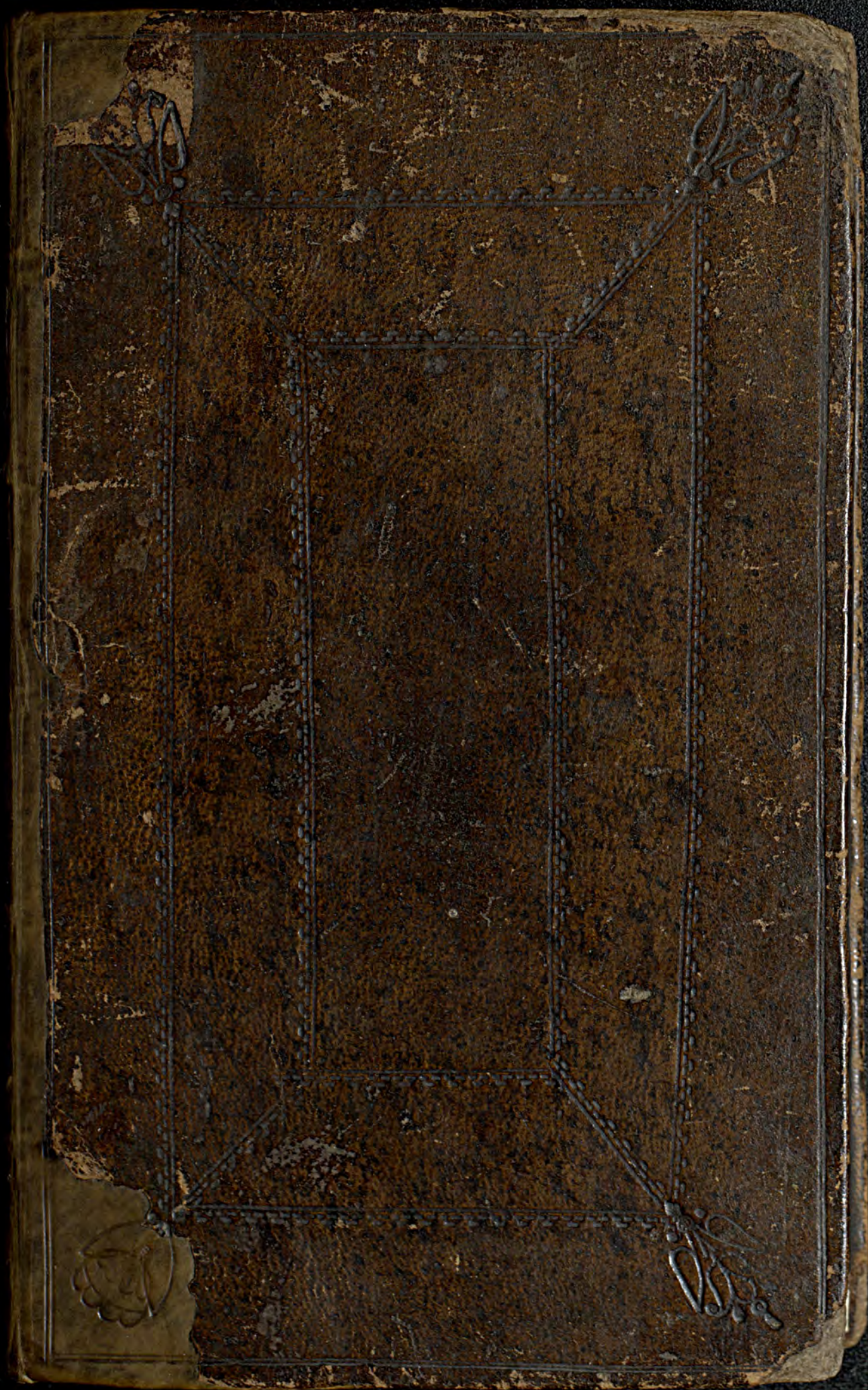
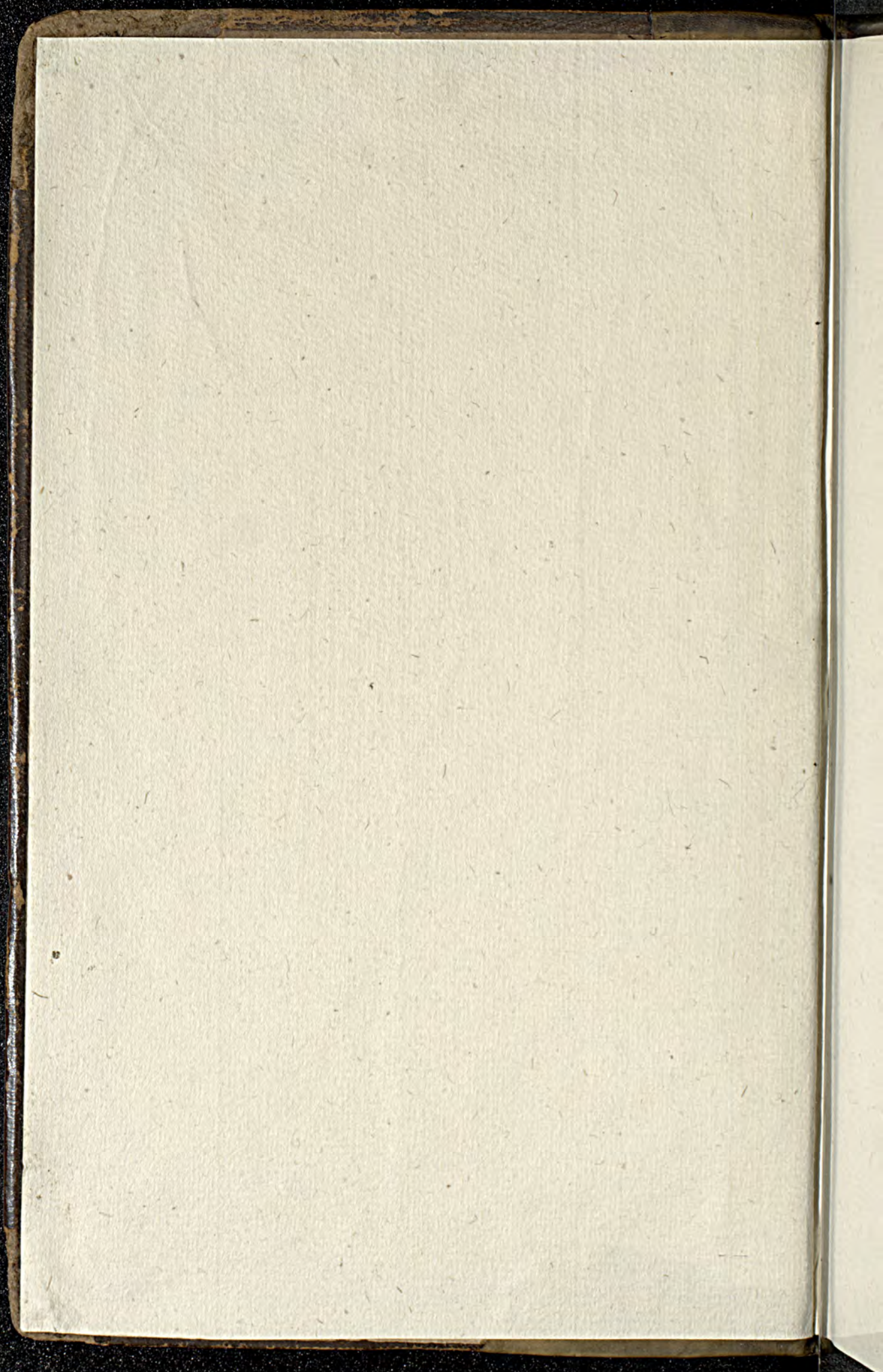
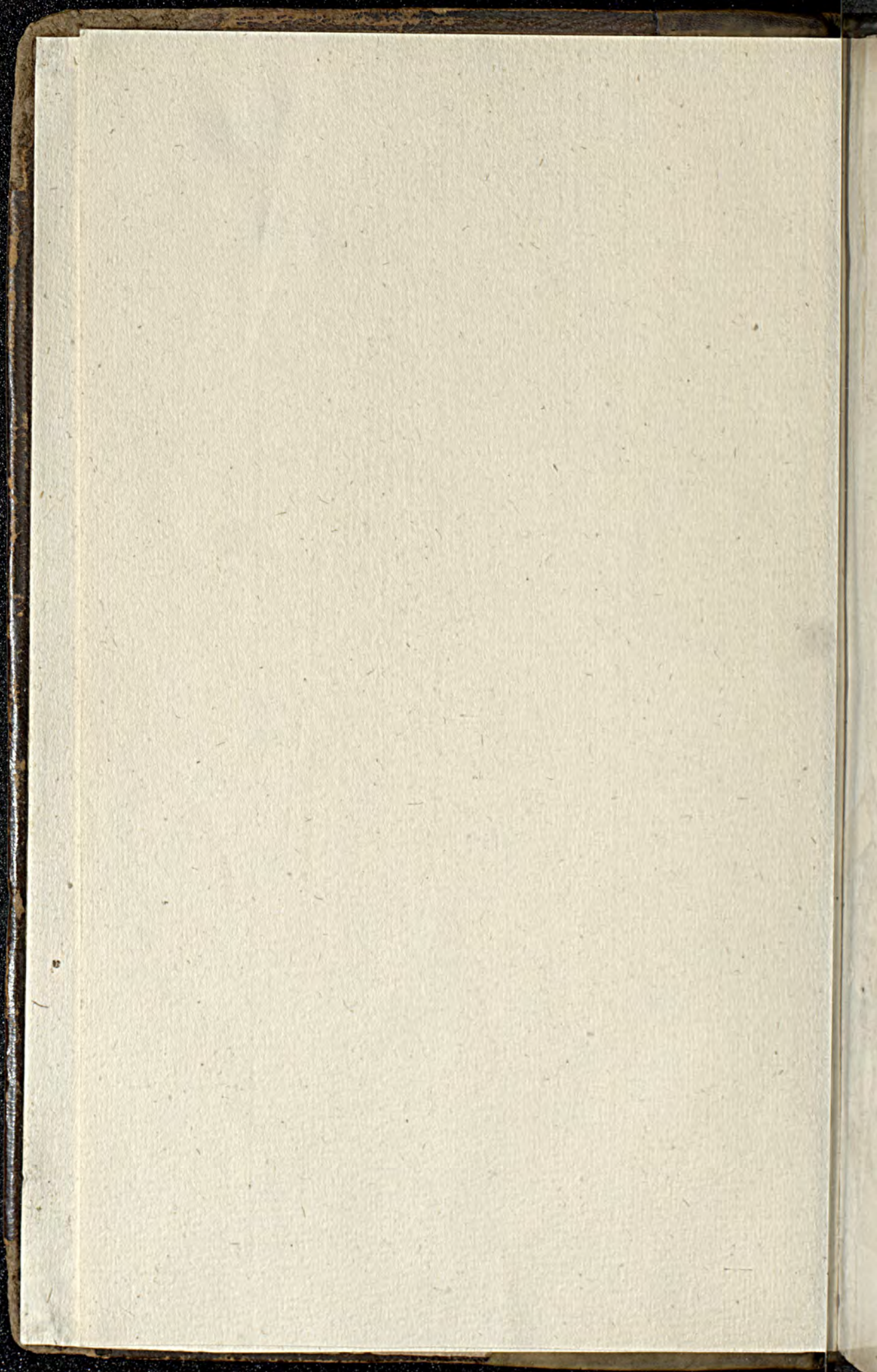


