men, the bashful, and the bold;  
 Either, and all, by turns, likes best:  
 Even now, tho' Youth be languish'd, she  
 Sets up for Love and Gallantry.

This sort of Creature, *Damon*, is very dangerous; not that I fear you will squander away a Heart upon her, but your Hours; for, in spite of you, she'll detain you with a thousand Impertinencies, and eternal Tattle. She passes for a judging Wit; and there is nothing so troublesome as such a Pretender. She, perhaps, may get some knowledge of our Correspondence; and then, no doubt, will improve it to my disadvantage. Possibly she may rail at me; that is her fashion by the way of friendly Speaking; and an aukward Commendation, the most effectual way of Defaming and Traducing. Perhaps she tells you, in a cold Tone, that you are a happy Man to be belov'd by me: That *Iris* indeed is handsome, and she wonders she has no more Lovers; but the Men are not of her mind; if they were, you should have more Rivals. She commends my Face, but that I have blue Eyes, and 'tis pity my Complexion is no better: My Shape, but too much inclining to fat. Cries—She would charm infinitely with her Wit, but that she knows too well she is Mistress of it. And concludes,—But all together she is well enough. — Thus she runs on without giving you leave to edge in a word in my defence; and ever and anon crying up her own Conduct and Management: Tells you how she is oppress'd with Lovers, and fatigu'd with Addresses; and recommending her self, at every turn, with a perceivable Cunning: And all the while is jilting you of your good Opinion;

nion; which she would buy at the price of any body's Repose, or her own Fame, tho but for the Vanity of adding to the number of her Lovers. When she sees a new Spark, the first thing she does she enquires into his Estate; if she find it such as may (if the Coxcomb be well manag'd) supply her Vanity, she makes advances to him, and applies her self to all those little Arts she usually makes use of to gain her Fools; and according to his humour dresses and affects her own. But, *Damon*, since I point to no particular Person in this Character, I will not name who you should avoid; but all of this sort, I conjure you, wheresoever you find 'em. But if unlucky Chance throw you in their way, hear all they say, without credit or regard, as far as Decency will suffer you; hear 'em without approving their Foppery; and hear 'em without giving 'em cause to censure you. But 'tis so much lost time to listen to all the Novels this sort of People will perplex you with; whose business is to be idle, and who even tire themselves with their own Impertinencies. And be assur'd after all there is nothing they can tell you that is worth your knowing. And, *Damon*, a perfect Lover never asks any News but of the Maid he loves.

## The Enquiry.

*Damon, if your Love be true*

*To the Heart that you possess,*

*Tell me, what have you to do*

*Where you have no Tenderness?*

*Her Affairs who cares to learn,*

*For whom he has not some Concern?*

*If a Lover fain would know*

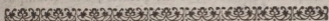
*If the Object lov'd be true,*

*Let*

The LOVER'S WATCH. 269

Let her but industrious be  
To watch his Curiosity;  
Tho ne'er so cold his Questions seem,  
They come from warmer Thoughts within.

When I hear a Swain enquire  
What gay Melinda does to live,  
I conclude there is some Fire  
In a Heart inquisitive;  
Or 'tis, at least, the Bill that's set  
To shew, The Heart is to be let.



TWO a-clock.

Dinner-time.

**L** Eave all those fond Entertainments, or you will disoblige me, and make Dinner wait for you; for my Cupid tells you 'tis that Hour. Love does not pretend to make you lose that; nor is it my Province to order you your Diet. Here I give you a perfect Liberty to do what you please; and possibly, 'tis the only Hour in the whole four and twenty that I will absolutely resign you, or dispense with your even so much as thinking on me. 'Tis true, in seating your self at Table, I would not have you placed over-against a very beautiful Object; for in such a one there are a thousand little Graces in Speaking, Looking, and Laughing, that fail not to charm if one gives way to the Eyes, to gaze and wander that way; in which, perhaps, in spite of you, you will find a Pleasure: And while you do so, though without design or concern, you give the fair Charmer a sort of Vanity in believing you have placed your self there, only for the advantage of looking on her; and she assumes a hundred little Graces and Affectations which are not natural

ral to her, to compleat a Conquest, which she believes so well begun already. She softens her Eyes, and sweetens her Mouth; and in fine, puts on another Air than when she had no design, and when you did not, by your continual looking on her, rouze her Vanity, and encrease her easy Opinion of her own Charms. Perhaps she knows I have some Interest in your Heart, and prides her self, at least, with believing she has attracted the Eyes of my Lover, if not his Heart; and thinks it easy to vanquish the whole, if she pleases; and triumphs over me in her secret Imaginations. Remember, *Damon*, that while you act thus in the Company and Conversation of other Beauties, every Look or Word you give in favour of 'em, is an Indignity to my Reputation; and which you cannot suffer if you love me truly, and with Honour: and assure your self, so much Vanity as you inspire in her, so much Fame you rob me of; for whatever Praises you give another Beauty, so much you take away from mine. Therefore, if you dine in Company, do as others do: Be generally civil, not applying your self by Words or Looks to any particular Person: Be as gay as you please: Talk and laugh with all, for this is not the Hour for Chagrin.

The Permission.

*My Damon, tho I stint your Love,  
I will not stint your Appetite;  
That I would have you still improve,  
By every new and fresh Delight.  
Feast till Apollo hides his Head,  
Or drink th' amorous God to Thetis' Bed.*

*Be like your self: All witty, gay!  
And o'er the Bottle bless the Board;  
The list'ning Round will, all the Day,  
Be charm'd, and pleas'd with every Word.*

The LOVER'S WATCH. 271

*The Venus' Son inspire your Wit,  
'Tis the Selenian God best utters it.*

*Here talk of every thing but me,  
Since ev'ry thing you say with Grace:  
If not dispos'd your Humour be,  
And you'd this Hour in silence pass;  
Since something must the Subject prove  
Of Damon's Thoughts, let it be me and Love.*

*But, Damon, this enfranchis'd Hour,  
No Bounds, or Laws, will I impose;  
But leave it wholly in your pow'r,  
What Humour to refuse or chuse:  
I Rules prescribe, but to your Flame;  
For I, your Mistress, not Physician, am.*

---

THREE a-clock.

*Visits to Friends.*

**D**amon, my Watch is juster than you imagine; it would not have you live retired and solitary, but permits you to go and make Visits. I am not one of those that believe Love and Friendship cannot find a place in one and the same Heart: And that Man would be very unhappy, who, as soon as he had a Mistress, should be obliged to renounce the Society of his Friends. I must confess, I would not that you should have so much Concern for them, as you have for me; for I have heard a sort of a Proverb that says, *He cannot be very fervent in Love, who is not a little cold in Friendship.* You are not ignorant, that when Love establishes himself in a Heart, he reigns a Tyrant there, and will not suffer even Friendship, if it pretend to share his Empire there.

Cupid.

Cupid.

*Love is a God, whose charming Sway  
Both Heaven, and Earth, and Seas obey;  
A Power that will not mingled be  
With any dull Equality.  
Since first from Heaven, which gave him Birth,  
He rul'd the Empire of the Earth;  
Jealous of Sov'reign Pow'r, he rules,  
And will be absolute in Souls.*

I should be very angry if you had any of those Friendships which one ought to desire in a Mistress only; for many times it happens that you have Sentiments a little too tender for those amiable Persons; and many times Love and Friendship are so confounded together, that one cannot easily discern one from the other. I have seen a Man flatter himself with an Opinion, that he had but an Esteem for a Woman, when by some turn of Fortune in her Life, as marrying, or receiving the Addresses of Men, he has found by Spight and Jealousies within, that that was Love, which he before took for Complaisance or Friendship. Therefore have a care, for such Amities are dangerous: Not but that a Lover may have fair and generous Female Friends, whom he ought to visit; and perhaps I should esteem you less, if I did not believe you were valued by such, if I were perfectly assured they were Friends and not Lovers. But have a care you hide not a Mistress under this Veil, or that you gain not a Lover by this Pretence: For you may begin with Friendship, and end with Love; and I should be equally afflicted should you give it or receive it. And though you charge our Sex with all the Vanity, yet I often find Nature to have given you as large a Portion of that common Crime which you would shuffle off, as ashamed to own; and are as fond and

vain

vain of the Imagination of a Conquest, as any Coquet of us all; though at the same time you despise the Victim, you think it adds a Trophy to your Eame. And I have seen a Man dress, and trick, and adjust his Looks and Mein, to make a Visit to a Woman he lov'd not, nor ever could love, as for those he made to his Mistrefs; and only for the Vanity of making a Conquest upon a Heart, even unworthy of the little Pains he has taken about it. And what is this but buying Vanity at the expence of Ease; and with Fatigue to purchase the Name of a conceited Fop, besides that of a dishonest Man? For he who takes pains to make himself beloved, only to please his curious Humour, tho he should say nothing that tends to it, more than by his Looks, his Sighs, and now and then breaking into Praises and Commendations of the Object, by the care he takes, to appear well drest before her and in good order; he lyes in his Looks, he deceives with his Mein and Fashion, and cheats with every Motion, and every Grace he puts on: He cozens when he sings or dances; he dissembles when he sighs; and every thing he does, that wilfully gains upon her, is Malice propense, Baseness, and Art below a Man of Sense or Vertue: and yet these Arts, these Cozenages, are the common Practices of the Town. What's this but that damnable Vice, of which they so reproach our Sex; that of jilting for Hearts? And 'tis in vain that my Lover, after such foul play, shall think to appease me, with saying, *He did it to try how easy he could conquer, and of how great force his Charms were: And why should I be angry if all the Town loved him, since he loved none but Iris?* Oh foolish Pleasure! How little Sense goes to the making of such a Happiness! And how little Love must he have for one particular Person, who would wish to inspire it into all the World, and yet himself pretend to be insensible! But this, *Damon*, is rather

T

what

what is but too much practis'd by your Sex, than any Guilt I charge on you: tho' Vanity be an Ingredient that Nature very seldom omits in the Composition of either Sex; and you may be allowed a Tincture of it at least. And, perhaps, I am not wholly exempt from this Leven in my Nature, but accuse my self sometimes of finding a secret Joy of being ador'd, tho' I even hate my Worshipper. But if any such Pleasure touch my Heart, I find it at the same time blushing in my Cheeks with a guilty Shame, which soon checks the petty Triumph, and I have a Vertue at soberer Thoughts that I find surmounts my Weakness and Indiscretion; and I hope *Damon* finds the same: For, should he have any of those Attachments, I should have no pity for him.

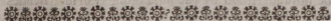
## The Example.

*Damon, if you'd have me true,  
Be you my Precedent and Guide:  
Example sooner we pursue,  
Than the dull Dictates of our Pride.  
Precepts of Vertue are too weak an Aim;  
'Tis Demonstration that can best reclaim.*

*Shew me the Path you'd have me go;  
With such a Guide, I cannot stray:  
What you approve, whate'er you do,  
It is but just I bend the way.  
If true, my Honour favours your Design;  
If false, Revenge is the result of mine.*

*A Lover true, a Maid sincere,  
Are to be priz'd as things divine:  
'Tis Justice makes the Blessing dear,  
Justice of Love without Design.  
And she that reigns not in a Heart alone,  
Is never safe, or easy, on her Throne.*





FOUR a-clock.

*General Conversation.*

**I**N this Visiting-Hour, many People will happen to meet at one and the same time together, in a place: And as you make not Visits to Friends, to be silent, you ought to enter into Conversation with 'em; but those Conversations ought to be general, and of general things: for there is no necessity of making your Friend the Confident of your Amours. 'Twould infinitely displease me, to hear you have reveal'd to them all that I have repos'd in you; tho' Secrets ever so trivial, yet since utter'd between Lovers, they deserve to be priz'd at a higher rate: For what can shew a Heart more indifferent and indiscreet, than to declare in any fashion, or with mirth, or joy, the tender things a Mistress says to a Lover; and which possibly, related at second hand, bear not the same Sense, because they have not the same Sound and Air they had originally, when they came from the soft Heart of her, who sigh'd 'em first to her lavish Lover? Perhaps they are told again with mirth, or joy, unbecoming their Character and Business; and then they lose their Graces: (for Love is the most solemn thing in nature, and the most unsuited with Gaiety.) Perhaps the soft Expressions suit not so well the harsher Voice of the masculine Lover, whose Accents were not form'd for so much Tendernefs; at least, not of that sort: for Words that have the same Meaning, are alter'd from their Sense by the least tone or accent of the Voice; and those proper and fitted to my Soul, are not possibly so to yours, tho' both have the same Efficacy upon us; yours upon my Heart, as mine upon yours: and both will



*Listening to every valu'd Word;  
 And in my Soul the sacred Treasure board:  
 There like some Mystery Divine,  
 The wondrous Knowledge I'll enshrine.  
 Love can his Joys no longer call his own,  
 Than the dear Secret's kept unknown.*

There is nothing more true than those two last Lines; and that Love ceases to be a Pleasure, when it ceases to be a Secret, and one you ought to keep sacred: For the World, which never makes a right Judgment of things, will misinterpret Love, as they do Religion; every one judging it, according to the Notion he hath of it, or the Talent of his Sense. Love, (as a great Duke said) *is like Apparitions; every one talks of them, but few have seen 'em*: Every body thinks himself capable of understanding Love, and that he is a Master in the Art of it; when there is nothing so nice, or difficult, to be rightly comprehended; and indeed cannot be, but to a Soul very delicate. Nor will he make himself known to the Vulgar: There must be an uncommon Fineness in the Mind, that contains him; the rest he only visits in as many Disguises as there are Dispositions and Natures; where he makes but a short stay, and is gone. He can fit himself to all Hearts, being the greatest Flatterer in the World: And he possesses every one with a Confidence, that they are in the number of his Elect; and they think they know him perfectly, when nothing but the Spirits refined possess him in his Excellency. From this difference of Love, in different Souls, proceed those odd fantastick Maxims, which so many hold of so different kinds: And this makes the most innocent Pleasures pass oftentimes for Crimes, with the unjudging Croud, who call themselves Lovers: And you will have your Passion censur'd by as many as you shall discover it to, and as many several

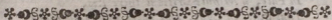
T 3

ways.

ways. I advise you therefore, *Damon*, to make no Confidents of your Amours; and believe, that Silence has, with me, the most powerful Charm.

'Tis also in these Conversations, that those indiscreetly civil Persons often are, who think to oblige a good Man, by letting him know he is lov'd by some one or other; and making him understand how many good Qualities he is Master of, to render him agreeable to the Fair Sex, if he would but advance where Love and good Fortune call; and that a too constant Lover loses a great part of his time, which might be manag'd to more advantage, since Youth hath so short a Race to run: This, and a thousand the like indecent Complaisances, give him a Vanity that suits not with that Discretion, which has hitherto acquir'd him so good a Reputation. I would not have you, *Damon*, act on these occasions as many of the easy Sparks have done before you, who receive such Weakness and Flattery for Truth; and passing it off with a Smile, suffer 'em to advance in Folly, 'till they have gain'd a Credit with 'em, and they believe all they hear; telling 'em they do so, by consenting Gestures, Silence, or open Approbation. For my part, I should not condemn a Lover that should answer a sort of civil Brokers for Love, somewhat briskly; and by giving 'em to understand they are already engag'd, or directing 'em to Fools, that will possibly hearken to 'em, and credit such Stuff, shame 'em out of a Folly so infamous and disingenious. In such a Case only I am willing you should own your Passion; not that you need tell the Object which has charm'd you: And you may say, you are already a Lover, without saying you are lov'd. For so long as you appear to have a Heart unengag'd, you are expos'd to all the little Arts and Addresses of this sort of obliging Procurers of Love, and give way to the hope they have of making

king you their Profelyte. For your own Reputation then, and my Ease and Honour, shun such Conversations; for they are neither creditable to you, nor pleasing to me: And believe me, *Damon*, a true Lover has no Curiosity, but what concerns his Mistress.



FIVE a-clock.

*Dangerous Visits.*

**I** Foresee, or fear, that these busy impertinent Friends will oblige you to visit some Ladies of their Acquaintance, or yours; my *Watch* does not forbid you. Yet I must tell you, I apprehend Danger in such Visits; and I fear, you will have need of all your Care and Precaution, in these Encounters, that you may give me no cause to suspect you. Perhaps you will argue, that Civility obliges you to it. If I were assur'd there would no other Design be carried on, I should believe it were to advance an amorous Prudence too far, to forbid you. Only keep your self upon your guard; for the Business of most part of the Fair Sex, is, to seek only the Conquest of Hearts: All their Civilities are but so many Interests; and they do nothing without design. And in such Conversations there is always a *Je ne sçay quoy*, that is fear'd, especially when Beauty is accompanied with Youth and Gaiety; and which they assume upon all occasions that may serve their turn. And I confess, 'tis not an easy matter to be just in these Hours and Conversations: The most certain way of being so, is to imagine I read all your Thoughts, observe all your Looks, and hear all your Words.

## The Caution.

*My Damon, if your Heart be kind,  
Do not too long with Beauty stay;  
For there are certain Moments, when the Mind  
Is hurry'd by the Force of Charms away.  
In Fate, a Minute Critical there lies,  
That waits on Love, and takes you by Surprize.*

*A Lover pleas'd with Constancy,  
Lives still as if the Maid he lov'd were by:  
As if his Actions were in view;  
As if his Steps she did pursue:  
Or that his very Soul she knew.  
Take heed; for tho I am not present there,  
My Love, my Genius, waits you every where.*

I am very much pleas'd with the Remedy, you say, you make use of to defend your self from the Attacks that Beauty gives your Heart; which in one of your Billets, you said was this, or to this purpose:

## The Charm for Constancy.

*Iris, to keep my Soul entire and true,  
It thinks, each Moment of the Day, on you.  
And when a charming Face I see,  
That does all other Eyes incline,  
It has no Influence on me:  
I think it ev'n deform'd to thine.  
My Eyes, my Soul, and Sense, regardless move  
To all, but the dear Object of my Love.*

But, Damon, I know all Lovers are naturally Flatterers, though they do not think so themselves; because every one makes a Sense of Beauty according to his own Fancy. But perhaps you will say in your own defence, That 'tis not Flattery to say an unbeautiful Woman is beautiful, if he that says so believes

believes she is so. I should be content to acquit you of the first, provided you allow me the last: And if I appear charming in *Damon's* eyes, I am not fond of the Approbation of any other. 'Tis enough the World thinks me not altogether disagreeable, to justify his Choice; but let your good Opinion give what Increase it pleases to my Beauty, though your Approbation give me a Pleasure, it shall not a Vanity; and I am contented that *Damon* should think me a Beauty, without my believing I am one. 'Tis not to draw new Assurances, and new Vows from you, that I speak this; tho Tales of Love are the only ones we desire to hear often told, and which never tire the Hearers if address'd to themselves: But 'tis not to this end I now seem to doubt what you say to my advantage: No, my Heart knows no disguise, nor can dissemble one Thought of it to *Damon*; 'tis all sincere, and honest as his Wish: 'Tis therefore it tells you, it does not credit every thing you say; though I believe you say abundance of Truths in a great part of my Character. But when you advance to that, which my own Sense, my Judgment, or my Glass cannot persuade me to believe; you must give me leave either to believe you think me vain enough to credit you, or pleas'd that your Sentiments and mine are differing in this point. But I doubt I may rather reply in some Verses, a Friend of yours and mine sent to a Person she thought had but indifferent Sentiments for her; yet, who nevertheless flatter'd her, because he imagin'd she had a very great Esteem for him. She is a Woman that, you know, naturally hates Flattery: On the other side, she was extremely dissatisfy'd, and uneasy at his Opinion, of his being more in her favour than she desir'd he should believe. So that one Night having left her full of Pride and Anger, she next Morning sent him these Verses, instead of a *Billet-doux*.

The

*The Defiance.*

*By Heaven 'tis false, I am not vain ;  
And rather would the Subject be  
Of your Indifference, or Disdain,  
Than Wit or Raillery.*

*Take back the trifling Praise you give,  
And pass it on some easier Fool,  
Who may the injuring Wit believe,  
That turns her into Ridicule.*

*Tell her, she's witty, fair and gay,  
With all the Charms that can subdue :  
Perhaps she'll credit what you say ;  
But curse me if I do.*

*If your Diversion you design,  
On my Good-nature you have prest :  
Or if you do intend it mine,  
You have mistook the Jest.*

*Philander, fly that guilty Art :  
Your charming facile Wit will find,  
It cannot play on any Heart,  
That is sincere and kind.*

*For Wit with Softness to reside,  
Good-nature is with Pity stor'd ;  
But Flatt'ry's the Result of Pride,  
And fawns to be ador'd.*

*Nay, even when you smile and bow,  
'Tis to be render'd more compleat :  
Your Wit, with ev'ry Grace you shew,  
Is but a popular Cheat.*

*Laugh on, and call me Coxcomb—do ;  
And, your Opinion to improve,  
Think, all you think of me, is true ;  
And to confirm it, swear I love.*

*Then,*



The LOVERS WATCH. 283

*Then, while you wreck my Soul with Pain,*

*And of a cruel Conquest boast,*

*'Tis you, Philander, that are vain,*

*And witty at my cost.*

Possibly, the angry *Aminta*, when she writ these Verses, was more offended, that he believed himself below'd, than that he flatter'd; tho she wou'd seem to make that a great part of the Quarrel, and Cause of her Resentment; For we are often in a humour to seem more modest in that point, than naturally we are; being too apt to have a favourable Opinion of our selves: And 'tis rather the Effects of a Fear that we are flatter'd, than our own ill Opinion of the Beauty flatter'd; and that the Praiser does not think so well of it, as we do our selves, or at least we wish he should. Not but there are Grains of Allowance for the Temper of him that speaks: One Man's Humour is to talk much; and he may be permitted to enlarge upon the Praise he gives the Person he pretends to, without being accus'd of much Guilt. Another hates to be wordy; from such an one, I have known one soft Expression, one tender thing, go as far as whole days everlasting Protestations, urged with Vows, and mighty Eloquence. And both the one and the other, indeed, must be allow'd in good manners, to stretch the Compliment beyond the bounds of nice Truth; and we must not wonder to hear a Man call a Woman a Beauty, when she is not ugly; or another a great Wit, if she have but common Sense above the Vulgar; well bred, when well drest; and good-natur'd, when civil. And as I should be very ridiculous, if I took all you said for absolute Truth; so I should be very unjust, not to allow you very sincere in almost all you said besides: and those things, the most material to Love, Honour, and  
Friendship.

Friendship. And for the rest (*Damon*) be it true or false, this believe, you speak with such a Grace, that I cannot chuse but credit you; and find an infinite Pleasure in that Faith, because I love you: And if I cannot find the Cheat, I am contented you should deceive me on, because you do it so agreeably.

SIX a-clock.

*Walk without Design.*

**Y**OU yet have time to walk; and my Watch forefaw you cou'd not refuse your Friends. You must to the Park, or to the Mall; for the Season is fair and inviting, and all the young Beauties love those Places too well, not to be there. 'Tis there that a thousand Intrigues are carry'd on, and as many more design'd: 'Tis there that every one is set out for Conquest; and who aim at nothing less than Hearts. Guard yours well, my *Damon*; and be not always admiring what you see. Do not, in passing by, sigh them silent Praises. Suffer not so much as a guilty Wish to approach your Thoughts, nor a heedful Glance to steal from your fine Eyes: Those are Regards you ought only to have for her you love. But oh! above all, have a care of what you say: You are not reproachable, if you should remain silent all the time of your Walk; nor would those that know you believe it the Effects of Dullness, but Melancholy. And if any of your Friends ask you, Why you are so? I will give you leave to sigh, and say——

The

The LOVER'S WATCH. [285

The Mal-Content.

Ab! wonder not, if I appear  
Regardless of the Pleasures here;  
Or that my Thoughts are thus confin'd  
To the just Limits of my Mind.  
My Eyes take no delight to rove  
O'er all the smiling Charmers of the Grove,  
Since she is absent whom they love.

Ask me not, Why the flow'ry Spring,  
Or the gay little Birds that sing,  
Or the young Streams no more delight,  
Or Shades, and Arbours can't invite?  
Why the soft Murmurs of the Wind,  
Within the thick-grown Grove's confin'd?  
No more my Soul transport, or cheer;  
Since all that's charming——Iris is not here;  
Nothing seems glorious, nothing fair.

Then suffer me to wander thus,  
With down-cast Eyes, and Arms a-cross  
Let Beauty unregarded go;  
The Trees and Flowers unheeded strow.  
Let purling Streams neglected glide;  
With all the Spring's adorning Pride.  
'Tis Iris only Soul can give  
To the dull Shades, and Plains, and make 'em thrive;  
Nature and my last Joys retrieve.

I do not, for all this, wholly confine your Eyes :  
you may look indifferently on all, but with a particular regard on none. You may praise all the Beauties in general, but no single one too much. I will not exact from you neither an intire Silence : There are a thousand Civilitiés you ought to pay to all your Friends and Acquaintance; and while I caution you of Actions, that may get you the Reputation of a Lover of some of the Fair that  
haunt

haunt those Places, I would not have you, by an unnecessary and uncomplaisant Sullenness, gain that of a Person too negligent or morose. I would have you remiss in no one Punctilio of good Manners. I would have you very just, and pay all you owe; but in these Affairs, be not over-generous, and give away too much. In fine, you may look, speak and walk; but (*Damon*) do it all without design: And while you do so, remember that *Iris* sent you this Advice.

The Warning.

*Take heed, my Damon, in the Grove,  
Where Beauties, with design, do walk;  
Take heed, my Damon, how you look and talk;  
For there are Ambuscades of Love.  
The very Winds that softly blow  
Will help betray your easy Heart;  
And all the Flowers that blushing grow,  
The Shades about, and Rivulets below  
Will take the Victor's part.*

*Remember, Damon, all my Safety lies  
In the just Conduct of your Eyes.  
The Heart, by Nature, good and brave,  
Is to those treacherous Guards, a Slave.  
If they let in the fair destructive Foe,  
Scarce Honour can defend her noble Seat:  
Ev'n she will be corrupted too,  
Or driv'n to a Retreat.  
The Soul is but the Cully to the Sight,  
And must be pleas'd in what that takes delight.*

Therefore, examine your self well; and conduct your Eyes, during this Walk, like a Lover that seeks nothing: And do not stay too long in these Places.

SEVEN a-clock.

*Voluntary Retreat.*

**T**IS time to be weary, 'tis Night : Take leave of your Friends, and retire home. 'Tis in this Retreat, that you ought to recollect in your Thoughts all the Actions of the Day ; and all those things that you ought to give me an account of, in your Letter : You cannot hide the least Secret from me, without Treason against sacred Love. For all the World agrees that Confidence is one of the greatest Proofs of the Passion of Love ; and that Lover who refuses this Confidence to the Person he loves, is to be suspected to love but very indifferently, and to think very poorly of the Sense and Generosity of his Mistress. But, that you may acquit your self like a Man, and a Lover of Honour, and leave me no doubt upon my Soul ; think of all you have done this day, that I may have all the Story of it in your next Letter to me : but deal faithfully, and neither add nor diminish in your Relation ; the Truth and Sincerity of your Confession will atone even for little Faults that you shall commit against me, in some of those things you shall tell me. For if you have fail'd in any Point or Circumstance of Love, I had much rather hear it from you than another : for 'tis a sort of Repentance to accuse your self ; and would be a Crime unpardonable, if you suffer me to hear it from any other : And be assur'd, while you confess it, I shall be indulgent enough to forgive you. The noblest Quality of Man, is Sincerity ; and (*Damon*) one ought to have as much of it in Love, as in any other Business of one's Life, notwithstanding the most part of Men make no account of it there ;  
but

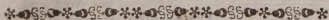
but will believe there ought to be Double-dealing,  
and an Art practis'd in Love as well as in War.  
But, Oh! beware of that Notion.

## Sincerity.

*Sincerity! thou greatest Good!  
Thou Vertue which so many boast!  
And art so nicely understood!  
And often in the searching lost!  
For when we do approach thee near,  
The fine Idea fram'd of thee,  
Appears not now so charming fair  
As the most useful Flattery.  
Thou hast no Glitt'ring to invite;  
Nor tak'st the Lover at first sight.*

*The modest Vertue shuns the Croud,  
And lives, like Vestals, in a Cell;  
In Cities 'twill not be allow'd,  
Nor takes delight in Courts to dwell:  
'Tis Nonsense with the Man of Wit;  
And ev'n a Scandal to the Great:  
For all the Young, and Fair, unfit;  
And scorn'd by wiser Fops of State.  
A Vertue yet was never known  
To the false Trader, or the falser Gown.*

*And (Damon) tho thy noble Blood  
Be most illustrious, and refined;  
Tho ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Good,  
Adorn thy Person and thy Mind:  
Yet, if this Vertue shine not there;  
This God-like Vertue which alone,  
Wer't thou less witty, brave, or fair,  
Wou'd for all these, less priz'd, atone:  
My tender Folly I'd controul,  
And scorn the Conquest of thy Soul.*



EIGHT a-clock.

*Impatient Demands.*

AFTER you have sufficiently collected your self of all the past Actions of the Day, call your Page into your Cabinet, or him whom you trusted with your last Letter to me; where you ought to enquire of him a thousand things, and all of me. Ask impatiently, and be angry if he answers not your Curiosity soon enough: Think that he has a dreaming in his Voice, in these moments more than at other times; and reproach him with Dulness: For 'tis most certain that when one loves tenderly, we would know in a minute, what cannot be related in an hour. Ask him, How I did? How I receiv'd his Letter? And if he examined the Air of my Face, when I took it? If I blush'd or looked pale? If my Hand trembled, or I spoke to him with short interrupting Sighs? If I asked him any Questions about you, while I was opening the Seal? Or if I could not well speak, and was silent? If I read it attentively, and with Joy? And all this, before you open the Answer I have sent you by him: which, because you are impatient to read, you, with the more haste and earnestness, demand all you expect from him; and that you may the better know what Humour I was in, when I writ that to you: For, Oh! a Lover has a thousand little Fears, and Dreads, he knows not why. In fine, make him recount to you all that past, while he was with me; and then you ought to read that which I have sent, that you may inform your self of all that passes in my Heart: for you may assure your self, all that I say to you that way, proceeds from thence.

U The

## The Assurance.

How shall a Lover come to know,  
 Whether he's belov'd or no?  
 What dear things must she impart,  
 To assure him of her Heart?  
 Is it, when her Blushes rise;  
 And she languish in her Eyes;  
 Tremble when he does approach;  
 Look pale, and faint at ev'ry Touch?

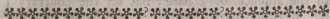
Is it, when a thousand ways  
 She does his Wit and Beauty praise;  
 Or she venture to explain,  
 In less moving Words, a Pain;  
 Tho' so indiscreet she grows,  
 To confirm it with her Vows?

These some short-liv'd Passion moves,  
 While the Object's by, she loves;  
 While the gay and sudden Fire  
 Kindles by some fond Desire:  
 And a Coldness will ensue,  
 When the Lover's out of view.  
 Then she reflects with Scandal, o'er  
 The easy Scene that past before:  
 Then, with Blushes, would recall  
 The unconfid'ring Criminal;  
 In which, a thousand Faults she'll find,  
 And chide the Errours of her Mind.  
 Such sickle weight is found in Words,  
 As no substantial Faith affords:  
 Deceiv'd and baffl'd all may be,  
 Who trust that frail Security.

But a well-digested Flame,  
 That will always be the same;  
 And that does, from Merit grow,  
 Established by our Reason too;



By a better way will prove,  
 'Tis th' unerring Fire of Love.  
 Lasting Records it will give:  
 And, that all she says may live;  
 Sacred and authentick stand,  
 Her Heart confirms it by her Hand.  
 If this, a Maid, well born, allow;  
 Damon, believe her just and true.



NINE a-clock.

*Melancholy Reflections.*

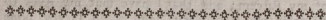
**Y**OU will not have much trouble to explain what my Watch designs here. There can be no Thought more afflicting, than that of the Absence of a Mistress; and which the Sighings of the Heart will soon make you find. Ten thousand Fears oppress him; he is jealous of every body, and envies those Eyes and Ears that are charmed by being near the Object ador'd. He grows impatient and makes a thousand Resolutions, and as soon abandons 'em all. He gives himself wholly up to the Torment of Uncertainty; and by degrees, from one cruel Thought to another, winds himself up to insupportable Chagrin. Take this Hour then, to think on your Misfortunes, which cannot be small to a Soul that is wholly sensible of Love. And every one knows, that a Lover, deprived of the Object of his Heart, is deprived of all the World, and inconsolable: For tho' one wishes without ceasing for the dear Charmer one loves, and tho' you speak of her every minute; tho' you are writing to her every day, and tho' you are infinitely pleas'd with the dear and tender Answers; yet, to speak sincerely, it must be confessed, that the Felicity of a true Lover is to be always near his Mistress. And you may tell

me, O *Damon*! what you please; and say that Absence inspires the Flame, which perpetual Presence would satiate: I love too well to be of that mind, and when I am, I shall believe my Passion is declining. I know not whether it advances your Love; but surely it must ruin your Repose: And it is impossible to be, at once, an absent Lover, and happy too. For my part, I can meet with nothing that can please in the absence of *Damon*; but on the contrary I see all things with disgust. I will flatter my self, that 'tis so with you; and that the least Evils appear great Misfortunes; and that all those who speak to you of any thing but of what you love, increase your Pain, by a new remembrance of her Absence. I will believe that these are your Sentiments, when you are assur'd not to see me in some weeks; and, if your Heart do not betray your Words, all those days will be tedious to you. I would not, however, have your Melancholy too extreme; and to lessen it, you may persuade your self, that I partake it with you: for, I remember, in your last you told me, you would wish we should be both griev'd at the same time, and both at the same time pleas'd; and I believe I love too well not to obey you.

Love secur'd.

*Love, of all Joys, the sweetest is,*  
*The most substantial Happiness;*  
*The softest Blessing Life can crave*  
*The noblest Passion Souls can have.*  
*Yet, if no Interruption were,*  
*No Difficulties came between,*  
*'Twould not be render'd half so dear:*  
*The Sky is gayest when small Clouds are seen.*  
*The sweetest Flower, the blushing Rose,*  
*Amidst the Thorns securest grows.*

If Love were one continu'd Joy,  
 How soon the Happiness would cloy!  
 The wiser God did this foresee;  
 And to preserve the Bliss entire,  
 Mixed it with Doubt and Jealousy,  
 Those necessary Fuels to the Fire;  
 Sustained the fleeting Pleasures with new Fears;  
 With little Quarrels, Sighs, and Tears;  
 With Absence that tormenting Smart,  
 That makes a Minute seem a Day,  
 A Day a Year, to the impatient Heart,  
 That languishes in the delay,  
 But cannot sigh the tender Pain away;  
 That still returns, and with a greater Force,  
 Thro ev'ry Vein it takes its grateful Course.  
 But whatsoe'er the Lover does sustain,  
 Tho he still sigh, complain, and fear;  
 It cannot be a mortal Pain,  
 When Two do the Affliction bear.



TEN a-clock.

Reflections.

**A**FTER the afflicting Thoughts of my Absence, make some Reflections on your Happiness. Think it a Blessing, to be permitted to love me: Think it so, because I permit it to you alone; and never could be drawn to allow it any other. The first thing you ought to consider, is, that at length I have suffer'd my self to be overcome, to quit that Nicety that is natural to me, and receive your Addresses; nay, thought 'em agreeable: and that I have at last confess'd, the Present of your Heart is very dear to me. 'Tis true, I did not accept of it the first time it was offer'd me, nor before you had told me a thousand times, that you

could not escape expiring, if I did not give you leave to sigh for me, and gaze upon me; and that there was an absolute necessity for me, either to give you leave to love, or die. And all those Rigours my Severity has made you suffer, ought now to be recounted to your Memory, as Subjects of Pleasure; and you ought to esteem and judge of the Price of my Affections by the Difficulties you found in being able to touch my Heart: Not but you have Charms that can conquer at first sight; and you ought not to have valu'd me less, if I had been more easily gain'd: But 'tis enough to please you, to think and know I am gain'd; no matter when or how. When, after a thousand Cares and Inquietudes, that which we wish for succeeds to our Desires, the remembrance of those Pains and Pleasures we encounter'd, in arriving at it, gives us a new Joy.

Remember also, *Damon*, that I have preferred you before all those that have been thought worthy of my Esteem; and that I have shut my Eyes to all their pleading Merits, and could survey none but yours.

Consider then, that you had not only the Happiness to please me, but that you only found out the way of doing it, and I had the Goodness at last to tell you so, contrary to all the Delicacy and Niceness of my Soul, contrary to my Prudence, and all those Scruples, you know, are natural to my Humour.

My Tenderness proceeded further, and I gave you innocent Marks of my new-born Passion, on all occasions that presented themselves: For, after that, from my Eyes and Tongue you knew the Sentiments of my Heart; I confirm'd that Truth to you by my Letters. Confess, *Damon*, that if you make these Reflections, you will not pass this Hour very disagreeably.

Beginning Love.

*As free as wanton Winds I liv'd,  
That unconcern'd do play:  
No broken Faith, no Fate I griev'd;  
No Fortune gave me Joy.  
A dull Content crown'd all my Hours,  
My Heart no Sighs oppress;  
I call'd in vain on no deaf Pow'rs,  
To ease a tortur'd Breast.*

*The sighing Swains regardless pin'd,  
And strove in vain to please:  
With pain I civilly was kind,  
But could afford no Ease.  
Tho' Wit and Beauty did abound,  
The Charm was wanting still,  
That could inspire the tender Wound,  
Or bend my careless Will.*

*Till in my Heart a kindling Flame,  
Your softer Sighs had blown;  
Which I, with striving, Love and Shame,  
Too sensibly did own.  
Whate'er the God before cou'd plead;  
Whate'er the Youth's Desert;  
The feeble Siege in vain was laid  
Against my stubborn Heart.*

*At first my Sighs and Blushes spoke,  
Just when your Sighs would rise;  
And when you gaz'd, I wish'd to look,  
But durst not meet your Eyes.  
Ierembled when my Hand you press'd;  
Nor cou'd my Guilt controul,  
But Love prevail'd, and I confess'd  
The Secrets of my Soul.*

And when, upon the giving part,  
 My Present to avow,  
 By all the ways confirm'd my Heart,  
 That Honour wou'd allow;  
 Too mean was all that I cou'd say,  
 Too poorly understood:  
 I gave my Soul the noblest way,  
 My Letters made it good.