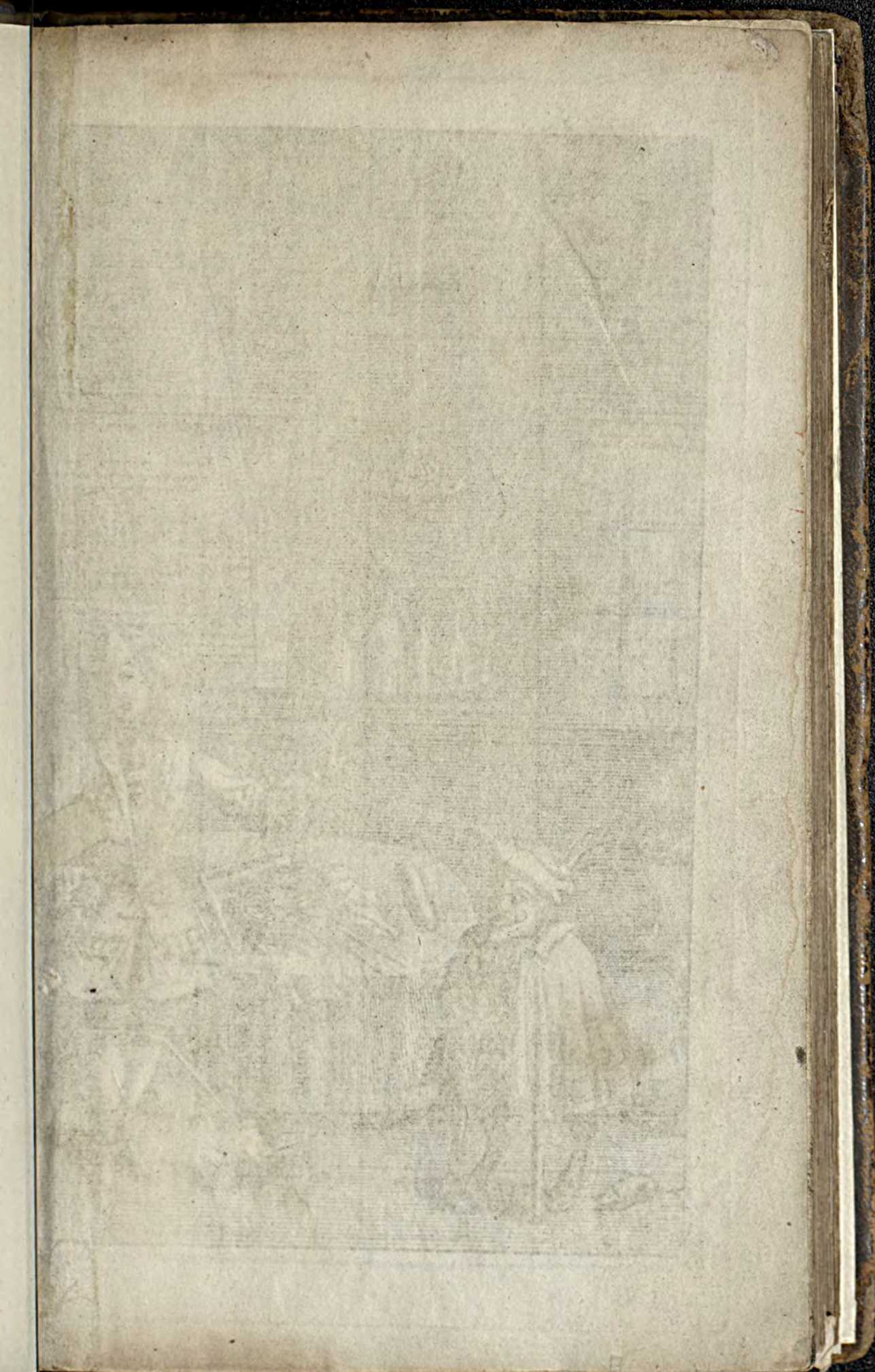




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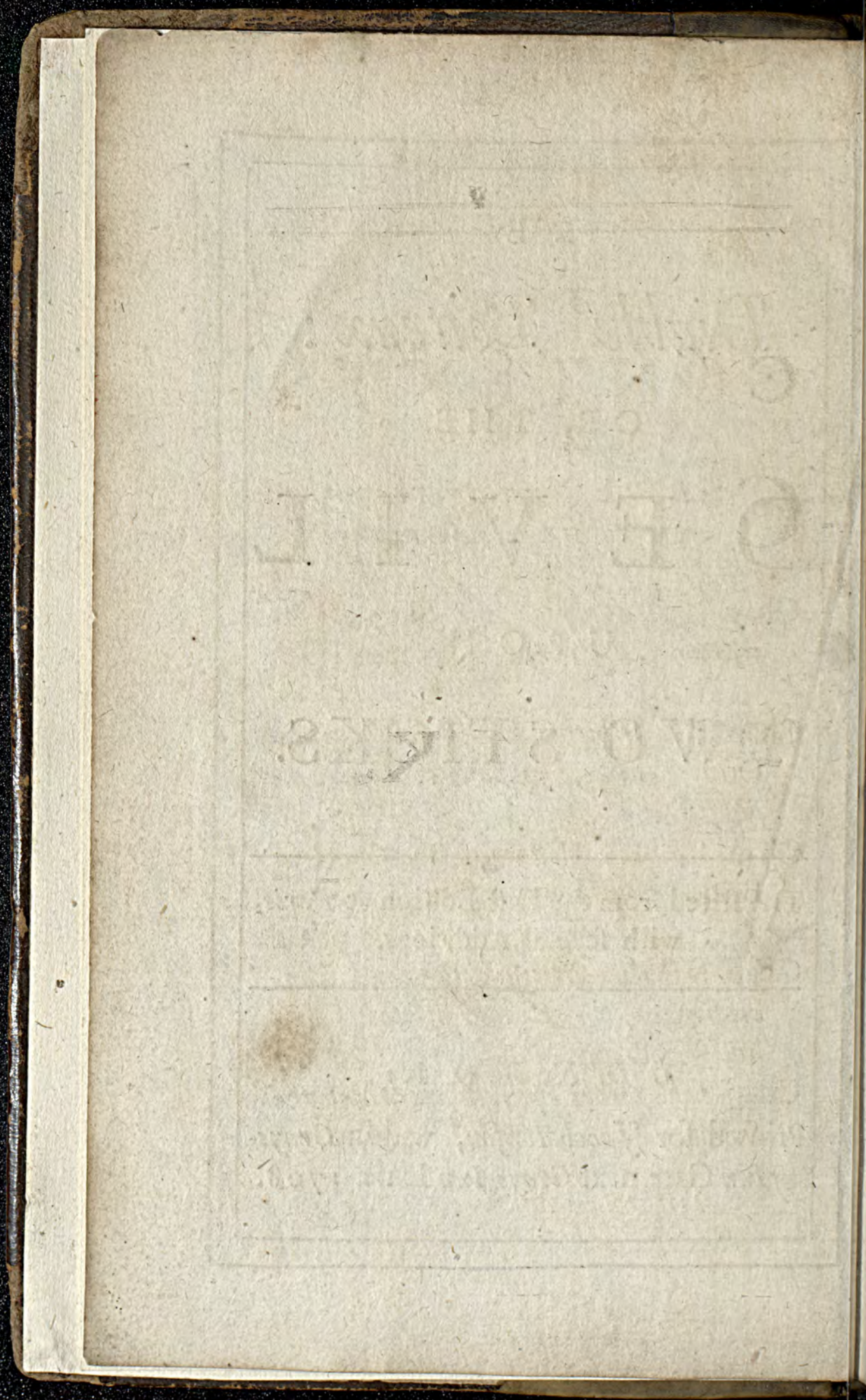
U P O N

T W O S T I C K S.

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T H E
C O N T E N T S.

CHAP. I. *Necessary to be read in order to the understanding the rest.* Page 1

Chap. II. *In which the Story of Asmodeo's Deliverance is continu'd.*

p. 11

Chap. III. *Whither the Devil carry'd Don Cleofas, and what Things he shew'd him.*

p. 16

Chap. IV. *The History of the Count de Belflor and Leonora de Cespides.*

p. 31

Chap. V. *The Continuation and Conclusion of the History of the Count and Leonora.*

p. 67

Chap. VI. *Other Particulars which the Scholar saw.*

p. 95

Chap.

CONTENTS.

- Chap. VII. *How Don Cleofas was re-
veng'd on his Mistress.* p. 102
- Chap. VIII. *Of the Prisoners.* p. 104
- Chap. IX. *Which contains several short
Stories.* p. 115
- Chap. X. *Of the confin'd mad People.*
p. 131
- Chap. XI. *Which should be longer than
the preceding.* p. 144
- Chap. XII. *The Lovers.* p. 153
- Of the Tombs.* p. 165
- Chap. XIII. *Of the Power of Friend-
ship.* p. 169
- Chap. XIV. *Of the Broil betwixt a
Tragick and Comick Author.* p. 208
- Chap. XV. *The Continuation and Con-
clusion of the Story of the Power of
Friendship.* p. 219
- Chap. XVI. *Of Dreams.* p. 271

THE

THE
DEVIL
UPON
TWO STICKS.

CHAP. I.

*Necessary to be read in order to the
Understanding the rest.*

ONE Night in *October*, when thick
Darkness had o'er-spread the fa-
mous City of *Madrid*, the People,
being close at their respective Homes, had
left the Streets free to the Lovers inclin'd
to sing their Pains or Pleasures under the
Balconies of their Mistresses; and accord-
ingly the Guitars had already disturb'd the
Repose of the Fathers, and alarm'd the
B jealous

jealous Husbands; in short, it was almost Midnight, when *Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo*, a young Scholar of *Alcala*, very nimbly made his way out of the Garret Window of a House, into which the indiscreet Son of the *Cytherean* Goddess had drawn him. He endeavour'd to preserve his Life and Honour, by escaping from three or four Bullies, which follow'd close at his Heels, in order to kill or force him to marry a Lady, with whom they had just before surpriz'd him. Tho' alone, he yet bravely defended himself against all of them, and had not been put to flight, if they had not wrested his Sword from him in the Fight: They follow'd him for some time along the Gutters; but, favour'd by the Darkness, he avoided their Pursuit, and stealing along from one * House-top to another, made towards a Light which he perceiv'd a great distance off, and which, feeble as it was, yet serv'd him for a Lantern in this dangerous Conjunction. After more than once running the Risque of breaking his Neck, he reach'd the Garret whence its Rays proceeded, and enter'd it by a Window, as much transported with Joy as a Pilot at the Sight of his Vessel safe at Anchor in the Port, which before was in danger of Shipwrack.

He

* The Tops of the Houses in Spain are flat.

He immediately look'd around him, and was very much surpriz'd to find no Body in this Garret, which seem'd to him to be a very odd Apartment: He observ'd it with great Attention. He saw a Copper Lamp hung to the Cieling, Books and Papers in Confusion on the Table, Spheres and Compasses on the one side, Phials and Quadrants on the other; which made him conclude, that under this Roof liv'd an Astrologer, which usually retir'd hither to make his Observations.

He reflected on the Dangers he had escap'd, and was considering whether he should here wait the Approach of Day, tho' very far off, or take another Course, when he heard a deep Sigh break forth next to him. He took it for a Nocturnal Illusion, or imaginary Fantome, resulting from his present disturb'd Mind; wherefore without Interruption he continu'd his Reflection: But hearing a second Sigh, he was put out of doubt of the reality of the former, and tho' he saw no Soul in the Room, could not help crying out, What Devil is it that sighs here? 'Tis me, Siginor Scholar, answer'd a Voice which had somewhat very extraordinary in it; I have been a Year enclos'd in one of these Glass-Phials. In this House lives a skilful Astrologer, which is a Magician, who by the Power

of his Art has kept me shut up in this close Prison. You are then a Spirit, said *Cleofas*, somewhat confus'd at this uncommon Adventure. I am a *Dæmon*, reply'd the Voice, and you are come very opportunely to free me from a Slavery where I languish in Idleness; tho' I am the most active and indefatigable Devil in Hell.

Cleofas was somewhat affrighted at these Words; but being naturally Courageous, he recollected himself, and in a resolute Tone thus address'd himself to the Spirit. Signior *Dæmon*, pray inform me by what Character you are distinguish'd amongst your Brethren; Are you a Devil of Quality, or an ordinary one? I am, reply'd the Voice, a very considerable Devil, and am more esteem'd in this and the other World than any other. Perhaps, reply'd *Cleofas*, you may be the *Dæmon* which we call *Lucifer*? No, reply'd the Spirit, he is the Mountebanks Devil. Are you then *Uriel*? return'd the Scholar. Fie! (hastily interrupted the Voice) he is the Patron of Traders, Tailors, Butchers, and other third-rate Thieves. It may be you are *Belzebub*, said *Don Cleofas*. You deceive your self, answer'd the Spirit, he is the *Dæmon* of Governantes, and Gentlemen-Ushers, or Waiting-men. This surprizes me, said the Scholar; I took

took *Belzebub* for one of the greatest of your Number. He is one of the least, reply'd the *Demon*; you have no true Notion of our Hell. You must then, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, be either *Leviathan*, *Belphegor*, or *Ashtaroth*. Oh! as for those three, said the Voice, they are Devils of the first Rank; they are the Court Spirits: They enter into the Councils of Princes, animate their Ministers, form Leagues, stir up Insurrections in States, and light the Torches of War. Ah! tell me, I entreat you, said the Scholar, what Post has *Flagel*? He is the Soul of the Law, and the Life of the Bar, reply'd the Devil: It is he which makes out the Attornies and Bailiff's Writs; he inspires the Pleaders, possesseth the Council, and attends the Judges. But my Business lyes another Way: I make ridiculous Matches, and marry old Greybeards to raw Girls under Age, Masters to their Maids, Virgins of low Fortunes to Lovers which have none. 'Tis I that have introduc'd into the World Luxury, Debauchery, hazardous Games, and Chymistry. I am the Inventer of *Carousels*, Dancing, Musick, Plays, and all the new *French* Fashions. In a Word, I am the celebrated *Asmodeo*, surnam'd the *Devil upon Two Sticks*.

Ah! cry'd *Don Cleofas*, you are then the famous *Asmodeo*, so gloriously celebrated by *Agrippa*, and the *Claviculd Salomonis*? Really you have not told me all your Amusements; you have forgotten the best of them. I know that you sometimes divert your self with asswaging the Pains of unfortunate Lovers, deceiving jealous Husbands, and tempting of Ladies; and it was by your Assistance that a young Gentleman, a Friend of mine, crept into the good Graces of a Corregidor's Lady. 'Tis true, said the Spirit, I reserv'd that 'till the last: I am the *Dæmon* of Luxury, or to express it genteeler, the God *Cupid*; for the Poets have bestow'd that fine Name on me, and indeed painted me in very advantageous Colours; they describe me with gilded Wings, a Fillet bound over my Eyes, a Bow in my Hand, a Quiver of Arrows on my Shoulders, and a charming beautiful Face. Which what sort of one it is you shall immediately see, if you please to set me at Liberty.

Signior *Asmodeo*, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, you know that I have long been your sincere Devotee; of the Truth of which the Dangers I just now run are sufficient Evidences. I should be very ambitious of an Opportunity of serving you; but the Vessel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly

ly

ly enchanted, and all my Endeavours to unstop or break it will be vain; wherefore I can't very well tell which way to deliver you out of Prison: I am not much us'd to these sorts of Deliverances; and betwixt you and I, if such a subtle Devil as you are cannot make your Way out, how can such a wretched Mortal as I do it? Mankind is endu'd with that Power, answer'd the *Dæmon*; the Phial in which I am enclos'd is barely a plain Glass Bottle, which is very easie to break; you need only take and throw it to the Ground, and I shall immediately appear in Human Shape. If so, said the Scholar, 'tis easier than I imagin'd; tell me then in which Phial you are, for I see so many like one another, that I cannot distinguish them. It is the fourth from the Window, reply'd the Spirit. 'Tis enough, Signior *Asmodeo*, return'd *Don Cleofas*; there is now only one small Difficulty which deters me: When I have done you this Service, won't you make me pay for the broken Pots? No Accident shall befall you, answer'd the *Dæmon*; but on the contrary you will be pleas'd with my Acquaintance. I will learn you whatever you are desirous to know, inform you of all things which happen in the World, and discover to you all the Faults of Mankind. I will be your Tutelar *Dæmon*, you shall

find me much more Intelligent than that of *Socrates*, and I will make you far surpass that Philosopher in Wisdom. In a Word, I will bestow my self on you, with my good and ill Qualities; the latter of which shall not be less advantageous to you than the former. These are fine Promises, reply'd the Scholar, but you Gentlemen Devils are accus'd of not being very religious Observers of what you promise to Men. That is a groundless Charge, reply'd *Asmodeo*: Most of my Brethren make no Scruple of breaking their Word, but I am a Slave to mine; and I swear by all that renders our Oaths inviolable, that I won't deceive you. I promise, withal, that you shall revenge your self of *Donna Thomasa*, that perfidious Lady, which hid four Ruffians to surprize and force you to marry her.

Don Cleofas charm'd above all with this last Promise, to hasten its Accomplishment, immediately took the Phial in which was the Spirit, and without concerning himself what might be the Event of it, he threw it hard against the Ground. It broke into a thousand Pieces, and overflow'd the Floor with a blackish Liquor, which by little and little evaporated, and converted it self into a thick Smoak, which dissipating all at once, presented the amaz'd Scholar

lar with the View of the Figure of a Man in a Cloak, about two Foot and a half high, resting on two Crutches. This diminutive lame Monster had Goats Legs, a long Visage, sharp Chin, a yellow and black Complexion, and a very flat Nose; his Eyes, which seem'd very little, resembled two lighted Coals; his Mouth was extreamly wide, above which were two wretched red Whiskers, edg'd with a pair of unparallel'd Lips.

This charming *Cupid's* Head was wrapt up in a sort of Turban of red Crape, turn'd up with a Plume of Cocks and Peacocks Feathers. About his Neck he wore a yellow Linnen Collar, on which were drawn several Models of Necklaces and Pendants. He was dress'd in a short white Sattin Coat, and girt about with a Girdle of Virgin Parchment, mark'd with Talismanical Characters. On this Coat were painted several Pair of Womens Stays very advantageously fitted for the discovery of their Breasts; Scarves, party-colour'd Aprons, new-fashion Head-dresses of various Sorts, some more extravagant than the rest.

But all these were nothing, compar'd with his Cloak, the bottom of which was also of white Sattin. On it, with *Indian* Ink, were drawn an infinite Number of Figures,
with

with so much Freedom, and such masterly Strokes, that it was natural enough to think the Devil had a hand in it. On one side appear'd a *Spanish* Lady cover'd with her Vail, teasing a Stranger to walk with her; and on the other a *French* one practising new Airs in her Glass, in order to try them at a young patch'd and painted Abbot, which appear'd at her Chamber Door. Here a parcel of *Italian* Cavaliers were singing and playing on the Guitar under their Mistresses Balconies; and there were a Company of *Germans* all in confusion and unbutton'd, more intoxicated with Wine and begrim'd with Snuff than the conceited *French* young Abbots, surrounding a Table overflow'd with the filthy Remains of their Debauch. In one place was a great *Mahometan* Lord coming out of the Bath, and encompass'd by all the Women of his *Seraglio*, officiously crouding to tender him their Service. There the Gamesters were also wonderfully well represented; some of them, animated by a sprightly Joy, heaping up Pieces of Gold and Silver in their Hats; and others, broken and reduc'd to play upon Honour, casting up their Sacrilegious Eyes to Heav'n, and gnawing their Cards with Despair. To conclude, there were as many curious Things to be seen on it as on the
admirable

admirable Buckler of the Son of *Peleus*, which exhausted all *Vulcan's* Art; with this difference betwixt the Performance of the two Cripples, that the Figures on the Buckler had no relation to the Exploits of *Achilles*, but on the contrary those on the Cloak were so many lively Images of whatever was done in the World by the Suggestion of *Asmodeo*.

C H A P. II.

In which the Story of Asmodeo's Deliverance is continu'd.

THE *Demon* observing that the Sight of him did not very agreeably prepossess the Scholar in his Favour, smiling said; Well, Signior *Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo*, you see the charming God of Love, the Sovereign Ruler of Hearts. What do you think of my Beauty and Air? Don't you take the Poets for excellent Painters? Why really, answer'd *Cleofas*, they do flatter a little. You did not, I suppose, appear in this Shape to *Psyche*? Doubtless no, reply'd *Asmodeo*; I borrow'd the Appearance of a beautiful young Swain, to make her doat on me.

me: Vice must always be cover'd with a fair Appearance, without which it will never please. I assume whatever Shape I will, and could have shew'd my self to you cloath'd with a finer imaginary Body; but designing, without any Disguise, to lay my self open to you, I was willing that you should see me in a Shape best suited to the Opinion which the World entertains of me and my Functions. I am not surpriz'd, said the Scholar, that you are somewhat Ugly; pardon, if you please, the harshness of the Term, the Conversation which we have had together requires freedom. Your Features are very well proportion'd to the Idea I have of you; but pray tell me why you are a Cripple. My Lameness, answer'd the Devil, is owing to a Quarrel which I formerly had in *France* with *Pilliardoe* the Devil of Interest, who should possess one *Manceau*, a Man of Business, and one of the Farmers of the Revenues; which being a noble Booty, we very warmly contested the Possession of it. We fought in the middle Region of the Air; *Pilliardoe* was the strongest, and threw me down to the Earth, as the Poets tell us *Jupiter* did *Vulcan*: Whence from the Resemblance of our Adventures, my Comrades call'd me the *Lame Devil*, or the *Devil upon*
Two