You may believe I did not easily, nor suddenly, bring my Heart to this Condescension; but I lov'd, and all things in *Damon* were capable of making me resolve so to do. I could not think it a Crime, where every Grace, and every Vertue justified my Choice: And when once one is assured of this, we find not much difficulty in owning that Passion which will so well commend one's Judgment; and there is no Obstacle that Love does not surmount. I confess'd my Weakness a thousand ways, before I told it you; and I remember all those things with pleasure, but yet I remember 'em also with shame.

---

ELEVEN a-clock.

*Supper.*

**I** Will believe, *Damon*, that you have been so well entertain'd, during this Hour, and have found so much Sweetness in these Thoughts, that if one did not tell you that Supper waits, you would lose your self in Reflections so pleasing, many more Minutes. But you must go where you are expected; perhaps, among the fair, the young, the gay; but do not abandon your Heart to too much Joy, tho you have so much reason to be contented: but the greatest Pleasures are always imperfect,

imperfect, if the Object belov'd do not partake of it. For this reason be chearful and merry with reserve: Do not talk too much, I know you do not love it; and if you do it, 'twill be the effect of too much Complaisance, or with some design of pleasing too well: for you know your own charming Power, and how agreeable your Wit and Conversation is to all the World. Remember, I am covetous of every Word you speak, that is not address'd to me, and envy the happy Listener, if I am not by. And I may reply to you as *Aminta* did to *Philander*, when he charged her of loving a Talker: and because, perhaps, you have not heard it, I will, to divert you, send it to you; and at the same time assure you, *Damon*, that your more noble Quality, of speaking little, has reduc'd me to a perfect Abhorrence of those wordy Sparks, that value themselves upon their ready and much talking upon every trivial Subject, and who have so good an Opinion of their Talent that way, they will let no body edge in a word, or a reply; but will make all the Conversation themselves, that they may pass for very entertaining Persons, and pure Company. But the Verses—

The Reformation.

*Philander, since you'll have it so,  
I grant, I was impertinent;  
And, 'till this moment, did not know,  
Through all my Life what 'twas I meant.  
Your kind Opinion was the flattering Glass,  
In which my Mind found how deform'd it was.*

*In your clear Sense, which knows no Art,  
I saw the Errors of my Soul;  
And all the Foibles of my Heart,  
With one Reflection you controul.*

*Kind*

*Kind as a God, and gently you chastise:  
By what you hate, you teach me to be wise.*

*Impertinence, my Sex's shame,  
That has so long my Life pursu'd,  
You with such Modesty reclaim,  
As all the Women has subdu'd.  
To so Divine a Power what must I owe,  
That renders me so like the perfect You?*

*That conversable Thing I hate  
Already, with a just Disdain,  
That prides himself upon his prate,  
And is, of Words, that Nonsense, vain:  
When in your few appears such Excellence,  
As have reproach'd, and charm'd me into Sense.*

*For ever may I list'ning sit,  
Tho' but each Hour a Word be born;  
I would attend thy coming Wit,  
And bless what can so well inform.  
Let the dull World henceforth to Words be damn'd;  
I'm into nobler Sense than Talking sham'd.*

I believe you are so good a Lover, as to be of my Opinion; and that you will neither force your self against Nature, nor find much occasion to lavish out those excellent things that must proceed from you, whenever you speak. If all Women were like me, I should have more reason to fear your Silence than your Talk; for you have a thousand ways to charm without speaking, and those which to me shew a great deal more Concern. But, *Damon*, you know, the greatest part of my Sex judge the fine Gentleman by the Volubility of his Tongue, by his Dexterity in Repartee, and cry—*Oh! he never wants fine things to say: He's eternally talking the most surprizing things.* But, *Damon*, you are well assur'd, I hope, that *Iris* is none of these *Coquets*; at least,  
if



if she had any spark of it once in her Nature, she is by the excellency of your contrary Temper taught to know, and scorn the Folly: And take heed your Conduct never give me cause to suspect you have deceiv'd me in your Temper.

T W E L V E a-clock.

*Complaisance.*

N Evertheless, *Damon*, Civility requires a little Complaisance after Supper; and I am assur'd, you can never want that, though I confess, you are not accus'd of too general a Complaisance, and do not often make use of it to those Persons you have an Indifference for; tho one is not the less esteemable for having more of this than one ought; and though an excess of it be a Fault, 'tis a very excusable one. Have therefore some for those with whom you are: You may laugh with 'em, drink with 'em, dance or sing with 'em; yet think of me. You may discourse of a thousand indifferent things with 'em, and at the same time still think of me. If the Subject be any beautiful Lady, whom they praise, either for her Person, Wit, or Virtue, you may apply it to me: And if you dare not say it aloud, at least, let your Heart answer in this Language:

*Yes, the fair Object, whom you praise,  
Can give us Love a thousand ways;  
Her Wit and Beauty charming are;  
But still my Iris is more fair.*

No body ever spoke before me of a faithful Lover, but I still sigh'd, and thought of *Damon*:  
And ever when they tell me Tales of Love, any  
soft

soft pleasing Intercourses of an Amour; Oh! with what Pleasures do I listen! and with Pleasure answer 'em, either with my Eyes, or Tongue——

*That Lover may his Silvia warm,  
But cannot, like my Damon, charm.*

If I have not all these excellent Qualities you meet with in those beautiful People, I am however very glad that Love prepossesses your Heart to my advantage: And I need not tell you, *Damon*, that a true Lover ought to persuade himself, that all other Objects ought to give place to her, for whom his Heart sighs—— But see, my *Cupid* tells you 'tis One a-clock, and that you ought not to be longer from your Apartment; where, while you are undressing, I will give you leave to say to your self——

The Regret.

*Alas! and must the Sun decline  
Before it have inform'd my Eyes  
Of all that's glorious, all that's fine,  
Of all I sigh for, all I prize?  
How joyful were those happy Days,  
When Iris spread her charming Rays,  
Did my unwearied Heart inspire,  
With never-ceasing awful Fire,  
And e'ry Minute gave me new Desire!  
But now, alas! all dead and pale,  
Like Flow'rs that wither in the Shade;  
Where no kind Sun-beams can prevail,  
To raise its cold and fading Head,  
I sink into my uselefs Bed.  
I grasp the senseless Pillow as I lie;  
A thousand times, in vain, I sighing cry,  
Ah! wou'd to Heaven my Iris were as nigh.*

O N E a-clock.

*Impossibility to sleep.*

**Y**OU have been up long enough; and *Cupid*, who takes care of your Health, tells you, 'tis time for you to go to Bed. Perhaps you may not sleep as soon as you are laid, and possibly you may pass an Hour in Bed, before you shut your Eyes. In this impossibility of sleeping, I think it very proper for you to imagine what I am doing where I am. Let your Fancy take a little Journey then, invisible, to observe my Actions and my Conduct. You will find me sitting alone in my Cabinet (for I am one that do not love to go to Bed early) and will find me very uneasy and pensive, pleas'd with none of those things that so well entertain others. I shun all Conversation, as far as Civility will allow, and find no Satisfaction like being alone, where my Soul may, without interruption, converse with *Damon*. I sigh, and sometimes you will see my Cheeks wet with Tears, that insensibly glide down at a thousand Thoughts that present themselves soft and afflicting. I partake of all your Inquietude. On other things I think with indifference, if ever my Thoughts do stray from the more agreeable Object. I find, however, a little Sweetness in this Thought, that, during my Absence, your Heart thinks of me, when mine sighs for you. Perhaps I am mistaken, and that at the same time that you are the Entertainment of all my Thoughts, I am no more in yours; and perhaps you are thinking of those things that immortalize the Young and Brave; either by those Glories the Muses flatter you with, or that of *Bel-lona*, and the God of War; and serving now a Monarch, whose glorious Acts in Arms has out-gone all the

the feign'd and real Heroes of any Age, who has, himself, out-done whatever History can produce of great and brave, and set so illustrious an Example to the Under-World, that it is not impossible, as much a Lover as you are, but you are thinking now how to render your self worthy the Glory of such a God-like Master, by projecting a thousand things of Gallantry and Danger. And tho, I confess, such Thoughts are proper for your Youth, your Quality, and the Place you have the honour to hold under our Sovereign, yet let me tell you, *Damon*, you will not be without Inquietude, if you think of either being a delicate Poet, or a brave Warrior; for *Love* will still interrupt your Glory, however you may think to divert him either by writing or fighting. And you ought to remember these Verses:

Love and Glory.

*Beneath the kind protecting Laurel's shade,  
For fighting Lovers, and for Warriors made,  
The soft Adonis, and rough Mars were laid.*

*Both were design'd to take their Rest;  
But Love, the gentle Boy, oppress'd,  
And false Alarms shook the stern Hero's Breast.*

*This thinks to soften all his Toils of War,  
In the dear Arms of the obliging Fair:  
And that, by Hunting, to divert his Care.*

*All Day, o'er Hills and Plains, wild Beasts he chas'd,  
Swift as the flying Winds, his eager haste,  
In vain the God of Love pursues as fast.*

*But oh! no Sports, no Toils, divertive prove,  
The Evening still returns him to the Grove,  
To sigh and languish for the Queen of Love.* *Where*

The LOVER'S WATCH. 303

Where Elegies and Sonnets he does frame,  
And to the list'ning Ecchoes sighs her Name,  
And on the Trees carves Records of his Flame.

The Warrior in the dusty Camp all day,  
With rattling Drums and Trumpets, does essay  
To fright the tender flatt'ring God away.

But still, alas, in vain: whate'er Delight,  
What Cares he takes the wanton Boy to fright,  
Love still revenges it at night.

'Tis then he haunts the Royal Tent,  
The sleeping Hours in sighs are spent,  
And all his Resolutions does prevent.

In all his pains, Love mix'd his smart;  
In every Wound he feels a Dart;  
And the soft God is trembling in his Heart.

Then he retires to shady Groves,  
And there, in vain, he seeks Repose,  
And strives to fly from what he cannot lose.

While thus he lay, Bellona came,  
And with a gen'rous fierce Disdain,  
Upbraids him with his feeble Flame.

Arise, the World's great Terror, and their Care;  
Behold the glitt'ring Host from far,  
That waits the Conduct of the God of War.

Beneath these glorious Laurels, which were made  
To crown the noble Victor's Head,  
Why thus supinely art thou laid?

Why on that Face, where awful Terror grew,  
Thy Sun-parch'd Cheeks, why do I view  
The shining Tracks of falling Tears bedew?

What God has wrought these universal Harms?  
What fatal Nymph, what fatal Charms,  
Has made the Hero deaf to War's Alarms?

Now

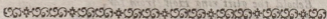
304 The LOVER'S WATCH.

Now let the conqu'ring Ensigns up be furl'd:  
Learn to be gay, be soft, and curl'd;  
And idle, lose the Empire of the World.

In fond effeminate Delights go on;  
Lose all the Glories you have won:  
Bravely resolve to love, and be undone.

'Tis thus the martial Virgin pleads;  
Thus she the am'rous God persuades  
To fly from Venus, and the flow'ry Meads.

You see here that Poets and Warriors are oftentimes in affliction, even under the Shades of their protecting Laurels; and let the Nymphs and Virgins sing what they please to their memory, under the Myrtles, and on flowery Beds, are much better Days than in the Campaign. Nor do the Crowns of Glory surpass those of Love: The first is but an empty Name, which is now kept and lost with hazard; but Love more nobly employs a brave Soul, and all his Pleasures are solid and lasting: and when one has a worthy Object of one's Flame, Glory accompanies Love too. But go to sleep, the Hour is come; and 'tis now that your Soul ought to be entertain'd in Dreams.



T W O a-clock.

*Conversation in Dreams.*

I Doubt not but you will think it very bold and arbitrary, that my *Watch* should pretend to rule even your sleeping Hours, and that my *Cupid* should govern your very Dreams; which are but Thoughts disordered, in which Reason has no part; Chimera's of the Imagination, and no more. But tho my *Watch* does not pretend to Counsel unreasonable, yet you  
must

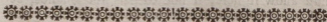
must allow it here, if not to pass the Bounds, at least to advance to the utmost Limits of it. I am assur'd, that after having thought so much of me in the Day, you will think of me also in the Night. And the first Dream my *Watch* permits you to make, is to think you are in Conversation with me.

Imagine, *Damon*, that you are talking to me of your Passion, with all the Transport of a Lover, and that I hear you with Satisfaction: That all my Looks and Blushes, while you are speaking, give you new Hopes and Assurances, that you are not indifferent to me, and that I give you a thousand Testimonies of my Tendernefs, all innocent and obliging.

While you are saying all that Love can dictate, all that Wit and good Manners can invent, and all that I wish to hear from *Damon*, believe in this Dream, all flattering and dear, that after having shewed me the Ardour of your Flame, I confess to you the bottom of my Heart, and all the loving Secrets there; that I give you Sigh for Sigh, Tendernefs for Tendernefs, Heart for Heart, and Pleasure for Pleasure. And I would have your Sense of this Dream so perfect, and your Joy so entire, that if it happen you should awake with the Satisfaction of this Dream, you should find your Heart still panting with the soft Pleasure of the dear deceiving Transport, and you should be ready to cry out,

*Ah! how sweet it is to dream,  
When charming Iris is the Theme!*

For such, I wish, my *Damon*, your sleeping and your waking Thoughts should render me to your Heart.



T H R E E a-clock.

*Capricious Suffering in Dreams.*

**I**T is but just to mix a little Chagrin with these Pleasures, a little Bitter with your Sweet; you may be cloy'd with too long an Imagination of my Favours: And I will have your Fancy in Dreams represent me to it, as the most capricious Maid in the World. I know, here you will accuse my Watch, and blame me with unnecessary Cruelty, as you will call it; but Lovers have their little Ends, their little Advantages, to pursue by Methods wholly unaccountable to all, but that Heart that contrives 'em: And as good a Lover as I believe you, you will not enter into my Design at first sight; and though, on reasonable Thoughts, you will be satisfied with this Conduct of mine, at its first approach you will be ready to cry out—

The Request.

*Oh Iris! let my sleeping Hours be fraught  
With Joys, which you deny my waking Thought.*

*Is't not enough you absent are?*

*Is't not enough I sigh all day,*

*And languish out my Life in care,*

*To e'ery Passion made a Prey?*

*I burn with Love, and soft Desire;*

*I rave with Jealousy and Fear:*

*All day, for Ease, my Soul I tire;*

*In vain I search it e'ery where:*

*It dwells not with the Witty or the Fair.*

*It is not in the Camp or Court,*

*In Business, Musick, or in Sport;*

*The*



The LOVER'S WATCH. 307

*The Plays, the Park, and Mall afford  
No more than the dull Basset-board.*

*The Beauties in the Drawing-room,  
With all their Sweetness, all their Bloom,  
No more my faithful Eyes invite,*

*Nor rob my Iris of a Sigh or Glance,  
Unless soft Thoughts of her incite  
A Smile, or trivial Complaisance.*

*Then since my Days so anxious prove,  
Ah, cruel Tyrant! give  
A little Loose to Joys in Love,  
And let your Damon live.*

*Let him in Dreams be happy made,  
And let his Sleep some Bliss provide:  
The nicest Maid may yield in Night's dark shade,  
What she so long by Day-light had deny'd.*

*There let me think you present are,  
And court my Pillow for my Fair.*

*There let me find you kind, and that you give  
All that a Man of Honour dares receive.*

*And may my Eyes eternal Watches keep,  
Rather than want that Pleasure when I sleep.*

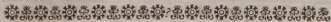
Some such complaint as this I know you will make; but, *Damon*, if the little Quarrels of Lovers render the reconciling Moments so infinitely charming, you must needs allow, that these little Chagrins in capricious Dreams must awaken you to more Joy to find 'em but Dreams, than if you had met with no disorder there. 'Tis for this reason that I would have you suffer a little Pain for a coming Pleasure; nor, indeed, is it possible for you to escape the Dreams my *Cupid* points you out. You shall dream that I have a thousand *Foibleffes*, something of the Lightness of my Sex; that my Soul is employ'd in a thousand Vanities; that (proud and fond of Lovers) I make advances for the Glory of a Slave, without any other Interest or Design,

than that of being ador'd. I will give you leave to think my Heart fickle, and that, far from resigning it to any one, I lend it only for a Day, or an Hour, and take it back at pleasure; that I am a very *Coquet*, even to *Impertinence*.

All this I give you leave to think, and to offend me: but 'tis in sleep only that I permit it; for I would never pardon you the least Offence of this nature, if in any other kind than in a Dream. Nor is it enough Affliction to you to imagine me thus idly vain; but you are to pass on to a hundred more capricious Humours; as that I exact of you a hundred unjust Things; that I pretend you should break off with all your Friends, and for the future, have none at all; that I will my self do those Things, which I violently condemn in you; and that I will have for others, as well as you, that tender Friendship that resembles Love, or rather Love which People call Friendship; and that I will not, after all, have you dare complain of me.

In fine, be as ingenious as you please to torment your self; and believe, that I am become unjust, ungrateful, and insensible: But here I so indeed, *O Damon!* consider your awaking Heart, and tell me; would your Love stand the proof of all these Faults in me? But know, that I would have you believe I have none of these Weaknesses, though I am not wholly without Faults, but those will be excusable to a Lover; and this Notion I have of a perfect one:

*Whate'er fantastick Humours rule the Fair,  
She's still the Lover's Dotage, and his Care.*



F O U R a-clock.

*Jealousy in Dreams.*

**D**O not think, *Damon*, to wake yet; for I design you shall yet suffer a little more: Jealousy must now possess you, that Tyrant over the Heart, that compels your very Reason, and seduces all your Good-Nature. And in this Dream you must believe that in sleeping, which you could not do me the injustice to do when awake. And here you must explain all my Actions to the utmost disadvantage: Nay, I will wish, that the force of this Jealousy may be so extreme, that it may make you languish in Grief, and be overcome with Anger.

You shall now imagine, that one of your Rivals is with me, interrupting all you say, or hindering all you would say; that I have no attention to what you say aloud to me, but that I incline mine Ear to hearken to all that he whispers to me. You shall repine, that he pursues me every where, and is eternally at your heels if you approach me; that I caress him with Sweetness in my Eyes, and that Vanity in my Heart, that possesses the Humours of almost all the Fair; that is, to believe it greatly for my Glory to have abundance of Rivals for my Lovers. I know you love me too well not to be extremely uneasy in the Company of a Rival, and to have one perpetually near me; for let him be lov'd or not by the Mistress, it must be confess'd, a Rival is a very troublesome Person. But, to afflict you to the utmost; I will have you imagine that my Eyes approve of all his Thoughts; that they flatter him with Hopes, and that I have taken away my Heart from you, to make a Present of it to this

more lucky Man. You shall suffer, while possess'd with this Dream, all that a cruel Jealousy can make a tender Soul suffer.

The Torment.

*O Jealousy! thou Passion most ingrate!  
Tormenting as Despair, envious as Hate!  
Spiteful as Witchcraft, which th' Invoker harms;  
Worse than the Wretch that suffers by its Charms.  
Thou subtil Poison in the Fancy bred,  
Diffus'd through every Vein, the Heart and Head,  
And over all, like wild Contagion, spread.  
Thou, whose sole Property is to destroy,  
Thou Opposite to Good, Antipathy to Joy;  
Whose Attributes are cruel Rage, and Fire,  
Reason debauch'd, false Sense, and mad Desire.*

In fine, it is a Passion that ruffles all the Senses, and disorders the whole Frame of Nature. It makes one hear and see what was never spoke, and what never was in view. 'Tis the Bane of Health and Beauty, an unmannerly Intruder; and an Evil of Life worse than Death. She is a very cruel Tyrant in the Heart; she possesses and pierces it with infinite Unquiets; and we may lay it down as a certain Maxim —

*She that wou'd rack a Lover's Heart  
To the extent of Cruelty,  
Must his Tranquillity subvert  
To the most tort'ring Jealousy.*

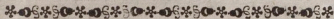
I speak too sensibly of this Passion, not to have lov'd well enough to have been touch'd with it: And you shall be this unhappy Lover, *Damon*, during this Dream, in which nothing shall present it self to your tumultuous Thoughts, that shall not bring its Pain. You shall here pass and re-pass a hundred Designs that shall confound one another.

In

The LOVER'S WATCH. 311.

In fine, *Damon*, Anger, Hatred, and Revenge, shall surround your Heart.

*There they shall altogether reign  
With mighty Force, with mighty Pain;  
In spight of Reason, in contempt of Love:  
Sometimes by turns, sometimes united move.*



FIVE a-clock.

*Quarrels in Dreams.*

I Perceive you are not able to suffer all this Injustice, nor can I permit it any longer: and though you commit no Crime your self, yet you believe in this Dream, that I complain of Injuries you do my Fame; and that I am extremely angry with a Jealousy so prejudicial to my Honour. Upon this belief you accuse me of Weakness; you resolve to see me no more, and are making a thousand feeble Vows against Love. You esteem me as a false one, and resolve to cease loving the vain *Coquet*, and will say to me as a certain Friend of yours said to his false Mistress:

The Inconstant.

*Though, Sylvia, you are very fair,  
Yet disagreeable to me;  
And since you so inconstant are,  
Your Beauty's damn'd with Levity.  
Your Wit, your most offensive Arms,  
For want of Judgment, wants its Charms.*

*To every Lover that is new,  
All new and charming you surprize;  
But when your fickle Mind they view,  
They shun the danger of your Eyes.*

312 *The LOVER'S WATCH.*

*Should you a Miracle of Beauty show,  
Yet you're inconstant, and will still be so.*

'Tis thus you will think of me: And, in fine,  
*Damon*, during this Dream, we are in a perpetual  
State of War.

*Thus both resolve to break their Chain,  
And think to do't without much Pain,  
But Oh! alas! we strive in vain.*

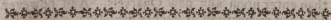
*For Lovers, of themselves, can nothing do;  
There must be the Consent of two:  
You give it me, and I must give it you.*

And if we shall never be free, till we acquit one  
another, this Tye between you and I, *Damon*, is  
likely to last as long as we live; therefore in vain  
you endeavour, but can never attain your End; and  
in conclusion you will say, in thinking of me:

*Oh! how at ease my Heart would live,  
Could I renounce this Fugitive;  
This dear, but false, attracting Maid,  
That has her Vows and Faith betray'd!  
Reason would have it so, but Love  
Dares not the dang'rous Tryal prove.*

Do not be angry then, for this afflicting Hour is  
drawing to an end, and you ought not to despair  
of coming into my absolute Favour again.

*Then do not let your murm'ring Heart,  
Against my Int'rest, take your part.  
The Feud was rais'd by Dreams, all false and vain,  
And the next sleep shall reconcile again.*



SIX a-clock.

*Accommodation in Dreams.*

THOUGH the angry Lovers force themselves, all they can, to chase away the troublesome Tenderness of the Heart, in the height of their Quarrels, Love sees all their Sufferings, pities and redresses 'em: And when we begin to cool, and a soft Repentance follows the Chagrin of the Love-Quarrel, 'tis then that Love takes the advantage of both Hearts, and renews the charming Friendship more forcibly than ever, puts a stop to all our Feuds, and renders the peace-making Minutes the most dear and tender part of our Life. How pleasing 'tis to see your Rage dissolve! How sweet, how soft, is every Word that pleads for pardon at my Feet! 'Tis there that you tell me, your very Sufferings are over-paid, when I but assure you from my Eyes, that I will forget your Crime: And your Imagination shall here present me the most sensible of your past Pain, that you can wish; and that all my Anger being vanish'd, I give you a thousand Marks of my Faith and Gratitude; and lastly, to crown all, that we again make new Vows to one another of inviolable Peace:

*After these Debates of Love,  
Lovers thousand Pleasures prove,  
Which they ever think to taste,  
Tho oftentimes they do not last.*

Enjoy then all the Pleasures that a Heart that is very amorous, and very tender, can enjoy. Think no more on those Inquietudes that you have suffer'd, bless Love for his Favours, and thank me for my Graces; and resolve to endure any thing, rather than

than enter upon any new Quarrels. And however dear the reconciling Moments are, there proceeds a great deal of Evil from these little frequent Quarrels; and I think the best Counsel we can follow, is to avoid 'em as near as we can: And if we cannot, but that, in spite of Love and good Understanding, they should break out, we ought to make as speedy a Peace as possible; for 'tis not good to grate the Heart too long, lest it grow harden'd insensibly, and lose its native Temper. A few Quarrels there must be in Love: Love cannot support it self without 'em; and, besides the Joy of an Accommodation, Love becomes by it more strongly united, and more charming. Therefore let the Lover receive this as a certain Receipt against declining Love:

Love reconcil'd.

*He that would have the Passion be  
Entire between the am'rous Pair,  
Let not the little Feuds of Jealousy  
Be carry'd on to a Despair:  
That palls the Pleasure he would raise;  
The Fire that he would blow, allays.*

*When Understandings false arise,  
When misinterpreted your Thought,  
If false Conjectures of your Smiles and Eyes  
Be up to baneful Quarrel wrought;  
Let Love the kind Occasion take,  
And straight Accommodations make.*

*The sullen Lover, long unkind,  
Ill-natur'd, hard to reconcile,  
Loses the Heart he had inclin'd,  
Love cannot undergo long Toil;  
He's soft and sweet, not born to bear  
The rough Fatigues of painful War.*



SEVEN a-clock.

*Divers Dreams.*

**B**Ehold, *Damon*, the last Hour of your Sleep, and of my Watch. She leaves you at liberty now, and you may chuse your Dreams: Trust 'em to your Imaginations, give a Loose to Fancy, and let it rove at will, provided, *Damon*, it be always guided by a respectful *Love*. For thus far I pretend to give bounds to your Imagination, and will not have it pass beyond 'em: Take heed, in sleeping, you give no ear to a flatt'ring *Cupid*, that will favour your slumbring Minutes with Lyes too pleasing and vain: You are discreet enough when you are awake; will you not be so in Dreams?

*Damon*, awake; my *Watch's* Course is done: after this, you cannot be ignorant of what you ought to do during my absence. I did not believe it necessary to caution you about Balls and Comedies; you know, a Lover depriv'd of his Mistress, goes seldom there. But if you cannot handsomly avoid these Diversions, I am not so unjust a Mistress, to be angry with you for it; go, if Civility, or other Duties oblige you: I will only forbid you, in consideration of me, not to be too much satisfy'd with those Pleasures; but see 'em so, as the World may have reason to say, you do not seek them, you do not make a Business or a Pleasure of them; and that 'tis Complaisance, and not Inclination, that carries you thither. Seem rather negligent than concern'd at any thing there; and let every part of you say, *Iris is not here*——

I say nothing to you neither of your Duty elsewhere: I am satisfy'd you know it too well; and have too great a Veneration for your glorious Master,

ter, to neglect any part of that for even Love it self. And I very well know how much you love to be eternally near his illustrious Person; and that you scarce prefer your Mistress before him, in point of Love: In all things else, I give him leave to take place of *Iris* in the noble Heart of *Damon*.

I am satisfy'd you pass your time well now at *Windsor*, for you adore that Place; and 'tis not, indeed, without great reason: for 'tis most certainly now render'd the most glorious Palace in the Christian World. And had our late Gracious Sovereign, of Blessed Memory, had no other Miracles and Wonders of his Life and Reign to have immortaliz'd his Fame (of which there shall remain a thousand to Posterity) this noble Structure alone, this Building (almost Divine) would have eterniz'd the great Name of Glorious *Charles II.* till the World moulder again to its old Confusion, its first *Chaos*. And the Painting of the famous *Vario*, and noble Carvings of the inimitable *Gibon*, shall never die, but remain to tell succeeding Ages, that all Arts and Learning were not confin'd to antient *Rome* and *Greece*, but that *England* too could boast its mightiest Share. Nor is the Inside of this magnificent Structure immortaliz'd with so many eternal Images of the illustrious *Charles* and *Catherine*, more to be admired than the wondrous Prospects without. The stupendous Height, on which the famous Pile is built, renders the Fields and flowry Meads below, the Woods, the Thickets, and the winding Streams, the most delightful Object that ever Nature produc'd. Beyond all these, and far below, in an inviting Vale, the venerable College, an old, but noble Building, raises it self, in the midst of all the Beauties of Nature, high-grown Trees, fruitful Plains, purling Rivulets, and spacious Gardens, adorn'd with all Variety of Sweets that can delight the Senses.

The LOVER'S WATCH. 317

At farther distance yet, on an Ascent almost as high as that to the Royal Structure, you may behold the famous and noble *Clifdon* rise, a Palace erected by the illustrious Duke of *Buckingham*, who will leave this wondrous Piece of Architecture, to inform the future World of the Greatness and Delicacy of his Mind; it being for its Situation, its Prospects, and its marvellous Contrivances, one of the finest *Villa's* of the World; at least, were it finish'd as begun; and would sufficiently declare the magnifick Soul of the Hero that caus'd it to be built, and contriv'd all its Fineness. And this makes up not the least part of the beautiful Prospect from the Palace-Royal, while on the other side lies spread a fruitful and delightful Park and Forest well stor'd with Deer, and all that makes the Prospect charming; fine Walks, Groves, distant Valleys, Downs and Hills, and all that Nature could invent, to furnish out a quiet soft Retreat for the most fair and most charming of Queens, and the most heroick, good, and just of Kings: And these Groves alone are fit and worthy to divert such earthly Gods.

Nor can Heaven, Nature, or human Art contrive an Addition to this earthly Paradise, unless those great Inventers of the Age, Sir *Samuel Moreland*, or Sir *Robert Gordon*, cou'd, by the power of Engines, convey the Water so into the Park and Castle, as to furnish it with delightful Fountains, both useful and beautiful. These are only wanting, to render the Place all Perfection, without exception.

This, *Damon*, is a long Digression from the Business of my Heart; but, you know, I am so in love with that charming Court, that when you gave me an occasion, by your being there now, only to name the Place, I could not forbear transgressing a little, in favour of its wondrous Beauty; and the rather, because I would, in recounting it, give you to understand how many fine Objects there are, besides the

the Ladies that adorn it, to employ your vacant Moments in; and I hope you will, without my Instructions, pass a great part of your idle time in surveying these Prospects, and give that Admiration you should pay to living Beauty, to those more venerable Monuments of everlasting Fame.

Neither need I, *Damon*, assign you your waiting Times: your Honour, Duty, Love, and Obedience, will instruct you when to be near the Person of the King; and, I believe, you will omit no part of that Devoir. You ought to establish your Fortune and your Glory: for I am not of the mind of those critical Lovers, who believe it a very hard matter to reconcile Love and Interest, to adore a Mistress, and serve a Master at the same time. And I have heard those, who on this Subject say, *Let a Man be never so careful in these double Duties, 'tis ten to one but he loses his Fortune or his Mistress.* These are Errors that I condemn: And I know that Love and Ambition are not incompatible, but that a brave Man may preserve all his Duties to his Sovereign, and his Passion and his Respect for his Mistress. And this is my Notion of it:

Love and Ambition.

*The nobler Lover, who would prove  
Uncommon in Address,  
Let him Ambition join with Love;  
With Glory, Tenderness:  
But let the Vertues so be mixt,  
That when to Love he goes,  
Ambition may not come betwixt,  
Nor Love his Power oppose.  
The vacant Hours from softer Sport,  
Let him give up to Int'rest and the Court:  
'Tis Honour shall his Bus'ness be,  
And Love his noblest Play:  
Those two should never disagree,  
For both make either gay.*

*Love*

The LOVER'S WATCH. 319

*Love without Honour were too mean  
For any gallant Heart ;  
And Honour singly, but a Dream,  
Where Love must have no part.  
A Flame like this you cannot fear,  
Where Glory claims an equal Share.*

Such a Passion, *Damon*, can never make you quit any part of your Duty to your Prince. And the Monarch you serve is so gallant a Master, that the Inclination you have to his Person obliges you to serve him, as much as your Duty; for *Damon's* loyal Soul loves the Man, and adores the Monarch: for he is certainly all that compels both, by a charming Force and Goodness, from all Mankind.

The King.

*Darling of Mars! Bellona's Care!  
The second Deity of War!  
Delight of Heaven, and Joy of Earth!  
Born for great and wondrous things,  
Destin'd at his auspicious Birth,  
To out-do the num'rous Race of long-past Kings.  
Best Representative of Heaven,  
To whom its chiefest Attributes are given!  
Great, pious, stedfast, just, and brave!  
To Vengeance slow, but swift to save!  
Dispensing Mercy all abroad!  
Soft and forgiving as a God!*

*Thou saving Angel, who preserv'st the Land  
From the just Rage of the avenging Hand;  
Stopt the dire Plague, that o'er the Earth was hurl'd,  
And sheathing thy Almighty Sword,  
Calm'd the wild Fears of a distracted World,  
(As Heaven first made it) with a sacred Word!*

But I will stop the low Flight of my humble Muse,  
who, when she is upon the wing, on this glorious  
Subject,

Subject, knows no bounds. And all the World has agreed to say so much of the Vertues and Wonders of this great Monarch, that they have left me nothing new to say; though indeed he every day gives us new Themes of his growing Greatness, and we see nothing that equals him in our Age. Oh! how happy are we to obey his Laws; for he is the greatest of Kings, and the best of Men!

You will be very unjust, *Damon*, if you do not confess I have acquitted my self like a Maid of Honour, of all the Obligations I owe you, upon the account of the *Discretion* I lost to you. If it be not valuable enough, I am generous enough to make it good: And since I am so willing to be just, you ought to esteem me, and to make it your chiefest Care to preserve me yours; for I believe I shall deserve it, and wish you should believe so too. Remember me, write to me, and observe punctually all the Motions of my Watch: The more you regard it, the better you will like it; and whatever you think of it at first sight, 'tis no ill Present. The Invention is soft and gallant; and *Germany*, so celebrated for rare Watches, can produce nothing to equal this.

*Damon, my Watch is just and new;  
And all a Lover ought to do,  
My Cupid faithfully will shew.  
And ev'ry Hour he renders there,  
Except l'heure du Bergare.*





THE  
 C A S E  
 FOR THE  
 W A T C H.

---

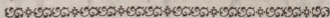
DAMON to IRIS.



EXPECT not, Oh charming *Iris!* that I should chuse Words to thank you in; (Words, that least Part of Love, and least the Business of the Lover) but will say all, and every thing that a tender Heart can dictate, to make an Acknowledgment for so dear and precious a Present, as this of your charming Watch: while all I can say will but too dully express my Sense of Gratitude, my Joy, and the Pleasure I receive in the mighty Favour. I confess the Present too rich, too gay, and too magnificent for my Expectation: and tho my Love and Faith deserve it, yet my humbler Hope never durst carry  
 Y me

me to a Wish of so great a Bliss, so great an Acknowledgment from the Maid I adore. The Materials are glorious, the Work delicate, and the Movement just, and even gives Rules to my Heart, who shall observe very exactly all that the *Cupid* remarks to me; even to the Minutes, which I will point with Sighs, tho I am obliged to 'em there but every half-hour——

You tell me, fair *Iris*, that I ought to preserve it tenderly, and yet you have sent it me without a Case. But that I may obey you justly, and keep it dear to me, as long as I live, I will give it a Case of my Fashion: It shall be delicate, and suitable to the fine Present, of such Materials too. But because I would have it perfect, I will consult your admirable Wit and Invention in an Affair of so curious a Consequence.



*The FIGURE of the CASE.*

**I** Design to give it the Figure of a Heart. Does not your *Watch*, *Iris*, rule the Heart? It was your Heart that contrived it, and 'twas your Heart you consulted in all the Management of it; and 'twas your Heart that brought it to so fine a Conclusion. The Heart never acts without Reason, and all the Heart projects, it performs with pleasure.

Your *Watch*, my lovely Maid, has explain'd to me a world of rich Secrets of Love: And where should Thoughts so sacred be stored, but in the Heart, where all the Secrets of the Soul are treasur'd up, and of which only Love alone can take a view? 'Tis thence he takes his Sighs and Tears, and all his little Flatteries and Arts to please; all his fine Thoughts, and all his mighty Raptures; nothing is so proper as the Heart to preserve it, nothing so worthy as the Heart to contain it: and it  
concerns



The CASE for the WATCH. 323

concerns my Interest too much, not to be infinitely careful of so dear a Treasure: And believe me, charming *Iris*, I will never part with it.

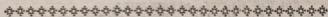
The Votary.

*Fair Goddess of my just Desire,  
Inspirer of my softest Fire!  
Since you, from out the num'rous Throng  
That to your Altars do belong,  
To me the Sacred Myst'ry have reveal'd,  
From all my Rival-Worshippers conceal'd,  
And touch'd my Soul with heav'nly Fire,  
Refin'd it from its grosser Sense,  
And wrought it to a higher Excellence;  
It can no more return to Earth,  
Like things that thence receive their Birth:  
But still aspiring, upward move,  
And teach the World new Flights of Love;  
New Arts of Secrecy shall learn,  
And render Youth discreet in Love's Concern.*

*In his soft Heart, to hide the charming things  
A Mistress whispers to his Ear;  
And e'ery tender Sigh she brings,  
Mix with his Soul, and hide it there.  
To bear himself so well in Company,  
That if his Mistress present be,  
It may be thought by all the Fair,  
Each in his Heart does claim a share,  
And all are more belov'd than she.  
But when with the dear Maid apart,  
Then at her feet the Lover lies;  
Opens his Soul, shews all his Heart,  
While Joy is dancing in his Eyes.  
Then all that Honour may, or take, or give,  
They both distribute, both receive.  
A Looker-on wou'd spoil a Lover's Joy;  
For Love's a Game where only two can play.*

*And 'tis the hardest of Love's Mysteries,  
To feign Love where it is not, hide it where it is.*

After having told you, my lovely *Iris*, that I design to put your Watch into a Heart, I ought to shew you the Ornaments of the Case. I do intend to have 'em crown'd Cyphers: I do not mean those Crowns of Vanity, which are put indifferently on all sorts of Cyphers; no, I must have such as may distinguish mine from the rest; and may be true Emblems of what I would represent. My four Cyphers therefore shall be crown'd with these four Wreaths of Olive, Laurel, Myrtle and Roses; and the Letters that begin the Names of *Iris* and *Damon* shall compose the Cyphers; tho' I must intermix some other Letters that bear another Sense, and have another Signification.



*The First CYPHER.*

**T**HE first Cypher is compos'd of an *I* and a *D*, which are joined by an *L* and a *E*; which signifies, *Love Extreme*. And 'tis but just, Oh adorable *Iris*! that Love should be mixt with our Cyphers, and that Love alone should be the Union of 'em.

*Love ought alone the Mystick Knot to tie;  
Love, that great Master of all Arts:  
And this dear Cypher is to let you see,  
Love unites Names as well as Hearts.*

Without this charming Union, our Souls could not communicate those invisible Sweetnesses, which compleat the Felicity of Lovers; and which the most tender and passionate Expressions are too feeble to make us comprehend. But, my adorable *Iris*, I am contented with the vast pleasure I feel in loving well, without the Care of expressing it well; if you will imagine my Pleasure, without expressing it:  
For

The CASE for the WATCH. 325

For I confess, 'twould be no Joy to me to adore you, if you did not perfectly believe I did adore you. Nay, tho you lov'd me, if you had no Faith in me, I should languish, and love in as much pain, as if you scorn'd; and at the same time believ'd I dy'd for you: For surely, *Iris*, 'tis a greater Pleasure to please than to be pleas'd; and the glorious Power of giving is infinitely a greater Satisfaction, than that of receiving: there is so Great and God-like a Quality in it. I would have your Belief therefore equal to my Passion, extreme; as indeed all Love should be, or it cannot bear that Divine Name: it can pass but for an indifferent Affection. And these Cyphers ought to make the World find all the noble Force of delicate Passion: for, Oh my *Iris*! what would Love signify, if we did not love fervently? Sisters and Brothers love; Friends and Relations have Affections: but where the Souls are join'd, which are fill'd with eternal soft Wishes, Oh! there is some Excess of Pleasure, which cannot be express!

Your Looks, your dear obliging Words, and your charming Letters, have sufficiently persuaded me of your Tendernefs; and you might surely see the Excess of my Passion by my Cares, my Sighs, and entire Resignation to your Will. I never think of *Iris*, but my Heart feels double Flames, and pants and heaves with double Sighs; and whose Force makes its Ardours known, by a thousand Transports: And they are very much to blame, to give the Name of Love to feeble easy Passions. Such transitory tranquil Inclinations are at best but Well-wishers to Love; and a Heart that has such Heats as those, ought not to put it self into the Rank of those nobler Victims that are offer'd at the Shrine of Love. But our Souls, *Iris*, burn with a more glorious Flame, that lights and conducts us beyond a Possibility of losing one another. 'Tis this that flatters all my Hopes; 'tis this alone makes me believe my

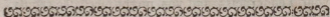
326 *The CASE for the WATCH.*

self worthy of *Iris*: And let her judg of its Violence, by the Greatness of its Splendour.

Does not a Passion of this nature, so true, so ardent, deserve to be crown'd? And will you wonder to see, over this Cypher, a Wreath of Myrtles, those Boughs so sacred to the Queen of Love, and so worship'd by Lovers? 'Tis with these soft Wreaths, that those are crown'd, who understand how to love well and faithfully.

*The Smiles, the Graces, and the Sports,  
That in the sacred Groves maintain their Courts,  
Are with these Myrtle crown'd:  
Thither the Nymphs their Garlands bring;  
Their Beauties, and their Praises sing,  
While Echoes do the Songs resound.*

*Love, tho a God, with Myrtle Wreaths  
Does his soft Temples bind;  
More valu'd are those consecrated Leaves,  
Than the bright Wealth in Eastern Rocks confin'd:  
And Crowns of Glory less Ambition move,  
Than those more sacred Diadems of Love.*

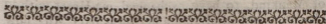
*The Second CYPHER,*

**I**S crown'd with Olives; and I add to the two Letters of our Names an *R* and *L*, for *Reciprocal Love*. Every time that I have given you, *O* lovely *Iris*, Testimonies of my Passion, I have been so blest, as to receive some from your Bounty; and you have been pleased to flatter me with a Belief, that I was not indifferent to you. I dare therefore say, that being honour'd with the Glory of your Tenderness and Care, I ought, as a Trophy of my illustrious Conquest, to adorn the Watch with a Cypher that is so advantageous to me. Ought I not to esteem my self the most fortunate and happy

of Mankind, to have exchanged my Heart with so charming and admirable a Person as *Iris*? Ah! how sweet, how precious is the Change; and how vast a Glory arrives to me from it! Oh! you must not wonder if my Soul abandon it self to a thousand Extasies! In the Merchandize of Hearts, Oh! how dear it is to receive as much as one gives; and barter Heart for Heart! Oh! I would not receive mine again, for all the Crowns the Universe contains! Nor ought you, my Adorable, make any Vows or Wishes, ever to retrieve yours; or shew the least Repentance for the Blessing you have given me. The Exchange we made, was confirm'd by a noble Faith; and you ought to believe, you have bestow'd it well, since you are paid for it a Heart that is so conformable to yours, so true, so just, and so full of Adoration: And nothing can be the just Recompence of Love, but Love; and to enjoy the true Felicity of it, our Hearts ought to keep an equal Motion; and, like the Scales of Justice, always hang even.

'Tis the Property of Reciprocal Love, to make the Heart feel the Delicacy of Love, and to give the Lover all the Ease and Softness he can reasonably hope. Such a Love renders all things advantageous and prosperous: Such a Love triumphs over all other Pleasures. And I put a Crown of Olives over the Cypher of Reciprocal Love, to make known, that two Hearts, where Love is justly equal, enjoy a Peace that nothing can disturb.

*Olives are never fading seen ;  
But always flourishing, and green.  
The Emblem 'tis of Love and Peace ;  
For Love that's true, will never cease :  
And Peace does Pleasure still increase.  
Joy to the World, the Peace of Kings imparts ;  
And Peace in Love distributes it to Hearts.*

*The Third CYPHER.*

THE *C* and the *L*, which are join'd to the Letters of our Names in this Cypher crown'd with Laurel, explains a *Constant Love*. It will not, my fair *Iris*, suffice, that my Love is extreme, my Passion violent, and my Wishes fervent, or that our Loves are reciprocal; but they ought also to be constant: for in Love, the Imagination is oftner carried to those things that may arrive, and which we wish for, than to things that Time has robbed us of. And in those agreeable Thoughts of Joys to come, the Heart takes more delight to wander, than in all those that are past; though the Remembrance of 'em be very dear, and very charming. We should be both unjust, if we were not persuaded we are possess'd with a Vertue, the Use of which is so admirable as that of Constancy. Our Loves are not of that sort that can finish, or have an end; but such a Passion, so perfect, and so constant, that it will be a Precedent for future Ages, to love perfectly; and when they would express an extreme Passion, they will say, *They lov'd, as Damon did the charming Iris*. And he that knows the Glory of constant Love, will despise those fading Passions, those little Amusements, that serve for a Day. What pleasure or dependance can one have in a Love of that sort? What concern? What Raptures can such an Amour produce in a Soul? And what Satisfaction can one promise one's self in playing with a false Gamester; who tho' you are aware of him, in spight of all your Precaution, puts the false Dice upon you, and wins all?

*These*

The CASE for the WATCH. 329

*Those Eyes that can no better Conquest make,  
Let 'em ne'er look abroad:*

*Such, but the empty Name of Lovers take,  
And so profane the God.*

*Better they never should pretend,  
Than, e'er begun, to make an end.*

*Of that fond Flame, what shall we say,  
That's born and languish'd in a Day?  
Such short-liv'd Blessings cannot bring  
The Pleasure of an Envyng.*

*Who is't will celebrate that Flame,  
That's damn'd to such a scanty Fame?*

*While constant Love, the Nymphs and Swains  
Still sacred make, in lasting Strains*

*And chearful Lays, throughout the Plains.  
A constant Love knows no decay;*

*But still advancing e'ery day,  
Will last as long as Life can stay.*

*With e'ery Look and Smile improves,  
With the same Ardour always moves,*

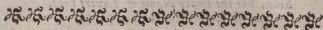
*With such as Damon charming Iris loves!*

Constant Love finds it self impossible to be shaken; it resists the attacks of Envy, and a thousand Accidents that endeavour to change it: Nothing can disoblige it but a known Falseness, or Contempt: Nothing can remove it; tho for a short moment it may lie fullen and resenting, it recovers, and returns with greater Force and Joy. I therefore, with very good reason, crown this *Cypher* of *Constant Love* with a Wreath of *Laurel*; since such Love always triumphs over Time and Fortune, tho it be not her Property to besiege: for she cannot overcome, but in defending her self; but the Victories she gains are never the less glorious.

*For far less Conquest, we have known  
The Victor wear the Laurel Crown.*

*The*

*The Triumph with more Pride let him receive;  
While those of Love, at least, more Pleasures give.*



*The Fourth CYPHER.*

**P**ERhaps, my lovely Maid, you will not find out what I mean by the *S* and the *L*, in this last Cypher, that is crown'd with *Roses*. I will therefore tell you, I mean *Secret Love*. There are very few People who know the Nature of that Pleasure, which so divine a Love creates: And let me say what I will of it, they must feel it themselves, who would rightly understand it, and all its ravishing Sweets. But this there is a great deal of Reason to believe, that the Secrecy in Love doubles the Pleasures of it. And I am so absolutely perswaded of this, that I believe, all those Favours that are not kept secret, are dull and pall'd, very insipid and tasteless Pleasures: And let the Favours be ever so innocent that a Lover receives from a Mistress, she ought to value 'em, set a Price upon 'em, and make the Lover pay dear; while he receives 'em with difficulty, and sometimes with hazard. A Lover that is not secret, but suffers every one to count his Sighs, has at most but a feeble Passion, such as produces sudden and transitory Desires, which die as soon as born: A true Love has not this Character; for whensoever 'tis made publick, it ceases to be a Pleasure, and is only the result of Vanity. Not that I expect our Loves should always remain a Secret: No, I should never, at that rate, arrive to a Blessing, which, above all the Glories of the Earth, I aspire to; but even then there are a thousand Joys, a thousand Pleasures that I shall be as careful to conceal from the foolish World, as if the whole Preservation of that Pleasure depended on my Silence; as indeed it does in a great measure.

To



The CASE for the WATCH. 331

To this Cypher I put a Crown of Roses, which are not Flowers of a very lasting Date. And 'tis to let you see, that 'tis impossible Love can be long hid. We see every day, with what fine Dissimulation and Pains, People conceal a thousand Hates and Malices, Disgusts, Disobligations, and Resentments, without being able to conceal the least part of their Love: but Reputation has an ardour as well as Roses; and a Lover ought to esteem that as the dearest and tenderest thing: not only that of his own, which is, indeed, the least part; but that of his Mistress, more valuable to him than Life. He ought to endeavour to give People no occasion to make false Judgments of his Actions, or to give their Censures; which most certainly are never in the favour of the fair Person: for likely, those false Censures are of the busy Female Sex, the Coquets of that number; whose little Spights and Railleries, join'd to that fancy'd Wit they boast of, sets 'em at odds with all the beautiful and innocent. And how very little of that kind serves to give the World a Faith, when a thousand Vertues, told of the same Persons, by more credible Witnesses and Judges, shall pass unregarded! so willing and inclin'd is all the World to credit the ill, and condemn the good! And yet, Oh! what pity 'tis we are compell'd to live in pain, to oblige this foolish scandalous World! And tho we know each other's Vertue and Honour, we are oblig'd to observe that Caution (to humour the talking Town) which takes away so great a part of the Pleasure of Life! 'Tis therefore that among those Roses, you will find some Thorns; by which you may imagine, that in Love, Precaution is necessary to its Secrecy: And we must restrain our selves, upon a thousand occasions, with so much care, that, Oh *Iris!* 'tis impossible to be discreet, without Pain; but 'tis a Pain that creates a thousand Pleasures.

Where

332 *The CASE for the WATCH.*

*Where should a Lover hide his Foy,  
Free from Malice, free from Noise?*

*Where no Envy can intrude:*

*Where no busy Rival's Spy,*

*Made, by Disappointment, rude,*

*May inform his Jealousy.*

*The Heart will the best Refuge prove;*

*Which Nature meant the Cabinet of Love.*

*What would a Lover not endure,*

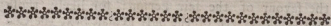
*His Mistress's Fame and Honour to secure?*

*Iris, the care we take to be discreet,*

*Is the dear Toil that makes the Pleasure sweet:*

*The Thorn that does the Wealth inclose,*

*That with less saucy Freedom we may touch the Rose.*



*The CLASP of the WATCH.*

**A**H, charming *Iris*! Ah, my lovely Maid! 'tis now, in a more peculiar manner, that I require your Aid in the finishing of my Design, and compleating the whole Piece to the utmost perfection; and without your Aid it cannot be perform'd. It is about the Clasp of the Watch; a Material, in all appearance, the most trivial of any part of it. But that it may be safe for ever, I design it the Image, or Figure of two Hands; that fair one of the adorable *Iris*, join'd to mine; with this Motto, *Inviolable Faith*: For in this Case, this Heart ought to be shut up by this eternal Clasp. Oh! there is nothing so necessary as this! Nothing can secure Love, but Faith.

That Vertue ought to be a guard to all the Heart thinks, and all the Mouth utters: Nor can Love say he triumphs without it. And when that remains not in the Heart, all the rest deserves no regard. Oh! I have not lov'd so ill to leave one  
doubt

The CASE for the WATCH. 333

doubt upon your Soul. Why then, will you want that Faith, Oh unkind Charmer, that my Passion, and my Services so justly merit!

*When two Hearts entirely Love,  
And in one Sphere of Honour move,  
Each maintains the other's Fire,  
With a Faith that is entire.  
For, what heedless Youth bestows,  
On a faithless Maid, his Vows?  
Faith without Love, bears Vertue's Price;  
But Love without her Mixture, is a Vice.  
Love, like Religion, still should be,  
In the Foundation firm and true:  
In Points of Faith should still agree,  
Tho' Innovations vain and new.  
Love's little Quarrels may arise;  
In Foundations still they're just and wise.*

*Then, charming Maid, be sure of this:  
Allow me Faith, as well as Love:  
Since that alone affords no Bliss,  
Unless your Faith your Love improve.  
Either resolve to let me die  
By fairer Play, your Cruelty;  
Than not your Love with Faith impart,  
And with your Vows to give your Heart.  
In mad Despair I'd rather fall,  
Than lose my glorious Hopes of conquering all.*

So certain it is, that Love without Faith, is of no value.

In fine, my adorable *Iris*, this Case shall be, as near as I can, like those delicate ones of *Filiggin* Work, which do not hinder the Sight from taking a View of all within: You may therefore see through this Heart, all your Watch. Nor is my Desire of preserving this inestimable Piece more, than to make it the whole Rule of my Life and Actions. And  
my

my chiefest Design in these Cyphers, is to comprehend in them the principal Vertues that are most necessary to Love. Do not we know that Reciprocal Love is Justice? Constant Love, Fortitude? Secret Love, Prudence? Tho 'tis true that extreme Love, that is, Excess of love, in one sense, appears not to be Temperance; yet you must know, my *Iris*, that in Matters of Love, Excess is a Vertue, and that all other Degrees of Love are worthy Scorn alone. 'Tis this alone that can make good the glorious Title: 'Tis this alone that can bear the name of Love; and this alone that renders the Lovers truly happy, in spite of all the Storms of Fate, and Shocks of Fortune. This is an Antidote against all other Grievs: This bears up the Soul in all Calamity; and is the very Heaven of Life, the last Refuge of all worldly Pain and Care, and may well bear the Title of Divine.

The Art of loving well.

*That Love may all Perfection be;  
Sweet, charming to the last degree,  
The Heart, where the bright Flames do dwell,  
In Faith and Softness should excel:  
Excess of Love should fill each Vein,  
And all its sacred Rites maintain.*

*The tend'rest Thoughts Heav'n can inspire,  
Should be the Fuel to its Fire:  
And that, like Incense, burn as pure;  
Or that in Urns should still endure.  
No fond Desire should fill the Soul,  
But such as Honour may controul.*

*Jealousy I will allow:  
Not the amorous Winds that blow,  
Should wanton in my Iris' Hair,  
Or ravish Kisses from my Fair.*

The CASE for the WATCH. 335

Not the Flowers that grow beneath,  
Should borrow Sweetness of her Breath.

If her Bird she do caress,  
How I grudge its Happiness,  
When upon her snowy Hand  
The Wanton does triumphing stand!

Or upon her Breast she skips,  
And lays her Beak to Iris' Lips!  
Fainting at my ravish'd Joy,  
I could the Innocent destroy.

If I can no Blifs afford  
To a little harmless Bird,  
Tell me, Oh thou dear-lov'd Maid!  
What Reason could my Rage persuade,  
If a Rival should invade?

If thy charming Eyes should dart  
Looks, that sally from the Heart;  
If you sent a Smile, or Glance,  
To another, tho by Chance;  
Still thou giv'st what's not thy own;  
They belong to me alone.

All Submission I would pay:  
Man was born the Fair t'obey.  
Your very Look I'd understand,  
And thence receive your least Command:  
Never your Justice will dispute;  
But like a Lover execute.

I would no Usurper be,  
But in claiming sacred Thee.  
I would have all, and every part:  
No Thought would hide within thy Heart.  
Mine a Cabinet was made,  
Where Iris' Secrets should be laid.

336 *The CASE for the WATCH.*

*In the rest, without controul,  
She should triumph o'er the Soul!  
Prostrate at her Feet I'd lie,  
Despising Power and Liberty;  
Glorying more by Love to fall,  
Than rule the Universal Ball.*

*Hear me, O you saucy Youth!  
And from my Maxims, learn this Truth:  
Would you great and powerful prove?  
Be an humble Slave to Love.  
'Tis nobler far a Joy to give,  
Than any Blessing to receive.*



**THE**



THE


*Lady's Looking-Glass,*

TO

DRESS her self by ;

OR, THE

ART of Charming.


 OW long, Oh charming *Iris!* shall I speak in vain of your adorable Beauty? You have been just, and believe I love you with a Passion perfectly tender and extreme, and yet you will not allow your Charms to be infinite. You must either accuse my Flames to be unreasonable, and that my Eyes and Heart are false Judges of Wit and Beauty; or allow that you are the most perfect of your Sex. But instead of that, you always accuse me of Flattery, when I speak of your infinite Merit; and when I refer you to your Glass, you tell me, that flatters as well as *Damon*; tho' one would imagine, that should be a good Witness for the Truth of what I say, and undeceive you of the Opinion of my Injustice. Look—— and confirm your self, that nothing can

Z

equal

equal your Perfections. All the World says it, and you must doubt it no longer. Oh *Iris!* will you dispute against the whole World?

But since you have so long distrusted your own Glass, I have here presented you with one, which I know is very true; and having been made for you only, can serve only you. All other Glasses present all Objects, but this reflects only *Iris*: Whenever you consult it, it will convince you; and tell you, how much right I have done you, when I told you, you were the fairest Person that ever Nature made. When other Beauties look into it, it will speak to all the Fair Ones; but let 'em do what they will, 'twill say nothing to their advantage.

*Iris, to spare what you call Flattery,  
Consult your Glass each Hour of the Day:  
'Twill tell you where your Charms and Beauties lie,  
And where your little wanton Graces play:  
Where Love does revel in your Face and Eyes;  
What Look invites your Slaves, and what denies.*

*Where all the Loves adorn you with such Care,  
Where dress your Smiles, where arm your lovely Eyes;  
Where deck the flowing Tresses of your Hair:  
How cause your snowy Breasts to fall and rise.  
How this severe Glance makes the Lover die;  
How that, more soft, gives Immortality.*

*Where you shall see what 'tis enslaves the Soul;  
Where e'ery Feature, e'ery Look combines:  
When the adorning Air, o'er all the whole,  
To so much Wit, and so nice Vertue joins.  
Where the Belle Taille, and Motion still afford  
Graces to be eternally ador'd.*

But I will be silent now, and let your Glass speak.



T H E

*Lady's Looking-Glass.*

*Amon* (Oh charming *Iris!*) has given me to you, that you may sometimes give your self the Trouble, and me the Honour of consulting me in the great and weighty Affairs of Beauty. I am, my adorable Mistress! a faithful Glass; and you ought to believe all I say to you.

*The Shape of Iris.*

**I** Must begin with your Shape, and tell you without Flattery, 'tis the finest in the World, and gives Love and Admiration to all that see you. Pray observe how free and easy it is, without Constraint, Stiffness, or Affectation; those mistaken Graces of the Fantastick, and the Formal, who give themselves pain to shew their Will to please, and whose Dressing makes the greatest part of their Fineness, when they are more oblig'd to the Taylor than to Nature; who add or diminish, as occasion serves, to form a Grace, where Heaven never gave it: And while they remain on this Wreck of Pride, they are eternally uneasy, without pleasing any body. *Iris*, I have seen a Woman of your Acquaintance, who, having a greater Opinion of her own Person than any body else, has skrew'd her Body into so fine a Form (as she calls it) that she dares no more

stir a Hand, lift up an Arm, or turn her Head aside, than if, for the Sin of such a Disorder, she were to be turn'd into a Pillar of Salt; the less stiff and fix'd Statue of the two. Nay, she dares not speak or smile, lest she should put her Face out of that order she had set it in her Glass, when she last look'd on her self: And is all over such a *Lady Nice* (excepting in her Conversation) that ever made a ridiculous Figure. And there are many Ladies more, but too much tainted with that nauseous Formality, that old-fashion'd Vice: But *Iris*, the charming, the all-perfect *Iris*, has nothing in her whole Form that is not free, natural, and easy; and whose every Motion cannot but please extremely; and which has not given *Damon* a thousand Rivals.

*Damon, the young, the am'rous, and the true,  
Who sighs incessantly for you;  
Whose whole Delight, now you are gone,  
Is to retire to Shades alone,  
And to the Echoes make his moan.*

*By purling Streams the wishing Youth is laid,  
Still sighing Iris! lovely charming Maid!  
See, in thy absence, how thy Lover dies!  
While to his Sighs the Echo still replies.*

*Then with a Stream he holds Discourse:  
O thou that bend'st thy liquid Force  
To lovely Thames! upon whose shore  
The Maid resides whom I adore!  
My Tears of Love upon thy Surface bear;  
And if upon thy Banks thou seest my Fair,  
In all thy softest Murmurs sing,  
From Damon I this present bring;  
My e'ery Curl contains a Tear!  
Then at her Feet thy Tribute pay:  
But haste, Oh happy Stream! away;  
Lest charm'd too much, thou should'st for ever stay.*

*And*

And thou, Oh gentle, murm'ring Breeze!  
That plays in Air; and wantons with the Trees;  
On thy young Wings, where gilded Sun-beams play,  
To Iris my soft Sighs convey,  
Still as they rise, each Minute of the Day:  
But whisper gently in her Ear;  
Let not the ruder Winds thy Message hear,  
Nor ruffle one dear Curl of her bright Hair.  
Oh! touch her Checks with sacred Reverence,  
And stay not gazing on her lovely Eyes!  
But if thou bear'st her rosy Breath from thence,  
'Tis Incense of that Excellence,  
That as thou mount'st, 'twill perfume all the Skies.

Iris's Complexion.

SAY what you will, I am confident, if you will confess your Heart, you are, every time you view your self in me, surpriz'd at the Beauty of your Complexion; and will secretly own, you never saw any thing so fair. I am not the first Glass, by a thousand, that has assur'd you of this. If you will not believe me, ask *Damon*; he tells it you every Day, but that Truth from him offends you: and because he loves too much, you think his Judgment too little; and since this is so perfect, that must be defective. But 'tis most certain your Complexion is infinitely fine, your Skin soft and smooth as polish'd Wax, or Ivory, extremely white and clear; tho if any body speaks but of your Beauty, an agreeable Blush casts it self all over your Face, and gives you a thousand new Graces.

And then two Flowers, newly born,  
Shine in your Heav'nly Face;  
The Rose that blushes in the Morn,  
Usurps the Lilly's place:  
Sometimes the Lilly does prevail,  
And makes the gen'rous Crimson pale.

## Iris's Hair.

**O**H, the beautiful Hair of *Iris*! it seems as if Nature had crown'd you with a great quantity of lovely fair brown Hair, to make us know that you were born to rule and to repair the Faults of Fortune that has not given you a Diadem: And do not bewail the want of that (so much your Merit's due) since Heaven has so gloriously recompens'd you with what gains more admiring Slaves.

*Heav'n for Sovereignty has made your Form:  
And you were more than for dull Empire born.  
O'er Hearts your Kingdom shall extend,  
Your vast Dominion know no end.  
Thither the Loves and Graces shall resort;  
To Iris make their Homage, and their Court.  
No envious Star, no common Fate,  
Did on my Iris' Birth-day wait;  
But all was happy, all was delicate.  
Here Fortune would inconstant be in vain:  
Iris, and Love, eternally shall reign.*

Love does not make less use of your Hair for new Conquests, than of all the rest of your Beauties that adorn you. If he takes our Hearts with your fine Eyes, it ties 'em fast with your Hair; and if it weaves a Chain, 'tis not easily broken. It is not of those sorts of Hair, whose Harshness discovers Ill-Nature; nor of those, whose Softness shews us the Weakness of the Mind; not that either of these Arguments are without exception: but 'tis such as bears the Character of a perfect Mind, and a delicate Wit; and for its Colour, the most faithful, discreet, and beautiful in the World; such as shews a Complexion and Constitution, neither so cold to be insensible, nor so hot to have too much Fire: that is, neither too white, nor too black; but such a mixture

ture

ture of the two Colours, as makes it the most agreeable in the World.

'Tis that which leads those captivated Hearts,

That bleeding at your Feet do lie ;

'Tis that the Obstinate converts,

That dare the Power of Love deny :

'Tis that which Damon so admires ;

Damon, who often tells you so.

If from your Eyes Love takes his Fires,

'Tis with your Hair he strings his Bow :

Which touching but the feather'd Dart,

It never mist the destin'd Heart.

*Iris's Eyes.*

I Believe, my fair Mistress, I shall dazle you with the Lustre of your own Eyes. They are the finest Blue in the World: They have all the Sweetness that ever charm'd the Heart, with a certain Languishment that's irresistible ; and never any look'd on 'em, that did not sigh after 'em. Believe me, *Iris*, they carry unavoidable Darts and Fires ; and whoever expose themselves to their Dangers, pay for their Imprudence.

Cold as my solid Chrystal is,

Hard and impenetrable too ;

Yet I am sensible of Bliss,

When your charming Eyes I view :

Even by me their Flames are felt ;

And at each Glance I fear to melt.

Ah, how pleasant are my Days !

How my glorious Fate I bless !

Mortals never knew my Joys,

Nor Monarch quest my Happiness.

Every Look that's soft and gay,

*Iris* gives me every day.

344 *The Lady's Looking-Glass.*

*Sight of her Vertue, and her Pride,  
 Every Morning I am blest  
 With what to Damon is deny'd;  
 To view her when she is undrest.  
 All her Heaven of Beauty's shown  
 To triumphing Me—— alone.*

*Scarce the prying Beams of Light,  
 Or th' impatient God of Day,  
 Are allow'd so near a sight,  
 Or dare profane her with a Ray;  
 When she has appear'd to me,  
 Like Venus rising from the Sea.*

*But Oh! I must those Charms conceal,  
 All too divine for vulgar Eyes:  
 Should I my secret Joys reveal,  
 Of sacred Trust I break the Ties;  
 And Damon would with Envy die,  
 Who hopes, one day, to be as blest as I.*

Extravagant with my Joys I have stray'd beyond my Limits; for I was telling you of the wondrous Fineness of your Eyes; which no Mortal can resist, nor any Heart stand the force of their Charms; and the most difficult Conquest they gain, scarce cost 'em the expence of a Look. They are modest and tender, chaste and languishing. There you may take a view of the whole Soul, and see Wit and Good-Nature (those two inseparable Vertues of the Mind) in an extraordinary measure. In fine, you see all that fair Eyes can produce, to make themselves ador'd. And when they are angry, they strike an irresistible Awe upon the Soul: And those Severities Damon wishes may perpetually accompany them, during their absence from him; for 'tis with such Eyes, he would have you receive all his Rivals.

*Keep,*

Keep, lovely Maid, the Softness in your Eyes,  
To flatter Damon with another Day:  
When at your Feet the ravish'd Lover lies,  
Then put on all that's tender, all that's gay:  
And for the Grievs your Absence makes him prove,  
Give him the softest, dearest Looks of Love.

His trembling Heart with sweetest Smiles caress,  
And in your Eyes soft Wishes let him find;  
That your Regret of Absence may confess,  
In which no Sense of Pleasure you could find:  
And to restore him, let your faithful Eyes  
Declare, that all his Rivals you despise.

The Mouth of Iris.

Perceive your Modesty would impose Silence on me: But, Oh fair *Iris*! do not think to present your self before a Glass, if you would not have it tell you all your Beauties. Content your self that I only speak of 'em, *en passant*; for should I speak what I would, I should dwell all Day upon each particular, and still say something new. Give me liberty then to speak of your fine Mouth: You need only open it a little, and you will see the most delicate Teeth that ever you beheld; the whitest, and the best set. Your Lips are the finest in the World; so round, so soft, so plump, so dimpled, and of the loveliest Colour: And when you smile, Oh! what Imagination can conceive how sweet it is, that has not seen you smiling? I cannot describe what I so admire; and 'tis in vain to those who have not seen *Iris*.

Oh *Iris*! boast that one peculiar Charm,  
That has so many Conquests made;  
So innocent, yet capable of harm;  
So just it self, yet has so oft betray'd:

Where

346 *The Lady's Looking-Glass.*

*Where a thousand Graces dwell,  
And wanton round in e'ery Smile.*

*A thousand Loves do listen when you speak,  
And catch each Accent as it flies:  
Rich flowing Wit, whene'er you Silence break,  
Flows from your Tongue, and sparkles in your Eyes,  
Whether you talk, or silent are,  
Your Lips immortal Beauties wear.*

*The Neck of Iris.*

**A**L L your Modesty, all your nice Care, cannot hide the ravishing Beauties of your Neck; we must see it, coy as you are; and see it the whitest, and finest shaped, that ever was form'd. Oh! why will you cover it? You know all handsome things would be seen. And Oh! how often have you made your Lovers envy your Scarf, or any thing that hides so fine an Object from their sight, Damon himself complains of your too nice Severity. Pray do not hide it so carefully. See how perfectly turn'd it is! with small blue Veins, wandering and ranging here and there, like little Rivulets, that wanton o'er the flowry Meads! See how the round white rising Breasts heave with every Breath, as if they disdain'd to be confin'd to a Covering; and repel the malicious Cloud that would obscure their Brightness!

*Fain I would have leave to tell  
The Charms that on your Bosom dwell;  
Describe it like some flow'ry Field,  
That does ten thousand Pleasures yield;  
A thousand gliding Springs and Groves;  
All Receptacles for Loves:  
But Oh! what Iris hides, must be  
Ever sacred kept by me.*

The



## The Arms and Hands of Iris.

I Shall not be put to much trouble to shew you your Hands and Arms, because you may view them without my help; and you are very unjust, if you have not admir'd 'em a thousand times. The beautiful Colour and Proportion of your Arm is unimitable, and your Hand is dazzling, fine, small, and plump; long-pointed Fingers delicately turn'd; dimpled on the snowy out-side, but adorned within with Rose, all over the soft Palm. Oh *Iris*! nothing equals your fair Hand; that Hand, of which Love so often makes such use to draw his Bow, when he would send the Arrow home with more Success; and which irresistibly wounds those, who possibly have not yet seen your Eyes: And when you have been veil'd, that lovely Hand has gain'd you a thousand Adorers. And I have heard *Damon* say, *Without the Aid of more Beauties, that alone had been sufficient to have made an absolute Conquest o'er his Soul.* And he has often vow'd, *It never touch'd him, but it made his Blood run with little irregular Motions in his Veins; his Breath beat short and double; his Blushes rise, and his very Soul dance.*

Oh! how the Hand the Lover ought to prize,

'Bove any one peculiar Grace,

While he is dying for the Eyes,

And doating on the lovely Face.

The Unconsidering little knows,

How much he to this Beauty owes.

That, when the Lover absent is,

Informs him of his Mistress' Heart:

'Tis that which gives him all his Bliss,

When dear Love-Secrets 'twill impart.

That

348 *The Lady's Looking-Glass.*

*That plights the Faith the Maid bestows :  
And that confirms the tim'rous Vows.*

*'Tis that betrays the Tenderness,  
Which the too bashful Tongue denies :  
'Tis that that does the Heart confess,  
And spares the Language of the Eyes.  
'Tis that which Treasure gives so vast :  
Ev'n Iris 'twill to Damon give at last.*

*The Grace and Air of Iris.*

**T**IS I alone, O charming Maid! that can shew you that noble part of your Beauty: That generous Air that adorns all your lovely Person, and renders every Motion and Action perfectly adorable. With what a Grace you walk!—How free, how easy, and how unaffected! See how you move!—for only here you can see it. *Damon* has told you a thousand times, that never any Mortal had so glorious an Air: but he cou'd not half describe it, nor would you credit even what he said; but with a careless Smile pass it off for the Flattery of a Lover. But here behold, and be convinc'd, and know, no part of your Beauty can charm more than this. O *Iris!* confess, Love has adorn'd you with all his Art and Care. Your Beauties are the Themes of all the Muses; who tell you in daily Songs, that the Graces themselves have not more than *Iris*. And one may truly say, that you alone know how to join the Ornaments and Dress with Beauty; and you are still adorn'd, as if that Shape and Air had a peculiar Art to make all things appear gay and fine. Oh! how well dress'd you are! How every thing becomes you! Never singular, never gaudy; but always suiting with your Quality.

*Oh!*

Oh! how that Negligence becomes your Air!  
 That careless flowing of your Hair,  
 That plays about with wanton Grace,  
 With every Motion of your Face:  
 Disdaining all that dull Formality,  
 That dares not move the Lip, or Eye,  
 But at some fancy'd Grace's cost;  
 And think, with it, at least, a Lover lost.  
 But the unlucky Minute to reclaim,  
 And ease the Coquet of her Pain,  
 The Pocket-Glass adjusts the Face again:  
 Re-sets the Mouth, and languishes the Eyes;  
 And thinks, the Spark that ogles that way—dies.

Of Iris learn, Oh ye mistaken Fair!  
 To dress your Face, your Smiles, your Air:  
 Let easy Nature all the Bus'ness do,  
 She can the softer Graces shew;  
 Which Art but turns to ridicule;  
 And where there's none, serves but to shew the Fool.

In Iris you all Graces find;  
 Charms without Art, a Motion unconfin'd;  
 Without Constraint, she smiles, she looks, she talks:  
 And without Affectation, moves and walks.  
 Beauties so perfect ne'er were seen:  
 O ye mistaken Fair! Dress ye by Iris' Mein.

The Discretion of Iris.

**B**UT, O Iris! the Beauties of the Body are imperfect, if the Beauties of the Soul do not advance themselves to an equal height. But, O Iris! what Mortal is there so damn'd to Malice, that does not, with Adoration, confess, that you, O charming Maid, have an equal Portion of all the Braveries and Vertues of the Mind? And, who is it, that confesses your Beauty, that does not at the same

tim

time acknowledg and bow to your Wisdom? The whole World admire both in you; and all with impatience, ask, Which of the two is most surprizing, your Beauty, or your Discretion? But we dispute in vain on that excellent Subject; for after all, 'tis determin'd, that the two Charms are equal. 'Tis none of these idle Discretions that consists in Words alone, and ever takes the Shadow of Reason for the Substance; and that makes use of all the little Artifices of Subtlety, and florid Talking, to make the out-side of the Argument appear fine, and leave the in-side wholly mis-understood: who runs away with Words, and never thinks of Sense. But you, O lovely Maid! never make use of these affected Arts; but without being too brisk or too severe, too silent or too talkative, you inspire in all your Hearers a Joy, and a Respect. Your Soul is an Enemy to that usual Vice of your Sex, of using little Arguments against the Fair; or, by a Word or Jest, making your self and Hearers pleasant at the expence of the Fame of others.

Your Heart is an Enemy to all Passions, but that of Love. And this is one of your noble Maxims, *That every one ought to love, in some part of his Life; and that in a Heart truly brave, Love is without Folly: That Wisdom is a Friend to Love, and Love to perfect Wisdom.* Since these Maxims are your own, do not, O charming *Iris!* resist that noble Passion: And since *Damon* is the most tender of all your Lovers, answer his Passion with a noble Ardour. Your Prudence never fails in the choice of your Friends; and in chusing so well your Lover, you will stand an eternal Precedent to all unreasonable Fair Ones.

*O thou that dost excel in Wit and Youth!*

*Be still a Precedent for Love and Truth.*

*Let the dull World say what it will,  
A noble Flame's unblameable.*

*Where a fine Sent'ment and soft Passion rules,  
They scorn the Censure of the Fools.*

*Yield Iris then; Oh, yield to Love!  
Redeem your dying Slave from Pain;  
The World your Conduct must approve:  
Your Prudence never acts in vain.*

*The Goodness and Complaisance of Iris.*

WHO but your Lovers, fair *Iris!* doubts but you are the most complaisant Person in the World; and that with so much Sweetness you oblige all, that you command in yielding: And as you gain the Heart of both Sexes, with the Affability of your noble Temper; so all are proud and vain of obliging you. And, *Iris*, you may live assur'd, that your Empire is eternally established by your Beauty and your Goodness: Your Power is confirm'd, and you grow in Strength every minute: Your Goodness gets you Friends, and your Beauty Lovers.