Two Sticks; and that Nick-Name, which they gave me in Raillery, has stuck with me ever since: But tho' a Cripple, I can yet go pretty nimbly; you shall be a Witness of my Agility. But, adds he, let us end this Discourse, and make haste out of this Garret. It will not be long before the Magician comes up to labour at the Immortality of a beautiful *Sylphe* which nightly visits him; and if he should surprize us, he would not fail to commit me to the Bottle from whence I came, and confine you to the same. Let's therefore, in the first place, throw away all the Pieces of the broken Phial, that the Enchanter may not discover my Enlargement. If he should find it after our Departure, said *Cleofas*, what would then be the Event? What would be the Event! answer'd the *Dæmon*; Alas! were I conceal'd at the farthest Part of the Earth, or hidden in the Region where the fiery *Salamanders* dwell; should I descend to the Shades below, or the Bottom of the deepest Sea, I should not be secur'd from his Resentment. His Conjurations are so powerful that all Hell trembles at them. In short, I cannot resist his arbitrary Commands, but shall be forc'd, much against my Will, to appear before him, and submit to whatever Pains he pleases to inflict on me. If so, reply'd
the

the Scholar, I very much fear that our Conversation will be of no long Duration; this dreadful Negromancer will soon perceive our Flight. I don't know that, reply'd the Spirit, for we can't tell what may happen. What, said *Don Cleofas*, are you not acquainted with Futurity? No indeed, reply'd the Devil, we know nothing of that Matter; but those which depend upon our Assistance on that Head, are fine Bubbles; and indeed to this Opinion are to be ascrib'd all the Fooleries which are impos'd on Women of Quality by Fortune-tellers of both Sexes, when they consult them on future Events. I don't know therefore whether the Magician will soon discover my Absence, but hope not, for here being several Phials very like that in which I was enclos'd, he may perhaps not miss a single one. I am much in the same Condition in his Laboratory as a Law-Book is in the Library of a Man of Business, he never thinks of me, and when he doth, he never doth me the Honour of conversing with me. He is the most insolent Enchanter that I know; for during the whole Time that I was his Prisoner, he did not once vouchsafe to speak to me. What sort of a Fellow is this? reply'd *Don Cleofas*; or what have you done to draw down his Hatred upon you

I cross'd one of his Designs, reply'd *Asmodeo*: There was a Place in the Custom-House void, he was resolv'd that one of his Friends should have it, and I was determin'd to make it be given to another. The Magician prepar'd a *Talisman*, compos'd of the most powerful Characters of the *Cabala*; but I influenc'd the Mistress of a Clerk of the same Office to solicit it, and she accordingly carry'd it from the *Talisman*.

At these Words the *Demon* gather'd up all the Pieces of the broken Phial, and after having thrown them out of the Window, Come then, said he to the Scholar, let us make the best of our way; take hold of the End of my Cloak, and fear nothing. However dangerous this Offer appear'd to *Don Cleofas*, he yet chose rather to accept it, than expose himself to the Resentment of the Magician; wherefore he took as good hold as he could of the Devil, who carry'd him out at the Window.

C H A P. III.

*Whither the Devil carry'd Don Cleofas,
and what Things he shew'd him.*

A *Smodeo* was not in the wrong when he boasted his Agility; he cleft the Air with as much Rapidity as an Arrow from a Bow, and perch'd on *St. Saviour's* Steeple. When gotten on his Feet, he said to *Don Cleofas*, Well, Signior *Leandro*, when Men are in a very uneasie, hobbling Coach, and cry out, *This is a Coach for the Devil!* do you now think they speak Truth or not? I have just experienc'd the Falsity of that Saying, answer'd *Don Cleofas* very gallantly, and can affirm the Devil's to be not only a very easie Carriage, but also so expeditious that no body can be tir'd on the Road. Very well, reply'd the *Demon*; but you don't know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high Place to shew you whatever is at present done in *Madrid*. By my Diabolical Power I will lift off the Roofs of the Houses, and notwithstanding the Darkness of the Night, clearly expose to your View, whatever is now under them. At these Words he only extended his right Arm,

Arm, and all the Roofs of the Houses seem'd remov'd; and the Scholar saw the Insides of 'em as plainly as it was possible at Noon-day.

This View was too surprizing not to employ all his Attention; his Eyes run thro' all Parts of the City, and the Variety which surrounded him, was sufficient to engage his Curiosity for a long time. Signior Student, said the *Dæmon*, this confusion of Objects, which you survey with so much Pleasure, affords really a very charming Prospect; but in order to furnish you with a perfect Knowledge of Human Life, it is necessary to explain to you what all those People, which you see, are doing. I will disclose to you the Springs of their Actions, and their most secret Thoughts.

Prithee, said the Scholar, since you are so kind a Devil, let me a little look about me from this mighty Precipice, whereon we sit with so much Security. What a very agreeable mixture of Persons and Things do these numberless Candles and Torches, round this great City, present to us? What pretty Arts Men have to extend their Lives, and double their Joys, by this Day of their own making? 'Tis, methinks, an Argument of the Greatness of Human Life, That the Wit of Man is

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never

never at rest, but always hurry'd on in search of something to give it self a Satisfaction, which cannot be drawn from meer natural Occurrences, but must be rais'd from the Embelishments of Arts, the Entertainment of Inventions, and—— The Devil had not Patience, but immediately interrupted the Harangue *Cleofas* was going into, and told him; Sir, if you desire our Conversation shall not be merely a Ramble; like the Labour of silly Travelers, who fill their Heads with Admiration, and neglect Knowledge, let me beseech you to wait for my Opinion of what you see, before you commend it. The spacious Streets taken up with various Business and Hurry, the different Ways you see Equipages, laden Carriages, and Crouds of People moving by Candle-light, make you fall into Applauses of the Industry of Man, when at the same time I must tell you, there is not one Person in all that Croud who had not better be fast asleep, than employ'd as you see him, if you knew what he was going about, and what is the Motive of Actions.

Demon, reply'd the Scholar, you and I are so new Acquaintance, and the Profession you are of has so ill a Reputation for Sincerity, that I am at a Loss, both as to what kind of things you really think laudable,

laudable, and as to your Veracity in speaking your real Sentiments of what you applaud. Scholar, said the *Dæmon*, we shall speak of Things and Persons, as they stand in the Order of Nature. A Man is to be commended for what that Man ought to do; and a Thing is valuable for the Use it is design'd for; by which plain way of thinking, Objects keep their Place in the Opinion, whether the Observer be a Devil, a Saint, a Philosopher or a Peasant. Before this Light it is, that grave Politicians of twenty, airy Girls of fifty, languishing Lovers of sixty, and all Persons who affect Characters unseasonable to their time of Day; I say, before this Light it is, that all Varnish disappears, and Youth is then only Graceful when it becomes its Pleasures, and Age when it consults its Ease.

The Scholar was still entertaining his Eyes in the gross, with the Variety of Objects before him, and enjoying the Pleasure of looking into the Houses which his Companion had until'd, when an Assembly very regularly dispos'd in one of 'em had fix'd his Attention: He communicated his Satisfaction to his Familiar; who immediately assum'd a new Air and Mein, and told him, with an unusual Chearfulness, that he was glad he lik'd an *Ædifice*

in which he had a particular Interest. That Structure, said he, is a Theatre, the Master of which is so near a Relation of mine, that I may call it my own House upon that Foundation, as well as that it is the constant Scene of Love-Adventures, of which I am President. I see, quoth *Cleofas*, a pretty smug Gentleman stand behind the Scenes, with a Cane in his Hand, of a wrinkled Countenance, but an amorous briskish Eye; he looks, methinks, as if he had formerly been an old Man, and there is something so particularly resembling your self in the Novelty of his Address, that I presume he is the Kinsman you boast of. Sir, answer'd *Asmodeo*, your Conjecture is just; that is Signior *Divito*: You are to understand, continu'd he, the Figure you there observe is a Twin-Brother of mine, and lay with me in the same Cradle, when a certain Emissary of the Kingdom of Darkness came and survey'd us both; me he observ'd to be the more phlegmatick, and consequently thought I should stand in need of continual Instigation to Evil, therefore he took me off to make a Devil, and left my Brother to be bred an Attorney, in which Way we are sure of Mens Services all their Lives, and their Company at the End of 'em. But what has an Attorney to do with the Stage? inter-

interrupted *Cleofas*. Sir, reply'd *Asmodeo*, an Attorney has hold of any Thing or Person with which he can join his Name in a Parchment: My Brother had these Premises for ever fix'd to him by an Instrument which Men call a Mortgage, with this peculiar Clause, That the Land is for ever paying, but is never to discharge it self, which is a Prerogative they of the Faculty have above all other Men; for Lawyers, like Priests, can purchase but not alienate. This my Brother is the newest Character upon Earth, an hopeful old Man, and I doubt not before he is seventy he'll make Love with as good an Air as the best of 'em. He has wholly bid farewell to his dusty Parchments, and uses his Arts as an Attorney but merely as the Pitfalls and Trap-doors on his Stage, which serve at once to make his own Escape, and catch his Pursuers. Well, quoth *Cleofas*, of all Men living give me the Life of Signior *Divito*: Such Company to visit him! such a Seraglio to attend him! I may say it without Vanity, quoth *Asmodeo*, my Brother has as great an Influence on the Pains and Joys of Lovers as any Being below my self in the Universe: But such is the Ingratitude of Mankind, that all his Cares are neglected. Did you but see him in his Spectacles examining the tender Ham

of a young Dancer, the heaving Bosom of an Actress to be bred to Tragedy; in short, the constant Correspondences the painful Labourer is forc'd to keep with all the idle Part of Mankind, both Foreign and Domestick, you would own him to be the *Machiavil* for the State of Love. He can tell you, as soon as any Spirit of us all, how long such a young Virgin will hold out against such an importunate Lover, how soon that Lover will be weary of her, and consequently she fall under his Dominions, to Act and Propagate the Passion which Undid her. I am very glad, my dear Scholar, you fix'd your Eye there, for a Theatre is the truest Picture of Human Life; and the Men who make the great Figures in the World are no more what they seem, than that little diminutive Fellow you see taking off his Buskins and his Feathers in the Tying-Room, is the Heroe you saw just now on the Stage. To make it yet more like the World, do you look on yonder Couch, and see how *Lucrece* and *Tarquin* agree behind the Scenes. Such is the Force of Distance, and well manag'd Imposture, that the Pitch and Roll that Fellow is mixing will appear to the Audience Lightning, and the rolling that Nine-pin Bowl makes him a Thunderer: In a Word, the Stage may represent to you

you in the most lively Colours the Distinctions and Manners among Men. This only must be said for the Play-house, that it is much less a Cheat than the World: For the Actor must have the Mein, the Gesture, the Look, the Voice, and the whole Behaviour of the Heroe whom he personates; while the Mock-Worthy, which Fortune gives you very often, in every Step he makes is out of his Character, and shows you he either never knew, or has forgot what is really his Part. To give you then Instances of the Imposture in each Place, turn from the Play-house, and look elsewhere.

Observe then first of all, in the House on the right Hand, that old Wretch telling his Gold and Silver; he is a covetous Man: 'Tis surprizing to see with what Pleasure that old Fool contemplates his Riches! he can never satiate himself. But at the same time see what his Heirs are doing in the next Chamber, they are consulting a Witch to know when he shall die. In the next House observe that superannuated Coquet going to Bed, after leaving her Hair, Eye-brows and Teeth on her Toilet. Do you see, a little farther, that amorous Dotard of sixty just come from making Love? He has already laid down his Eye, false Whiskers, and Periwig which

hid his bald Pate, and expects his Man to take off his wooden Arm and Leg, in order to go to Bed with the rest.

Cast your Eyes on that magnificent Palace, you will there see a great Lord laid in a splendid Apartment, with a Casket full of *Billet-doux*, which he continually reads to lull him asleep the more pleasantly: They come from the Lady which he adores, and who puts him to such an Expence, that he will soon be reduc'd to solicit for a Vice-Royalty to support himself. In the next House on the left Hand is *Donna Fabula*, who has just sent for a Widwife, and is going to present her Husband *Don Torribio* with an Heir. Are not you charm'd with that Gentleman's good Nature? The Cries of his dear Half-self pierce his Soul, he is wounded with Grief, and suffers as much as she; with what Care and Earnestness doth he labour to help her! Really, said the Scholar, the Man is in a great Fatigue; but in Reward of all his Pains, I discern another which sleeps very soundly in the same House, without being at all concern'd at the Success of this Affair. The Business yet relates to him, said the Cripple, he is the Domestick that has occasion'd all those Pains his Lady endures. Beyond see that Hypocrite rubbing himself all over with Coach-wheel Grease,

Grease, in order to go to a Meeting of Sorcerers this Night betwixt St. *Sebastians* and *Fontarabia*. I would carry you thither this Minute, to oblige you with that pleasant Diversion, if I was not afraid of being known by the Devil which personates the *He-Goat* there. He is a Rascal that would betray me, and would not fail to advise our Magician of my Flight. That Devil and you, said the Scholar, are not then very good Friends. Far from it, reply'd *Asmodeo*; for about two Years since we fell out at *Paris*, about a Gentleman's Son, to the Disposal of whom we both pretended: He would have made him a Factor, and I would have had him a very fortunate Man; but our Comerades, to end the Dispute, made a Monk of him. After this we were reconcil'd, and embrac'd, ever since which we have been mortal Enemies.

Let's leave this fine Assembly, said *Don Cleofas*, and pursue our Examination of what is doing in this City. Content, reply'd the Devil; let's then laugh a little at that old Musician singing a passionate Song to his young Wife. He would fain have her admire the Tune which he hath just compos'd; but she likes the Words better, because made, and given to her Husband to set, by a fine Gentleman that loves her.

her. Let us divert our selves with that.— Stay, I beseech you, interrupted *Don Cleofas*, first pray tell me, what mean those Sparks of Fire which issue out of that Cave? It is, reply'd the Cripple, one of the most foolish amongst all the Works of Men. He that you see in that Cave, at the burning Furnace, is an *Alchymist*, whose rich Patrimony the Fire will consume by slow degrees, and he will never find what he spends it in search of; for, betwixt you and I, the *Philosophers Stone* is no more than a *fine Chimera*, that I my self forg'd, to divert my self with Human Understanding, which would pass the Bounds prescrib'd to it. And who, reply'd the Scholar, are those Women that I see at a Table in the next House? They are two famous Curtisans, return'd the Devil, and those two Gentlemen who are committing a Debauch with them, are two of the greatest Lords of the Court. Ah! how charming and engaging they seem, said *Don Cleofas*. I don't wonder that Persons of Quality follow them; how they embrace them? They must certainly be deeply in Love with them? Ah! how young and inexperienc'd you are? reply'd the Spirit; you don't know this sort of Ladies, their Hearts are more painted than their Faces. Whatever Marks of Tender-
ness

ness they express, they have not any Concern for those Lords; they careſs them to obtain a Protection of one, and a Settlement of the other. All Coquets are the ſame, and tho' Men very fairly ruin themſelves for them, they are not the more lov'd by them; but on the contrary, whoever pays for Love is treated like a Husband; this is a Law in amorous Intrigues, which I my ſelf have eſtabliſh'd. But let's leave thoſe Noblemen to taſte the Pleaſures which they ſo dearly purchaſe, whiſt their Footmen, who wait for 'em in the Street, comfort themſelves with the pleaſing Expectation of enjoying them *gratis*.

Caſt your Eye a little farther on that *honeſt Apothecary*, his Wife and Man, who are all at work in their Shop at this late Hour. Do you know what they are doing? The Maſter is preparing a Prolifick Pill for an old Advocate that is to be marry'd to Morrow; the Man is making ready a laxative Barley Decoction, and the Woman beating aſtringent Drugs in the Mortar. In the oppoſite Houſe, ſaid the Scholar, I ſee a Man getting out of his Bed and dreſſing in great haſte. It is, answer'd the Spirit, a Phyſician riſing on a very preſſing Occaſion. He is ſent for to a Devotee, who cough'd twice or
thrice

thrice within an Hour after he went to Bed.

Turn your Eyes a little farther on the Right, continu'd the Devil, and try whether, by the dull Lamp in that Garret, you can distinguish a Man stalking in his Shirt. Yes, yes, I am right, reply'd the Scholar; I see a Garret furnish'd with a wretched sorry Bed, Stool, Table, and the dirty Walls all over as black as Soot. The Person that is lodg'd so many Stories high is a *Poet*, reply'd *Asmodeo*, and what seems to you to be the Foulness of his Walls, are Tragick Verses of his own Composure, with which he has hung his Chamber; for the want of Paper forces him to write his Poems on the Walls. By the Hurry and busie Air of his Gate, said *Don Cleofas*, I should conclude that he was composing some Piece of very great Importance. You are not in the wrong to think so, said the Cripple, he yesterday gave the finishing Stroke to a Tragedy, entitul'd, *The Universal Deluge*; in which the Criticks themselves cannot blame him for not preserving the Unity of Place, since all the Scenes are laid in *Noah's Ark*. I assure you 'tis an excellent Piece, for all the Beasts are there introduc'd talking as learnedly as Doctors themselves. He designs to dedicate it, and has already spent
fix

six Hours in working up the Epistle Dedicatory, and is at this moment gotten to the last Line. It may justly be call'd a Master-piece; for not one of the Moral and Political Virtues, nor one of the Topics of Praise, which may excusably be bestow'd on a Man whose Ancestors, or his own Merit, hath render'd Illustrious, are spar'd; never was Author so prodigally lavish of his Flatteries. To whom does he intend to address this Elogy, said the Scholar? He knows nothing of that yet, answer'd the Devil, he has left a Blank for the Name. He is in quest of some rich Lord, more generous than the Patrons to whom he has dedicated his former Books. But good Customers, which pay well for Dedicatory Epistles, are very scarce at present; the People of Quality have mended that Fault, and thereby done an acceptable Service to the Publick, which before was continually pester'd with wretched Performances, by reason the greatest part of the Books were written to make way for their respective Dedications.

Let's watch, continu'd *Asmodeo*, those Thieves that have broken into a rich Banker's House by his Balcony; observe them coming out of the Compting-house, and returning perfectly empty. What is the Reason of that? said the Scholar. The Banker

Banker has prevented them, return'd the *Dæmon*; he Yesterday made the best of his way to *Holland*, with all the Riches in his Coffers. If I am not mistaken, said *Don Cleofas*, there's another Thief on a Ladder getting into that Balcony. That is no Thief, reply'd the Lame Devil, 'tis a Marquis scaling the Chamber of a Virgin, who is very willing to be rid of that Name. He made her some superficial Promises of Marriage, and she not in the least distrust- ing his Oaths, soon yielded; and no wonder, for on Love's Exchange the Marquis's are Merchants of very great Reputation.

I see something very particular, said the Scholar, it is a Man in a Night-cap and Night-gown that is writing very hard, whose Hand is guided by a little black Figure which stands at his Elbow. The Man that writes, answer'd the Cripple, is a Clerk of a Court or Register, who, to oblige a Guardian, is altering a Sentence pronounc'd in favour of his Pupil, and the little black Figure is Beau *Grifael*, the Clerks Devil. But, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, this *Grifael*, I suppose, supplies this Place only as a Deputy, since *Flagel* being the Spirit of the Bar, the *Registers* seem directly subjected to his Direction. No, reply'd *Asmodeo*, the *Registers* were thought a Body considerable enough to have a De-
vil

vil of their own, and I assure you he has more upon his Hands than he can compass.

Oh! oh! exclaim'd the Scholar, there is another Spectacle; every body is up in that great House on the left. Some are making good Chear, others dancing; pray what's the meaning of all this? It is a Wedding, said the *Demon*; but within less than three Days, that very Palace which you see is at present the Scene of so much Joy, was the House of utmost Mourning. The Story is worth hearing, and I must tell it you. At the same time he thus began.

C H A P. IV.

The History of the Count de Belflor, and Leonora de Cespides.

THE Count *de Belflor*, one of the most considerable Grandees of the Court, lov'd young *Leonora de Cespides* to distraction, but never intended to marry her: The Daughter of an ordinary Gentleman did not seem a Match considerable enough for him, wherefore he only propos'd to make a Mistress of her. 'Twas with

with this Design that he pursu'd her wherever she went, and lost no Opportunity of discovering his Love, by the extraordinary Respects he paid her: But he could neither speak nor write to her, she being perpetually guarded by a severe and vigilant *Duenna*, whose Name was Madam *Marcella*. This drove him to Despair, and feeling his Desires irritated by the Difficulty of attaining 'em, was continually projecting Ways to deceive the *Argus* which guarded his *Io*: On the other side, *Leonora* perceiving the Count's Regard for her, could not help being touch'd with the same Tenderness for him, which insensibly form'd it self into such a Passion in her Heart, as at last grew to be extremely violent. I did not indeed augment it by my common Temptations, because the Magician which kept me Prisoner deny'd me the Use of all my Functions; but Nature, no less dangerous than my self, engag'd in it, and that was enough; and indeed all the difference that there is betwixt it and me is, that Nature corrupts Hearts by slow degrees, whilst I seduce them expeditiously.

Affairs were in this posture, when *Leonora* and her perpetual Governante, going one Morning to Church, met an old Woman with one of the largest String of Beads that

that ever Hypocrisie yet made: Accosting them with a pleasant smiling Air, she thus address'd her self to the *Duenna*; The good God preserve you! said she; The Holy Peace be with you! Give me leave to ask whether you are not Madam *Marcella*, the chaste Widow of the late Signior *Martin Rozeta*? The Governante having answer'd, Yes: 'Tis very happy that I have met you, said the old Woman, since I am to acquaint you, that I have at home an old Relation of mine, who is very desirous to speak with you. He is lately arriv'd from *Flanders*, was your Husband's most intimate Friend, and has some Particulars of the utmost Importance to communicate to you. He would have waited on you at home to have imparted them to you, had he not fall'n sick; but the poor Man is at the Point of Death. I live not half a Stone's throw from hence, I beseech you to take the trouble of following me.

The Governante, who wanted not Prudence and good Sense, being afraid of a false Step, knew not what to resolve on; but the old Woman guessing the Reason of her Uneasiness, said to her; Dear Madam *Marcella*, you may securely rely upon me, my Name is *la Chicon*; the Licentiate *Marcas de Figuerrea*, and the Batchelor *Mira de Mesqua* will answer for me

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me as soon as for their Grand-mothers. I don't desire you to come to my House for any thing but your own good. My Relation is willing to restore you a Sum of Mony, which he borrow'd of your Husband. The very thoughts of Restitution engag'd *Marcella* on her side: Come Girl, said she to *Leonora*, let's go see this good Lady's Relation; to visit the Sick is an Act of Charity.