This Goodness is not one of those, whose Folly renders it easy to every Desirer; but a pure Effect of the Generosity of your Soul: such as Prudence alone manages, according to the Merit of the Person to whom it is extended; and those whom you esteem, receive the sweet Marks of it, and only your Lovers complain: yet even then you charm. And tho' sometimes you can be a little disturb'd, yet thro' your Anger your Goodness shines; and you are but too much afraid, that that may bear a false Interpretation: For oftentimes Scandal makes that pass for an Effect of Love, which is purely that of Complaisance.

Never

Never had any body more Tenderness for their Friends, than *Iris*: Their Presence gives her Joy, their Absence Trouble; and when she cannot see them, she finds no Pleasure like speaking of them obligingly. Friendship reigns in your Heart, and Sincerity on your Tongue. Your Friendship is so strong, so constant, and so tender, that it charms, pleases, and satisfies all, that are not your Adorers. *Damon* therefore is excusable, if he be not contented with your noble Friendship alone; for he is the most tender of that number.

*No! give me all, th' impatient Lover cries;  
Without your Soul I cannot live:  
Dull Friendship cannot mine suffice,  
That dies for all you have to give.  
The Smiles, the Vows, the Heart must all be mine;  
I cannot spare one Thought, or Wish of thine.*

*I sigh, I languish all the day;  
Each Minute ushers in my Groans:  
To ev'ry God in vain I pray;  
In ev'ry Grove repeat my Moans.  
Still *Iris*' Charms are all my Sorrows Themes!  
They pain me waking, and they rack in Dreams.*

*Return, fair *Iris*! Oh, return!  
Lest sighing long, your Slave destroys.  
I wish, I rave, I faint, I burn;  
Restore me quickly all my Joys:  
Your Mercy else will come too late;  
Distance in Love more cruel is than Hate.*



The Wit of Iris.

YOU are deceiv'd in me, fair *Iris*, if you take me for one of those ordinary Glasses, that represent the Beauty only of the Body; I remark to you also the Beauties of the Soul: And all about you declares yours the finest that ever was formed; that you have a Wit that surprizes, and is always new: 'Tis none of those that loses its Lustre when one considers it; the more we examine yours, the more adorable we find it. You say nothing that is not at once agreeable and solid; 'tis always quick and ready, without Impertinence, that little Vanity of the Fair: who, when they know they have Wit, rarely manage it so, as not to abound in talking; and think, that all they say must please, because luckily they sometimes chance to do so. But *Iris* never speaks, but 'tis of use; and gives a Pleasure to all that hear her: She has the perfect Art of penetrating, even the most secret Thoughts. How often have you known, without being told, all that has pass'd in *Damon's* Heart? For all great Wits are Prophets too.

*Tell me; Oh, tell me! Charming Prophetess;*  
*For you alone can tell my Love's Success.*

*The Lines in my dejected Face,*  
*I fear, will lead you to no kind Result:*  
*It is your own that you must trace;*  
*Those of your Heart you must consult.*  
*'Tis there my Fortune I must learn,*  
*And all that Damon does concern.*

*I tell you that I love a Maid,*  
*As bright as Heaven, of Angel-hue;*  
*The softest Nature ever made,*  
*Whom I with Sighs and Vows pursue.*

A a

Oh;

*Oh, tell me charming Prophetess!  
Shall I this lovely Maid possess?*

*A thousand Rivals do obstruct my way;  
A thousand Fears they do create:  
They throng about her all the day,  
Whilst I at awful Distance wait.  
Say, will the lovely Maid so fickle prove,  
To give my Rivals Hope, as well as Love?*

*She has a thousand Charms of Wit,  
With all the Beauty Heav'n e'er gave:  
Oh! let her not make use of it,  
To flatter me into the Slave.  
Oh! tell me truth, to ease my Pain:  
Say rather, I shall die by her Disdain.*

*The Modesty of Iris.*

**I** Perceive, fair *Iris*, you have a mind to tell me, I have entertain'd you too long, with a Discourse on your self. I know your Modesty makes this Declaration an Offence; and you suffer me, with pain, to unveil those Treasures you would hide. Your Modesty, that so commendable a Vertue in the Fair, and so peculiar to you, is here a little too severe. Did I flatter you, you should blush: Did I seek, by praising you, to shew an Art of speaking finely, you might chide. But O *Iris*, I say nothing but such plain Truths, as all the World can witness are so: And so far I am from Flattery, that I seek no Ornament of Words. Why do you take such care to conceal your Vertues? They have too much Lustre, not to be seen, in spite of all your Modesty: Your Wit, your Youth, and Reason, oppose themselves against this dull Obstructor of our Happiness. Abate, O *Iris*, a little of this Vertue, since you have so many others to defend your self against the Attacks of your Adorers.

You



You yourself have the least opinion of your own Charms: and being the only Person in the World, that is not in love with 'em, you hate to pass whole Hours before your *Looking-Glass*; and to pass your time, like most of the idle Fair, in dressing, and setting off those Beauties, which need so little Art. You, more wise, disdain to give those Hours to the Fatigue of Dressing, which you know so well how to employ a thousand ways. The Muses have blest you, above your Sex; and you know how to gain a Conquest with your Pen more absolutely than all the industrious Fair, who trust to Dress and Equipage.

I have a thousand things to tell you more, but willingly resign my Place to *Damon*, that faithful Lover; he will speak more ardently than I: For let a Glass use all its Force, yet, when it speaks its best, it speaks but coldly.

If my Glass, O charming *Iris*, have the good fortune (which I could never entirely boast) to be believ'd, 'twill serve at least to convince you I have not been so guilty of Flattery, as I have a thousand times been charg'd. Since then my Passion is equal to your Beauty (without comparison, or end) believe, O lovely Maid! how I sigh in your absence; and be persuaded to lessen my Pain, and restore me to my Joys: for there is no Torment so great, as the Absence of a Lover from his Mistress; of which this is the Idea.

The Effects of Absence from what we love.

*Thou one continu'd Sigh! all over Pain!  
Eternal Wish! but Wish, alas, in vain!  
Thou languishing, impatient Hoper on;  
A busy Toiler, and yet still undone!  
A breaking Glimpse of distant Day,  
Inticing on, and leading more astray.*

356      *The Lady's Looking-Glass.*

*Thou Joy in Prospect, future Bliss extreme ;  
Never to be possess'd, but in a Dream.  
Thou fab'lous Goddess, which the ravish'd Boy  
In happy Slumbers proudly did enjoy ;  
But waking, found an airy Cloud he prest :  
His Arms came empty to his panting Breast.  
Thou Shade, that only haunts the Soul by night ;  
And when thou shouldst inform, thou fly'st the Sight.  
Thou false Idea of the thinking Brain,  
That labours for the charming Form in vain ;  
Which if by chance it catch, thou'rt lost again.*





THE  
LUCKY MISTAKE:

A NEW

NOVEL.

**T**HE River *Loyre* has on its delightful Banks abundance of handsome, beautiful and rich Towns and Villages, to which the noble Stream adds no small Graces and Advantages, blessing their Fields with Plenty, and their Eyes with a thousand Diversions. In one of these happily situated Towns, called *Orleans*, where abundance of People of the best Quality and Condition reside, there was a rich Nobleman, now retir'd from the busy Court, where in his Youth he had been bred, weary'd with the Toils of Ceremony and Noise, to enjoy that perfect Tranquillity of Life, which is no where to be found but in Retreat, a faithful Friend, and a good Library; and, as the admirable *Horace* says, in a little House and a large Garden. Count *Bellyaurd*, for so was this Nobleman call'd, was of this opinion;

and the rather, because he had one only Son, called *Rinaldo*, now grown to the Age of fifteen, who having all the excellent Qualities and Graces of Youth by Nature, he would bring him up in all Vertues and noble Sciences, which he believ'd the Gayety and Lustre of the Court might divert: he therefore in his retirement spar'd no Cost to those that could instruct and accomplish him; and he had the best Tutors and Masters that could be purchased at Court: *Bellyaurd* making far less account of Riches than of fine Parts. He found his Son capable of all Impressions, having a Wit suitable to his delicate Person, so that he was the sole Joy of his Life, and the Darling of his Eyes.

In the very next House, which join'd close to that of *Bellyaurd's*, there lived another Count, who had in his Youth been banished the Court of *France* for some Misunderstandings in some high Affairs wherein he was concern'd: his Name was *de Pais*, a Man of great Birth, but of no Fortune; or at least one not suitable to the Grandeur of his Original. And as it is most natural for great Souls to be most proud (if I may call a handsom Disdain by that vulgar Name) when they are most depress'd; so *de Pais* was more retir'd, more estrang'd from his Neighbours, and kept a greater distance, than if he had enjoy'd all he had lost at Court, and took more Solemnity and State upon him, because he would not be subject to the Reproaches of the World, by making himself familiar with it: So that he rarely visited; and, contrary to the custom of those in *France*, who are easy of Access, and free of Conversation, he kept his Family retir'd so close, that 'twas rare to see any of them: and when they went abroad, which was but seldom, they wanted nothing as to outward appearance, that was fit for his Quality, and what was much above his condition.

This

This old Count had two only Daughters, of exceeding Beauty, who gave the generous Father ten thousand Torments, as often as he beheld them, when he consider'd their extreme Beauty, their fine Wit, their Innocence, Modesty, and above all their Birth; and that he had not a Fortune to marry them according to their Quality; and below it, he had rather see them laid in their silent Graves, than consent to it: for he scorn'd the World should see him forced by his Poverty to commit an Action below his Dignity.

There lived in a neighbouring Town, a certain Nobleman, Friend to *de Pais*, call'd Count *Vernole*, a Man of about forty years of Age, of low Stature, Complexion very black and swarthy, lean, lame, extreme proud and haughty; extracted of a Descent from the Blood-Royal; not extremely brave, but very glorious: he had no very great Estate, but was in election of a greater, and of an Addition of Honour from the King, his Father having done most worthy Services against the *Hugonots*, and by the high Favour of Cardinal *Mazarine*, was represented to his Majesty, as a Man related to the Crown, of great Name, but small Estate: so that there were now nothing but great Expectations and Preparations in the Family of Count *Vernole* to go to Court, to which he daily hoped an Invitation or Command.

*Vernole's* Fortune being hitherto something a-kin to that of *de Pais*, there was a greater Correspondency between these two Gentlemen, than they had with any other Persons; they accounting themselves above the rest of the World, believed none so proper and fit for their Conversation, as that of each other: so that there was a very particular Intimacy between them. Whenever they went abroad, they clubb'd their Train, to make one great Show; and were always together, bemoaning each

other's Fortune, that from so high a Descent, as one from Monarchs by the Mother's-side, and the other from Dukes of his side, they were reduc'd by Fate to the degree of private Gentlemen. They would often consult how to manage Affairs most to advantage, and often *De Pais* would ask Counsel of *Vernole*, how best he should dispose of his Daughters, which now were about their ninth Year the eldest, and eighth the youngest. *Vernole* had often seen those two Buds of Beauty, and already saw opening in *Ailante's* Face and Mind (for that was the Name of the eldest, and *Charlot* the youngest) a Glory of Wit and Beauty, which could not but one day display it self, with dazling Lustre, to the wondering World.

*Vernole* was a great Virtuoso, of a Humour nice, delicate, critical and opinionative: He had nothing of the *French* Mien in him, but all the Gravity of the Don. His ill-favour'd Person, and his low Estate, put him out of humour with the World; and because that should not upbraid or reproach his Follies and Defects, he was sure to be before-hand with that, and to be always satirick upon it, and lov'd to live and act contrary to the Custom and Usage of all Mankind besides.

He was infinitely delighted to find a Man of his own Humour in *De Pais*, or at least a Man that would be persuaded to like his so well, to live up to it; and it was no little Joy and Satisfaction to him to find, that he kept his Daughters in that Severity, which was wholly agreeable to him, and so contrary to the Manner and Fashion of the *French* Quality; who allow all Freedoms, which to *Vernole's* rigid Nature, seem'd as so many Steps to Vice, and in his Opinion, the Ruiner of all Vertue and Honour in Womankind. *De Pais* was extremely glad his Conduct was so well interpreted, which was no other in him than a proud Frugality; who, because they  
could

could not appear in so much Gallantry as their Quality required, kept 'em retir'd, and unseen to all, but his particular Friends, of which *Vernole* was the chief.

*Vernole* never appear'd before *Atlante* (which was seldom) but he assum'd a Gravity and Respect fit to have entertain'd a Maid of Twenty, or rather a Matron of much greater Years and Judgment. His Discourses were always of Matters of State or Philosophy; and sometimes when *De Pais* would (laughing) say, *He might as well entertain Atlante with Greek and Hebrew*, he would reply gravely, *You are mistaken, Sir, I find the Seeds of great and profound Matter in the Soul of this young Maid, which ought to be nourish'd now while she is young, and they will grow up to very great perfection: I find Atlante capable of the noble Vertues of the Mind, and am infinitely mistaken in my Observations, and Art of Physiognomy, if Atlante be not born for greater Things than her Fortune does now promise: She will be very considerable in the World, (believe me) and this will arrive to her perfectly from the Force of her Charms.* *De Pais* was extremely overjoy'd to hear such Good prophesied of *Atlante*, and from that time set a sort of an Esteem upon her, which he did not on *Charlot* his younger; who, by the Persuasions of *Vernole*, he resolv'd to put in a Monastery, that what he had might descend to *Atlante*: not but he confess'd *Charlot* had Beauty extremely attractive, and a Wit that promised much, when it should be cultivated by Years and Experience; and would shew it self with great Advantage and Lustre in a Monastery. All this pleased *De Pais* very well, who was easily persuaded, since he had not a Fortune, to marry her well in the World.

As yet *Vernole* had never spoke to *Atlante* of Love, nor did his Gravity think it Prudence to discover his Heart to so young a Maid; he waited her more  
sensible

sensible Years, when he could hope to have some return. And all he expected from this her tender Age, was by his daily Converse with her, and the Presents he made her suitable to her Years, to ingratiate himself insensibly into her Friendship and Esteem, since she was not yet capable of Love; but even in that he mistook his Aim, for every day he grew more and more disagreeable to *Atlante*, and would have been her absolute Aversion, had she known she had every day entertained a Lover: but as she grew in Years and Sense, he seemed the more despicable in her Eyes as to his Person; yet as she had respect to his Parts and Qualities, she paid him all the Complaisance she could, and which was due to him, and so must be confess'd. Tho he had a stiff Formality in all he said and did, yet he had Wit and Learning, and was a great Philosopher. As much of his Learning as *Atlante* was capable of attaining to, he made her Mistress of, and that was no small Portion; for all his Discourse was fine and easily comprehended, his Notions of Philosophy fit for Ladies; and he took greater pains with *Atlante*, than any Master would have done with a Scholar: so that it was most certain, he added very great Accomplishment to her natural Wit; and the more, because she took a very great Delight in Philosophy; which very often made her impatient of his coming, especially when she had many Questions to ask him concerning it, and she would often receive him with a pleasure in her Face, which he did not fail to interpret to his own advantage, being very apt to flatter himself. Her Sister *Charlot* would often ask her, *How she could give whole Afternoons to so disagreeable a Man. What is it (said she) that charms you so? his tawny Leather-Face, his extraordinary high Nose, his wide Mouth and Eye-Brows, that hang lowering over his Eyes, his lean Carcase, and his lame and halting Hips?* But *Atlante* would discreetly reply,



If I must grant all you say of Count Vernole to be true, yet he has a Wit and Learning that will atone sufficiently for all those Faults you mention: A fine Soul is infinitely to be preferr'd to a fine Body; this decays, but that's eternal; and Age that ruins one, refines the other. Though possibly *Atlante* thought as ill of the Count as her Sister, yet in respect to him, she would not own it.

*Atlante* was now arriv'd to her thirteenth Year, when her Beauty, which every day increas'd, became the Discourse of the whole Town, which had already gain'd her as many Lovers as had beheld her; for none saw her without languishing for her, or at least, but what were in very great admiration of her. Every body talk'd of the young *Atlante*, and all the Noblemen, who had Sons (knowing the Smallness of her Fortune, and the Lustre of her Beauty) would send them, for fear of their being charm'd with her Beauty, either to some other part of the World, or exhorted them, by way of Precaution, to keep out of her sight. Old *Bellyaurd* was one of those wise Parents, and by a timely Prevention, as he thought, of *Rinaldo's* falling in love with *Atlante*, perhaps was the occasion of his being so: He had before heard of *Atlante*, and of her Beauty, yet it had made no Impressions on his Heart; but his Father no sooner forbid him Loving, than he felt a new Desire tormenting him, of seeing this lovely and dangerous young Person: he wonders at his unaccountable Pain, which daily sollicit him within, to go where he may behold this Beauty; of whom he frames a thousand Ideas, all such as were most agreeable to him; but then upbraids his Fancy for not forming her half so delicate as she was; and longs yet more to see her, to know how near she approaches to the Picture he has drawn of her in his Mind: and tho he knew she liv'd the next House to him, yet he knew also she was kept with-

in

in like a vow'd *Nun*, or with the Severity of a *Spaniard*. And tho he had a Chamber, which had a jetting Window, that look'd just upon the Door of Monsieur *De Pais*, and that he would watch many hours at a time, in hope to see them go out, yet he could never get a Glimpse of her; yet he heard she often frequented the Church of our *Lady*. Thither then young *Rinaldo* resolv'd to go, and did so two or three Mornings; in which time, to his unspeakable Grief, he saw no Beauty appear that charm'd him; and yet he fancy'd that *Atlante* was there, and that he had seen her; that some one of those young Ladies that he saw in the Church was she, tho he had no body to enquire of, and that she was not so fair as the World reported; for which he would often sigh, as if he had lost some great Expectation. However, he ceased not to frequent this Church, and one day saw a young Beauty, who at first glimpse made his Heart leap to his Mouth, and fell trembling again into its wonted place; for it immediately told him, that that young Maid was *Atlante*: she was with her Sister *Charlot*, who was very handsome, but not comparable to *Atlante*. He fix'd his Eyes upon her, as she kneel'd at the Altar; he never remov'd from that charming Face as long as she remain'd there; he forgot all Devotion, but what he paid to her; he ador'd her, he burnt and languish'd already for her, and found he must possess *Atlante* or die. Often as he gaz'd upon her, he saw her fair Eyes lifted up towards his, where they often met; which she perceiving, would cast hers down into her Bosom, or on her Book, and blush as if she had done a Fault. *Charlot* perceiv'd all the Motions of *Rinaldo*, how he folded his Arms, how he sigh'd and gaz'd on her Sister; she took notice of his Clothes, his Garniture, and every particular of his Dress, as young Girls use to do: and seeing him so very handsome, and so much bet-  
ter

ter dress'd than all the young Cavaliers that were in the Church, she was very much pleas'd with him; and could not forbear saying, in a low Voice, to *Atlante*, *Look, look my Sister, what a pretty Monsieur yonder is! see how fine his Face is, how delicate his Hair, how gallant his Dress! and do but look how he gazes on you!* This would make *Atlante* blush anew, who durst not raise her Eyes for fear she should encounter his. While he had the pleasure to imagine they were talking of him, and he saw in the pretty Face of *Charlot*, that what she said was not to his disadvantage, and by the Blushes of *Atlante*, that she was not displeas'd with what was spoken to her; he perceiv'd the young one importunate with her; and *Atlante* jogging her with her Elbow, as much as to say, Hold your Peace: all this he made a kind Interpretation of, and was transported with Joy at the good Omens. He was willing to flatter his new Flame, and to compliment his young Desire with a little Hope; but the divine Ceremony ceasing, *Atlante* left the Church, and it being very fair Weather, she walk'd home. *Rinaldo*, who saw her going, felt all the Agonies of a Lover, who parts with all that can make him happy; and seeing only *Atlante* attended with her Sister, and a Footman following with their Books, he was a thousand times about to speak to 'em; but he no sooner advanc'd a step or two towards 'em to that purpose (for he followed them) but his Heart fail'd, and a certain Awe and Reverence, or rather the Fears and Tremblings of a Lover, prevented him: but when he consider'd, that possibly he might never have so favourable an Opportunity again, he resolv'd a-new, and call'd up so much Courage to his Heart, as to speak to *Atlante*; but before he did so, *Charlot* looking behind her, saw *Rinaldo* very near to 'em, and cry'd out with a Voice of Joy, ' Oh! Sister, Sister! ' look where the handsome *Monsieur* is, just behind  
 ' us!

' us! sure he is some-body of Quality, for see he  
 ' has two Footmen that follow him, in just such  
 ' Liveries, and so rich as those of our Neighbour,  
 ' *Monsieur Bellyaurd.*' At this *Atlante* could not for-  
 bear, but before she was aware of it, turn'd her  
 Head, and look'd on *Rinaldo*; which encourag'd  
 him to advance, and putting off his Hat, which he  
 clapt under his Arm, with a low Bow, said, *La-*  
*dies, you are slenderly attended, and so many Acci-*  
*dents arrive to the Fair in the rude Streets, that I hum-*  
*bly implore you will permit me, whose duty it is, as a*  
*Neighbour, to wait on you to your Door.* Sir, (said  
*Atlante*, blushing) we fear no Insolence, and need no  
*Protector*; or if we did, we should not be so rude to  
 take you out of your way, to serve us. *Madam*,  
 (said he) my Way lies yours. I live at the next  
 door, and am Son to *Bellyaurd*, your Neighbour. But,  
*Madam*, (added he) if I were to go all my Life out  
 of the way, to do you Service, I should take it for the  
 greatest Happiness that could arrive to me; but, *Ma-*  
*dam*, sure a Man can never be out of his way, who has  
 the Honour of so charming Company. *Atlante* made  
 no reply to this, but blush'd and bow'd: But *Char-*  
*lot* said, Nay, Sir, if you are our Neighbour, we will  
 give you leave to conduct us home; but pray, Sir, how  
 came you to know we are your Neighbours? for we never  
 saw you before, to our knowledge. My pretty Miss, (re-  
 ply'd *Rinaldo*) I knew it from that transcendent Beau-  
 ty that appear'd in your Faces, and fine Shapes; for I  
 have heard, there was no Beauty in the World like that  
 of *Atlante's*; and I no sooner saw her, but my Heart  
 told me it was she. Heart, (said *Charlot* laughing)  
 why, do Hearts use to speak? The most intelligible of  
 any thing, (*Rinaldo* reply'd) when 'tis tenderly touch'd,  
 when 'tis charm'd and transported. At these words  
 he sigh'd, and *Atlante*, to his extreme Satisfaction,  
 blush'd. Touch'd, charm'd, and transported, (said *Char-*  
*lot*) what's that? And how do you do to have it be all  
 these

these things? For I would give any thing in the World to have my Heart speak. Oh! (said Rinaldo) your Heart is too young, it is not yet arriv'd to the Years of speaking; about thirteen or fourteen, it may possibly be saying a thousand soft things to you; but it must be first inspir'd by some noble Object, whose Idea it must retain. What (reply'd this pretty Prattler) I'll warrant I must be in Love? Yes, (said Rinaldo) most passionately, or you will have but little Conversation with your Heart. Oh! (reply'd she) I am afraid the Pleasure of such a Conversation, will not make me amends for the Pain that Love will give me. That (said Rinaldo) is according as the Object is kind, and as you hope; if he love, and you hope, you will have double Pleasure: And in this, how great an advantage have fair Ladies above us Men! 'Tis almost impossible for you to love in vain, you have your Choice of a thousand Hearts, which you have subdu'd, and may not only chuse your Slaves, but be assur'd of 'em; without speaking, you are belov'd, it needs not cost you a Sigh or a Tear: But unhappy Man is often design'd to give his Heart, where it is not regarded, to sigh, to weep, and languish, without any hope of Pity. You speak so feelingly, Sir, (said Charlot) that I am afraid this is your Case. Yes, Madam, (reply'd Rinaldo, sighing) I am that unhappy Man. Indeed, it is pity, (said she.) Pray, how long have you been so? Ever since I heard of the charming Atlante, (reply'd he, sighing again) I ador'd her Character; but now I have seen her, I die for her. For me, Sir! (said Atlante, who had not yet spoke) this is the common Compliment of all the young Men, who pretend to be Lovers; and if one should pity all those Sighers, we should have but very little left for our selves. I believe (said Rinaldo) there are none that tell you so, who do not mean as they say: Yet among all those Adorers, and those that say they will die for you, you will find none will be so good as their Words but Rinaldo. Perhaps (said Atlante) of all those who tell me of dying, there

are

are none that tell of it with so little reason as Rinaldo, if that be your Name, Sir. Madam, it is, (said he) and who am transported with an unspeakable Joy, to hear those last Words from your fair Mouth: and let me, Oh lovely Atlante! assure you, that what I have said, are not Words of course, but proceed from a Heart that has vow'd it self eternally yours, even before I had the Happiness to behold this divine Person; but now that my Eyes have made good all my Heart before imagin'd, and did but hope, I swear I will die a thousand Deaths, rather than violate what I have said to you; that I adore you; that my Soul, and all my Faculties are charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence, and that my Life and Fortune, not inconsiderable, shall be laid at your feet. This he spoke with a Fervency of Passion, that left her no doubt of what he had said; yet she blush'd for shame, and a little angry at her self, for suffering him to say so much to her, the very first time she saw him, and accused her self for giving him any Encouragement: And in this Confusion she replied, ' Sir, you have said too much to be believ'd; and I cannot imagine so short an Acquaintance can make so considerable an Impression; of which Confession I accuse my self much more than you, in that I did not only hearken to what you said, without forbidding you to entertain me at that rate, but for unheedily speaking something, that has encourag'd this Boldness; for so must I call it, in a Man so great a stranger to me.' Madam (said he) if I have offended by the suddenness of my presumptuous Discovery, I beseech you to consider my Reasons for it, the few Opportunities I am like to have, and the Impossibility of waiting on you, both from the Severity of your Father and mine; who, e'er I saw you, warn'd me of my Fate, as if he foresaw I should fall in love, as soon as I should chance to see you; and for that reason has kept me closer

to

The LUCKY MISTAKE. 369

to my Studies, than hitherto I have been. And from that time I began to feel a Flame, which was kindled by Report alone, and the Description my Father gave of your wondrous and dangerous Beauty: Therefore, Madam, I have not suddenly told you of my Passion. I have been long your Lover, and have long languish'd without telling of my pain; and you ought to pardon it now, since it is done with all the Respect and religious Awe, that 'tis possible for a Heart to deliver and unload it self in; therefore, Madam, if you have by chance uttered any thing, that I have taken advantage or hope from, I assure you 'tis so small, that you have no reason to repent it; but rather, if you would have me live, send me not from you, without a Confirmation of that little hope. See, Madam, (*said he, more earnestly and trembling*) see we are almost arriv'd at our Homes, send me not to mine in a despair that I cannot support with Life; but tell me, I shall be bless'd with your Sight, sometimes in your Balcony, which is very near to a jetting Window in our House, from whence I have sent many a longing Look towards yours, in hope to have seen my Soul's Tormenter.' 'I shall be very unwilling (*said she*) to enter into an Intrigue of Love or Friendship, with a Man, whose Parents will be averse to my Happiness, and possibly mine as refractory, tho he cannot but know such an Alliance would be very considerable, my Fortune not being suitable to yours: I tell you this, that you may withdraw in time from an Engagement, in which I find there will be a great many Obstacles.' 'Oh! Madam, (*reply'd Rinaldo, sighing*) if my Person be not disagreeable to you, you will have no occasion to fear the rest; 'tis that I dread, and that which is all my fear.' He, sighing, beheld her with a languishing Look, that told her, he expected her

answer; when she reply'd, ' Sir, if that will be  
 ' Satisfaction enough for you at this time, I do as-  
 ' sure you, I have no aversion for your Person, in  
 ' which I find more to be valu'd, than in any I have  
 ' yet seen; and if what you say be real, and pro-  
 ' ceed from a Heart truly affected, I find, in spite  
 ' of me, you will oblige me to give you hope.'

They were come so near their own Houses, that he had not time to return her any answer, but with a low Bow he acknowledg'd her Bounty, and express'd the Joy her last Words had given him, by a Look that made her understand he was charm'd and pleas'd; and she bowing to him with an Air of Satisfaction in her Face, he was well assur'd, there was nothing to be seen so lovely as she then appear'd, and left her to go into her own House: but till she was out of sight, he had not power to stir, and then sighing, retired to his own Apartment, to think over all that had pass'd between them. He found nothing but what gave him a thousand Joys, in all she had said; and he blest this happy Day, and wondred how his Stars came so kind, to make him in one hour at once see *Atlante*, and have the happiness to know from her Mouth, that he was not disagreeable to her: Yet with this Satisfaction, he had a thousand Thoughts mix'd which were tormenting, and those were the fear of their Parents; he foresaw from what his Father had said to him already, that it would be difficult to draw him to a consent of his Marriage with *Atlante*. These Joys and Fears were his Companions all the Night, in which he took but little rest. Nor was *Atlante* without her Inquietudes: She found *Rinaldo* more in her Thoughts than she wish'd, and a sudden change of Humour, that made her know something was the matter with her more than usual; she calls to mind *Rinaldo's* speaking of the Conversation with his Heart, and found hers would be tattling to her,



if she would give way to it; and yet the more she strove to avoid it, the more it importun'd her, and in spite of all her Resistance, would tell her, that *Rinaldo* had a thousand Charms: It tells her, that he loves and adores her, and that she would be the most cruel of her Sex, should she not be sensible of his Passion. She finds a thousand Graces in his Person and Conversation, and as many Advantages in his Fortune, which was one of the most considerable in all those Parts; for his Estate exceeded that of the most Noble Men in *Orelans*, and she imagines she should be the most fortunate of all Womankind in such a Match. With these Thoughts she employ'd all the Hours of the night; so that she lay so long in Bed the next day, that Count *Vernole*, who had invited himself to Dinner, came before she had quitted her Chamber, and she was forc'd to say, she had not been well. He had brought her a very fine Book, newly come out, of delicate Philosophy, fit for the Study of Ladies. But he appear'd so disagreeable to that Heart, wholly taken up with a new and fine Object, that she could now hardly pay him that Civility she was wont to do, while on the other side that little State and Pride *Atlante* assum'd, made her appear the more charming to him; so that if *Atlante* had no mind to begin a new Lesson of Philosophy, while she fancied her Thoughts were much better employ'd, the Count every moment expressing his Tendernefs and Passion, had as little an Inclination to instruct her, as she had to be instructed: Love had taught her a new Lesson, and he would fain teach her a new Lesson of Love, but fears it will be a diminishing of his Gravity and Grandeur, to open the Secrets of his Heart to so young a Maid; he therefore thinks it more agreeable to his Quality and Years, being about Forty, to use her Father's Authority in this Affair, and that it was sufficient for him to declare himself to

Monsieur *De Pais*, who he knew would be proud of the Honour he did him some time past, before he could persuade himself even to declare himself to her Father: he fancies the little Coldness and Pride he saw in *Atlante's* Face, which was not usual, proceeded from some Discovery of Passion, which his Eyes had made, or now and then a Sigh, that unawares broke forth, and accuses himself of a Levity below his Quality, and the Dignity of his Wit and Gravity; and therefore, assumes a more rigid and formal Behaviour than he was wont, which rendred him yet more disagreeable than before; and 'twas with greater pain than ever, she gave him that Respect which was due to his Quality.

*Rinaldo*, after a restless Night, was up very early in the Morning, and tho he was not certain of seeing his adorable *Atlante*, he dress'd himself with all that care, as if he had been to have waited on her, and got himself into the Window, that overlook'd Monsieur *De Pais's* Balcony, where he had not remain'd long, before he saw the pretty *Charlot* come into it, not with any design of seeing *Rinaldo*, but to look and gaze about her a little. *Rinaldo* saw her, and made her a very low Reverence, and found some disorder'd Joy on the sight of even *Charlot*, since she was Sister to *Atlante*. He called to her (for the Window was so near her, he could easily be heard by her) and told her, *He was infinitely indebted to her Bounty, for giving him an opportunity yesterday of falling on that Discourse, which had made him the happiest Man in the World: He said, If she had not by her agreeable Conversation encourag'd him, and drawn him from one Word to another, he should never have had the Confidence to have told Atlante, how much he ador'd her. I am very glad, (replied Charlot) that I was the occasion of the beginning of an Amour, which was displeasing to neither one nor the other; for I assure you for your Comfort, my Sister nothing but thinks on*

*you:*

you: *We lie together, and you have taught her already to sigh so, that I could not sleep for her.* At this his Face was cover'd over with a rising Joy, which his Heart could not contain: And after some Discourse, in which this innocent Girl discovered more than *Atlante* wish'd she should, he besought her to become his Advocate; and since she had no Brother, to give him leave to assume that Honour, and call her Sister. Thus, by degrees, he flatter'd her into a consent of carrying a Letter from him to *Atlante*; which she, who believ'd all as innocent as her self, and being not forbid to do so, immediately consented to; when he took his Pen and Ink, that stood in the Window, with Paper, and wrote *Atlante* this following Letter:

*Rinaldo to Atlante.*

**I**F my Fate be so severe, as to deny me the Happiness of sighing out my Pain and Passion daily at your Feet, if there be any Faith in the Hope you were pleas'd to give me (as 'twere a Sin to doubt) Oh charming *Atlante*! suffer me not to languish, both without beholding you, and without the Blessing of now and then a Billet, in answer to those that shall daily assure you of my eternal Faith and Vows; 'tis all I ask, till Fortune, and our Affairs, shall allow me the unspeakable Satisfaction of claiming you: yet, if your Charity can sometimes afford me a sight of you, either from your Balcony in the Evening, or at a Church in the Morning, it would save me from that Despair and Torment, which must possess a Heart so unassur'd, as that of

Your Eternal Adorer,

*Rin. Bellyard.*

He having writ and seal'd this, toss'd it into the Balcony to *Charlot*, having first look'd about to see if none perceiv'd them. She put it in her Bosom, and ran in to her Sister, whom by chance she found alone; *Vernole* having taken *De Pais* into the Garden, to discourse him concerning the sending *Charlot* to the Monastery, which Work he desir'd to see perform'd, before he declar'd his Intentions to *Atlante*: for among all his other good Qualities, he was very avaritious; and as fair as *Atlante* was, he thought she would be much fairer with the Addition of *Charlot's* Portion. This Affair of his, with Monsieur *De Pais*, gave *Charlot* an opportunity of delivering her Letter to her Sister; who no sooner drew it from her Bosom, but *Atlante's* Face was covered over with Blushes: For she imagin'd from whence it came, and had a secret Joy in that Imagination, tho she thought she must put on the Severity and Niceness of a Virgin, who would not be thought to have surrendered her Heart with so small an Assault, and the first too. So she demanded from whence *Charlot* had that Letter? Who replied with Joy, *From the fine young Gentleman, our Neighbour*. At which *Atlante* assum'd all the Gravity she could, to chide her Sister; who replied, *Well, Sister, had you this day seen him, you would not have been angry to have receiv'd a Letter from him; he look'd so handsome, and was so richly dress'd, ten times finer than he was yesterday; and I promis'd him you should read it: therefore, pray let me keep my Word with him; and not only so, but carry him an answer*. Well, (said *Atlante*) *to save your Credit with Monsieur Rinaldo, I will read it*: Which she did, and finish'd with a Sigh. While she was reading, *Charlot* ran into the Garden, to see if they were not likely to be surpriz'd; and finding the Count and her Father set in an Arbour, in deep Discourse, she brought Pen, Ink, and Paper to her Sister, and told her, the  
might

might write without the fear of being disturbed: and urged her so long to what was enough her Inclination, she at last obtained this Answer.

Atlante to Rinaldo.

CHARLOT, your little importunate Advocate, has at last subdued me to a Consent of returning you this. She has put me on an Affair which I am wholly unacquainted with; and you ought to take this very kindly from me, since it is the very first time I ever writ to one of your Sex, tho perhaps I might with less danger have done it to any other Man. I tremble while I write, since I dread a Correspondence of this nature, which may insensibly draw us into an Inconvenience, and engage me beyond the Limits of that Nicety I ought to preserve: For this way we venture to say a thousand little kind things, which in Conversation we dare not do; for now none can see us blush. I am sensible I shall this way put my self too soon into your power; and tho you have abundance of Merit, I ought to be asham'd of confessing, I am but too sensible of it: — But hold — I shall discover for your Repose (which I would preserve) too much of the Heart of

Atlante.

She gave this Letter to *Charlot*; who immediately ran into the Balcony with it, where she still found *Rinaldo* in a melancholy posture, leaning his Head on his Hand: She shewed him the Letter, but was afraid to toss it to him, for fear it might fall to the ground; so he ran and fetched a long Cane, which he cleft at one end, and held it while she put the Letter into the Cleft, and staid not to hear what he said to it. But never was Man so transported with Joy, as he was at the reading of this Letter; it gives him new Wounds; for to the Generous, nothing obliges Love so much as Love: tho

it is now too much the nature of that inconstant Sex, to cease to love as soon as they are sure of the Conquest. But it was far different with our Cavalier; he was the more inflamed, by imagining he had made some Impressions on the Heart of *Atlante*, and kindled some Sparks there, that in time might increase to something more; so that he now resolves to die hers: and considering all the Obstacles that may possibly hinder his Happiness, he found none but his Fathers Obstinacy, perhaps occasioned by the Meanness of *Atlante's* Fortune. To this he urged again, that he was his only Son, and a Son whom he loved equal to his own Life; and that certainly, as soon as he should behold him dying for *Atlante*, which if he were forc'd to quit her he must be, that then he believed the Tenderness of so fond a Parent would break forth into Pity and Compassion, and plead within for his Consent. These were the Thoughts that flattered this young Lover all the day; and whether he were riding the great Horse, or at his Study of Philosophy, or Mathematicks, Singing, Dancing, or whatsoever other Exercise his Tutors ordered, his Thoughts were continually on *Atlante*, and now he profited no more, whatever he seem'd to do: every day he fail'd not to write to her by the Hand of the kind *Charlot*; who, young as she was, had conceived a very great Friendship for *Rinaldo*, and fail'd not to fetch her Letters, and bring him Answers, such as he wish'd to receive. But all this did not satisfy our impatient Lover; Absence kill'd, and he was no longer able to support himself, without a sight of this adorable Maid; he therefore implores, she will give him that Satisfaction; And she at last grants it, with a better Will than he imagin'd. The next day was the appointed time, when she would, under pretence of going to Church, give him an Assignment: And because all publick Places were dangerous, and might  
 make

make a great noise, and they had no private Place to trust to, *Rinaldo*, under pretence of going up the River in his Pleasure-Boat, which he often did, sent to have it made ready against the next day at ten of the clock. This was accordingly done, and he gave *Atlante* notice of his Design, of going an Hour or two on the River in his Boat, which lay near to such a Place, not far from the Church. She and *Charlot* came thither: and because they durst not come out without a Footman or two, they taking one, sent him with a *How-do-ye* to some young Ladies, and told him, he should find them at Church: So getting rid of their Spy, they hastned to the Riverside, and found a Boat and *Rinaldo*, waiting to carry them on board his little Vessel, which was richly adorn'd, and a very handsome Collation ready for them, of cold Meats, Sallads and Sweetmeats.

As soon as they were come into the Pleasure-Boat, unseen of any, he kneel'd at the feet of *Atlante*, and there utter'd so many passionate and tender things to her with a Voice so trembling and soft, with Eyes so languishing, and a Fervency and a Fire so sincere, that her young Heart, wholly incapable of Artifice, could no longer resist such Language, and such Looks of Love; she grows tender, and he perceives it in her fine Eyes, who could not dissemble; he reads her Heart in her Looks, and found it yielding apace; and therefore assaults it anew, with fresh Forces of Sighs and Tears: He implores she would assure him of her Heart, which she could no otherway do, than by yielding to marry him: He would carry her to the next Village, there consummate that Happiness, without which he was able to live no longer; for he had a thousand Fears, that some other Lover was, or would suddenly be provided for her; and therefore he would make sure of her, while he had this Opportunity:

tunity: and to that end, he answer'd all the Objections she could make to the contrary. But ever, when he nam'd Marriage, she trembled, with fear of doing something that she fancy'd she ought not to do without the consent of her Father. She was sensible of the Advantage, but had been so us'd to a strict Obedience, that she could not without Horror think of violating it; and therefore besought him, as he valu'd her Repose, not to urge her to that: And told him further, That if he fear'd any Rival, she would give him what other Assurance and Satisfaction he pleas'd, but that of Marriage; which she could not consent to, till she knew such an Alliance would not be fatal to him: for she fear'd as passionately as he lov'd her, when he should find she had occasion'd him the loss of his Fortune, or his Father's Affection, he would grow to hate her. Tho he answer'd to this all that a fond Lover could urge, yet she was resolv'd, and he forc'd to content himself with obliging her by his Prayers and Protestations, his Sighs, and his Showers of Tears, to a Contract, which they solemnly made each other, vowing on either side, that they would never marry any other. This being solemnly concluded, he assum'd a Look more gay and contented than before: He presented her a very rich Ring, which she durst not put on her Finger, but hid it in her Bosom. And beholding each other now, as Man and Wife, she suffer'd him all the decent Freedoms he could wish to take; so that the Hours of this Voyage seem'd the most soft and charming of his Life: and doubtless they were so; every Touch of *Atlante* transported him, every Look pierced his Soul, and he was all Raptures of Joy, when he consider'd this charming lovely Maid was his own.

*Charlot* all this while was gazing above-deck, admiring the Motion of the little Vessel, and how easily the Wind and Tide bore her up the River.

She



She had never been in any thing of this kind before, and was very well pleas'd and entertain'd, when *Rinaldo* call'd her down to eat; where they enjoy'd themselves, as well as was possible: and *Charlot* was wondring to see such a Content in their Eyes.

But now they thought it was high time for them to return; they fancy the Footman missing them at Church, would go home, and alarm their Father, and the Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance, as *Charlot* call'd Count *Vernole*, whose Severity put their Father on a greater Restriction of them, than naturally he would do of himself. At the Name of this Count, *Rinaldo* chang'd Colour, fearing he might he might be some Rival; and asked *Atlante*, if this *Vernole* was a-kin to her? She answer'd no; but was a very great Friend to her Father: and one who from their Infancy had had a particular Concern for their Breeding, and was her Master for Philosophy. *Ah!* (reply'd *Rinaldo*, sighing) *this Man's Concern must proceed from something more than Friendship for her Father; and therefore conjur'd her to tell him, whether he was not a Lover: A Lover!* (reply'd *Atlante*) *I assure you, he is a perfect Antidote against that Passion: And tho she suffer'd his ugly Presence now, she should loath and hate him, should he but name Love to her.*

She said, she believed she need not fear any such Persecution, since he was a Man who was not at all amorous; that he had too much of the Satire in his Humour, to harbour any Softness there: and Nature had form'd his Body to his Mind, wholly unfit for Love. And that he might set his Heart absolutely at rest, she assur'd him her Father had never yet propos'd any Marriage to her, tho many advantageous ones were offer'd him every day.

The Sails being turned to carry them back from whence they came; after having discoursed of a thousand things, and all of Love and Contrivance,

to carry on their mutual Design, they with Sighs parted; *Rinaldo* staying behind in the Pleasure-Boat, and they going a-shore in the Wherry that attended: after which he cast many an amorous and sad Look, and perhaps was answer'd by those of *Atlante*.

It was past Church-time two or three Hours, when they arrived at home, wholly unprepar'd with an Excuse, so absolutely was *Atlante's* Soul possess'd with softer Business. The first Person they met withal was the Footman, who open'd the Door, and began to cry out how long he had waited in the Church, and how in vain; without giving them time to reply. *De Pais* came towards 'em, and with a frowning Look demanded where they had been? *Atlante*, who was not accusom'd to Excuses and Untruth, was a while at a stand; when *Charlot* with a Voice of Joy cry'd out, *Oh Sir! we have been a-board of a fine little Ship: At this Atlante* blush'd, fearing she would tell the truth. But she proceeded on, and said, that they had not been above a Quarter of an Hour at Church, when the Lady —, with some other Ladies and Cavaliers, were going out of the Church, and that spying them, they would needs have them go with 'em: My Sister, Sir, continu'd she, was very loth to go, for fear you should be angry; but my Lady — was so importunate with her on one side, and I on the other, because I never saw a little Ship in my Life, that at last we prevail'd with her: therefore, good Sir, be not angry. He promised them he was not. And when they came in, they found Count *Vernole*, who had been inspiring *de Pais* with Severity, and counsell'd him to chide the young Ladies, for being too long absent, under pretence of going to their Devotion. Nor was it enough for him to set the Father on, but himself with a Gravity, where Concern and Malice were both apparent, reproach'd *Atlante* with Levity; and told her, He believed she had some other Motive

tive than the Invitation of a Lady, to go on ship-board: and that she had too many Lovers, not to make them doubt that this was a design'd thing; and that she had heard Love from some one, for whom it was design'd. To this she made but a short Reply, That if it was so, she had no reason to conceal it, since she had Sense enough to look after her self; and if any body had made love to her, he might be assur'd, it was some one whose Quality and Merit deserved to be heard; and with a Look of Scorn, she pass on to another Room, and left him silently raging within with Jealousy: Which, if before she tormented him, this Declaration increas'd it to a pitch not to be conceal'd. And this Day he said so much to the Father, that he resolv'd forthwith to send *Charlot* to a Nunnery: and accordingly the next day he bid her prepare to go. *Charlot*, who was not yet arrived to the Years of Distinction, did not much regret it; and having no Trouble but leaving her Sister, she prepared to go to a Nunnery, not many Streets from that where she dwelt. The Lady Abbess was her Father's Kinswoman, and had treated her very well, as often as she came to visit her: so that with Satisfaction enough, she was condemned to a monastick Life, and was now going for her Probation-Year. *Atlante* was troubled at her departure, because she had no body to bring and to carry Letters between *Rinaldo* and she: however, she took her leave of her, and promis'd to come and see her as often as she should be permitted to go abroad; for she fear'd now some Constraint extraordinary would be put upon her; and so it happened.

*Atlante's* Chamber was that to which the Balcony belong'd; and tho she durst not appear there in the day-time, she could in the night, and that way give her Lover as many Hours of Conversation as she pleas'd, without being perceiv'd: But how to  
give

give *Rinaldo* notice of this, she could not tell; who not knowing *Charlot* was gone to a Monastery, waited many days at his Window to see her: at last, they neither of them knowing who to trust with any Message, one day, when he was, as usual, upon his watch, he saw *Atlante* step into the Balcony, who having a Letter, in which she had put a piece of Lead, she tost it into his Window, whose Casement was open, and run in again unperceived by any but himself. The Paper contain'd only this:

*My Chamber is that which looks into the Balcony; from whence, tho I cannot converse with you in the day, I can at night, when I am retired to go to bed: therefore be at your Window. Farewell.*

There needed no more to make him a diligent Watcher: and accordingly she was no sooner retired to her Chamber, but she would come into the Balcony, where she fail'd not to see him attending at his Window. This happy Contrivance was thus carry'd on for many nights, where they entertain'd one another with all the Endearment that two Hearts could dictate, who were perfectly united and assur'd of each other; and this pleasing Conversation would often last till Day appear'd, and forced them to part.

But old *Bellyaurd* perceiving his Son frequent that Chamber more than usual, fancy'd something extraordinary must be the Cause of it; and one night asking for his Son, his Valet told him, he was gone into the great Chamber, so this was called: *Bellyaurd* asked the Valet what he did there; he told him he could not tell; for often he had lighted him thither, and that his Master would take the Candle from him at the Chamber-Door, and suffer him to go no farther. Tho the old Gentleman could not imagine what Affairs he could have alone every  
night

night in that Chamber, he had a Curiosity to see: and one unlucky night, putting off his Shoes, he came to the Door of the Chamber, which was open; he enter'd softly, and saw the Candle set in the Chimney, and his Son at a great open Bay-Window: he stopt a while to wait when he would turn, but finding him unmoveable, he advanced something further, and at last heard the soft Dialogue of Love between him and *Atlante*, whom he knew to be she, by his often calling her by her Name in their Discourse. He heard enough to confirm him how Matters went; and unseen as he came, he returned, full of Indignation, and thought how to prevent so great an Evil, as this Passion of his Son might produce: at first he thought to round him severely in the Ear about it, and upbraid him for doing the only thing he had thought fit to forbid him; but then he thought that would but terrify him for a while, and he would return again, where he had so great an Inclination, if he were near her; he therefore resolves to send him to *Paris*, that by absence he might forget the young Beauty that had charm'd his Youth. Therefore, without letting *Rinaldo* know the Reason, and without taking notice that he knew any thing of his Amour, he came to him one day, and told him all the Masters he had for the improving him in noble Sciences were very dull, or very remis; and that he resolved he should go for a Year or two to the Academy at *Paris*. To this the Son made a thousand Evasions; but the Father was positive, and not to be persuaded by all his Reasons: And finding he should absolutely displease him if he refus'd to go, and not daring to tell him the dear Cause of his Desire to remain at *Orleans*, he therefore, with a breaking Heart, consents to go, nay, resolves it, tho' it should be his Death. But, alas! he considers that this parting will not only prove the greatest Torment upon Earth to him,  
but

but that *Atlante* will share in his Misfortunes also: This Thought gives him a double Torment, and yet he finds no way to evade it.

The Night that finished this fatal Day, he goes again to his wonted Station, the Window; where he had not sigh'd very long, but he saw *Atlante* enter the Balcony: He was not able a great while to speak to her, or to utter one Word. The Night was light enough to see him at the wonted Place; and she admires at his Silence, and demands the Reason in such obliging Terms as adds to his Grief; and he, with a deep Sigh reply'd, *Urge me not, my fair Atlante, to speak, lest by obeying you I give you more cause of Grief than my Silence is capable of doing:* and then sighing again, he held his peace, and gave her leave to ask the Cause of these last Words. But when he made no reply but by sighing, she imagin'd it much worse than indeed it was; and with a trembling and fainting Voice, she cried, *Oh! Rinaldo, give me leave to divine that cruel News you are so unwilling to tell me: It is so,* added she, *you are destin'd to some more fortunate Maid than Atlante;* at this Tears stopp'd her Speech, and she could utter no more. *No, my dearest Charmer* (reply'd *Rinaldo*, elevating his Voice) *if that were all, you should see with what Fortitude I would die, rather than obey any such Commands. I am vow'd yours to the last Moment of my Life; and will be yours in spite of all the Opposition in the World: that Cruelty I could evade, but cannot this that threatens me. Ah!* (cried *Atlante*) *let Fate do her worst, so she still continue Rinaldo mine, and keep that Faith he hath sworn to me entire: What can she do beside that can afflict me? She can separate me* (cried he) *for some time from Atlante. Oh!* (reply'd she) *all Misfortunes fall so below that which I first imagin'd, that methinks I do not resent this, as I should otherwise have done: but I know, when I have a little more consider'd it, I shall even die with the*  
Grief

Grief of it; Absence being so great an Enemy to Loves and making us soon forget the Object belov'd: This, tho I never experienc'd, I have heard, and fear it may be my Fate. He then convinc'd her Fear with a thousand new Vows, and a thousand Imprecations of Constancy. She then asked him, *If their Loves were discover'd, that he was with such haste to depart?* He told her, *Nothing of that was the Cause; and he could almost wish it were discover'd, since he could resolutely then refuse to go: but it was only to cultivate his Mind more effectually than he could do here; 'twas the Care of his Father to accomplish him the more; and therefore he could not contradict it.* But (said he) *I am not sent where Seas shall part us, nor vast Distances of Earth, but to Paris, from whence he might come in two Days to see her again; and that he would expect from that Balcony, that had given him so many happy Moments, many more when he should come to see her.* He besought her to send him away with all the Satisfaction she could, which she could no otherwise do, than by giving him new Assurances that she would never give away that Right he had in her to any other Lover: She vows this with innumerable Tears; and is almost angry with him for questioning her Faith. He tells her he has but one Night more to stay, and his Grief would be unspeakable, if he should not be able to take a better leave of her, than at a Window; and that, if she would give him leave, he would by a Rope or two, tied together, so as it may serve for Steps, ascend her Balcony; he not having time to provide a Ladder of Ropes. She tells him she has so great a Confidence in his Vertue and Love, that she will refuse him nothing, tho it would be a very bold Venture for a Maid, to trust her self with a passionate young Man, in silence of Night: and tho she did not extort a Vow from him to secure her, she expected he would have a care of her Honour. He swore to her, his Love was too religious for so

base an Attempt. There needed not many Vows to confirm her Faith; and it was agreed on between them, that he should come the next night into her Chamber.

It happen'd that night, as it often did, that Count *Vernole* lay with Monsieur *de Pais*, which was in a Ground-Room, just under that of *Atlante's*. As soon as she knew all were in bed, she gave the word to *Rinaldo*, who was attending with the Impatience of a passionate Lover below, under the Window; and who no sooner heard the Balcony open, but he ascended with some difficulty, and enter'd the Chamber, where he found *Atlante* trembling with Joy and Fear: He throws himself at her feet, as unable to speak as she; who nothing but blush'd and bent down her Eyes, hardly daring to glance them towards the dear Object of her Desires, the Lord of all her Vows: She was asham'd to see a Man in her Chamber, where yet none had ever been alone, and by night too. He saw her Fear, and felt her trembling; and after a thousand Sighs of Love had made way for Speech, he besought her to fear nothing from him, for his Flame was too sacred, and his Passion too holy to offer any thing but what Honour with Love might afford him. At last he brought her to some Courage, and the Roses of her fair Cheeks assum'd their wonted Colour, not blushing too red, nor languishing too pale. But when the Conversation began between them, it was the softest in the world: They said all that parting Lovers could say; all that Wit and Tenderness could express: They exchanged their Vows anew; and to confirm his, he tied a Bracelet of Diamonds about her Arm, and she returned him one of her Hair, which he had long begged, and she had on purpose made, which clasped together with Diamonds; this she put about his Arm, and he swore to carry it to his Grave. The Night was very far spent



spent in tender Vows, soft Sighs and Tears on both sides, and it was high time to part: but, as if Death had been to have arrived to them in that minute, they both linger'd away the time, like Lovers who had forgot themselves; and the Day was near approaching when he bid farewell, which he repeated very often: for still he was interrupted by some commanding Softness from *Atlante*, and then lost all his Power of going; till she, more courageous and careful of his Interest and her own Fame, forc'd him from her: and it was happy she did, for he was no sooner got over the Balcony, and she had flung him down his Rope, and shut the Door, but *Vernole*, whom Love and Contrivance kept waking, fancy'd several times he heard a noise in *Atlante's* Chamber. And whether in passing over the Balcony, *Rinaldo* made any noise or not, or whether it were still his jealous Fancy, he came up in his Night-Gown, with a Pistol in his Hand. *Atlante* was not so much lost in Grief, tho' she were all in Tears, but she heard a Man come up, and imagin'd it had been her Father, she not knowing of Count *Vernole's* lying in the House that Night; if she had, she possibly had taken more care to have been silent: but whoever it was, she could not get to bed soon enough, and therefore turn'd her self to her Dressing-Table, where a Candle stood, and where lay a Book open of the Story of *Ariadne* and *Theseus*. The Count turning the Latch, enter'd halting into her Chamber in his Night-Gown clapped close about him, which betray'd an ill-favour'd Shape, his Night-Cap on, without a Perriwig, which discover'd all his lean wither'd Jaws, his pale Face, and his Eyes staring; and made altogether so dreadful a Figure, that *Atlante*, who no more dreamt of him than of a Devil, had possibly have rather seen the last. She gave a great Shriek, which frighted *Vernole*; so both stood for a while staring on each other, till both

were recollected : He told her the Care of her Honour had brought him thither ; and then rolling his small Eyes round the Chamber, to see if he could discover any body, he proceeded, and cry'd, *Madam, if I had no other Motive than your being up at this time of Night, or rather of Day, I could easily guess how you have been entertain'd. What Insolence is this* (said she, all in a rage) *when to cover your Boldness of approaching my Chamber at this Hour, you would question how I have been entertain'd! Either explain your self, or quit my Chamber; for I do not use to see such terrible Objects here. Possibly those you do see* (said the Count) *are indeed more agreeable, but I am afraid have not that regard to your Honour as I have :* And at that word he stepped to the Balcony, open'd it, and looked out ; but seeing no body, he shut it to again. This enraged *Atlante* beyond all patience ; and snatching the Pistol out of his Hand, she told him, *He deserved to have it aimed at his Head, for having the Impudence to question her Honour, or her Conduct ; and commanded him to avoid her Chamber as he lov'd his Life, which she believ'd he was sonder of than of her Honour.* She speaking this in a Tone wholly transported with Rage ; and at the same time holding the Pistol towards him, made him tremble with Fear ; and he now found, whether she were guilty or not, it was his turn to beg pardon : For you must know, however it came to pass that his Jealousy made him come up in that fierce posture, at other times *Vernole* was the most tame and passive Man in the World, and one who was afraid of his own Shadow in the night : He had a natural Aversion for Danger, and thought it below a Man of Wit, or common Sense, to be guilty of that brutal thing, called Courage or Fighting : His Philosophy told him, *It was safe sleeping in a whole Skin ;* and possibly he apprehended as much Danger from this *Virago*, as ever he did from his own Sex.

He

He therefore fell on his knees, and besought her to hold her fair hand, and not to suffer that, which was the greatest Mark of his Respect, to be the Cause of her Hate or Indignation. The pitiful Faces he made, and the Signs of mortal Fear in him, had almost made her laugh, at least it allay'd her Anger; and she bid him rise and play the fool hereafter somewhere else, and not in her presence: yet for once she would deign to give him this Satisfaction, that she was got into a Book, which had many moving Stories very well writ; and that she found herself so well entertain'd, she had forgot how the night passed. He most humbly thanked her for this Satisfaction, and retired, perhaps not so well satisfied as he pretended.

After this, he appear'd more submissive and respectful towards *Atlante*; and she carry'd herself more reserv'd and haughty towards him; which was one Reason, he would not yet discover his Passion.

Thus the time ran on at *Orleans*, while *Rinaldo* found himself daily languishing at *Paris*. He was indeed in the best Academy in the City, amongst a number of brave and noble Youths, where all things that could accomplish them, were to be learn'd by those that had any Genius; but *Rinaldo* had other Thoughts, and other Business: his time was wholly past in the most solitary Parts of the Garden, by the melancholy Fountains, and in the most gloomy Shades, where he could with most liberty breathe out his Passion and his Grievs. He was past the Tutorage of a Boy; and his Masters could not upbraid him, but found he had some secret Cause of Grief, which made him not mind these Exercises, which were the Delight of the rest: so that nothing being able to divert his Melancholy, which daily increased upon him, he fear'd it would bring him into a Fever, if he did not give himself the Satisfaction of  
seeing

seeing *Atlante*. He had no sooner thought of this, but he was impatient to put it in execution; he resolves to go (having very good Horses) without acquainting any of his Servants with it. He got a very handsom and light Ladder of Ropes made, which he carry'd under his Coat, and away he rid for *Orleans*, stay'd at a little Village, till the Darknes of the Night might favour his Design: And then walking about *Atlante's* Lodgings, till he saw a Light in her Chamber, and then making that noise on his Sword, as was agreed between them; he was heard by his adorable *Atlante*, and suffer'd to mount her Chamber, where he would stay till almost break of Day, and then return to the Village, and take horse, and away for *Paris* again. This, once in a Month, was his Exercise, without which he could not live; so that his whole Year was past in riding between *Orleans* and *Paris*, between excess of Grief, and excess of Joy by turns.

It was now that *Atlante*, arrived to her fifteenth Year, shone out with a Lustre of Beauty greater than ever; and in this Year, in the absence of *Rinaldo*, had carry'd herself with that Severity of Life, without the youthful Desire of going abroad, or desiring any Diversion, but what she found in her own retired Thoughts, that *Vernole*, wholly unable longer to conceal his Passion, resolv'd to make a Publication of it, first to the Father, and then to the lovely Daughter, of whom he had some hope, because she had carry'd her self very well towards him for this year past; which she would never have done, if she had imagin'd he would ever have been her Lover: She had seen no signs of any such Misfortune towards her in these many Years he had conversed with her, and she had no cause to fear him. When one day her Father taking her into the Garden, told her what Honour and Happiness was in store for her; and that now the Glory of his fall'n Family

Family

Family would rise again, since she had a Lover of an illustrious Blood, ally'd to Monarchs; and one whose Fortune was newly encreased to a very considerable degree, answerable to his Birth. She changed Colour at this Discourse, imagining but too well, who this illustrious Lover was; when *de Pais* proceeded and told her, *Indeed his Person was not the most agreeable that ever was seen; but he marry'd her to Glory and Fortune, not the Man: And a Woman (says he) ought to look no farther.*

She needed not any more to inform her who this intended Husband was; and therefore, bursting forth into Tears, she throws her self at his feet, imploring him not to use the Authority of a Father, to force her to a thing so contrary to her Inclination: assuring him, she could not consent to any such thing; and that she would rather die than yield. She urged many Arguments for this her Disobedience; but none would pass for current with the old Gentleman, whose Pride had flatter'd him with hopes of so considerable a Son-in-law: He was very much surpriz'd at *Atlante's* refusing what he believ'd she would receive with Joy; and finding that no Arguments on his side could draw hers to an obedient Consent, he grew to such a Rage, as very rarely possess'd him: vowing, if she did not conform her Will to his, he would abandon her to all the Cruelty of Contempt and Poverty; so that at last she was forced to return him this Answer, *That she would strive all she could with her Heart; but she verily believed she should never bring it to consent to a Marriage with Monsieur the Count.* The Father continued threatenng her, and gave her some days to consider of it: So leaving her in Tears, he return'd to his Chamber, to consider what Answer he should give Count *Vernole*, who he knew would be impatient to learn what Success he had, and what himself was to hope. *De Pais*, after some Consideration

ration, resolv'd to tell him, she receiv'd the Offer very well, but that he must expect a little Maiden-Nicety in the Case: and accordingly did tell him so; and he was not at all doubtful of his good Fortune.

But *Atlante*, who resolv'd to die a thousand Deaths rather than break her solemn Vows to *Rinaldo*, or to marry the Count, cast about how she should avoid it with the least hazard of her Father's Rage. She found *Rinaldo* the better and more advantageous Match of the two, could they but get his Father's Content: He was beautiful and young; his Title was equal to that of *Vernole*, when his Father should die; and his Estate exceeded his: yet she dares not make a discovery, for fear she should injure her Lover; who at this time, though she knew it not, lay sick of a Fever, while she was wondring that he came not as he us'd to do. However, she resolves to send him a Letter, and acquaint him with the Misfortune; which she did in these Terms:

*Atlante to Rinaldo.*

**M***Y Father's Authority would force me to violate my sacred Vows to you, and give them to the Count Vernole, whom I mortally hate, yet could wish him the greatest Monarch in the World, that I might shew you I could even then despise him for your sake. My Father is already too much enraged by my denial, to hear Reason from me, if I should confess to him my Vows to you: So that I see nothing but a Prospect of Death before me; for assure your self, my Rinaldo, I will die rather than consent to marry any other: Therefore come my Rinaldo, and come quickly, to see my Funerals, instead of those Nuptials they vainly expect from*

Your Faithful

ATLANTE.

This Letter *Rinaldo* received; and there needed no more to make him fly to *Orleans*: This rais'd him

him soon from his Bed of Sickness, and getting immediately to horse, he arrived at his Father's House; who did not so much admire to see him, because he heard he was sick of a Fever, and gave him leave to return, if he pleas'd: He went directly to his Father's House, because he knew somewhat of the Business, he was resolv'd to make his Passion known, as soon as he had seen *Atlante*, from whom he was to take all his Measures: He therefore fail'd not, when all were in bed, to rise and go from his Chamber into the Street; where finding a Light in *Atlante's* Chamber, for she every Night expected him, he made the usual Sign, and she went into the Balcony; and he having no Conveniency of mounting up into it, they discoursed, and said all they had to say. From thence she tells him of the Count's Passions, of her Father's Resolution, and that her own was rather to die his, than live any body's else: And at last, as their Refuge, they resolv'd to discover the whole Matter; she to her Father, and he to his, to see what Accommodation they could make; if not, to die together. They parted at this resolve, for she would permit him no longer to stay in the Street after such a Sickness; so he went home to bed, but not to sleep.

The next day, at Dinner, *Monsieur Bellyaurd* believing his Son absolutely cur'd, by absence, of his Passion; and speaking of all the News in the Town, among the rest, told him he was come in good time to dance at the Wedding of Count *Vernole* with *Atlante*, the Match being agreed on: No, Sir, (reply'd *Rinaldo*) *I shall never dance at the Marriage of Count Vernole with Atlante; and you will see in Monsieur De Pais's House a Funeral sooner than a Wedding.* And thereupon he told his Father all his Passion for that lovely Maid; and assur'd him, if he would not see him laid in his Grave, he must content to this Match. *Bellyaurd* rose in a Fury, and told him, *He had rather see him in the Grave, than in the Arms of Atlante:*

*Atlante*: Not (continued he) *so much for any dislike I have to the young Lady, or the Smallness of her Fortune; but because I have so long warn'd you from such a Passion, and have with such care endeavour'd by your Absence to prevent it.* He travers'd the Room very fast, still protesting against this Alliance; and was deaf to all *Rinaldo* could say. On the other side the day being come, wherein *Atlante* was to give her final Answer to her Father concerning her Marriage with Count *Vernole*; she assum'd all the Courage and Resolution she could to withstand the Storm that threaten'd a Denial. And her Father came to her, and demanding her Answer, she told him, *She could not be the Wife of Vernole, since she was Wife to Rinaldo, only Son to Bellyaurd.* If her Father storm'd before, he grew like a Man distracted at her Confession; and *Vernole* hearing them loud, ran to the Chamber to learn the Cause; where just as he entered he found *De Pais's* Sword drawn, and ready to kill his Daughter, who lay all in Tears at his feet. He with-held his Hand; and asking the cause of his Rage, he was told all that *Atlante* had confess'd; which put *Vernole* quite beside all his Gravity, and made him discover the Infirmity of Anger, which he us'd to say, ought to be dissembled by all wise Men: So that *De Pais* forgot his own to appease his, but 'twas in vain, for he went out of the House, vowing Revenge to *Rinaldo*: And to that end, being not very well assured of his own Courage, as I said before, and being of the Opinion, that no Man ought to expose his Life to him who has injur'd him; he hired *Swiss* and *Spanish* Soldiers to attend him in the nature of Footmen; and watch'd several Nights about *Bellyaurd's* Door, and that of *De Pais*, believing he should some time or other see him under the Window of *Atlante*, or perhaps mounting into it; for now he no longer doubted, but this happy Lover was he, whom he fancy'd



fancy'd he heard go from the Balcony that Night he came up with his Pistol; and being more a *Spaniard* than a *French-Man* in his Nature, he resolv'd to take him any way unguarded or unarmed, if he came in his way.

*Atlante*, who heard his Threatnings when he went from her in a Rage, fear'd his Cowardice might put him on some base Action, to deprive *Rinaldo* of his Life; and therefore thought it not safe to suffer him to come to her by Night, as he had before done; but sent him word in a Note, that he should forbear her Window, for *Vernole* had sworn his Death. This Note came unseen by his Father, to his hands: but this could not hinder him from coming to her Window, which he did as soon as it was dark: he came thither, only attended with his Valet, and two Footmen; for now he cared not who knew the Secret. He had no sooner made the Sign, but he found himself incompass'd with *Vernole's* Bravoës; and himself standing at a distance cry'd out, *That is he*: With that they all drew on both sides, and *Rinaldo* receiv'd a Wound in his Arm. *Atlante* heard this, and ran crying out, *That Rinaldo, prest by Numbers, would be kill'd*. *De Pais*, who was reading in his Closet, took his Sword, and ran out; and, contrary to all expectation, seeing *Rinaldo* fighting with his back to the Door, pull'd him into the House, and fought himself with the Bravoës: who being very much wounded by *Rinaldo*, gave ground, and sheer'd off; and *De Pais* putting up old *Bilbo* into the Scabbard, went into his House, where he found *Rinaldo* almost fainting with loss of Blood, and *Atlante*, with her Maids, binding up his Wound; to whom *de Pais* said, *This Charity, Atlante, very well becomes you, and is what I can allow you; and I could wish you had no other Motive for this Action*. *Rinaldo* by degrees recovered of his Fainting, and as well as his Weakness would

would permit him, he got up and made a low Reverence to *De Pais*, telling him, *He had now a double Obligation to pay him all the Respect in the World; first, for his being the Father of Atlante; and secondly, for being the Preserver of his Life: two Tyes that should eternally oblige him to love and honour him, as his own Parent.* *De Pais* reply'd, *He had done nothing but what common Humanity compelled him too: But if he would make good that Respect he profess'd towards him, it must be in quitting all Hopes of Atlante, whom he had destin'd to another, or eternal Inclosure in a Monastery: He had another Daughter, whom if he would think worthy of his regard, he should take his Alliance as a very great Honour; but his Word and Reputation, nay his Vows were past, to give Atlante to Count Vernole. Rinaldo, who before he spoke took measure from Atlante's Eyes, which told him, her Heart was his; return'd this Answer to *De Pais*, That he was infinitely glad to find by the Generosity of his Offer, that he had no Aversion to his being his Son-in-law; and that, next to Atlante, the greatest Happiness he could wish would be, his receiving Charlot from his hands: but that he could not think of quitting Atlante, how necessary soever it would be, for Glory, and his — (the further) Repose.* *De Pais* would not let him at this time argue the matter further, seeing he was ill, and had need of looking after; he therefore begg'd he would for his Health's sake retire to his own House, whither he himself conducted him, and left him to the care of his Men, who were escap'd the Fray; and returning to his own Chamber, he found *Atlante* retir'd, and so he went to bed full of Thoughts. This Night had increased his Esteem for *Rinaldo*, and lessen'd it for *Count Vernole*; but his Word and Honour being past, he could not break it, neither with Safety nor Honour: for he knew the haughty resenting Nature of the Count, and he fear'd some danger might arrive to the brave

*Rinaldo,*

*Rinaldo*, which troubled him very much: At last he resolv'd, that neither might take any thing ill at his hands, to lose *Atlante*, and send her to the Monastery where her Sister was, and compel her to be a Nun. This he thought would prevent Mischiefs on both sides; and accordingly, the next day, (having in the Morning sent word to the Lady *Abbess* what he would have done) he carries *Atlante*, under pretence of visiting her Sister, (which they often did) to the Monastery, where she was no sooner come, but she was led into the Inclosure: Her Father had rather sacrifice her, than she should be the cause of the Murder of two such noble Men as *Vernole* and *Rinaldo*.

The Noise of *Atlante's* being inclos'd, was soon spread all over the busy Town, and *Rinaldo* was not the last to whom the News arriv'd: He was for a few days confin'd to his Chamber; where, when alone, he rav'd like a Man distracted: but his Wounds had so incens'd his Father against *Atlante*, that he swore he would see his Son die of them, rather than suffer him to marry *Atlante*; and was extremely over-joy'd to find she was condemned, for ever, to the Monastery. So that the Son thought it the wisest Course, and most for the advantage of his Love, to say nothing to contradict his Father; but being almost assured *Atlante* would never consent to be shut up in a Cloyster, and abandon him, he flatter'd himself with hope, that he should steal her from thence, and marry her in spite of all opposition. This he was impatient to put in practice: He believed, if he were not permitted to see *Atlante*, he had still a kind Advocate in *Charlot*, who was now arriv'd to her Thirteenth Year, and infinitely advanc'd in Wit and Beauty. *Rinaldo* therefore often goes to the Monastery, surrounding it, to see what possibility there was of accomplishing his Design; if he could get her consent, he finds it not impossible,  
and

and goes to visit *Charlot*; who had command not to see him, or speak to him. This was a Cruelty he look'd not for, and which gave him an unspeakable Trouble, and without her aid it was wholly impossible to give *Atlante* any account of his Design. In this Perplexity he remain'd many days, in which he languish'd almost to death; he was distracted with Thought, and continually hovering about the Nunnery-Walls, in hope, at some time or other, to see or hear from the lovely Maid, who alone could make his Happiness. In these Traverses he often met *Vernole*, who had liberty to see her when he pleas'd: If it happen'd that they chanc'd to meet in the Day-time, tho' *Vernole* were attended with an Equipage of Ruffians, and *Rinaldo* but only with a couple of Footmen, he could perceive *Vernole* shun him, grow pale, and almost tremble with Fear sometimes, and get to the other side of the Street; and if he did not, *Rinaldo* having a mortal hate to him, would often bear up so close to him, that he would jostle him against the Wall, which *Vernole* would patiently put up, and pass on; so that he could never be provok'd to fight by Day-light, how solitary soever the place was where they met: but if they chanc'd to meet at Night, they were certain of a Skirmish, in which he would have no part himself; so that *Rinaldo* was often like to be assassinated, but still came off with some slight Wound. This continued so long, and made so great a noise in the Town, that the two old Gentlemen were mightily alarm'd by it; and Count *Bellyaurd* came to *De Pais*, one day, to discourse with him of this Affair; and *Bellyaurd*, for the Preservation of his Son, was almost consenting, since there was no Remedy, that he should marry *Atlante*. *De Pais* confess'd the Honour he proffer'd him, and how troubled he was, that his Word was already past to his Friend, the Count *Vernole*, whom he said she should marry, or  
 remain

remain for ever a Nun; but if *Rinaldo* could displace his Love from *Atlante*, and place it on *Charlot*, he should gladly consent to the Match. *Bellyaurd*, who would now do any thing for the Repose of his Son, tho he believ'd this Exchange would not pass, yet resolv'd to propose it, since by marrying him he took him out of the danger of *Vernole's* Assassinate, who would never leave him till they had dispatch'd him, should he marry *Atlante*.

While *Rinaldo* was contriving a thousand ways to come to speak to, or send Billets to *Atlante*, none of which would succeed without the aid of *Charlot*, his Father came and propos'd this Agreement between *De Pais* and himself, to his Son. At first *Rinaldo* receiv'd it with a chang'd Countenance, and a breaking Heart; but swiftly turning from Thought to Thought, he conceiv'd this the only way to come at *Charlot*, and so consequently at *Atlante*: he therefore, after some dissembled Regret, consents, with a sad put-on Look: \*And *Charlot* had notice given her to see and entertain *Rinaldo*. As yet they had not told her the Reason; which her Father would tell her, when he came to visit her, he said. *Rinaldo* over-joy'd at this Contrivance, and his own Dissimulation, goes to the Monastery, and visits *Charlot*; where he ought to have said something of this Proposition: but wholly bent upon other Thoughts, he sollicit her to convey some Letters, and Presents to *Atlante*; which she readily did, to the unspeakable Joy of the poor Distress. Sometimes he would talk to *Charlot* of her own Affairs; asking her, if she resolv'd to become a Nun? To which she would sigh, and say, If she must, it would be extremely against her Inclinations; and, if it pleas'd her Father, she had rather begin the World with any tolerable Match.

Things past thus for some days, in which our Lovers were happy, and *Vernole* assur'd he should  
 have

have *Atlante*. But at last *De Pais* came to visit *Charlot*, who ask'd her, if she had seen *Rinaldo*? She answer'd, *She had*. And how does he entertain you? (rely'd *De Pais*) Have you receiv'd him as a Husband? and has he behaved himself like one? At this a sudden Joy seized the Heart of *Charlot*; and loth to confess what she had done for him to her Sister, she hung down her blushing Face to study for an Answer. *De Pais* continued, and told her the Agreement between *Bellyaurd* and him, for the saving of Bloodshed.

She, who blest the cause, whatever it was, having always a great Friendship and Tenderness for *Rinaldo*, gave her Father a thousand Thanks for his Care; and assured him, since she was commanded by him, she would receive him as her Husband.