They soon reach'd *la Chicona's* House; who led them into a lower Room, where they found a Man in Bed with a grey Beard, and if he was not very sick, he at least feign'd himself so. Cousin, said the old Woman, presenting to him the Governante, here is the Lady which you desir'd to speak with, Madam *Marcella*, the Widow of your Friend Signior *Martin Rozetta*. At these Words the old Man lifting up his Head a little, saluted the *Duenna*, and making Signs for her to come nearer the Bed-side, said in a feeble Tone; I thank Heav'n, dear Madam *Marcella*, for prolonging my Life to this Moment, which was the only thing I desir'd; I fear'd I should die without having the Satisfaction of seeing you, and putting into your own Hands a hundred Ducats which my intimate Friend, your late Husband, lent me, to help me out of an honourable Quarrel
that

that I was formerly engag'd in at *Bruges*. Did he never acquaint you with that Adventure? Alas no, answer'd Madam *Marcella*, he never mention'd it. God rest his Soul! he was generous enough to forget the Services he did his Friends; and, very unlike those Boasters who brag of what they never did, he never told when he oblig'd any Person. He certainly had a very great Soul, reply'd the old Man; a Truth which I am more firmly engag'd to believe than any Man else; and to prove it to you, you must give me leave to relate the Affair out of which I was so happily extricated by his Assistance; but having something to disclose of the last Importance with regard to the Memory of the deceas'd, I should be very glad of an Opportunity of revealing them to his discreet Widow alone.

Very well then, said *la Chicon*, you need only tell it her in private; in the meanwhile this young Lady and I will retire to my Closet. At these Words she left the *Duenna* with the sick Man, and conducted *Leonora* into another Chamber, where without any Circumlocution she said, Fair *Leonora*, the Moments are too precious to be miss-spent; you know the Count *de Belflor* by Sight, he has long'd lov'd you, and languishing dies for an Opportunity to

tell you so; but the Vigilance and Severity of your *Governante* have always hinder'd him from enjoying that Satisfaction. In this Despair he had Recourse to my Industry, which I have made use for him. The old Man whom you have just now seen is the Count's young *Valet de Chambre*, and all that hath been done is only a Trick to deceive your *Governante*, and draw you hither.

These Words were no sooner ended, than the Count, who was conceal'd behind the Hangings, appear'd, and running threw himself at *Leonora's* Feet: Madam, said he, pardon the Stratagem of a Lover who could no longer live without speaking to you; if this obliging Matron had not procur'd me this Opportunity, I should have abandon'd my self to Despair. These Words, express'd with a very moving Air by a Person not at all disagreeable, disturb'd *Leonora*: She continu'd some time doubtful what Answer she ought to make; but at last recovering herself, and looking displeas'd at the Count, said: Perhaps you believe your self very much oblig'd to this officious Lady, who has so well serv'd your Purpose; but know that you will reap little Advantage by the Service she has done you. At these Words she made several Steps to get out of the Room,

Room, but the Count stopp'd her; Stay, said he, adorable *Leonora*, hear me one Moment; my Passion is so pure that it ought not to alarm you; I own you have some grounds to oppose the Artifice which I have made use of to converse with you; but have I not hitherto in vain endeavour'd to speak to you? I have follow'd you these six Months to the Churches, Walks, Play-houses, and all publick Places. I have long in vain watch'd an Opportunity of telling you how you have charm'd me; your cruel, your merciless Governess has continually frustrated my Designs. Alas then, instead of turning the Stratagem which I have been forc'd to employ into a Crime, commiserate, fair *Leonora*, my suffering all the Tortures of such a tedious Expectation, and judge, by your Charms, the mortal Pangs they have occasion'd.

Belflor did not forget to reinforce his Words with all the Airs of Persuasion which gallant Men are us'd to practise with Success, accompanying his Words with some Tears; with which *Leonora* began to be touch'd, and in despite of her Resolution, some tender compassionate Emotions began to arise in her Heart; but far from yielding to them, the more she perceiv'd them to grow, the more she press'd to be gone: Count, said she, all your Talk

is in vain, I will not hear you; don't detain me any longer, but let me go out of a House in which my Virtue is alarm'd, or by my Cries I will call in all the Neighbourhood, and expose your Audaciousness to the Publick. This she utter'd in such a resolute Tone, that *la Chicon*, who was oblig'd to stand in Awe of the Magistracy, begg'd of the Count not to push things any farther: Upon which he forbore opposing *Leonora's* Intention, who got out of his Hands, and (what had never before happen'd to any Virgin) quitted the Closet as good a Maid as she enter'd it.

She immediately flew to her *Governante*; Come, good Matron, said she, leave off that foolish Dialogue; we are cheated, let's quit this dangerous House. What's the Matter, Child! with Amazement answer'd Madam *Marcella*: What is the Reason of your so hasty Departure? I'll inform you, reply'd *Leonora*; but let's fly, for every Minute I stay here gives me fresh Uneasiness. However earnest the *Duenna* was to know the Cause of this Haste, she could not then be satisfy'd, but was oblig'd to yield to the Instances of *Leonora*. They both went away in a hurry, leaving *la Chicon*, the Count, and his *Valet de Chambre* in as great Confusion, as a parcel of
Players

Players oblig'd to act a Piece which the Stage-Beaux have already hiss'd.

When *Leonora* was gotten into the Street, with a great deal of inward Disturbance she began to tell her *Governante* what pass'd in *la Chicon's* Closet. Madam *Marcella* was very attentive, and when they had reach'd their own House, I protest, my Daughter, said she, I am extreamly mortify'd at the Thoughts of what you have just inform'd me; how was it possible for me to be deluded by that old Woman? At first I made a Difficulty of following her: Oh that I had continu'd in the same Opinion! I ought to have mistrusted her flattering Wheedles. I have committed a Folly not to be forgiven in a Person of my Experience. Ah why did not you discover this Plot whilst I was at *la Chicon's* House! I would have scratch'd out their Eyes, call'd the Count *de Belflor* by all the Names I could have thought on, and tore off the Beard of the counterfeit old Man, who told me so many Lies. But I will this Minute return thither, to carry back the Money which I honestly receiv'd, as a real Restitution of what I suppos'd my Husband lent, and if I find them together they shall not lose by staying for me. These Words ended, she flew out, and made the best of her way to *la Chicon's* House.

The Count was yet there, and, by the ill Success of his Stratagem, reduc'd almost to Despair. Another would have quitted the Pursuit; but he was not discourag'd: For, with a thousand good Qualities, he had one which was very ill; it was the suffering himself to be too much hurry'd on by his amorous Inclinations. Whenever he lov'd a Lady he was too warm in the Pursuit of her Favours, and tho' naturally an honest Man, he made no Scruple of violating the most sacred Laws to accomplish his Desires. Considering then that it was impossible for him to gain his End without the Assistance of Madam *Marcella*, he resolv'd to leave no Means unattempted to engage her in his Interest. He concluded that this *Duenna*, how severe soever she appear'd, was not Proof against a considerable Present; and indeed his Opinion was not unjust, for if there are any such things as *Trusty Governantes*, the only Reason is that the *Gallants* are not rich enough to make sufficient Presents.

As soon as Madam *Marcella* arriv'd, and found all the three Persons she wish'd for there, she open'd very outrageously, loaded the Count and *la Chicon* with a Million of hard Names, and made the Restitution-Sum fly at the Head of the *Valet de Chambre*. The Count attempted to appease
this

this Storm with Patience, threw himself at the *Duenna's* Knees to render the Scene more moving; he press'd her to take the Purse again, and offer'd her a thousand Pistoles besides, conjuring her to have Pity on him. As her Compassion had never been so powerfully solicited, so she did not prove inexorable. She soon left off her Invectives, and comparing the offer'd Sum with the mean Recompence she expected of *Don Lewis*, she easily found that it was more for her Interest to draw *Leonora* from her Duty, than preserve her in it; which engag'd her, after a few complemental Refusals, to take up the Purse again, accept the Offer of the thousand Pistoles, promise to be subservient to the Count's Passion, and immediately prepare to perform her Promise.

Knowing *Leonora* to be a virtuous young Lady, she very carefully avoided giving her the least Suspicion of her Correspondence with the Count, for fear she should discover it to *Don Lewis*, her Father; and being resolv'd on more subtle Measures to ruin her, she thus address'd her self at her Return: *Leonora*, I have just now satisfy'd my enrag'd Mind; I found the three villainous Deceivers confounded at our courageous Retreat. I threaten'd *la Chiconna* with your Father's Resentment, and
the

the most rigorous Severity of the Law; I call'd the Count *de Belflor* all the ill Names which Rage could suggest, and hope that Lord will no more be guilty of any such Attempts, and that his Intrigues will no more exercise my Vigilance. I thank Heav'n that by your Resolution you have escaped the Net which was spread for you. I weep for Joy, I am ravish'd to think he has not been able to gain any Advantage over you by his Stratagem; for great Lords make it their Diversion to seduce young Ladies. Most of those who value themselves on preserving the strictest degree of Probity are not scrupulous on this Head, as tho' the dishonouring of Families was no ill Act. I don't absolutely say that the Count is a Man of this Character, nor that he aims at deceiving you; we must not always judge ill of our Neighbours, perhaps his Designs are honourable: Tho' his Quality entitles him to the best Match at Court, your Beauty may yet have made him resolve to marry you: I remember also, in the Answers he made to the hard Words I gave him, he hinted it to me. What do you say, good *Governante*? interrupted *Leonora*; if he had any such Intention, he would before now have ask'd me of my Father, who would never have deny'd a Man of his Quality.

What

What you say is very just, reply'd the *Duenna*, I am of your Mind; the Course which the Count took is suspicious, or rather his Intentions were ill: I am almost in the Mind to return to him, and scold at him afresh. No, good Madam, reply'd *Leonora*, 'tis better to forget what is past, and revenge it by Contempt. 'Tis true, said *Marcella*, I think that is the best way; you are wiser than I. But on the other side, let us not judge amiss of the Count's Sentiments: How do we know but he took that Course, as the most refin'd way of discovering his Passion? Before obtaining your Father's Consent, perhaps he was fond of obtaining your Favour, and securing your Heart by long Services, that your Union might thereby be render'd more charming. If so, my Daughter, would it be a great Crime to hearken to him? Unbosom your self, you know my tender Affection for you; Are you sensible of any Alteration in Favour of the Count? or would you, if it was put to you, refuse to marry him?

At this malicious Question the too sincere *Leonora* cast down her Eyes, and blushing own'd that she had no Aversion for him; but Modesty preventing her farther discovering her self, the *Duenna* press'd her afresh to hide nothing from her: She,
over-

over-power'd by the *Governante's* tender Professions, went on: Good *Marcella*, said she, since you will have me talk to you as my Confident, know that I think *Belflor* deserves to be lov'd: I lik'd his Mein so well, and withal have heard such an advantageous Character of him, that I could not help being touch'd with his Addresses. The indefatigable Care which you always took to oppose them hath frequently given me great Uneasiness, and I own that I have sometimes deplor'd, and in a sort by my Tears repair'd the Pains your Vigilance has forc'd him to bear. I will farther own to you at this very moment, that instead of hating him after this rash Action, my Heart against my Will excuses him, and throws the Fault on your Severity. Daughter, reply'd the *Governante*, since you give me Leave to believe his Addresses will be agreeable to you, I will manage this Lover for you. I am very sensible, answer'd *Leonora* in a more moving Tone, of the Service you are willing to render me: If the Count was not one of the Grandees of the first Rank at Court, was he only a bare Gentleman, I should prefer him to all Men; but let us not flatter our selves, *Belflor* is a great Lord, and doubtless is design'd for one of the richest Heiresses in the Kingdom. Don't let us
expect

expect that he will ever descend to *Don Lewis's* Daughter, who has but a mean Fortune to offer him: No, no, adds she, he has no such favourable Thoughts of me; he does not think me worth bearing his Name, and pursues me only to dishonour me.