And the next day, when *Rinaldo* came to visit her, as he used to do, and bringing a Letter with him, wherein he propos'd the sight of *Atlante*; he found a Coldness in *Charlot*, as soon as he told her his Design, and desired her to carry the Letter. He asked the reason of this Change: She tells him she was informed of the Agreement between their two Fathers, and that she look'd upon her self as his Wife, and would act no more as a Confident; that she had ever a violent Inclination of Friendship for him, which she would soon improve into something more soft.

He could not deny the Agreement, nor his Promise; but it was in vain to tell her, he did it only to get a Correspondence with *Atlante*: She is obstinate, and he as pressing, with all the Tenderness of Persuasion: He vows he can never be any but *Atlante's*, and she may see him die, but never break his Vows. She urges her Claim in vain, so that at last she was overcome, and promised she would carry the Letter: which was to have her make her escape

cape that Night. He waits at the Gate for her Answer, and *Charlot* returns with one that pleased him very well; which was, that Night her Sister would make her escape, and that he must stand in such a place of the Nunnery-Wall, and she would come out to him.

After this she upbraids him with his false Promise to her, and of her Goodness to serve him after such a Disappointment. He receives her Reproaches with a thousand Sighs, and bemoans his Misfortune in not being capable of more than Friendship for her; and vows, that next *Atlante*, he esteems her of all Womankind. She seems to be obliged by this, and assured him, she would hasten the Flight of *Atlante*; and taking leave, he went home to order a Coach, and some Servants to assist him.

In the mean time, Count *Vernole* came to visit *Atlante*; but she refused to be seen by him: And all he could do there that Afternoon, was entertaining *Charlot* at the Grate; to whom he spoke a great many fine Things, both of her improved Beauty and Wit; and how happy *Rinaldo* would be in so fair a Bride. She received this with all the Civility that was due to his Quality; and their Discourse being at an end, he took his leave, it being towards the Evening.

*Rinaldo*, wholly impatient, came betimes to the Corner of the dead Wall, where he was appointed to stand, having ordered his Footmen and Coach to come to him as soon as it was dark. While he was there walking up and down, *Vernole* came by the end of the Wall to go home, and looking about, he saw, at the other end, *Rinaldo* walking, whose Back was towards him, but he knew him well; and tho he feared and dreaded his Business there, he durst not encounter him, they being both attended but by one Footman a-piece. But *Vernole's* Jealousy

fy and Indignation were so high, that he resolv'd to fetch his Bravoes to his aid, and come and assault him: for he knew he waited there for some Message from *Atlante*.

In the mean time it grew dark, and *Rinaldo's* Coach came with another Footman; which were hardly arrived, when *Vernole*, with his Assistants, came to the Corner of the Wall, and skreening themselves a little behind it, near to the place where *Rinaldo* stood, who waited now close to a little Door, out of which the Gardeners used to throw the Weeds and Dirt, *Vernole* could perceive anon the Door to open, and a Woman come out of it, calling *Rinaldo* by his Name, who stepped up to her, and caught her in his Arms with Signs of infinite Joy. *Vernole* being now all Rage, cried to his Assassins, *Fall on, and kill the Ravisher*: And immediately they all fell on. *Rinaldo*, who had only his two Footmen on his side, was forc'd to let go the Lady, who would have run into the Garden again, but the Door fell to and lock'd; so that while *Rinaldo* was fighting, and beaten back by the Bravoes, one of which he laid dead at his feet, *Vernole* came to the frighted Lady, and taking her by the Hand, cried, *Come, my fair Fugitive, you must go along with me*. She, wholly scared out of her Senses, was willing to go any where out of the Terror she heard so near her, and without reply, gave her self into his hand, who carried her directly to her Father's House; where she was no sooner come, but he told her Father all that had past, and how she was running away with *Rinaldo*, but that his good Fortune brought him just in the lucky Minute. Her Father turning to reproach her, found by the Light of a Candle, that this was *Charlot*, and not *Atlante*, whom *Vernole* had brought home: At which *Vernole* was extremely astonish'd. Her Father demanded of her why she was running away with



with a Man, who was design'd her by consent? Yes, (said Charlot) you had his Consent, Sir, and that of his Father; but I was far from getting it: I found he resolv'd to die rather than quit Atlante; and promising him my assistance in his Amour, since he could never be mine, he got me to carry a Letter to Atlante; which was, to desire her to fly away with him. Instead of carrying her this Letter, I told her, he was design'd for me, and had cancelled all his Vows to her: She swooned at this News; and being recovered a little, I left her in the hands of the Nuns, to persuade her to live; which she resolves not to do without Rinaldo. Though they press'd me, yet I resolv'd to pursue my Design, which was to tell Rinaldo she would obey his kind Summons. He waited for her; but I put my self into his hands in lieu of Atlante; and had not the Count received me, we had been married by this time, by some false Light that could not have discovered me: But I am satisfied, if I had, he would never have lived with me longer than the Cheat had been undiscovered; for I find them both resolv'd to die, rather than change. And for my part, Sir, I was not so much in love with Rinaldo, as I was out of love with the Nunnery; and took any opportunity to quit a Life absolutely contrary to my Humour. She spoke this with a Gaiety so brisk, and an Air so agreeable, that Vernole found it touch'd his Heart; and the rather, because he found Atlante would never be his; or if she were, he should be still in danger from the Resentment of Rinaldo: he therefore bowing to Charlot, and taking her by the Hand, cry'd, Madam, since Fortune has dispos'd you thus luckily for me, in my Possession, I humbly implore you would consent she should make me entirely happy, and give me the Prize for which I fought, and have conquer'd with my Sword. My Lord, (replied Charlot, with a modest Air) I am superstitious enough to believe, since Fortune, so contrary to all our Designs, has given me into your hands, that she from the begin-

ning destin'd me to the Honour; which, with my Father's Consent, I shall receive as becomes me. *De Pais* transported with Joy, to find all things would be so well brought about, it being all one to him, whether *Charlot* or *Atlante* gave him Count *Vernole* for his Son-in-law, readily consented; and immediately a Priest was sent for, and they were that Night married. And it being now not above seven a-clock, many of their Friends were invited, the Musick sent for, and as good a Supper as so short a time would provide, was made ready.

All this was performed in as short a time as *Rinaldo* was fighting; and having killed one, and wounded the rest, they all fled before his conquering Sword; which was never drawn with so good a will. When he came where his Coach stood, just against the Back-Garden-Door, he looked for his Mistress: But the Coachman told him, he was no sooner engaged, but a Man came, and with a thousand Reproaches on her Levity, bore her off.

This made our young Lover rave; and he is satisfied she is in the hands of his Rival; and that he had been fighting, and shedding his Blood, only to secure her Flight with him. He lost all patience, and it was with much ado his Servants persuaded him to return; telling him, in their opinion, she was more likely to get out of the hands of his Rival, and come to him, than when she was in the Monastery.

He suffers himself to go into his Coach and be carry'd home; but he was no sooner alighted, than he heard Musick and Noise at *De Pais's* House. He saw Coaches surround his Door, and Pages and Footmen with Flambeaux. The Sight and Noise of Joy made him ready to sink at the Door; and sending his Footmen to learn the Cause of this Triumph, the Pages that waited told him, That Count *Vernole* was this night married to Monsieur *De Pais's*

The LUCKY MISTAKE. 405

*Pais's* Daughter. He needed no more to deprive him of all Sense; and staggering against his Coach, he was caught by his Footmen and carried into his House, and to his Chamber, where they put him to bed, all senseless as he was, and had much ado to recover him to Life. He asked for his Father, with a faint Voice, for he desired to see him before he died. It was told him he was gone to Count *Vernole's* Wedding, where there was a perfect Peace agreed on between them, and all their Animosities laid aside. At this News *Rinaldo* fainted again; and his Servants called his Father home, and told him in what Condition they had brought home their Master, recounting to him all that was past. He hastened to *Rinaldo*, whom he found just recovered of his Swooning; who, putting his Hand out to his Father, all cold and trembling, cry'd, *Well, Sir, now you are satisfied, since you have seen Atlante married to Count Vernole, I hope now you will give your unfortunate Son leave to die; as you wish'd he should, rather than give him to the Arms of Atlante.* Here his Speech failed, and he fell again into a Fit of Swooning: His Father ready to die with fear of his Son's Death, kneeled down by his Bed-side; and after having recovered a little, he said, *My dear Son, I have been indeed at the Wedding of Count Vernole, but 'tis not to Atlante, to whom he is married, but Charlot; who was the Person you were bearing from the Monastery, instead of Atlante, who is still reserved for you, and she is dying till she hear you are reserved for her: Therefore, as you regard her Life, make much of your own, and make your self fit to receive her; for her Father and I have agreed the Marriage already.* And without giving him leave to think, he called to one of his Gentlemen, and sent him to the Monastery, with this News to *Atlante*. *Rinaldo* bowed himself as low as he could in his Bed, and kiss'd the Hand of his Father, with Tears of Joy: But his

406. *The* LUCKY MISTAKE.

Weakness continued all next day; and they were fain to bring *Atlante* to him, to confirm his Happiness.

It must only be guessed by Lovers, the perfect Joy these two received in the sight of each other. *Bellyaurd* received her as his Daughter; and the next day made her so with very great Solemnity, at which were *Vernole* and *Charlot*: Between *Rinaldo* and him was concluded a perfect Peace, and all thought themselves happy in this double Union.



THE



THE  
C O U R T  
OF THE  
King of *Bantam*.

**T**HIS Money certainly is a most devilish Thing! I'm sure the want of it had like to have ruin'd my dear *Philibella*, in her Love to *Valentine Goodland*; who was really a pretty deserving Gentleman, Heir to about fifteen hundred Pound a Year; which, however, did not so much recommend him, as the Sweetness of his Temper, the Comeliness of his Person, and the Excellency of his Parts: In all which Circumstances my obliging Acquaintance equal'd him, unless in the Advantage of their Fortune. Old Sir *George Goodland* knew of his Son's Passion for *Philibella*; and though he was generous, and of an humour sufficiently complying, yet he could by no means think it convenient, that his only Son should marry with a young Lady of so slender a Fortune as my Friend, who had not above five hundred Pound, and that the Gift of her Uncle Sir *Philip Friendly*: tho her Vertue and Beauty might

have deserv'd, and have adorn'd the Throne of an *Alexander*, or a *Cesar*.

Sir *Philip* himself, indeed, was but a younger Brother, though of a good Family, and of a generous Education; which, with his Person, Bravery, and Wit, recommended him to his Lady *Philadelphina*, Widow of Sir *Bartholomew Banquier*, who left her possess'd of two thousand Pounds *per Annum*, besides twenty thousand Pounds in Money and Jewels; which oblig'd him to get himself dubb'd, that she might not descend to an inferior Quality. When he was in Town, he liv'd——let me see! in the *Strand*; or, as near as I can remember, somewhere about *Charing-Cross*; where, first of all Mr. *Would-be-King*, a Gentleman of a large Estate in Houses, Land and Money, of a haughty, extravagant, and profuse Humour, very fond of every new Face, had the misfortune to fall passionately in love with *Philibella*, who then liv'd with her Uncle.

This Mr. *Would-be* (it seems) had often been told, when he was yet a Stripling, either by one of his Nurses, or by his own Grand-mother, or by some other Gipsy, that he should infallibly be what his Sirname imply'd, a King, by Providence or Chance, e'er he dy'd, or never. This glorious Prophecy had so great an Influence on all his Thoughts and Actions, that he distributed and dispers'd his Wealth sometimes so largely, that one would have thought he had undoubtedly been King of some part of the *Indies*; to see a Present made to-day of a Diamong-Ring, worth two or three hundred Pounds to Madam *Flippant*; to-morrow, a large Chest of the finest *China*, to my Lady *Fleecewell*; and next day, perhaps, a rich Necklace of large Oriental Pearl, with a Locket to it of Saphires, Emeralds, Rubies, &c. to pretty Miss *Ogleme*, for an amorous Glance, for a Smile, and (it may be, though

though but rarely) for the mighty Blessing of one single Kiss. But such were his Largeſſes, not to reckon his Treats, his Balls, and Serenades besides, tho at the same time he had marry'd a vertuous Lady, and of good Quality: But her Relation to him (it may be fear'd) made her very disagreeable: For a Man of his Humour and Estate can no more be satisfy'd with one Woman, than with one Dish of Meat; and, to say truth, 'tis something unmodish. However, he might have dy'd a pure Celibate, and altogether unexpert of Woman, had his good or bad Hopes only terminated in Sir *Philip's* Niece. But the brave and haughty Mr. *Would-be* was not to be baulk'd by Appearances of Virtue, which he thought all Womankind only did affect; besides, he promis'd himself the Victory over any Lady whom he attempted, by the force of his damn'd Money, tho her Vertue were ever so real and strict.

With *Philibella* he found another pretty young Creature, very like her, who had been a *quondam* Mistress to Sir *Philip*: He, with young *Goodland*, was then diverting his Mistress and Niece at a Game at Cards, when *Would-be* came to visit him; he found 'em very merry, with a Flask of Claret or two before 'em, and Oranges roasting by a large Fire, for it was *Christmas*-time. The Lady *Friendly* understanding that this extraordinary Man was with Sir *Philip* in the Parlour, came in to 'em, to make the number of both Sexes equal, as well as in hopes to make up a Purse of Guineas toward the purchase of some new fine Business that she had in her head, from his accustom'd Design of losing at play to her. Indeed, she had part of her Wish, for she got twenty Guineas of him; *Philibella* ten; and *Lucy*, Sir *Philip's* *quondam*, five: Not but that *Would-be* intended better Fortune to the young ones, than he did to Sir *Philip's* Lady;

dy; but her Ladyship was utterly unwilling to give him over to their Management, though at the last, when they were all tir'd with the Cards, after *Would-be* had said as many obliging things as his present Genius would give him leave, to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, especially to the first, not forgetting his Bas mains to the Lady *Friendly*, he bid the Knight and *Goodland* adieu: but with a Promise of repeating his Visit at six a-clock in the Evening on *Twelfth-day*, to renew the famous and antient Solemnity of chusing King and Queen; to which Sir *Philip* before invited him, with a design yet unknown to you, I hope.

As soon as he was gone, every one made their Remarks on him, but with very little or no difference in all their Figures of him. In short, all Mankind, had they ever known him, would have universally agreed in this his Character, That he was an Original; since nothing in Humanity was ever so vain, so haughty, so profuse, so fond, and so ridiculously ambitious, as Mr. *Would-be King*. They laugh'd and talk'd about an hour longer, and then young *Goodland* was oblig'd to see *Lucy* home in his Coach; tho he had rather have sat up all night in the same House with *Philibella*, I fancy, of whom he took but an unwilling leave; which was visible enough to every one there, since they were all acquainted with his Passion for my fair Friend.

About twelve a-clock on the day prefix'd, young *Goodland* came to dine with Sir *Philip*, whom he found just return'd from Court, in a very good humour. On the sight of *Valentine*, the Knight ran to him, and embracing him, told him, That he had prevented his Wis hes, in coming thither before he sent for him, as he had just then design'd. The other return'd, that he therefore hoped he might be of some service to him, by so happy a prevention of  
his



his intended Kindness. No doubt (reply'd Sir *Philip*) the Kindness, I hope, will be to us both; I am assur'd it will, if you will act according to my measures. I desire no better Prescriptions for my Happiness (return'd *Valentine*) than what you shall please to set down to me: But is it necessary or convenient that I should know 'em first? It is, (answered Sir *Philip*) let us sit, and you shall understand 'em. — I am very sensible (continu'd he) of your sincere and honourable Affection and Pretension to my Niece, who, perhaps, is as dear to me as my own Child could be, had I one; nor am I ignorant how averse Sir *George* your Father is to your Marriage with her, insomuch that I am confident he would disinherit you immediately upon it, merely for want of a Fortune somewhat proportionable to your Estate: but I have now contriv'd the means to add two or three thousand Pounds to the five hundred I have design'd to give with her; I mean, if you marry her, *Val*, not otherwise; for I will not labour so for any other Man. What inviolable Obligations you put upon me! (cry'd *Goodland*.) No returns by way of Compliments, good *Val*, (said the Knight:) Had I not engaged to my Wife, before Marriage, that I would not dispose of any part of what she brought me, without her consent, I would certainly make *Philibella's* Fortune answerable to your Estate: And besides, my Wife is not yet full eight and twenty, and we may therefore expect Children of our own, which hinders me from proposing any thing more for the advantage of my Niece. — But now to my Instructions; — *King* will be here this Evening without fail, and, at some time or other to-night, will shew the haughtiness of his Temper to you, I doubt not, since you are in a manner a Stranger to him: Be sure therefore you seem to quarrel with him before you part, but suffer as much as you can first from his Tongue; for I

know

know he will give you Occasions enough to exercise your passive Valour. I must appear his Friend, and you must retire home, if you please, for this night, but let me see you early as your Convenience will permit to-morrow: my late Friend *Lucy* must be my Niece too. Observe this, and leave the rest to me. I shall most punctually, and will in all things be directed by you, (return'd *Valentine*.) I had forgot to tell you (said *Friendly*) that I have so order'd matters, that he must be King to-night, and *Lucy* Queen, by the Lots in the Cake. By all means (return'd *Goodland*;) it must be Majesty.

Exactly at six a-clock came *Would-be* in his Coach and six, and found Sir *Philip*, and his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella*, and *Lucy* ready to receive him; *Lucy* as fine as a Dutchess, and almost as beautiful as she was before her fall. All things were in ample Order for his Entertainment. They play'd till Supper was serv'd in, which was between eight and nine. The Treat was very seasonable and splendid. Just as the second Course was set on the Table, they were all on a sudden surpriz'd, except *Would-be*, with a flourish of Violins, and other Instruments, which proceeded to entertain 'em with the best and newest Airs in the last new Plays, being then in the Year 1683. The Ladies were curious to know to whom they ow'd the chearful part of their Entertainment: On which he call'd out, Hey! *Tom Farmer! Aleworth! Eccles! Hall!* and the rest of you! Here's a Health to these Ladies, and all this honourable Company. They bow'd; he drank, and commanded another Glass to be fill'd, into which he put something yet better than the Wine, I mean, ten Guinea's: Here, *Farmer*, (said he then) this for you and your Friends. We humbly thank the Honourable Mr. *Would-be King*. They all return'd, and struck up with more Spriteliness than before. For Gold and Wine, doubtless, are the best Rosin for Musicians.

After

After Supper they took a hearty Glass or two to the King, Queen, Duke, &c. and then the mighty Cake, teeming with the Fate of this extraordinary Personage, was brought in, the Musicians playing an Overture at the Entrance of the *Alimental Oracle*; which was then cut and consulted, and the Royal Bean and Pea fell to those to whom Sir *Philip* had design'd 'em. 'Twas then the Knight began a merry Bumper, with three Huzza's, and, *Long live King Wou'd-be!* to *Goodland*, who eccho'd and pledg'd him, putting the Glass about to the harmonious Attendants; while the Ladies drank their own Quantities among themselves, *To his aforesaid Majesty*. Then of course you may believe Queen *Lucy's* Health went merrily round, with the same Ceremony: After which he saluted his Royal Consort, and condescended to do the same Honour to the two other Ladies.

Then they fell a dancing, like Lightning; I mean, they mov'd as swift, and made almost as little noise: But his Majesty was soon weary of that; for he long'd to be making love both to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, who (believe me) that Night might well enough have pass'd for a Queen.

They fell then to Questions and Commands; to cross Purposes: *I think a Thought, what is it like, &c?* In all which, his *Wou'd-be* Majesty took the opportunity of shewing the Excellency of his Parts, as, How fit he was to govern! How dextrous at mining and countermining! and, How he could reconcile the most contrary and distant Thoughts. The Musick, at last, good as it was, grew troublesome and too loud; which made him dismiss 'em: And then he began to this effect, addressing himself to *Philibella*, Madam, had Fortune been just, and were it possible that the World should be governed and influenc'd by two Suns, undoubtedly we had all been Subjects to you, from this Night's Chance, as  
well

well as to that Lady, who indeed alone can equal you in the Empire of Beauty, which yet you share with her Majesty here present, who only cou'd dispute it with you, and is only superior to you in Title. My Wife is infinitely oblig'd to your Majesty, (interrupted Sir *Philip*) who in my opinion, has greater Charms, and more than both of them together. You ought to think so, Sir *Philip* (returned the new dubb'd King;) however you should not so liberally have express'd your self, in opposition and derogation to Majesty:—Let me tell you, 'tis a faucy Boldness that thus has loos'd your Tongue! —What think you, young Kinsman and Counsellor? (said he to *Goodland*.) With all Respect due to your sacred Title, (returned *Valentine*, rising and bowing) Sir *Philip* spoke as became a truly affectionate Husband; and it had been Presumption in him, unpardonable, to have seem'd to prefer her Majesty, or that other sweet Lady, in his Thoughts, since your Majesty has been pleas'd to say so much and so particularly of their Merits: 'Twould appear as if he durst lift up his Eyes, with Thoughts, too near the Heaven you only would enjoy. And only can deserve, you should have added, (said King, no longer, *Wou'd-be*.) How! may it please your Majesty (cried *Friendly*) both my Nieces! tho you deserve ten thousand more, and better, would your Majesty enjoy them both? Are they then both your Nieces (asked *Chance's King* :) Yes, both Sir (returned the Knight;) her Majesty's the eldest, and in that Fortune has shewn some Justice. So she has (reply'd the titular Monarch :) My Lot is fair (pursu'd he) tho I can be blest'd but with one.

*Let Majesty with Majesty be join'd,  
To get and leave a Race of Kings behind.*

Come

Come Madam (continu'd he, kissing *Lucy*) this, as an earnest of our future Endeavours. I fear (return'd the pretty Queen) your Majesty will forget the unhappy *Statira*, when you return to the Embraces of your dear and beautiful *Roxana*. There is none beautiful but you (reply'd the titular King) unless this Lady, to whom I yet could pay my Vows most zealously, were't not that Fortune has thus pre-engag'd me: But, Madam (continu'd he) to shew that still you hold our Royal Favour, and that next to our Royal Consort, we esteem you, we greet you thus (kissing *Philibella*;) and, as a Signal of our continu'd Love, wear this rich Diamond: (here he put a Diamond-Ring on her Finger, worth three hundred Pounds.) Your Majesty (pursu'd he to *Lucy*) may please to wear this Necklace, with this Locket of Emeralds. Your Majesty is bounteous as a God! (said *Valentine*.) Art thou in want, young Spark? (ask'd the King of *Bantam*) I'll give thee an Estate shall make thee merit the Mistress of thy Vows, be she who she will. That is my other Niece, Sir, (cry'd *Friendly*.) How! how! presumptuous Youth! How are thy Eyes and Thoughts exalted? ha! To Blifs your Majesty must never hope for, (reply'd *Goodland*.) How now! thou Creature of the basest Mold! Not hope for what thou dost aspire to! *Mock-King*, thou canst not, dar'st not, shall not hope it, (return'd *Valentine*, in a heat.) Hold, *Val*. (cry'd Sir *Philip*) you grow warm, forget your Duty to their Majesties, and abuse your Friends, by making us suspected. Good night, dear *Philibella*, and my Queen! Madam, I am your Ladyship's Servant (said *Goodland*;) Farewel Sir *Philip*: Adieu thou Pageant! thou Property-King! I shall see thy Brother on the Stage e'er long; but first I'll visit thee: and in the mean time, by way of return to thy proffer'd Estate, I will add a real Territory to the rest of thy empty  
Titles;

Titles; for from thy Education, barbarous manner of Conversation, and Complexion, I think I may justly proclaim thee, *King of Bantam*—So, *Hail, King that Wou'd-be! Hail, ihou King of Christmas! All Hail, Wou'd-be King of Bantam*—and so he left 'em.—They all seem'd amaz'd, and gaz'd on one another, without speaking a Syllable; till Sir *Philip* broke the Charm, and sigh'd out, Oh, the monstrous Effects of Passion! Say rather, Oh, the foolish Effects of a mean Education! (interrupted his Majesty of *Bantam*.) For Passions were given us for use, Reason to govern and direct us in the Use, and Education to cultivate and refine that Reason. But (pursu'd he) for all his Impudence to me, which I shall take a time to correct, I am oblig'd to him, that at last he has found me out a Kingdom to my Title; and if I were Monarch of that Place (believe me Ladies) I would make you all Princesses and Dutchesse: and thou, my old Companion, *Friendly*, shouldst rule the roast with me. But these Ladies should be with us there, where we would erect Temples and Altars to 'em; build Golden Palaces of Love, and Castles—in the Air (interrupted her Majesty, *Lucy* 1. smiling.) 'Gad take me (cry'd King *Wou'd-be*) thou dear Partner of my Greatness, and shalt be, of all my Pleasures! thy pretty satirical Observation has oblig'd me beyond Imitation. I think your Majesty is got into a vein of Rhiming to-night, (said *Philadelphia*.) Ay! Pox of that young insipid Fop, we could else have been as great as an Emperor of *China*, and as witty as *Horace* in his Wine; but let him go, like a pragmatial, captious, giddy Fool as he is! I shall take a time to see him. Nay Sir, (said *Philibella*) he has promis'd your Majesty a Visit in our hearing. Come Sir, I beg your Majesty to pledg me this Glafs to your long and happy Reign; laying aside all thoughts of ungovern'd Youth: Besides,  
this

this Discourse must needs be ungrateful to her Majesty, to whom, I fear, he will be marry'd within this month. How! (cry'd *King and no King*) marry'd to my Queen! I must not, cannot suffer it! Pray restrain your self a little, Sir, (said Sir *Philip*) and when once these Ladies have left us, I will discourse your Majesty further about this Business. Well, pray Sir *Philip* (said his Lady) let not your Worship be pleas'd to sit up too long for his Majesty: About five of the clock I shall expect you; 'tis your old Hour. And yours, Madam, to wake to receive me coming to bed — Your Ladyship understands me, (returned *Friendly*.) You're merry, my Love, you're merry, (cry'd *Philadelphia*;) Come Niece, to bed! to bed! Ay, (said the Knight) Go, both of you and sleep together, if you can, without the Thoughts of a Lover, or a Husband. His Majesty was pleas'd to wish them a good repose; and so, with a Kiss, they parted for that time.

Now we're alone (said Sir *Philip*) let me assure you, Sir, I resent this Affront done to you by Mr. *Goodland*, almost as highly as you can: and though I can't wish that you should take such Satisfaction, as, perhaps some other hotter Sparks would; yet let me say, his Miscarriage ought not to go unpunish'd in him. Fear not (reply'd t'other) I shall give him a sharp Lesson. No Sir (return'd *Friendly*) I would not have you think of a bloody Revenge; for 'tis that which possibly he designs on you: I know him brave as any Man. However, were it convenient that the Sword should determine betwixt you, you should not want mine: The Affront is partly to me, since done in my House; but I've already laid down safer measures for us, tho' of more fatal consequence to him: that is, I've form'd 'em in my Thoughts. Dismiss your Coach and Equipage, all but one Servant, and I will discourse it to you at large. 'Tis now past twelve; and if

you please, I would invite you to take up as easy a Lodging here, as my House will afford. (Accordingly they were dismiss'd, and he proceeded :)

—— As I hinted to you before, he is in love with my youngest Niece *Philibella*; but her Fortune not exceeding five hundred Pound, his Father will assuredly disinherit him, if he marries her: though he has given his Consent that he should marry her eldest-Sister, whose Father dying e'er he knew his Wife was with child of the youngest, left *Lucy* three thousand Pounds, being as much as he thought convenient to match her handsomly; and accordingly, the Nuptials of young *Goodland* and *Lucy* are to be celebrated next *Easter*. They shall not, if I can hinder them (interrupted his offended Majesty.) Never endeavour the Obstruction (said the Knight) for I'll shew you the way to a dearer Vengeance: Women are Women, your Majesty knows; she may be won to your Embraces before that time, and then you antedate him your *Creature*. A Cuckold, you mean (cry'd King in Fancy :) O exquisite Revenge! but can you consent that I should attempt it? What is't to me? We live not in *Spain*, where all the Relations of the Family are obliged to vindicate a Whore: No, I would wound him in his most tender Part. But how shall we compass it? (asked t'other :) Why thus, throw away three thousand Pounds on the youngest Sister, as a Portion, to make her as happy as she can be in her new Lover *Sir Frederick Flygold*, an extravagant young Fop, and wholly given over to gaming; so, ten to one, but you may retrieve your Mony of him, and have the two Sisters at your devotion, Oh, thou my better Genius than that which was given to me by Heaven at my Birth! What Thanks, what Praises shall I return and sing to thee for this! (cry'd King *Conundrum*.) No Thanks, no Praises, I beseech your Majesty, since in this I gratify my self—— You think



think I am your Friend? and, you will agree to this? (said *Friendly*, by way of Question.) Most readily, (returned the Fop King :) Would it were broad day, that I might fend for the Mony to my Banker's; for in all my Life, in all my Frolicks, Encounters and Extravagances, I never had one so grateful and so pleasant as this will be, if you are in earnest, to gratify both my Love and Revenge! That I am in earnest, you will not doubt, when you see with what application I shall pursue my Design: In the mean time, *My Duty to your Majesty; To our good Success in this Affair.* While he drank, t'other returned, *With all my Heart;* and pledg'd him. Then *Friendly* began afresh: Leave the whole Management of this to me; only one thing more I think necessary, that you make a Present of five hundred Guineas to her Majesty, the Bride that must be. By all means (returned the wealthy King of *Bantam*;) I had so designed before. Well Sir (said Sir *Philip*) what think you of a set Party or two at *Piquet*, to pass away some few hours, till we can sleep? A seasonable and welcome Proposition (returned the King;) but I won't play above twenty Guineas the Game, and forty the Lurch. Agreed, (said *Friendly*;) first call in your Servant; mine is here already. The Slave came in, and they began, with unequal Fortune at first; for the Knight had lost a hundred Guineas to Majesty, which he paid in Specie; and then propos'd fifty Guineas the Game, and an hundred the Lurch. To which t'other consented; and without winning more than three Games, and those nottogether, made shift to get three thousand two hundred Guineas in debt to Sir *Philip*; for which Majesty was pleas'd to give him Bond, whether *Friendly* would or no, *Seal'd and delivered in the Presence of,*

The Mark of (W.) *Will. Watchful.*

And, (S.) *Sim. Slyboots.*

A couple of delicate Beagles, their mighty Attendants.

It was then about the Hour that Sir *Philip's* (and, it may be, other Ladies) began to yawn and stretch; when the Spirits refreshed, troul'd about and tickled the Blood with Desires of Action; which made Majesty and Worship think of a Retreat to Bed: where in less than half an Hour, or before ever he cou'd say his Prayers, I'm sure the first fell fast asleep; but the last, perhaps, paid his accustomed Devotion, e'er he begun his Progefs to the Shadow of Death. However, he waked earlier than his Cully Majesty, and got up to receive young *Goodland*, who came according to his Word, with the first Opportunity. Sir *Philip* receiv'd him with more than usual Joy, tho not with greater Kindness, and let him know every Syllable and Accident that had pass'd between them till they went to bed: which you may believe was not a little pleasantly surprizing to *Valentine*, who began then to have some Assurance of his Happiness with *Philibella*. His Friend told him, that he must now be reconcil'd to his *Mock-Majesty*, though with some difficulty; and so taking one hearty Glas a-piece, he left *Valentine* in the Parlour to carry the ungrateful News of his Visit to him that Morn'g. King — was in an odd fort of taking, when he heard that *Valentine* was below; and had been, as Sir *Philip* inform'd *Majesty*, at *Majesty's* Palace, to enquire for him there: But when he told him, that he had already school'd him on his own behalf for the Affront done in his House, and that he believ'd he could bring his Majesty off without any loss of present Honour, his Countenance visibly discover'd his past Fear, and present Satisfaction; which was much increas'd too, when *Friendly* shewing him his Bond for the Mony he won of him at play, let him know, that if he paid three thousand Guineas

to *Philibella*, he would immediately deliver him up his Bond, and not expect the two hundred Guineas overplus. His Majesty of *Bantam* was then in so good a humour, that he could have made love to Sir *Philip*; nay, I believe he could have kissed *Valentine*, instead of seeming angry. Down they came, and saluted like Gentlemen: But after the greeting was over, *Goodland* began to talk something of Affront, Satisfaction, Honour, &c. when immediately *Friendly* interpos'd, and after a little seeming Uneasiness and Reluctancy, reconcil'd the hot and cholerick Youth to the cold phlegmatick King.

Peace was no sooner proclaim'd, than the King of *Bantam* took his Rival and late Antagonist with him in his own Coach, not excluding Sir *Philip* by any means, to *Locket's*, where they din'd: Thence he would have 'em to Court with him, where he met the Lady *Flippant*, the Lady *Harpy*, the Lady *Crocodile*, Madam *Tattlemore*, Miss *Medler*, Mrs. *Gingerly*, a rich Grocer's Wife, and some others, besides Knights and Gentlemen of as good Humours as the Ladies; all whom he invited to a Ball at his own House, the Night following; his own Lady being then in the Country. Madam *Tattlemore*, I think, was the first he spoke to in Court, and whom first he surprized with the happy News of his Advancement to the Title of King of *Bantam*. How wondrous hasty was she to be gone, as soon as she heard it! 'Twas not in her power, because not in her nature, to stay long enough to take a civil leave of the Company; but away she flew, big with the empty Title of a fantastick King, proclaiming it to every one of her Acquaintance, as she passed through every Room, till she came to the *Presence-Chamber*, where she only whisper'd it; but her Whispers made above half the honourable Company quit the Presence of the King of *Great*

*Britain*, to go make their court to his Majesty of *Bantam*; some cry'd, *God bless your Majesty!* Some, *Long live the King of Bantam!* Others, *All Hail to your sacred Majesty!* In short, he was congratulated on all sides. Indeed I don't hear that his Majesty King *Charles II.* ever sent any Ambassador to compliment him; tho, possibly, he saluted him by his Title the first time he saw him afterwards: For, you know, he is a wonderful good-natur'd and well-bred Gentleman,

After he thought the Court of *England* was universally acquainted with his mighty Honour, he was pleas'd to think fit to retire to his own more private Palace, with Sir *Philip* and *Goodland*, whom he entertained that night very handsomly, till about seven a-clock; when they went together to the Play, which was that Night, *A King and no King*. His Attendant-Friends could not forbear smiling, to think how aptly the Title of the Play suited his Circumstances. Nor could he chuse but take notice of it behind the Scenes, between Jest and Earnest; telling the Players how kind Fortune had been the Night past, in disposing the Bean to him: and justifying what one of her Prophetesses had foretold some Years since. I shall now no more regard (said he) that old doating Fellow *Pythagoras's* Saying, *Abstineto a Fabis*, That is, (added he, by way of Construction) *Abstain from Beans*: For I find the Excellency of 'em in Cakes and Dishes; from the first, they inspire the Soul with mighty Thoughts; and from the last, our Bodies receive a strong and wholesom Nourishment. That is, (said a Wag among those sharp Youths; I think 'twas my Friend the Count) these puff you up in Mind, Sir, those in Body. They had some further Discourse among the Nymphs of the Stage, e'er they went into the Pit; where Sir *Philip* spread the News of his Friend's Accession to the Title, tho  
not

not yet to the Throne of *Bantam*; upon which he was there again complimented on that occasion. Several of the Ladies and Gentlemen who saluted him, he invited to the next night's Ball at his Palace.

The Play done, they took each of them a Bottle at the *Rose*, and parted till seven the night following; which came not sooner than desired: for he had taken such care, that all things were in readiness before eight, only he was not to expect the Musick till the end of the Play. About nine, Sir *Philip*, his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella*, and *Lucy* came. Sir *Philip* returned him *Rabelais*, which he had borrow'd of him, wherein the Knight had written, in an old odd sort of a Character, this Prophecy of his own making; with which he surpriz'd the Majesty of *Bantam*, who vow'd he had never taken notice of it before: but he said, he perceiv'd it had been long written, by the Character; and here it follows, as near as I can remember:

*When M. D. C. come L. before,  
Three XXX's two II's and one I. more,  
Then KING, tho now but Name to thee,  
Shall both thy Name and Title be.*

They had hardly made an end of reading it, e'er the whole Company, and more than he had invited, came in, and were receiv'd with a great deal of Formality and Magnificence. *Lucy* was there attended as his Queen; and *Philibella*, as the Princess her Sister. They danc'd then till they were weary; and afterwards retir'd to another large Room, where they found the Tables spread and furnished with all the most seasonable cold Meat; which was succeeded by the choicest Fruits, and the richest Desert of Sweatmeats that Luxury could think on, or at least, that this Town could afford. The Wines were all most excellent in their kind; and their Spirits

flew about thro every Corner of the House: There was scarce a Spark sober in the whole Company, with drinking repeated Glasses to the Health of the King of *Bantam*, and his Royal Consort, with the Princess *Philibella's*, who sat together under a Royal Canopy of State, his Majesty between the two beautiful Sisters: only *Friendly* and *Goodland* wisely manag'd that part of the Engagement where they were concern'd, and preserv'd themselves from the Heat of the Debauch.

Between three and four most of them began to draw off, laden with Fruit and Sweatmeats, and rich Favours compos'd of Yellow, Green, Red and White, the Colours of his new Majesty of *Bantam*. Before five, they were left to themselves; when the Lady *Friendly* was discompos'd, for want of Sleep, and her usual Cordial, which obliged Sir *Philip* to wait on her home, with his two Nieces: But his Majesty would by no means part with *Goodland*; whom, before nine that Morning, he made as drunk as a Lord; and by consequence, one of his Peers; for Majesty was then, indeed, as great as an Emperor: He fancy'd himself *Alexander*, and young *Valentine* his *Hephestion*; and did so be-bufs him, that the young Gentleman fear'd he was fallen into the hands of an *Italian*. However, by the kind Persuasions of his condescending and dissembling Majesty, he ventur'd to go into bed with him; where King *Wou'd-be* fell asleep, hand-over-head: and not long after, *Goodland*, his new-made Peer, follow'd him to the cool Retreats of *Morphews*.

About three the next Afternoon they both wak'd, as by consent, and called to dress. And after that Business was over, I think they swallow'd each of 'em a Pint of *Old-Hock*, with a little Sugar, by the way of healing. Their Coaches were got ready in the mean time; but the Peer was forced to accept

cept of the Honour of being carried in his Majesty's to Sir *Philip's*; whom they found just risen from Dinner, with *Philadelphia* and his two Nieces. They sat down, and ask'd for something to relish a Glass of Wine, and Sir *Philip* order'd a cold Chine to be set before 'em, of which they eat about an Ounce a piece; but they drank more by the half, I dare say.

After their little repast, *Friendly* called the *Would-be-Monarch* aside, and told him, that he would have him go to the Play that night, which was, *The London-Cuckolds*; promising to meet him there in less than half an hour after his departure: telling him withal, that he would surprize him with a much better Entertainment than the Stage afforded. Majesty took the hint, imagining, and that rightly, that the Knight had some Intrigue in his head, for the Promotion of the Commonwealth of Cuckoldom: In order therefore to his Advice, he took his leave about a quarter of an hour after.

When he was gone, Sir *Philip* thus bespoke his pretended Niece; Madam, I hope your Majesty will not refuse me the Honour of waiting on you to a Place where you will meet with better Entertainment than your Majesty can expect from the best Comedy in Christendom. *Val.* (continued he) you must go with us, to secure me against the Jealousy of my Wife. That, indeed (return'd his Lady) is very material; and you are mightily concern'd not to give me occasion, I must own. You see I am now, (replied he :) But— come! on with Hoods and Scarf! (pursued he, to *Lucy.*) Then addressing himself again to his Lady; Madam, (said he) we'll wait on you. In less time than I could have drank a Bottle to my share, the Coach was got ready, and on they drove to the Play-House. By the way, said *Friendly* to *Val.* —Your Honour,  
noble

noble Peer, must be set down at *Long's*; for only *Lucy* and I must be seen to his Majesty of *Bantam*: And now, I doubt not, you understand what you must trust to.—— To be robb'd of her Majesty's Company, I warrant (return'd the other) for these long three Hours. Why (cry'd *Lucy*) you don't mean, I hope, to leave me with his Majesty of *Bantam*? 'Tis for thy good, Child! 'Tis for thy good (return'd *Friendly*.) To the *Rose* they got then; where *Goodland* alighted, and expected Sir *Philip*; who led *Lucy* into the King's Box, to his new Majesty; where, after the first Scene, he left 'em together. The overjoy'd fantastick Monarch would fain have said some fine obliging Things to the Knight, as he was going out; but *Friendly's* haste prevented 'em, who went directly to *Valentine*, took one Glass, called a Reckoning, mounted his Chariot, and away home they came: where I believe he was welcome to his Lady; for I never heard any thing to the contrary.

In the mean time, his Majesty had not the patience to stay out half the Play, at which he was saluted by above twenty Gentlemen and Ladies by his new and mighty Title: but out he led Miss Majesty e'er the third Act was half done; pretending, that it was so damn'd bawdy a Play, that he knew her Modesty had been already but too much offended at it; so into his Coach he got her. When they were seated, she told him she would go to no place with him, but to the Lodgings her Mother had taken for her, when she first came to Town, and which still she kept. Your Mother! Madam, (cry'd he) why, is Sir *Philip's* Sister living then? His Brother's Widow is, Sir, (she reply'd.) Is she there? (he ask'd.) No, Sir, (she return'd;) she's in the Country. Oh, then we will go thither to chuse. The Coach-man was then order'd to drive to *Fermain-Street*; where, when



when he came into the Lodgings, he found 'em very rich and modishly furnish'd. He presently call'd one of his Slaves, and whisper'd him to get three or four pretty Dishes for Supper; and then getting a Pen, Ink and Paper, writ a Note to *C—d* the Goldsmith within *Temple-Bar*, for five hundred Guinea's; which *Watchful* brought him, in less than an hour's time, when they were just in the height of Supper; *Lucy* having invited her Landlady, for the better colour of the matter. His *Bantamite* Majesty took the Gold from his Slave, and threw it by him in the Window, that *Lucy* might take notice of it; (which you may assure your self she did, and after Supper, wink'd on the goodly Matron of the House to retire; which she immediately obey'd.) Then his Majesty began his Court very earnestly and hotly, throwing the naked Guinea's into her Lap: which she seem'd to refuse with much disdain; but upon his repeated Promises, confirm'd by unheard of Oaths and Imprecations, that he would give her Sister three thousand Guinea's to her Portion, she began by degrees to mollify, and let the Gold lie quietly in her Lap: And the next night, after he had drawn Notes on two or three of his Bankers, for the Payment of three thousand Guinea's to Sir *Philip*, or Order, and receiv'd his own Bond, made for what he had lost at Play, from *Friendly*, she made no great difficulty to admit his Majesty to her bed. Where I think fit to leave 'em for the present; for (perhaps) they had some private Business.

The next morning before the Titular King was (I won't say up, or stirring, but) out of bed, young *Goodland* and *Philibella* were privately marry'd; the Bills being all accepted and paid in two days time. As soon as ever the phantastick Monarch could find in his heart to divorce himself from the dear and charming Embraces of his beautiful

tiful Bedfellow, he came flying to Sir *Philip*, with all the haste that Imagination big with Pleasure could inspire him with, to discharge it self to a suppos'd Friend. The Knight told him, that he was really much troubled to find that his Niece had yielded so soon and easily to him; however, he wish'd him Joy: to which the other return'd, that he could never want it, whilst he had the command of so much Beauty, and that without the ungrateful Obligations of Matrimony, which certainly are the most nauseous, hateful, pernicious and destructive of Love imaginable. Think you so, Sir? (ask'd the Knight;) we shall hear what a Friend of mine will say on such an occasion, to morrow about this time: but I beseech your Majesty to conceal your Sentiments of it to him, lest you make him as uneasy as you seem to be in that Circumstance. Be assur'd I will, (return'd the other:) But when shall I see the sweet, the dear, the blooming, the charming *Philibella*? She will be with us at Dinner. Where's her Majesty? (ask'd Sir *Philip*.) Had you enquir'd before, she had been here; for, look, she comes! *Friendly* seem'd to regard her with a kind of Displeasure, and whisper'd Majesty, that he should express no particular Symptoms of Familiarity with *Lucy* in his House, at any time, especially when *Goodland* was there, as then he was above with his Lady and *Philibella*, who came down presently after to Dinner.

About four a-clock, as his Majesty had intrigu'd with her, *Lucy* took a Hackney-Coach, and went to Lodgings; whither, about an hour after, he follow'd her. Next morning, at nine, he came to *Friendly*'s, who carry'd him up to see his new marry'd Friends——But (O Damnation to Thought!) what torments did he feel, when he saw young *Goodland* and *Philibella* in bed together; the last of which return'd him humble and hearty Thanks for her

her Portion and Husband, as the first did for his Wife. He shook his Head at Sir *Philip*, and without speaking one word, left 'em, and hurry'd to *Lucy*, to lament the ill Treatment he had met with from *Friendly*. They coo'd and bill'd as long as he was able; she (sweet Hypocrite) seeming to bemoan his Misfortunes; which he took so kindly, that when he left her, which was about three in the Afternoon, he caus'd a Scrivener to draw up an Instrument, wherein he settled a hundred Pounds a year on *Lucy* for her Life, and gave her a hundred Guinea's more against her Lying-in: (For she told him, and indeed 'twas true, that she was with Child, and knew her self to be so from a very good Reason ——) And indeed she was so—— by the *Friendly Knight*. When he return'd to her, he threw the obliging Instrument into her Lap; (it seems, he had a particular Kindness for that Place ——) then call'd for Wine, and something to eat; for he had not drank a Pint to his share all the day, (tho he had ply'd it at the Chocolate-House——.) The Landlady, who was invited to sup with 'em, bid 'em Goodnight, about eleven; when they went to bed, and partly slept till about six; when they were entertain'd by some Gentlemen of their Acquaintance, who play'd and sung very finely, by way of *Epithalamium*, these words and more:

*Joy to great Bantam!*  
*Live long, love and wanton!*  
*And thy Royal Consort!*  
*For both are of one sort, &c.*

The rest I have forgot. He took some offence at the Words; but more at the Visit that Sir *Philip*, and *Goodland*, made him, about an hour after, who found him in bed with his Royal Consort, and after having wish'd 'em Joy, and thrown their Majesties  
own

own Shoes and Stockings at their heads, retir'd:  
 This gave Monarch in Fancy so great a Caution,  
 that he took his Royal Consort into the Country,  
 (but above forty Miles off the Place where his own  
 Lady was) where, in less than eight Months, she  
 was deliver'd of a Princely Babe, who was christen'd  
 by the heathenish Name of *Hayoumorecake*  
*Bantam*; while her Majesty lay in like a petty  
 Queen.



For bid me of our hat, &c.  
 And thy Royal Consort  
 And look, how and remain?  
 Joy to great Bantam!

The rest I have forgot. I took some offence at  
**ETH**; but more at the Verse that Sir Fobus  
 and Goodswan made him, about an hour after, who  
 found him in bed with his Royal Consort, and after  
 having wish'd 'em Joy, and thrown their Majesties  
 own



THE  
**N U N :**

OR, THE  
**Perjured Beauty.**

A True N O V E L.

**D**ON *Henrique* was a Person of great Birth, of a great Estate, of a Bravery equal to either, of a most generous Education; but of more Passion than Reason: He was besides of an opener and freer Temper than generally his Countrymen are (I mean, the *Spaniards*) and always engag'd in some Love-Intrigue or other.

One Night as he was retreating from one of those Engagements, Don *Sebastian*, whose Sister he had abus'd with a Promise of Marriage, set upon him

him at the Corner of a Street, in *Madrid*, and by the help of three of his Friends, design'd to have dispatch'd him on a doubtful Embassy to the Almighty Monarch: But he receiv'd their first Instructions with better Address than they expected, and dismiss'd his Envoy first, killing one of Don *Sebastian's* Friends. Which so enrag'd the injur'd Brother, that his Strength and Resolution seem'd to be redoubled, and so animated his two surviving Companions, that (doubtless) they had gain'd a dishonourable Victory, had not Don *Antonio* accidentally come in to the Rescue: who after a very short dispute, kill'd one of the two who attack'd him only; whilst Don *Henrique*, with the greatest difficulty, defended his Life, for some moments, against *Sebastian*, whose Rage depriv'd him of Strength, and gave his Adversary the unwish'd advantage of his seeming Death, tho not without bequeathing some bloody Legacies to Don *Henrique*. *Antonio* had receiv'd but one slight Wound in the left Arm, and his surviving Antagonist none; who however thought it not advisable to begin a fresh Dispute against two, of whose Courage he had but too fatal a Proof, tho one of 'em was sufficiently disabled. The Conquerors, on the other side, politically retreated, and quitting the Field to the Conquer'd, left the living to bury the dead, if he could, or thought convenient.

As they were marching off, Don *Antonio*, who all this while knew not whose Life he had so happily preserv'd, told his Companion in Arms, that he thought it indispensibly necessary that he should quarter with him that night, for his further Preservation. To which he prudently consented, and went, with no little uneasiness, to his Lodgings; where he surpriz'd *Antonio* with the sight of his dearest Friend. For they had certainly the nearest Sympathy in all their Thoughts, that ever made

two brave Men unhappy! And, undoubtedly, nothing but Death, or more fatal Love, could have divided them. However, at present, they were united and secure.

In the mean time, Don *Sebastian's* Friend was just going to call help to carry off the Bodies, as the ——— came by; who seeing three Men lie dead, seiz'd the fourth; who as he was about to justify himself, by discovering one of the Authors of so much Blood-shed, was interrupted by a Groan from his supposed dead Friend Don *Sebastian*; whom, after a brief Account of some part of the matter, and the knowledge of his Quality, they took up, and carried to his House; where, within a few days, he was recovered past the fear of Death. All this while *Henrique* and *Antonio* durst not appear, so much as by night; nor could be found, tho' diligent and daily search was made after the first: but upon Don *Sebastian's* recovery, the Search ceasing, they took the advantage of the night, and, in disguise, retreated to *Sevil*. 'Twas there they thought themselves most secure, where indeed they were in the greatest danger; for tho' (haply) they might there have escap'd the murderous Attempt of Don *Sebastian*, and his Friends, yet they could not there avoid the malicious Influence of their Stars.

This City gave Birth to *Antonio*, and to the cause of his greatest Misfortunes, as well as of his Death. Donna *Ardelia* was born there, a Miracle of Beauty and Falshood. 'Twas more than a year since Don *Antonio* had first seen and loved her. For 'twas impossible any Man should do one without the other. He had had the unkind opportunity of speaking and conveying a Billette to her at Church; and to his greater misfortune, the next time he found her there, he met with too kind a return both from her Eyes, and from her Hand, which private-

ly flipt a Paper into his; in which he found abundantly more than he expected, directing him in that, how he should proceed, in order to carry her off from her Father with the least danger he could look for in such an Attempt: since it would have been vain and fruitless to have asked her of her Father, because their Families had been at enmity for several Years; tho' *Antonio* was as well descended as she, and had as ample a Fortune; nor was his Person, according to his Sex, any way inferior to hers; and certainly, the Beauties of his Mind were more excellent, especially if it be an Excellence to be constant.

He had made several Attempts to take possession of her, but all prov'd ineffectual; however, he had the good fortune not to be known, tho' once or twice he narrowly escap'd with Life, bearing off his Wounds with difficulty. — (Alas, that the Wounds of Love should cause those of Hate!) Upon which she was strictly confin'd to one Room, whose only Window was towards the Garden, and that too was grated with Iron; and, once a Month, when she went to Church, she was constantly and carefully attended by her Father, and a Mother-in-Law, worse than a *Duegna*. Under this miserable Confinement *Antonio* understood she still continued at his return to *Sevil* with *Don Henrique*, whom he acquainted with his invincible Passion for her; lamenting the Severity of her present Circumstances, that admitted of no prospect of relief: which caus'd a generous Concern in *Don Henrique*, both for the Sufferings of his Friend, and of the Lady. He propos'd several ways to *Don Antonio*, for the Release of the fair Prisoner; but none of them was thought practicable, or at least, likely to succeed. But *Antonio*, who (you may believe) was then more nearly engag'd, bethought himself of an Expedient that would undoubtedly reward their Endeavours.



deavours. 'Twas, that Don *Henrique*, who was very well acquainted with *Ardelia's* Father, should make him a Visit, with pretence of begging his consent and admission to make his Addresses to his Daughter; which, in all probability, he could not refuse to Don *Henrique's* Quality and Estate: and then this freedom of access to her would give him the opportunity of delivering the Lady to his Friend. This was thought so reasonable, that the very next day it was put in practice; and with so good success, that Don *Henrique* was received by the Father of *Ardelia* with the greatest and most respectful Ceremony imaginable: And when he made the Proposal to him of marrying his Daughter, it was embraced with a visible Satisfaction and Joy in the air of his Face. This their first Conversation ended with all imaginable Content on both sides; Don *Henrique* being invited by the Father to Dinner the next day, when Donna *Ardelia* was to be present; who, at that time, was said to be indispos'd, (as 'tis very probable she was, with so close an Imprisonment.) *Henrique* returned to *Antonio*, and made him happy with the account of his Reception; which could not but have terminated in the perfect Felicity of *Antonio*, had his Fate been just to the Merits of his Love. The day and hour came which brought *Henrique* with a private Commission from his Friend to *Ardelia*. He saw her; — (ah! would he had only seen her veil'd!) and, with the first opportunity, gave her the Letter, which held so much Love, and so much Truth, as ought to have preserved him in the Empire of her Heart. It contained, besides, a discovery of his whole Design upon her Father, for the compleating of their Happiness; which nothing then could obstruct but her self. But *Henrique* had seen her; he had gaz'd, and swallowed all her Beauties at his Eyes. How greedily his Soul drank the strong Poi-

son in! But yet his Honour and his Friendship were strong as ever, and bravely fought against the Usurper Love, and got a noble Victory; at least he thought and wish'd so. With this, and a short answer to his Letter, *Henrique* return'd to the long-ing *Antonio*; who, receiving the Paper with the greatest Devotion, and kissing it with the greatest Zeal, open'd and read these words to himself:

*Don Antonio,*

**Y**OU have, at last, made use of the best and only Expedient for my Enlargement; for which I thank you, since I know it is purely the effect of your Love. Your Agent has a mighty Influence on my Father: And you may assure your self, that as you have advis'd and desir'd me, he shall have no less on me, who am

Yours entirely,

And only yours,

ARDELIA.

Having respectfully and tenderly kiss'd the Name, he could not chuse but shew the *Billette* to his Friend; who reading that part of it which concern'd himself, started and blush'd: Which *Antonio* observing, was curious to know the cause of it. *Henrique* told him, That he was surpriz'd to find her express so little love, after so long an absence. To which his Friend reply'd for her, That, doubtless, she had not time enough to attempt so great a Matter as a perfect account of her Love; and added, that it was Confirmation enough to him of its continuance, since she subscrib'd her self his entirely, and only his. — How blind is Love! *Don Henrique* knew how to make it bear another meaning; which, however, he had the discretion

to

to conceal. *Antonio*, who was as real in his Friendship, as constant in his Love, ask'd him what he thought of her Beauty? To which the other answer'd, that he thought it irresistible to any, but to a Soul prepossess'd and nobly fortify'd with a perfect Friendship:— Such as is thine, my *Henrique*, (added *Antonio*;) yet as sincere and perfect as that is, I know you must, nay, I know you do love her. As I ought to do, (reply'd *Henrique*.) Yes, Yes, (return'd his Friend) it must be so; otherwise the Sympathy which unites our Souls would be wanting, and consequently our Friendship were in a state of Imperfection. How industriously you would argue me into a Crime, that would tear and destroy the Foundation of the strongest Ties of Truth and Honour! (said *Henrique*.) But (he continu'd) I hope, within a few days, to put it out of my power to be guilty of so great a Sacrilege. I can't determine (said *Antonio*) if I knew that you lov'd one another, whether I could easier part with my Friend, or my Mistress. Tho' what you say, is highly generous, (reply'd *Henrique*) yet give me leave to urge, that it looks like a trial of Friendship, and argues you inclinable to Jealousy: But, pardon me, I know it to be sincerely meant by you; and must therefore own, that 'tis the best, because 'tis the noblest way of securing both your Friend and Mistress. I need not make use of any Arts to secure me of either, (reply'd *Antonio*) but expect to enjoy 'em both in a little time.

*Henrique*, who was a little uneasy with a Discourse of this nature, diverted it, by reflecting on what had pass'd at *Madrid*, between them two and *Don Sebastian* and his Friends; which caus'd *Antonio* to bethink himself of the danger to which he expos'd his Friend, by appearing daily, tho' in disguise: For, doubtless, *Don Sebastian* would pursue his Revenge to the utmost extremity. These

Thoughts put him upon desiring his Friend, for his own sake, to hasten the performance of his Attempt; and accordingly, each day Don *Henrique* brought *Antonio* the nearer hopes of Happiness, while he himself was hourly sinking into the lowest state of Misery. The last night before the day in which *Antonio* expected to be bless'd in her Love, Don *Henrique* had a long and fatal Conference with her about his Liberty. Being then with her alone in an Arbour of the Garden, which Privilege he had had for some days; after a long silence, and observing Don *Henrique* in much disorder, by the motion of his Eyes, which were sometimes steadfastly fix'd on the Ground, then lifted up to her or Heaven, (for he could see nothing more beautiful on Earth) she made use of the privilege of her Sex, and began the discourse first, to this effect:

——— Has any thing happened, Sir, since our retreat hither, to occasion that disorder which is but too visible in your Face, and too dreadful in your continued Silence? Speak, I beseech you, Sir, and let me know if I have any way unhappily contributed to it! No, Madam, (replied he) my Friendship is now likely to be the only cause of my greatest Misery; for to-morrow I must be guilty of an unpardonable Crime, in betraying the generous Confidence which your noble Father has plac'd in me: To-morrow (added he, with a piteous Sigh) I must deliver you into the hands of one whom your Father hates even to death, instead of doing my self the honour of becoming his Son-in-law within a few days more. —— But —— I will consider and remind my self, that I give you into the hands of my Friend; of my Friend, that loves you better than his Life, which he has often expos'd for your sake; and what is more than all, to my Friend, whom you love more than any Consideration on Earth. —— And must this be done? (she ask'd.)

ask'd.) Is it inevitable as Fate?—Fix'd as the Laws of Nature, Madam, (reply'd he) don't you find the Necessity of it, *Ardelia*? (continued he, by way of Question:) Does not your Love require it? Think, you are going to your dear *Antonio*, who alone can merit you, and whom only you can love. Were your last Words true (returned she) I should yet be unhappy in the Displeasure of a dear and tender Father, and infinitely more, in being the cause of your Infidelity to him: No, Don *Henrique* (continued she,) I could with greater Satisfaction return to my miserable Confinement, than by any means disturb the Peace of your Mind, or occasion one moment's interruption of your Quiet.—Would to Heaven you did not, (sigh'd he to himself.) Then addressing his Words more distinctly to her, cry'd he, Ah, cruel! ah, unjust *Ardelia*! these Words belong to none but *Antonio*; why then would you endeavour to persuade me, that I do, or ever can merit the Tendernefs of such an Expression?—Have a care! (pursued he) have a care *Ardelia*! your outward Beauties are too powerful to be resisted; even your Frowns have such a sweetness that they attract the very Soul that is not strongly prepossessed with the noblest Friendship, and the highest Principles of Honour: Why then, alas! did you add such sweet and charming Accents? Why——ah, Don *Henrique*! (she interrupted) why did you appear to me so charming in your Person, so great in your Friendship, and so illustrious in your Reputation? Why did my Father, ever since your first Visit, continually fill my ears and thoughts with noble Characters and glorious Ideas, which yet but imperfectly and faintly represent the inimitable Original!—But——(what is most severe and cruel) why, Don *Henrique*, why will you defeat my Father in his Ambition of your Alliance, and me of those glo-

rious Hopes with which you had blest'd my Soul, by casting me away from you to *Antonio*! — Ha! (cry'd he, starting) what said you, Madam! What did *Ardelia* say? That I had blest'd your Soul with Hopes! That I would cast you away to *Antonio*! — Can they who safely arrive in their wish'd-for Port, be said to be shipwreck'd? Or, can an abject indigent Wretch make a King? — These are more than Riddles, Madam; and I must not think to expound 'em. No, (said she) let it alone, Don *Henrique*; I'll ease you of that trouble, and tell you plainly that I love you. Ah! (cry'd he) now all my Fears are come upon me! — How! (ask'd she) were you afraid I should love you? Is my Love so dreadful then? Yes, when misplac'd (reply'd he;) but 'twas your Falshood that I fear'd: Your Love was what I would have fought with the utmost hazard of my Life; nay, even of my future Happiness, I fear, had you not been engag'd; strongly oblig'd to love elsewhere, both by your own Choice and Vows, as well as by his dangerous Services, and matchless Constancy. For which (said she) I do not hate him, though his Father kill'd my Uncle: Nay, perhaps (continu'd she) I have a Friendship for him, but no more. No more, said you, Madam? (cry'd he;) — but tell me, did you never love him? Indeed, I did, (reply'd she;) but the Sight of you has better instructed me, both in my Duty to my Father, and in causing my Passion for you, without whom I shall be eternally miserable. Ah, then pursue your honourable Proposal, and make my Father happy in my Marriage! It must not be (return'd Don *Henrique*;) my Honour, my Friendship forbids it. No (she return'd) your Honour requires it; and if your Friendship opposes your Honour, it can have no sure nor solid Foundation. Female Sophistry! (cry'd *Henrique*;) but you need

no Art nor Artifice, *Ardelia*, to make me love you; Love you! (pursu'd he:) By that bright Sun, the Light and Heat of all the World, you are my only Light and Heat.————Oh, Friendship! Sacred Friendship, now assist me!————[Here for a time he paus'd, and then a-fresh proceeded thus,]  
 ————You told me, or my Ears deceiv'd me, that you lov'd me, *Ardelia*. I did, she reply'd; and that I do love you, is as true as that I told you so. 'Tis well;————But would it were not so! Did ever Man receive a Blessing thus? ————Why, I could wish I did not love you, *Ardelia*! But that were impossible.————At least, unjust, (interrupted she.) Well then (he went on) to shew you that I do sincerely consult your particular Happiness, without any regard to my own, to-morrow I will give you to *Don Antonio*; and as a Proof of your Love to me, I expect your ready Consent to it. To let you see, *Don Henrique*, how perfectly and tenderly I love you, I will be sacrificed to-morrow to *Don Antonio*, and to your Quiet. Oh, strongest, dearest Obligation! ————cry'd *Henrique*: To-morrow then, as I have told your Father, I am to bring you to see the dearest Friend I have on Earth, who dare not appear within this City for some unhappy Reasons, and therefore cannot be present at our Nuptials; for which cause, I could not but think it my Duty to one so nearly related to my Soul, to make him happy in the sight of my beautiful Choice, e'er yet she be my Bride. I hope (said she) my loving Obedience may merit your Compassion; and that at last, e'er the Fire is lighted that must consume the Offering, I mean the Marriage-Tapers (alluding to the old *Roman* Ceremony) that you, or some other pitying Angel, will snatch me from the Altar. Ah, no more, *Ardelia*! say no more, (cry'd he;) we must be cruel, to be just to our selves. [Here their Discourse ended,

ed, and they walked into the House, where they found the good old Gentleman and his Lady, with whom he stay'd till about an Hour after Supper, when he returned to his Friend with joyful News, but a sorrowful Heart.]

[*Antonio* was all Rapture with the Thoughts of the approaching Day; which tho it brought *Don Henrique* and his dear *Ardelia* to him, about five a-clock in the Evening, yet at the same time brought his last and greatest Misfortune. He saw her then at a She-Relation's of his, above three Miles from *Sevil*, which was the Place assigned for their fatal Interview. He saw her, I say; but ah! how strange! how altered from the dear, kind *Ardelia* she was when last he left her! 'Tis true, he flew to her with Arms expanded, and with so swift and eager a Motion, that she could not avoid, nor get loose from his Embrace, till he had kissed, and sigh'd, and dropt some Tears, which all the Strength of his Mind could not restrain: whether they were the Effects of Joy, or whether (which rather may be feared) they were the Heat-drops which preceded and threaten'd the Thunder and Tempest that should fall on his Head, I cannot positively say; yet all this she was then forced to endure, e'er she had liberty to speak, or indeed to breathe. But as soon as she had freed her self from the loving Circle that should have been the dear and lov'd Confinement or Centre of a faithful Heart, she began to dart whole Showers of Tor- tures on him from her Eyes; which that Mouth that he had but just before so tenderly and sacredly kiss'd, seconded with whole Volleys of Deaths crammed in every Sentence, pointed with the keenest Affliction that ever pierc'd a Soul. *Antonio*, (she began) you have treated me now as if you were never like to see me more: and wou'd to Heaven you were not! — Ha! (cry'd he, start- ing



ing and staring wildly on her;) What said you Madam? What said you, my *Ardelia*? If you like the Repetition, take it! (reply'd she unmoved) *Wou'd to Heaven you were ne'er like to see me more!* Good! very Good! (cry'd he with a Sigh that threw him trembling into a Chair behind him, and gave her the opportunity of proceeding thus:—) Yet, *Antonio*, I must not have my Wish; I must continue with you not out of Choice, but by Command, by the strictest and severest Obligation that ever bound Humanity; *Don Henrique*, your Friend, commands it; *Don Henrique*, the dearest Object of my Soul, enjoins it; *Don Henrique*, whose only Aversion I am, will have it so. Oh, do not wrong me, Madam! (cry'd *Don Henrique*.) Lead me, lead me a little more by the light of your Discourse, I beseech you (said *Don Antonio*) that I may see your Meaning! for hitherto 'tis Darkness all to me. Attend therefore with your best Faculties (pursu'd *Ardelia*) and know, That I do most sincerely and most passionately love *Don Henrique*; and as a Proof of my Love to him, I have this day consented to be deliver'd up to you by him; not for your sake in the least, *Antonio*, but purely to sacrifice all the Quiet of my Life to his Satisfaction. And now Sir, (continu'd she, addressing her self to *Don Henrique*) now Sir, if you can be so cruel, execute your own most dreadful Decree, and join our Hands, though our Hearts ne'er can meet. All this to try me! It's too much, *Ardelia*—— (said *Antonio*;) And then turning to *Don Henrique*, he went on, Speak thou! if yet thou'rt not Apostate to our Friendship! Yet speak, however! Speak, though the Devil has been tampering with thee too! Thou art a Man, a Man of Honour once. And when I forfeit my just Title to that (interrupted *Don Henrique*) may I be made most miserable!—— May I lose the Blessings of thy

thy Friendship!——May I lose thee!——  
 Say on then, *Henrique!* (cry'd *Antonio:*) And I  
 charge thee, by all the sacred Ties of Friendship;  
 say, Is this a Trial of me? Is't Elusion, Sport, or  
 shameful murderous Truth?——Oh, my Soul  
 burns within me, and I can bear no longer!——  
 Tell! Speak! Say on!——[Here, with folded  
 Arms, and Eyes fixed stedfastly on *Henrique*, he  
 stood like a Statue, without Motion; unless some-  
 times, when his swelling Heart raised his over-  
 charged Breast.] After a little Pause, and a hearty  
 Sigh or two, *Henrique* began;——Oh, *Anto-  
 nio!* Oh my Friend! prepare thy self to hear yet  
 more dreadful Accents!——I am (purs'd he)  
 unhappily the greatest and most innocent Criminal  
 that e'er till now offended:——I love her *Anto-  
 nio*,——I love *Ardelia* with a Passion strong  
 and violent as thine!——Oh, summon all that  
 us'd to be more than Man about thee, to suffer to  
 the end of my Discourse, which nothing but a Re-  
 solution like thine can bear! I know it by my  
 self.——Though there be Wounds, Horror,  
 and Death in each Syllable (interrupted *Antonio*)  
 yet prithee now go on, but with all haste. I  
 will, (returned *Don Henrique*) though I feel my  
 own Words have the same cruel effects on me. I  
 say again, my Soul loves *Ardelia*: And how can  
 it be otherwise? Have we not both the self-same  
 Appetites, the same Disgusts? How then could  
 I avoid my Destiny, that has decreed that I should  
 love and hate just as you do? Oh, hard Necessity!  
 that obliged you to use me in the Recovery of this  
 Lady! Alas, can you think that any Man of Sense  
 or Passion could have seen, and not have lov'd  
 her! Then how should I, whose Thoughts are  
 Unisons to yours, evade those Charms that had  
 prevail'd on you?——And now, to let you  
 know 'tis no Elusion, no Sport, but serious and  
 amazing

amazing woful Truth, *Ardelia* best can tell you whom she loves. What I have already said, is true, by Heaven (cry'd she;) 'tis you, *Don Henrique*, whom I only love, and who alone can give me Happiness: Ah, wou'd you wou'd!—— With you, *Antonio*, I must remain unhappy, wretched, curs'd: Thou art my Hell; *Don Henrique* is my Heaven. And thou art mine, (returned he) which here I part with to my dearest Friend. Then taking her Hand, Pardon me, *Antonio* (pursu'd he) that I thus take my last Farewel of all the Tastes of Blifs from your *Ardelia*, at this moment. [At which words he kiss'd her Hand, and gave it to *Don Antonio*; who received it, and gently pressed it close to his Heart, as if he would have her feel the Disorders she had caus'd there.] Be happy, *Antonio*, (cry'd *Henrique*;) Be very tender of her; to-morrow early I shall hope to see thee.—— *Ardelia*, (pursu'd he) All Happiness and Joy surround thee! May'st thou ne'er want those Blessings thou can'st give *Antonio*!—— Farewel to both! (added he, going out.) Ah, (cry'd she) farewell to all Joys, Blessings, Happiness, if you forsake me.—— Yet do not go!—— Ah, cruel! (continu'd she, seeing him quit the Room;) but you shall take my Soul with you. Here she swooned away in *Don Antonio*'s Arms; who, though he was happy that he had her fast there, yet was obliged to call in his Cousin, and *Ardelia*'s Attendants, e'er she could be perfectly recovered. In the mean while *Don Henrique* had not the power to go out of sight of the House, but wandred to and fro about it, distracted in his Soul; and not being able longer to refrain her sight, her last Words still resounding in his Ears, he came again into the Room where he left her with *Don Antonio*, just as she revived, and called him, exclaiming on his Cruelty, in leaving her so soon.

But

But when, turning her Eyes towards the Door, she saw him; Oh! with what eager haste she flew to him! then clasped him round the Waste, obliging him, with all the tender Expressions that the Soul of a Lover, and a Woman's too, is capable of uttering, not to leave her in the possession of *Don Antonio*. This so amaz'd her slighted Lover, that he knew not, at first, how to proceed in this tormenting Scene; but at last, summing all his wonted Resolution, and Strength of Mind, he told her, He would put her out of his power, if she would content to retreat for some few hours to a Nunnery that was not above half a Mile distant from thence, till he had discoursed his Friend, *Don Henrique*, something more particularly than hitherto, about this Matter: To which she readily agreed, upon the promise that *Don Henrique* made her, of seeing her with the first opportunity. They waited on her then to the Convent, where she was kindly and respectfully receiv'd by the Lady Abbess; but it was not long before that her Grief renewing with greater Violence, and more afflicting Circumstances, had obliged them to stay with her till it was almost dark, when they once more begged the liberty of an hour's Absence; and the better to palliate their Design, *Henrique* told her, that he would make use of her Father *Don Richardo's* Coach, in which they came to *Don Antonio's*, for so small a time: which they did, leaving only *Eleonora* her Attendant with her, without whom she had been at a loss, among so many fair Strangers; Strangers, I mean, to her unhappy Circumstances: whilst they were carry'd near a Mile farther, where, just as 'twas dark, they lighted from the Coach, *Don Henrique* ordering the Servants not to stir thence till their return from their private Walk, which was about a Furlong, in a Field that belong'd to the Convent.

vent. Here *Don Antonio* told *Don Henrique*, That he had not acted honourably; That he had betray'd him, and robb'd him at once both of a Friend and Mistress. To which t'other returned, That he understood his Meaning, when he propos'd a particular Discourse about this Affair, which he now perceived must end in Blood: But you may remind your self (continu'd he) that I have kept my Promise in delivering her to you. Yes, (cry'd *Antonio*) after you had practis'd foully and basely on her. Not at all! (returned *Henrique*) It was her Fate that brought this Mischief on her; for I urged the Shame and Scandal of Inconstancy, but all in vain, to her. But don't you love her, *Henrique*? (the other ask'd.) Too well, and cannot live without her, though I fear I may feel the cursed Effects of the same Inconstancy: However, I had quitted her all to you, but you see how she repents it. And you shall see, Sir, (cry'd *Antonio*, drawing his Sword in a rage) how I resent it. Here, without more Words, they fell to Action; to bloody Action. (Ah! how wretched are our Sex, in being the unhappy Occasion of so many fatal Mischiefs, even between the dearest Friends!) They fought on each side with the greatest Animosity of Rivals, forgetting all the sacred Bonds of their former Friendship; till *Don Antonio* fell, and said, dying, *Forgive me, Henrique! I was to blame; I could not live without her:— I fear she will betray thy Life, which haste and preserve, for my sake— Let me not die all at once!— Heaven pardon both of us!— Farewel! Oh, haste! Farewel!* (returned *Don Henrique*) *Farewel, thou bravest, truest Friend! Farewel, thou noblest Part of me!— And farewel all the Quiet of my Soul.* Then stooping, he kiss'd his Cheek; but, rising, he found he must retire in time, or else must perish through

through Loss of Blood, for he had receiv'd two or three dangerous Wounds, besides others of less consequence: wherefore he made all the convenient haste he could to the Coach, into which by the help of the Footmen, he got, and order'd 'em to drive 'em directly to *Don Richardo's* with all imaginable speed; where he arrived in little more than half an hour's time, and was received by *Ardelia's* Father with the greatest Confusion and Amazement that is expressible, seeing him return'd without his Daughter, and so desperately wounded. Before he thought it convenient to ask him any Question more than to enquire of his Daughter's Safety, to which he receiv'd a short but satisfactory Answer, *Don Richardo* sent for an eminent and able Surgeon, who probed and dress'd *Don Henrique's* Wounds, who was immediately put to bed; not without some Despondency of his Recovery: but (thanks to his kind Stars, and kinder Constitution!) he rested pretty well for some hours that night, and early in the Morning, *Ardelia's* Father, who had scarce taken any rest all that night, came to visit him, as soon as he understood from the Servants who watched with him, that he was in a condition to suffer a short Discourse; which, you may be sure, was to learn the Circumstances of the past Night's Adventure: of which *Don Henrique* gave him a perfect and pleasant Account, since he heard that *Don Antonio*, his mortal Enemy, was killed; the Assurance of whose Death was the more delightful to him, since, by this Relation, he found that *Antonio* was the Man, whom his Care of his Daughter had so often frustrated. *Don Henrique* had hardly made an end of his Narration, e'er a Servant came hastily to give *Richardo* notice, that the Officers were come to search for his Son-in-law that should have been; whom

whom the Old Gentleman's wife Precaution had secured in a Room so unsuspected, that they might as reasonably have imagined the entire Walls of his House had a Door made of Stones, as that there should have been one to that close Apartment: He went therefore boldly to the Officers, and gave them all the Keys of his House, with free liberty to examine every Room and Chamber; which they did, but to no purpose: and *Don Henrique* lay there undiscover'd, till his Cure was perfected.