Ah wherefore, said the *Dienna*, will you think that he does not love you well enough to marry you? Love daily works greater Miracles than that. You seem to imagine that Heav'n hath set an infinite distance betwixt the Count and you; do your self more Justice, *Leonora*; it would not be below him to join his Fortune to yours; you are of an ancient noble Family, and your Alliance could never put him to the Blush. Since you have some Inclinations towards him, continu'd she, I must talk with him: I will examine his Intentions, and if I find them such as they ought to be, I will encourage them with some Hopes. Be very careful, reply'd *Leonora*; I am of Opinion you ought not to go in search of him; if he suspects my having any hand in it, he will cease to value me. Oh I am a Woman of more Address than you imagine, reply'd *Marcella*: I will begin with accusing him of a Design to seduce you, upon which he will not fail to justify himself; I will hear him,
and

and shall see the Event. In short, my Daughter, leave it to me, I'll manage your Honour as cautiously as if it were my own.

The *Duenna* took her Vail, and went out at the beginning of the Night: She found *Belflor* near *Don Lewis's* House, and gave him an account of her Discourse with her Mistress, not forgetting to value her self on her Conduct in the Discovery of the Lady's Passion for him. Nothing could oblige the Count more than this News, wherefore he express'd his Thanks to *Marcella* in the most sensible manner; that is, he promis'd to give her the thousand Pistoles on the next Day, assuring himself of the Success of his Enterprize; very well knowing, that a Woman prepossess'd is half seduc'd. They then parted very well satisfy'd with each other, the *Duenna* returning home.

Leonora, who impatiently expected her, ask'd what News she had brought: The best that you could ever hear, answer'd the *Governante*, all things succeed the best in the World. I have seen the Count; I can tell you that his Intentions are not ill, he has no other Design but that of marrying you. This he swore to me by all that is sacred amongst Men. You may, perhaps, imagine that I yielded to him
upon

upon this, but I assure you I did not. If you are thus resolv'd, said I, why don't you make the usual Applications to *Don Lewis*? Ah, dear *Marcella*, answer'd he, without appearing disturb'd at this Question, could you think it proper (ignorant as I am whether *Leonora* has any Regard for me) that, hurry'd on by the Transports of blind Love, I should tyrannically endeavour to obtain her of her Father? No; her Ease is dearer to me than my own Desires, and I am too honourable to discover my Passion, in order to render her unhappy.

All the time that he spent in expressing himself thus, continu'd the *Duenna*, I observ'd him with the utmost Attention, and employ'd all my Experience in discovering by his Eyes whether his Love was so sincere as he represented it. He seem'd touch'd with a real Passion, and I with a Joy which without much difficulty I could not conceal. Being then satisfied of his Sincerity, I thought it not improper to glance at your Sentiments with regard to him, in order to secure you such a considerable Lover. My Lord, said I to him, *Leonora* hath no Aversion for you; and, as far as I can judge, your Addresses are not insupportable to her. Great God, exclaim'd he then all in Rapture, what do I hear!

Is

Is it possible that the charming *Leonora* should entertain any favourable Thoughts of me: What is it that I am not indebted to you, most obliging *Marcella*, for having rid me of such a tedious Uncertainty? You, who by a continual Opposition have loaded me with so many Torments. But, dear *Marcella*, compleat my Bliss, by obliging me with an Opportunity of speaking with the Divine *Leonora*; I solemnly promise and swear before you, that I will never be any others but hers. To this, pursu'd the *Governante*, he added yet more moving Affeverations; in short, Daughter, he entreated me in such a pressing manner to procure him a private Opportunity of speaking to you, that I could not avoid promising to accomplish it. Ah, why did you promise him that? reply'd *Leonora* somewhat disturb'd. A wise Virgin, you have a hundred times inculcated to me, is absolutely oblig'd to shun those Conversations, which can only be dangerous. I agree to what you say, reply'd the *Duenna*, and it is a very good Maxim; but you may lawfully dispence with it on this Occasion, since you may look on the Count as your Husband. He is not so yet, reply'd *Leonora*, and I ought not to see him before my Father allows of his Suit.

Madam

Madam *Marcella* now began to repent the good Education which she had bestow'd on the young Lady, since she found it so difficult to subdue her Virtue. But yet resolv'd to compass her End, cost what it would; My dear *Leonora*, said she, I applaud my self, when I see you so reserv'd. Oh happy Fruit of my Cares! You have profited by all the Rules I have given you. I am charm'd with my own Work! But, my Daughter, you exaggerate what I have taught, you strain my Morals too severely, and your Virtue is indeed a little too rude. Tho' I am fond of a strict Severity, yet I cannot approve of a brutish ill-manner'd Caution, indistinguishably and indifferently levell'd against Guilt and Innocence. A Virgin doth not abandon her Virtue, by affording her Ear to a Lover, of the Purity of whose Desires she is satisfy'd; in which case it is not more criminal to answer his Passion, than be sensible of it. Depend upon me, *Leonora*, I have too much Experience, and am too deeply engag'd in your Interests, to draw you into any Measures which can be prejudicial to you.

Alas! where would you have me speak with the Count? said *Leonora*. In your own Apartment, reply'd the *Duenna*, for that is the safest Place; I will introduce

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him

him to Morrow Night. Good *Marcella*, reply'd *Leonora*, shall I then admit a Man— Yes, you shall admit him, interrupted the *Duenna*; 'tis no such extraordinary thing as you imagine, 'tis done every Day, and I send up my Wishes to Heav'n that the Maidens which receive such Visits were fortify'd with as good Intentions as yours! Besides, what have you to fear? Shall not I be with you? If my Father should surprize us? reply'd *Leonora*. Never disturb your self in the least about that, return'd *Marcella*; your Father is perfectly satisfy'd with your Conduct, knows my Fidelity, and reposes an entire Confidence in me. Upon this *Leonora*, being so violently push'd on by the *Duenna*, and internally press'd by her Love, was not able to hold out longer, but yielded to *Marcella's* Proposal.

The Count was immediately inform'd of it, and so joyfully receiv'd the News, that he instantly presented his Female Agent with five hundred Pistoles and a Ring of the like Value: And she accordingly, finding him such a strict Observer of his Word, resolv'd not to fail in the Performance of her Promise. Wherefore next Night, when she concluded all of the Family were asleep, she fasten'd to the Balcony a silken Ladder which the Count had
given

given her, and by that means introduc'd him into his Mistress's Apartment.

In the mean while the young Lady was wholly taken up with a Series of melancholy Reflections, which very much disturb'd her. Notwithstanding her Inclination for the Count, and whatever her *Governante* could say, she blam'd her easie Consent to a Visit that would violate her Duty. To receive a Man into her Chamber at Night, whose real Sentiments she was ignorant of, and withal without her Father's Knowledge, seem'd to her not only criminal, but also what might render her contemptible in her Lover's Eyes. 'Twas this last Reflection which most tormented her, and she was extream full of it when the Count enter'd.

He immediately fell on his Knees to thank her for the Favour she did him. He appear'd throughly touch'd with Love and Acknowledgment, and assur'd her of his Intentions to marry her; but not expressing himself so satisfactory on that Head as she desir'd: Count, said she, I am willing to believe that you have no other Design than what you have told me; but whatever Assurances you can give me, I shall always suspect them 'till they are authoris'd and confirm'd by my Father's Consent. Madam, answer'd *Belflor*, I had

long since ~~said~~ that, if I had not fear'd the obtaining it at the Expence of your Repose. I don't blame you for having not yet done it, reply'd *Leonora*, but even approve these more refin'd Punctilio's of your Love; but nothing at present hinders you, and you must speak to my Father as soon as possible, or resolve never to see me more.

Ah! why never see you more, charming *Leonora*! reply'd the Count. How little sensible are you of the Pleasures of Love! If you knew what it was to love, as well as I, you would be pleas'd with my disclosing my Pains in secret, and at least conceal them for some time from your Father's Knowledge. Oh how great are the Charms of such a private Correspondence betwixt two Hearts firmly united! They may prove so to you, said *Leonora*, but they would be no other than Torments to me. Such subtle Distinctions of Tenderness very ill become a virtuous Maiden: Boast therefore no more of the Delights of a guilty Commerce, which if you valu'd me you would not have offer'd; and if your Intentions are really such as you would persuade me they are, you ought from the Bottom of your Soul to blame my hearing such Offers so patiently. But alas, adds she, letting fall some Tears, 'tis to

Chap. IV. upon Two Sticks. 53

to my Weakness alone that this Crime ought to be imputed; I have indeed deserv'd it, by doing what I have done for you.

Adorable *Leonora*, cry'd the Count, you wrong me extreamly; your too scrupulous Virtue takes false Alarms. Why should you fear, because I have been so happy as to prevail on you to favour my Love, that I should cease to value you? How unjust is this? No, Madam, I am sensible of the full Value of your Favours; they can never deprive you of my Esteem; I am therefore ready to do what you exact of me, and will speak to Signior *Don Lewis* to Morrow. I will use my utmost Endeavour to obtain his Consent to my Happiness; but I must not omit telling you, that I see but small Hopes of it. How! reply'd *Leonora*, can my Father possibly refuse his Consent to a Man of your Quality and Character at Court? 'Tis that very Character and Quality which makes me fear a Denial. You are surpriz'd at what I say; but will cease to be so, when I acquaint you that some Days past the King declar'd he was resolv'd to marry me. He hath not yet nam'd the Lady he designs me for, but has only given me to understand that she is one of the best Matches at Court, and that he is firmly bent upon it.

Not knowing at that time what Sentiments you might have with regard to me, (for you very well know that your rigorous Severity never before allow'd me an Opportunity of discovering them) I did not shew any Averfeness to obey his Will. After this, judge, Madam, whether *Don Lewis* would run the risque of the King's Displeasure, by accepting me for his Son-in-Law.

No, doubtless, said *Leonora*; I know my Father, how great soever the Advantages of your Alliance might prove, would chuse rather to renounce it, than expose himself to the King's Displeasure. But if my Father should not oppose our Union, we should not yet be the happier; for in short, Count, how can you give me a Hand which the King has engag'd elsewhere? Madam, answer'd *Belflor*, I own sincerely that I at present labour under a very great Difficulty on that side; but yet hope, that by an even and very prudent Conduct with regard to his Majesty, I shall so well manage his Favours and Friendship for me, as to invent a way to avoid that threaten'd Misfortune. You your self, beautiful *Leonora*, may assist me herein, if you think me worth joining to you. Ah! in what manner, said she, can I contribute to the breaking off the Match which the King has

has propos'd to you? Ah Madam, reply'd he with a passionate Air, if you please to receive my Troth, which I offer to plight to you, I can preserve my self for you, without incurring the King's Displeasure. Permit, adorable *Leonora*, adds he kneeling, that I espouse you in the Presence of Madam *Marcella*, and let her be Witness of the Sanctity of our Engagement; by this means I shall easily escape those miserable Knots with which the World would bind me: For after that, whenever the King presses me to accept the Lady he designs me, I have nothing to do but prostrate my self at the Feet of my Prince, and inform him that I have long lov'd and secretly marry'd you. However desirous he may be to marry me to another, he is yet too gracious to snatch me from her whom I adore, and too just to offer this Affront to your Family. What do you think, discreet *Marcella*, adds he turning to the *Governante*, what's your Opinion of this Project with which Love has this Minute inspir'd me? I am charm'd with it, said the *Duenna*; it must indeed be own'd that Love is very ingenious! And you, charming *Leonora*, reply'd the Count, what do you say to it? Can your Heart, tho' arm'd with Distrust, refuse its Approbation? No, return'd *Leonora*, provided

you will admit my Father into the Secret, who, I doubt not, will subscribe to what you will have him.