In the mean time *Ardelia*, who that fatal night but too rightly guess'd that the Death of one or both her Lovers was the cause that they did not return to their Promise, the next day fell into a high Fever, in which her Father found her soon after he had clear'd himself of those who came to search for a Lover. The Assurance which her Father gave her of *Henrique's* Life, seem'd a little to revive her; but the Severity of *Antonio's* Fate was no way obliging to her, since she could not but retain the Memory of his Love and Constancy: which added to her Afflictions, and heightn'd her Distemper, insomuch that *Richardo* was constrain'd to leave her under the Care of the good Lady Abbess, and to the diligent Attendance of *Eleonora*, not daring to hazard her Life in a removal to his own House. All their Care and Diligence was however ineffectual; for she languish'd even to the least hope of Recovery, till immediately after the first Visit of *Don Henrique*, which was the first he made in a Month's time, and that by night *incognito*, with her Father, her Distemper visibly retreated each day: Yet when at last she enjoy'd a perfect Health of Body, her Mind grew sick, and she plunged into a deep Melancholy; which made her entertain a positive Resolution of taking the Veil

at the end of her Novitiate: which accordingly she did, notwithstanding all the Intreaties, Prayers, and Tears both of her Father and Lover. But she soon repented her Vow, and often wish'd that she might by any means see and speak to *Don Henrique*, by whose help she promis'd to her self a Deliverance out of her voluntary Imprisonment: Nor were his Wishes wanting to the same effect, tho he was forced to fly into *Italy*, to avoid the Prosecution of *Antonio's* Friends. Thither she pursu'd him; nor could he any way shun her, unless he could have left his Heart at a distance from his Body: which made him take a fatal Resolution of returning to *Sevil* in disguise, where he wander'd about the Convent every night like a Ghost (for indeed his Soul was within, while his inanimate Trunk was without) till at last he found means to convey a Letter to her, which both surprized and delighted her. The Messenger that brought it her, was one of her Mother-in-law's Maids, whom he had known before, and met accidentally one Night as he was going his Rounds, and she coming out from *Ardelia*; with her he prevail'd, and with Gold obliged her to Secrecy and Assistance: which proved so successful, that he understood from *Ardelia* her strong Desire of Liberty, and the Continuance of her Passion for him, together with the Means and Time most convenient and likely to succeed for her Enlargement. The time was the fourteenth Night following, at twelve a-clock, which just compleated a Month since his return thither; at which time they both promised themselves the greatest Happiness on Earth. But you may observe the Justice of Heaven, in their Disappointment.

*Don Sebastian*, who still pursu'd him with a most implacable Hatred, had traced him even to *Italy*,  
and



and there narrowly missing him, posted after him to *Toledo*; so sure and secret was his Intelligence! As soon as he arriv'd, he went directly to the Convent where his Sister *Elvira* had been one of the Profess'd, ever since *Don Henrique* had forsaken her, and where *Ardelia* had taken her repented Vow. *Elvira* had all along conceal'd the Occasion of her coming thither from *Ardelia*; and though she was her only Confident, and knew the whole Story of her Misfortunes, and heard the Name of *Don Henrique* repeated a hundred times a day, whom still she lov'd most perfectly, yet never gave her beautiful Rival any cause of Suspicion that she lov'd him, either by Words or Looks: nay more, when she understood that *Don Henrique* came to the Convent with *Ardelia* and *Antonio*, and at other times with her Father; yet she had so great a Command of her self, as to refrain seeing him, or to be seen by him; nor ever intended to have spoken or writ to him, had not her Brother *Don Sebastian* put her upon the cruel necessity of doing the last; who coming to visit his Sister (as I have said before) found her with *Donna Ardelia*, whom he never remembred to have seen, nor who ever had seen him but twice, and that was about six Years before, when she was but ten Years of Age, when she fell passionately in love with him, and continu'd her Passion till about the fourteenth Year of her Empire, when the unfortunate *Antonio* first began his court to her. *Don Sebastian* was really a very desirable Person, being at that time very beautiful, his Age not exceeding six and twenty, of a sweet Conversation, very brave, but revengeful and irreconcilable (like most of his Countrymen,) and of an honourable Family. At the sight of him, *Ardelia* felt her former Passion renew; which proceeded and continued with such violence, that it utterly defac'd

the Idea's of *Antonio* and *Henrique*. (No wonder that she who could resolve to forsake her God for Man, should quit one Lover for another.) In short, she then only wished that he might love her equally, and then she doubted not of contriving the means of their Happiness betwixt 'em. She had her Wish, and more, if possible; for he lov'd her beyond the thought of any other present or future Blessing, and fail'd not to let her know it, at the second Interview; when he receiv'd the greatest Pleasure he could have wish'd, next to the Joys of a Bridal Bed: For she confessed her Love to him, and presently put him upon thinking on the means of her Escape; but not finding his Designs so likely to succeed, as those Measures she had sent to *Don Henrique*, she communicates the very same to *Don Sebastian*, and agreed with him to make use of them on that very Night, wherein she had obliged *Don Henrique* to attempt her Deliverance: the Hour indeed was different, being determined to be at eleven. *Elvira*, who was present at the Conference, took the hint; and not being willing to disoblige a Brother who had so hazarded his Life in vindication of her, either durst not, or would not seem to oppose his Inclinations at that time: However, when he retir'd with her to talk more particularly of his intended Revenge on *Don Henrique*, who he told her lay somewhere absconded in *Toledo*, and whom he had resolv'd, as he assur'd her, to sacrifice to her injur'd Honour, and his Resentments; she oppos'd that his vindictive Resolution with all the forcible Arguments in a virtuous and pious Lady's Capacity, but in vain: so that immediately, upon his Retreat from the Convent, she took the opportunity of writing to *Don Henrique* as follows, the fatal Hour not being then seven Nights distant.

*Don Henrique,*

**M***Y Brother is now in Town, in pursuit of your Life; nay more, of your Mistress, who has consented to make her Escape from the Convent, at the same Place of it, and by the same Means on which she had agreed to give her self entirely to you, but the Hour is eleven. I know, Henrique, your Ardelia is dearer to you than your Life: but your Life, your dear Life, is more desired than any thing in this World,*

Your injur'd and forsaken

ELVIRA.

This she delivered to *Richardo's* Servant, whom *Henrique* had gained that Night, as soon as she came to visit *Ardelia*, at her usual hour, just as she went out of the Cloister.

*Don Henrique* was not a little surprized with this *Billette*; however, he could hardly resolve to forbear his accustom'd Visits to *Ardelia*, at first: but upon more mature consideration, he only chose to converse with her by Letters, which still press'd her to be mindful of her Promise, and of the Hour, not taking notice of any Caution that he had receiv'd of her Treachery. To which she still return'd in Words that might assure him of her Constancy.

The dreadful Hour wanted not a Quarter of being perfect, when *Don Henrique* came: and having fixed his Rope-Ladder to that part of the Garden-Wall, where he was expected; *Ardelia*, who had not stir'd from that very Place for a quarter of an hour before, prepar'd to ascend by it; which she did, as soon as his Servant had turned and fix'd it on the inner-side of the Wall: on the top of which, at a little distance, she found another fasten'd, for her to descend on the out-side, whilst

*Don Henrique* eagerly waited to receive her. She came at last, and flew into his Arms; which made *Henrique* cry out in a Rapture, *Am I at last once more happy in having my Ardelia in my possession!* She, who knew his Voice, and now found she was betray'd, but knew not by whom, shriek'd out, *I am ruin'd! help! help!*——*Loose me, I charge you, Henrique! Loose me!* At that very moment, and at those very words, came *Sebastian*, attended by only one Servant; and hearing *Henrique* reply, *Not all the Powers of Hell shall snatch you from me*, drawing his Sword, without one word, made a furious pass at him: but his Rage and Haste misguided his Arm, for his Sword went quite through *Ardelia's* Body, who only said, *Ah, wretched Maid!* and dropt from *Henrique's* Arms, who then was obliged to quit her, to preserve his own Life, if possible: however, he had not had so much time as to draw, had not *Sebastian* been amazed at this dreadful Mistake of his Sword; but presently recollecting himself, he flew with redoubled Rage to attack *Henrique*; and his Servant had seconded him, had not *Henrique's*, who was now descended, otherwise diverted him. They fought with the greatest Animosity on both sides, and with equal Advantage; for they both fell together: *Ah, my Ardelia, I come to thee now!* (*Sebastian* groan'd out,) *'Twas this unlucky Arm, which now embraces thee, that killed thee, Just Heaven!* (she sigh'd out,)——*Oh, yet have mercy!* [Here they both dy'd.] *Amen,* (cry'd *Henrique*, dying) *I want it most*——*Oh, Antonio! Oh, Elvira! Ah, there's the Weight that sinks me down.*——*And yet I wish Forgiveness.*——*Once more, sweet Heaven have mercy!* He could not out-live that last word; which was eccho'd by *Elvira*, who all this while stood weeping, and calling out for Help, as she stood close to the Wall in the Garden.

This

This alarmed the rest of the Sisters, who rising, caus'd the Bell to be rung out, as upon dangerous Occasions it us'd to be; which rais'd the Neighbourhood, who came time enough to remove the dead Bodies of the two Rivals, and of the late fallen Angel *Ardelia*. The injur'd and neglected *Elvira*, whose Piety designed quite contrary Effects, was immediately seiz'd with a violent Fever; which, as it was violent, did not last long: for she dy'd within four and twenty Hours, with all the happy Symptoms of a departing Saint.





THE  
 ADVENTURE  
 OF THE  
 Black = Lady.

**A** Bout the beginning of last *June* (as near as I can remember) *Bellamora* came to Town from *Hampshire*; and was oblig'd to lodge the first Night at the same Inn where the Stage-Coach set up. The next day she took Coach for *Covent-Garden*, where she thought to find *Madam Brightly*, a Relation of hers; with whom she design'd to continue for about half a year undiscover'd, if possible, by her Friends in the Country: and order'd therefore her Trunk, with her Clothes, and most of her Money and Jewels, to be brought after her to *Madam Brightly's*, by a strange Porter, whom she spoke to in the Street as she was taking Coach; being utterly unacquainted with the neat Practices of this fine City. When she came to *Bridges-Street*, where indeed her Cousin had lodged near three or four Years since, she was strangely surpriz'd that she could not learn any thing of her; no, nor so much as meet with any one

one that had ever heard of her Cousin's Name. Till, at last, describing Madam *Brightly* to one of the House-keepers in that place, he told her, that there was such a kind of Lady, whom he had sometimes seen there about a year and a half ago; but that he believed she was married and remov'd towards *Soho*. In this Perplexity she quite forgot her Trunk and Money, &c. and wander'd in her Hackney-Coach all over St. *Ann's* Parish; inquiring for Madam *Brightly*, still describing her Person, but in vain; for no Soul could give her any Tale or Tidings of such a Lady. After she had thus fruitlessly rambled, till she, the Coachman, and the very Horses were even tired, by good fortune for her, she happen'd on a private House, where lived a good, discreet, antient Gentlewoman, who was fallen a little to decay, and was forc'd to let Lodgings for the best part of her Livelihood: From whom she understood, that there was such a kind of Lady who had lain there somewhat more than a Twelvemonth, being near three Months after she was married; but that she was now gone abroad with the Gentleman her Husband, either to the Play, or to take the fresh Air; and she believ'd would not return till night. This Discourse of the good Gentlewoman's so elevated *Bellamora's* drooping Spirits, that after she had begg'd the liberty of staying there till they came home, she discharg'd the Coachman in all haste, still forgetting her Trunk, and the more valuable Furniture of it.

When they were alone, *Bellamora* desired she might be permitted the Freedom to send for a Pint of Sack; which, with some little difficulty, was at last allow'd her. They began then to chat for a matter of half an hour of things indifferent: and at length the antient Gentlewoman ask'd the fair Innocent (I must not say foolish) one, of what Country,

Country, and what her Name was: to both which she answer'd directly and truly, tho it might have prov'd not discreetly. She then enquir'd of *Bellamora* if her Parents were living, and the occasion of her coming to Town. The fair unthinking Creature replied, that her Father and Mother were both dead: and that she had escap'd from her Uncle, under pretence of making a Visit to a young Lady, her Cousin, who was lately married, and lived above twenty Miles from her Uncle's, in the Road to *London*; and that the Cause of her quitting the Country, was to avoid the hated Importunities of a Gentleman, whose pretended Love to her she fear'd had been her eternal Ruin. At which she wept and sigh'd most extravagantly. The discreet Gentlewoman endeavour'd to comfort her by all the softest and most powerful Arguments in her Capacity; promising her all the friendly Assistance that she could expect from her, during *Bellamora's* stay in Town; which she did with so much Earnestness, and visible Integrity, that the pretty innocent Creature was going to make her a full and real Discovery of her imaginary insupportable Misfortunes; and (doubtless) had done it, had she not been prevented by the return of the Lady, whom she hop'd to have found her Cousin *Brightly*. The Gentleman her Husband just saw her within doors, and order'd the Coach to drive to some of his Bottle-Companions; which gave the Women the better Opportunity of entertaining one another, which happen'd to be with some Surprize on all sides. As the Lady was going up to her Apartment, the Gentlewoman of the House told her there was a young Lady in the Parlour, who came out of the Country that very day on purpose to visit her: The Lady stept immediately to see who it was, and *Bellamora* approaching to receive her  
hop'd-



hop'd-for Cousin, stop'd on the sudden just as she came to her; and sigh'd out aloud, Ah, Madam! I am lost. — It is not your Ladyship I seek. No, Madam (return'd the other) I am apt to think you did not intend me this Honour. But you are as welcome to me, as you could be to the dearest of your Acquaintance: Have you forgot me, Madam *Bellamora*? (continued she.) That Name startled both the other: However, it was with a kind of Joy. Alas! Madam, (replied the young one) I now remember that I have been so happy to have seen you: but where and when, my Memory can't shew me. 'Tis indeed some years since: (return'd the Lady) But of that another time. — Mean while, if you are unprovided of a Lodging, I dare undertake, you shall be welcome to this Gentlewoman. The Unfortunate return'd her Thanks; and whilst a Chamber was preparing for her, the Lady entertain'd her in her own. About ten a-clock they parted, *Bellamora* being conducted to her Lodging by the Mistress of the House, who then left her to take what rest she could amidst her so many Misfortunes; returning to the other Lady, who desir'd her to search into the Cause of *Bellamora's* retreat to Town.

The next Morning the good Gentlewoman of the House coming up to her, found *Bellamora* almost drown'd in Tears, which by many kind and sweet Words she at last stopp'd; and asking whence so great signs of Sorrow should proceed, vow'd a most profound Secrecy if she would discover to her their Occasion; which, after some little Reluctancy, she did, in this manner:

I was courted (said she) above three years ago, when my Mother was yet living, by one Mr. *Fondlove*, a Gentleman of good Estate, and true Worth; and one who, I dare believe, did then  
really

really love me: He continu'd his Passion for me, with all the earnest and honest Sollicitations imaginable, till some months before my Mother's Death; who, at that time, was most desirous to see me dispos'd of in Marriage to another Gentleman, of a much better Estate than Mr. *Fondlove*; but one whose Person and Humour did by no means hit with my Inclinations: And this gave *Fondlove* the unhappy Advantage over me. For, finding me one day all alone in my Chamber, and lying on my bed, in as mournful and wretched a condition, to my then foolish apprehension, as now I am, he urg'd his Passion with such Violence, and accursed Success for me, with reiterated Promises of Marriage, whensoever I pleas'd to challenge 'em, which he bound with the most sacred Oaths, and most dreadful Execrations; that partly with my Aversion to the other, and partly with my Inclinations to pity him, I ruin'd my self. — Here she relaps'd into a greater Extravagance of Grief than before; which was so extreme, that it did not continue long. When therefore she was pretty well come to her self, the antient Gentlewoman ask'd her, why she imagin'd her self ruin'd: To which she answer'd, I am great with Child by him, Madam, and wonder you did not perceive it last night. Alas! I have not a month to go: I am sham'd, ruin'd, and damn'd, I fear, for ever lost. Oh! fie, Madam, think not so: (said the other) for the Gentleman may yet prove true, and marry you. Ay, Madam, (replied *Bellamora*) I doubt not that he would marry me; for soon after my Mother's Death, when I came to be at my own disposal, which happen'd about two months after, he offer'd, nay most earnestly sollicitated me to it, which still he perseveres to do. This is strange! (return'd the other) and it appears to me to be your own fault, that you are  
yet

yet miserable. Why did you not, or why will you not consent to your own Happiness? Alas! (cry'd *Bellamora*) 'tis the only thing I dread in this World: For, I am certain, he can never love me after. Besides, ever since I have abhorr'd the sight of him: and this is the only cause that obliges me to forsake my Uncle, and all my Friends and Relations in the Country, hoping in this populous and publick Place to be most private, especially, Madam, in your House, and in your Fidelity and Discretion. Of the last you may assure your self, Madam, (said the other:) but what Provision have you made for the Reception of the young Stranger that you carry about you? Ah, Madam! (cry'd *Bellamora*) you have brought to my mind another Misfortune: Then she acquainted her with the suppos'd Loss of her Money and Jewels, telling her withal, that she had but three Guinea's and some Silver left, and the Rings she wore, in her present possession. The good Gentlewoman of the House told her, she would send to enquire at the Inn where she lay the first night she came to Town; for, happily, they might give some account of the Porter to whom she had intrusted her Trunk; and withal repeated her Promise of all the Help in her power, and for that time left her much more compos'd than she found her. The good Gentlewoman went directly to the other Lady, her Lodger, to whom she recounted *Bellamora's* mournful Confession; at which the Lady appeared mightily concern'd: and at last she told her Landlady, that she would take care that *Bellamora* should lie in according to her Quality: For, added she, the Child, it seems, is my own Brother's.

As soon as she had din'd, she went to the Exchange, and bought Child-bed Linen; but desir'd that *Bellamora* might not have the least notice of it:

And

And at her return dispatch'd a Letter to her Brother *Fondlove* in *Hampshire*, with an account of every particular; which soon brought him up to Town, without satisfying any of his or her Friends with the reason of his sudden departure. Mean while, the good Gentlewoman of the House had sent to the *Star-Inn*, on *Fish-street-hill*, to demand the Trunk, which she rightly suppos'd to have been carried back thither: For by good luck, it was a Fellow that ply'd thereabouts, who brought it to *Bellamora's* Lodgings that very night, but unknown to her. *Fondlove* no sooner got to *London*, but he posts to his Sister's Lodgings, where he was advis'd not to be seen of *Bellamora* till they had work'd farther upon her, which the Landlady began in this manner; she told her that her things were miscarried, and she fear'd lost; that she had but a little Money her self, and if the Overseers of the Poor (justly so call'd from their over-looking 'em) should have the least suspicion of a strange and unmarried Person, who was entertain'd in her House big with Child, and so near her time as *Bellamora* was, she should be troubled if they could not give Security to the Parish of twenty or thirty Pounds, that they should not suffer by her, which she could not; or otherwise she must be sent to the House of Correction, and her Child to a Parish-Nurse. This discourse, one may imagine, was very dreadful to a Person of her Youth, Beauty, Education, Family and Estate: However, she resolutely protested, that she had rather undergo all this, than be expos'd to the Scorn of her Friends and Relations in the Country. The other told her then, that she must write down to her Uncle a farewell Letter, as if she were just going aboard the *Pacquet-Boat* for *Holland*; that he might not send to enquire for her in Town, when he should understand she was not  
at

at her new-married Cousin's in the Country; which accordingly she did, keeping her self close Prisoner to her Chamber; where she was daily visited by *Fondlove's* Sister, and the Landlady, but by no Soul else, the first dissembling the knowledge she had of her Misfortunes. Thus she continued for above three Weeks, not a Servant being suffer'd to enter her Chamber, so much as to make her bed, lest they should take notice of her great Belly: but for all this caution, the Secret had taken wind, by the means of an Attendant of the other Lady below, who had over-heard her speaking of it to her Husband. This soon got out of doors, and spread abroad, till it reach'd the long Ears of the Wolves of the Parish; who next day design'd to pay her a Visit: But *Fondlove*, by good Providence, prevented it; who, the night before, was usher'd into *Bellamora's* Chamber by his Sister, his Brother-in-law, and the Landlady. At the sight of him she had like to have swoon'd away: but he taking her in his Arms, began again, as he was wont to do, with Tears in his Eyes, to beg that she would marry him e'er she was delivered; if not for his, nor her own, yet for the Child's sake, which she hourly expected; that it might not be born out of Wedlock, and so be made incapable of inheriting either of their Estates; with a great many more pressing Arguments on all sides: To which at last she consented; and an honest officious Gentleman, whom they had before provided, was call'd up, who made an end of the dispute: So to bed they went together that night; next day to the *Exchange*, for several pretty Businesses that Ladies in her Condition want. Whilst they were abroad, came the Vermin of the Parish, (I mean, the Overseers of the Poor, who eat the Bread from 'em) to search for a young Black-hair'd  
Lady

Lady (for so was *Bellamora*) who was either brought to bed, or just ready to lie down. The Landlady shewed 'em all the Rooms in her House, but no such Lady could be found. At last she bethought her self, and led 'em into her Palour, where she open'd a little Clofet-door, and shewed 'em a black Cat that had just kitten'd; assuring 'em, that she should never trouble the Parish as long as she had Rats or Mice in the House, and so dismiss'd 'em like Logger-heads as they came.

F I N I S.



BOOKS sold by M. WELLINGTON, at the  
King's-Head, over-against St. Clement's-  
Church in the Strand.

**T**HE Art of Patience, and Balm of *Gilead*, under all Afflictions; an Appendix to the Art of Contentment. By the Author of the whole Duty of Man. Price Two Shillings.

Dr. *Bray's* Lectures on the Church-Catechism. Discourses on several Subjects, viz. I. On the Power and Efficacy of Faith. II. The danger of a misinform'd Conscience; or, mistaken Principles in Religion. III. Of the different Dispensations of Grace, and of Impenitency under the best Means of Salvation. IV. The Case of a Late or Death-Bed Repentance. V. The streight and certain Way to Happiness. VI. Of Growth in Grace. VII. Of Murder, particularly Duelling and Self-Murder. VIII. Of the Shortness and Instability of human Life. By *Nathaniel Whaley*, Rector of *Broughton* in *Northamptonshire*.

The Government of the Thoughts; a prefatory Discourse to the Government of the Tongue. By the Author of the whole Duty of Man. Price 2 s.

*Riverius Reformatus*; or, the Modern *Riverius*: Containing the modern Practice of Physick, set down very near the same with that of *Riverius*; but accommodated to the most receiv'd Principles amongst the modern Philosophers, as well as Physicians; with practical Observations annex'd to each Head or Chapter; with a Treatise of venereal Diseases, and the Secrets of the famous *Lazarus Riverius*. Never before Publish'd.

The Power and Influence of the Sun and Moon on human Bodies, and of the Diseases that rise from thence. By *Richard Mead*, Doctor of Physick. Translated out of the *Latin*.

*Et Mulleri's* Practice of Physick abridged, in *English*.

The secret History of the Earl of *Essex* and Queen *Elizabeth*. A Novel.

*Et Mulleri Opera Omnia in Compendium Redacta*.

*Ovid Travesty*: A Burlesque upon *Ovid's* Epistles. The fourth Edition. By Captain *Alexander Radcliffe*, of *Grays-Inn*.

*Lee's* Works, in two Vol.

BOOKS sold by M. WELLINGTON.

Mr. Wycherley's Plays in one Volume.

*Claudius Manger's French Grammar.* The two and twentieth Edition, with Additions; enriched with new Words, and a new Method, and all the Improvements of that famous Language, as it is now flourishing at the Court of *France*. Wherein is to be seen an extraordinary and methodical Order for the acquisition of that Tongue, viz. A most modish Pronunciation, the Conjugation of irregular Verbs, short and substantial Rules: To which are subjoin'd a Vocabulary, and a most exact new Grammar of the *English* Tongue, with all the Advantages that may make it desirable to Foreigners. Note, In this Edition are corrected all the Faults which slip'd in the former Impressions, by a *French* Minister.

Five Love-Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier. Translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange. With the *French* on the opposite Page, for the Benefit of the Curious in either Language. Price 1 s.

Mrs. Behn's Plays entire, in two Volumes in 8vo. viz. 1. The Rover; or the banish'd Cavalier. In two Parts. 2. The Dutch Lover. 3. *Abdelazar*; or the Moor's Revenge. 4. The young King; or the Mistake. 5. The Round-Heads; or the good Old Cause. 6. The City-Heirefs; or Sir *Timothy Treat-all*. 7. The Town-Fop; or Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*. The second Volume contains, 1. The False Count; or a new Way to play an old Game. 2. The Lucky Chance; or an Alderman's Bargain. 3. The forc'd Marriage; or the jealous Bridegroom. 4. Sir *Patient Fancy*. 5. The Widow Ranter; or the History of *Bacon* in *Virginia*. 6. The feign'd Courtezan; or a Night's Intrigue. 7. The Emperor of the *Moon*. 8. The amorous Prince. Price 12 s.

Familiar Letters; written by *John*, late Earl of *Rochester*, to the Honourable *Henry Savile*, Esq; and other Persons of Quality: With Love-Letters, written by the late Ingenious Mr. *Tho. Otway*, Sir *George Etheridge*, and the late Duke of *Buckingham*. The fourth Edition: To which is added, a Description of a Maiden-Head, (a Poem) writ by the said Earl, and never before printed. Price 5 s.

The comical History of *Francion*, satirically exposing Folly and Vice in variety of Humours and Adventures, translated by several Hands, and adapted to the Humours of the present Age. Price 6 s.

The Lover's Secretary; or the Adventures of *Lindamira*, a Lady of Quality. Written with her own Hand to her Friend in the Country. In four Parts. Revis'd and Corrected by Mr. *Tho. Brown*. Price 2 s.

The Art of Love, a Poem dedicated to the Ladies, by *Charles Hopkins*, Author of the Tragedy of *Boadicea*, Queen of *Britain*.

The Novels of the late ingenious Monsieur *Scarron*, faithfully translated, viz. 1. The fruitless Precaution. 2. The Hypocrites. 3. The innocent Adultery. 4. The Judge in his own Cause. 5. The



BOOKS sold by M. WELLINGTON.

5. The rival Brothers. 6. The invisible Mistress. 7. The Chastisement of Avarice. 8. The unexpected Choice Done into English, with Additions. By J. D. Esq; The fourth Edition, Corrected.

Love-Letters, written by a Nun to a Cavalier; with the Cavalier's Answers. Price 1 s. 6 d.

The whole Works of that excellent Practical Physician Dr. *Tho. Sydenham*. Wherein not only the History and Cures of acute Diseases are treated of after a new and accurate Method; but also the safest and shortest Way of curing most Chronick Diseases. Translated from the Original Latin, by J. *Pechy*, M. D. of the College of Physicians. The seventh Edition. Price 5 s.

The History of *Polybius* the *Megalopolitan*; containing a general Account of the Transactions of the whole World, but principally of the Roman People, during the first and second *Punick* Wars. Translated by Sir *Henry Sheers*, and Mr. *Dryden*. In three Volumes. The third Volume never before printed.

A mathematical Companion; or the Description and Use of a new Sliding-Rule, by which many useful and necessary Questions in Arithmetick, military Orders, Interest, Trigonometry, Planometry, Stereometry, Geography, Astronomy, Navigation, Fortification, Gunnery, Dialling, may be speedily resolved without the help of Pen or Compasses. By *William Hunt*, *Philomath*.

*Cocker's* decimal Arithmetick. The fourth Edition, very much enlarged. By *John Hawkins*, School-master at *St. George's* Church in *Southwark*.

An *Italian* Voyage, or a compleat Journey through *Italy*. In two Parts. With the Character of the People, and Description of the chief Towns, Churches, Monasteries, Tombs, Libraries, Villa's, Gardens, Pictures, Statues and Antiquities; as also, of the Interest, Government, Riches, Force, &c. of all the Princes; with Instructions concerning Travel. By *Richard Lassel*, Gent. The second Edition, with large Additions. By a modern Hand.

A Discourse upon the Nature and Faculties of Man, in several Essays: With some Considerations on the Occurrences of human Life. By *Tim. Nourse*, Gent.

The Family Physician; being a choice Collection of approved and experienced Remedies, to cure all Diseases incident to human Bodies, useful in Families, and serviceable to Country People. By *George Hartman*, Chymist, Servant to Sir *Kenelm Digby* till he died.

A general Treatise of the Diseases of Infants and Children, collected from the most eminent practical Authors. By *John Pechy*, of the College of Physicians.

*Examen Poeticum Duplex, sive Musarum Anglicanarum Delectus alter, cui subiicitur Epigrammatum seu Poematum Minorum Specimen Novum*. By Mr. *Addison*, *Friend*, *Wallis*, *Alford*, *Stepney*, &c.

BOOKS sold by M. WELLINGTON.

Of Education, especially of young Gentlemen. In two Parts. By *Obadiah Walker*, D. D. The sixth Edition enlarged. Price 3 s.

*De Re Poetica*; or, Remarks upon Poetry. With a Character of the Poets both antient and modern. By *Sir Thomas Pope Blunt*, Quarto. Price 5 s.

A brief and easy Method to understand the *Roman* History; with an exact Chronology of the Reigns of the Emperors; and an Account of the most eminent Authors, when they flourished; and an Abridgment of the *Roman* Antiquities and Customs. By way of Dialogue. For the Use of the Dukes of *Burgundy*. Translated from the *French*. With large Additions. By *Mr. Tho. Brown*. Price 2 s. 6 d.

A Vindication of two late Comedies, viz. *The Relapse*; or *Vertue in Danger*: and, *The Provok'd Wife*. By the Author of those Plays.

*Intognita*; or, Love and Duty reconciled. A Novel. Writ by *Mr. Congreve*. Price 1 s. 6 d.

Advice to young Gentlemen arriv'd to Years of Discretion. By *Francis Eragg*, Rector of *Hitchin* in *Hertfordshire*.

The *Essays* of *Michael Seigneur de Montaigne*. In three Volumes in Octavo. Faithfully Translated by *Charles Cotton*, Esq; *Sir Robert Howard's* Plays, in one Volume in Folio. Price 7 s. 6 d.

*Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* Plays, Octavo.

*Shakepear's* Plays, Octavo.

Love given over; or, a Satire against the Pride, Lust and Inconstancy of Women.

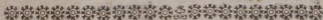
*Dryden's* Plays.

The compleat History of *Sweden* from its Origin to this time, comprehending the Lives and Reigns of all its Kings and Governours; the several Revolutions, Wars, Riches, Forces, Strength and Interest of that Nation, in respect to the other Kingdoms of *Europe*. Written by the famous *Samuel Puffendorf*, late Chancellor of State in that Kingdom. Price 6 s.

Abridgment of *Vitruvius* and *Vignola's* Architecture; or, the Theory and Practice of Architecture: the first by the famous *Mon-sieur Perrault*, of the Academy of Sciences at *Paris*, the other by *Jeseph Moxon*, illustrated with sixty Copper Plates. Price 5 s.



P L A Y S.



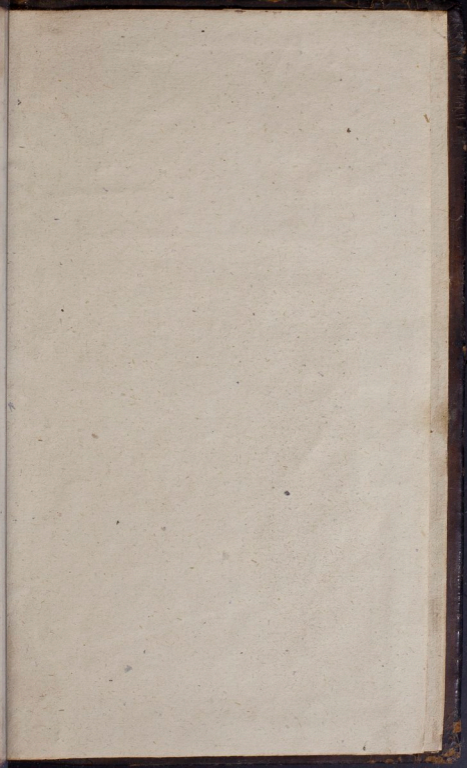
P L A Y S.

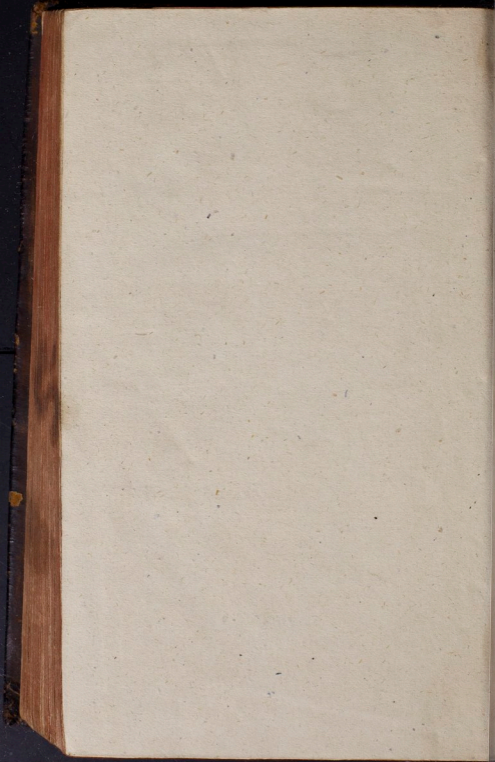
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p><b>T</b>HE Relapse; or Virtue<br/>in danger.<br/>Spanish Wives.<br/>Unnatural Brother.<br/>Plot and no Plot.<br/>Younger Brother, or Amorous<br/>Jilt.<br/>Old Batchelor.<br/>Agnes de Castro.<br/>Rover, or Banished Cavalier,<br/>Two Parts.<br/>Rule a Wife and have a Wife.<br/>Country Wife.<br/>Anatomist, or the Sham-Do-<br/>ctor.<br/>Cyrus the Great, or the Tragedy<br/>of Love.<br/>Don Quixot, in 3 Parts.<br/>Pyrrhus King of Epirus.<br/>Very good Wife.<br/>She-Gallants.<br/>Sullen Lovers.<br/>Humourists.<br/>Mackbeth.<br/>Timon of Athens.<br/>Oedipus.<br/>Ibrahim the 13th Emperor of<br/>the Turks.<br/>Love's a Jest.<br/>Plain Dealer.<br/>Brutus of Alba.<br/>London Cuckolds.<br/>Sir Courtly Nice.<br/>Earl of Essex.<br/>Squire of Alfatia.<br/>All for Love.<br/>Devil of a Wife.<br/>Henry the Second, or the Death<br/>of Rosamond.<br/>Oroonoko.</p> | <p>Abdelazar.<br/>Love for Money.<br/>Love's last Shift, or the Fool<br/>in Fashion.<br/>Young King, or the Mistake.<br/>Round-Heads, or the Good Old<br/>Cause.<br/>City Heirefs.<br/>Conquest of Granada.<br/>City Politicks.<br/>Venice preserved.<br/>Rival Queens.<br/>Villain.<br/>Sir Anthony Love,<br/>Theodosius.<br/>Princes of Cleves.<br/>Anthony and Cleopatra.<br/>Fond Husband.<br/>Mithridates.<br/>Cæsar Borgia.<br/>Woman Captain.<br/>Rival Ladies.<br/>Bury Fair.<br/>Orphan.<br/>Novelty.<br/>Tempest.<br/>Caius Marius.<br/>Chances.<br/>Don Carlos.<br/>Hamlet.<br/>Philaster.<br/>Sacrifice.<br/>Sir Martin Mar-all.<br/>State of Innocence.<br/>Virtue betray'd.<br/>Wild Gallant.<br/>Empress of Morocco.<br/>Love and a Bottle.<br/>Herod the Great.<br/>Way of the World.</p> |
|---|---|

PLAYS Sold by M. WELLINGTON.

- |                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| Town Fop.                         | Prophetes.   |
| Alcibiades.                       | Aurengzebe.  |
| Ambitious Statesman.              | Secret Love, or Maiden-Queen.                          |
| Caligula.                         | Æfop.  |
| Cambyfes.                         | Richard the Third.                                     |
| Darius King of Persia.            | Generous Choice.                                       |
| Destruction of Jerusalem.         | Humour of the Age.                                     |
| Duke of Guise.                    | The Double Distrefs.                                   |
| English Monsieur.                 | Fatal Marriage.  |
| Falle Count.                      | Trip to Jubilee.                                       |
| Fortune-Hunters.                  | Epfom Wells.   |
| Glòriana.                         | Virtuoso.  |
| Grateful Servant.                 | King Lear.   |
| Heir of Morocco.                  | Rinaldo and Armida.                                    |
| Henry the Sixth.                  | Friendship improv'd.                                   |
| Injured Lovers, or Cruel Husband. | Valentinian.   |
| Innocent Ufurer.                  | Gent—Cully.  |
| Julius Cæfar.                     | Mourning Bride.  |
| Kind Keeper.                      | Love for Love.   |
| Libertine.                        | Love without Interest.                                 |
| Love in a Tub.                    | Ambitious Stepmother.                                  |
| Love in a Wood.                   | Cyrus the Great.                                       |
| Mary Queen of Scots.              | Boadicea.  |
| Massacre of Paris.                | False Friend.  |
| Mifer.                            | Generous Conqueror.                                    |
| Miferies of Civil Wars.           | Marriage Alamode.                                      |
| Island Princess.                  | Married Beau.  |
| Nero.                             | Madam Fickle.  |
| Othello.                          | Tamerlane.   |
| Provok'd Wife.                    | All mistaken, or the mad Couple.                       |
| Pfyche.                           | Adventure of 5 Hours.                                  |
| Scornful Lady.                    | Albion Queens, or the Death of<br>Mary Queen of Scots. |
| Sertorius.                        | Sir Anthony Love.                                      |
| Sophonisba.                       | Cleopatra.   |
| Soldier's Fortune.                | Maid's Tragedy.  |
| Strange Discovery.                | Rehearfal.   |
| Successful Strangers.             | Fond Husband.  |
| Treacherous Brother.              | Tartuffe, or the French Puritan.                       |
| Triumphs of Virtue.               | Conquest of Spain.                                     |
| Tyrannick Love.                   | Lucius Brutus.   |
| Virtuous Wife.                    | Cæfar Borgia.  |
| Spanish Fryar.                    | Faithful General.                                      |
| King Arthur.                      |  |

Where you may be furnished with all sorts of Histories,  
Novels, and Plays.





27m

0/5