We ought to be very careful how we intrust this Affair with him, here interrupted the *Duenna*: You don't know *Don Lewis*; he is too nice in Punctilio's of Honour to be assisting to secret Amours: The very Proposal of a private Marriage will offend him. Besides, his Prudence will not fail to make him afraid of the Consequences of an Union which seems to shock the King's Designs. By this indiscreet Step you will fill him with Suspensions, his Eyes will be continually upon you in all your Actions, and he will deprive you of all Opportunities. Ah! I shall then die with Grief, cry'd our Courtier. But, Madam *Marcella*, pursu'd he, affecting a melancholy Tone, do you really believe that *Don Lewis* would reject the Offer of a private Marriage? I don't doubt it in the least, answer'd the *Governante*; but grant that he should accept it, he is so scrupulously religious that he would never yield to the Omission of any of the Ceremonies of the Church, and if they are all performed in your Marriage it will soon be publish'd.

Ah my dear *Leonora*, then said the Count, tenderly locking his Mistress's Hand betwixt

betwixt his own, must we, to satisfy a vain Notion of Decorum, expose our selves to the terrible Danger of being separated for ever? The Consent of a Father would perhaps spare you some uneasy Thoughts; but since Madam *Marcella* has shew'd us the Impossibility of obtaining it, yield your self to my innocent Desires; receive my Heart and Hand, and when it shall be a proper time to inform *Don Lewis* of our Engagement, we will acquaint him also why we conceal'd it. Well, Count, said *Leonora*, I consent then that you do not so soon speak to my Father; but first sound the King's Mind. Before I receive your Hand in private, speak to our Prince, tell him you have privately marry'd me; let's endeavour by this false Confidence——Oh no, Madam, reply'd *Belflor*, I am too great a Hater of a Lie, to dare to maintain this Feint; I cannot thus dissemble. Besides, I know the King, if he should discover that I had deceiv'd him, would not pardon it during his whole Life.

I should never have done, Signior *Cleofas*, continu'd the Devil, if I should repeat *verbatim* all the Expressions which *Belflor* made use of to seduce this young Lady. Wherefore I shall only tell you that he employ'd all the passionate Language which I suggest

suggest to Men on the like Occasions: But he had scarce sworn that he would as soon as possible publickly confirm the Promise which he had made in secret; he had scarce call'd Heav'n to witness his Oaths, but he found he could not triumph over *Leonora's* Virtue, and that the Day being ready to appear forc'd him against his Will to depart.

The next Day the *Duenna*, believing her Honour, or rather her Interest engag'd not to abandon her Enterprize, said to *Don Lewis's* Daughter; *Leonora*, I don't know what to say further to you; I find you oppose the Count's Passion, as tho' it had no other Aim but that of a bare Gallantry: Have you not observ'd something in his Person that disgusts you? No, good *Marcella*, answer'd *Leonora*; on the contrary, he never appear'd so amiable, and his Discourse discover'd new Charms to me. If so, reply'd the *Governante*, I don't comprehend you: You are prepossess'd with a violent Inclination for him, and yet refuse to yield to a thing, the Necessity of which has already been represented to you. My good Madam, reply'd *Don Lewis's* Daughter, you have more Prudence and Experience than I; but have you consider'd thoroughly the Consequences which may result from a Marriage contracted

tracted without my Father's Knowledge? Yes, yes, answer'd the *Duenna*, I have made all necessary Reflection on that, and am very sorry to see you so obstinately resist the glorious Settlement which his Fortune presents you. Have a Care that your Obduracy does not weary and disgust your Lover, and be afraid lest he should cast his Eyes on the Interest of his Fortune, which the Violence of his Passion has made him neglect. Since he offers to give you his Faith, accept it without farther Deliberation. His Word binds him; than which nothing is more sacred to a Honour. Besides, I am a Witness that he acknowledges you for his Wife. Don't you know that such important Evidence as mine is sufficient to condemn, in a Court of Justice, that Lover which should dare to perjure himself?

It was by such Language as this that the perfidious *Marcella* shock'd *Leonora*, who suffering all Reflections of the Danger that threaten'd her to wear off, in all Simplicity a few Days after abandon'd her self to the Count's wicked Intentions.

The *Duenna* introduc'd him every Night by the Balcony into his Mistress's Apartment, and let him out before Day. One Night having warn'd him to depart somewhat later than ordinary, and *Aurora* beginning

ginning to break through the Darkneſs, he haſtily endeavour'd to ſlide into the Street, but by Miſchance ſucceeded ſo ill that he got a very ſevere Fall. *Don Lewis de Ceſpedes*, whoſe Bed-chamber was under that of his Daughter, happening that Morning to riſe very early for the Diſpatch of ſome preſſing Affairs, heard the Count's Fall, and opening his Window to ſee what was the Occaſion of the Noiſe, perceiv'd a Man juſt riſen from the Ground with great Difficulty, and *Marcella* in his Daughter's Balcony; ſhe having drawn up the ſilken Ladder, which the Count had not made ſo good uſe of in his deſcending as in his Aſcent. *Don Lewis* rubb'd his Eyes, and at firſt took this Spectacle for an Illuſion; but after having conſider'd it, concluded that nothing was more real, and that the Day-Light, imperfect as it yet was, did but too much diſcover his Diſgrace. Confus'd at the fatal Sight, and tranſported by a juſt Rage, he haſted in his Night-Gown to *Leonora's* Apartment, with a Sword in one Hand, and a Wax-Candle in the other. He went in queſt of her and her *Governante*, in order to ſacrifice them both to his Reſentment. He knock'd at their Chamber-door, and commanded them to open it; they knew his Voice, and trembling obey'd. He enter'd
with

with a furious Air, and discovering his naked Sword to their amaz'd Eyes; I come, said he, to wash away with her Blood the infamous Affront that Wretch has thrown upon her Father, and at the same time punish the villainous *Governante* which has betray'd the Trust I repos'd in her.

They both fell upon their Knees, and the *Duenna* began; Signior, said she, before we receive the Chastisement which you have prepar'd, vouchsafe to hear us one Moment. Well, Wretch, reply'd the old Gentleman, I consent to suspend my Vengeance for a Minute: Speak, inform me of all the Circumstances of my Misfortunes. But what do I talk of all the Circumstances? I know them all but one, and that is the Name of that rash Man which has dishonour'd my Family. Signior, reply'd Madam *Marcella*, the Count *de Belflor* is the Gentleman that hath done it. The Count *de Belflor*! said *Don Lewis*; where has he seen my Daughter? by what Means has he seduc'd her? conceal nothing from me. Signior, reply'd the *Governante*, I will relate the whole Story to you with all the Sincerity I am capable of.

She then, with an infinite deal of Art, recited all the Expressions which she had made *Leonora* believe the Count had uttered

ter'd with regard to her: She painted him in the most lively Colours of a tender, scrupulous, and sincere Lover. But not being able to elude the Discovery of the whole Truth, she was oblig'd to tell it; but enlarg'd on the Reasons that prevail'd with them to conceal from him the secret Marriage, and gave them such an acceptable Turn, as appeas'd *Don Lewis's* Rage. Which she perfectly discerning, in order to compleatly soften the old Man, Signior, said she, this is what you desir'd to know: Punish us this Minute; plunge your Sword in *Leonora's* Breast. But what do I say? *Leonora* is innocent; she has only follow'd the Counsels of a Woman which you intrusted with her Conduct, wherefore 'tis me alone against whom your Sword should point. 'Tis I that have introduc'd the Count into your Daughter's Apartment, and alone have ty'd the Knot where-with she is bound. 'Tis I who have wink'd at all Irregularities in a Contract that was not back'd by your Authority, in order to secure you a Son-in-Law whose Interest you know is the Channel thro' which all Court Favours at present pass. I had no other Aim than *Leonora's* Happiness, and the Advantage your Family may reap by such an important Alliance; and indeed 'tis the Excess of Zeal to serve your House
which

which alone has drawn me into this betraying of my Trust.

While the subtle *Marcella* was thus cajoling the old Gentleman, her Mistress spar'd no Tears, but discover'd such a sensible Grief as he could not resist. He grew tender, his Rage turn'd into Compassion, he dropt his Sword, and quitting the Air of an angry Father; Ah my Daughter! said he with Tears in his Eyes, what a fatal Passion is Love! Alas, you are not sensible of all the Reasons you have to afflict your self. The Shame alone that must result from the Presence of a Father who has surpriz'd you, must unavoidably draw Tears from you; besides which, you don't yet foresee all the Anxieties your Lover may perhaps prepare for you. And you, imprudent *Marcella*, to what a Precipice has your indiscreet Zeal for my Family brought you? I acknowledge that such a considerable Alliance as that of the Count might dazle your Eyes, and it is that alone which excuses you to me: But, Wretch that you are, ought you not to have distrusted a Lover of his high Quality? The more Interest and Favour he can pretend to, the more you ought to have on your Guard against him. If he should make no Scruple of breaking his Faith with *Leonora*, what Course should I take? Should I
implore

implore the Assistance of the Laws of the Land? a Person of his Character would easily be able to shelter himself from their Severity: And I wish that, continuing just to his Oaths, he prove willing to keep his Word with my Daughter; for if the King, as you say, designs to oblige him to marry another Lady, 'tis very much to be fear'd that his Majesty will force him to it by the Vertue of his Prerogative.

Oh Sir, interrupted *Leonora*, that ought not to alarm you; the Count has very well assur'd us, that the King will not commit such a great Violence on his Passion. I am perswaded, said *Marcella*, his Majesty is too fond of his Favourite to exercise such a Tyranny over him, and also that he is too generous to plung into a fatal Grief *Don Lewis de Cespides*, who has spent all his best Days in the Service of the Publick. Pray Heav'n it prove so, reply'd the old Gentleman weeping, and that my Fears prove vain! I will go to the Count, and desire him to explain this Affair. A Father's Eyes are piercing, and I shall discover the deepest Recesses of his Soul. If I find him in the Disposition which I wish, I will pardon what is past; but, adds he in a more resolute Tone, if by his Discourse I discover a perfidious Heart, you shall both with Tears bewail your Imprudence
in

in a melancholy Retirement the Remainder of your Days. At these Words he took up his Sword, and leaving them to the frightful Thoughts he had rais'd in them, return'd to his Apartment to dress.

Signior *Asmodeo*, said *Don Cleofas* in this Place, before you relate the Sequel of this Story, tell me, I beseech you, what is doing in that Apartment hung with Musk-colour'd Cloth? I see five or six Women crouding and pressing one another to thrust Glass-Bottles into the Hands of a sort of Servant. That is somewhat worth your Observation, answer'd the Devil. In that Apartment an *Inquisitor* lyes sick; he is lodg'd in the Chamber where you see two Women watching with him: They are two of his Penitents; one is employ'd in making Broths for him, and the other at his Boulster is keeping his Head warm. Pray what is his Distemper? said the Scholar. A little Cold in his Head, reply'd the *Demon*; and 'tis to be fear'd the Rheum may fall on his Breast. The other Women which you see in his Anti-Chamber are also devout Ladies, who, on the News of his Indisposition, run thither in all haste with their Medicines. One of them has brought him for his Cough Syrops of *Fujubes*, *Marsh-mallows*, *Coral*, and *Colts-foot*; another, to preserve his

Reverence's Lungs, is laden with *Syrups* of *Long-life*, *Veronica*, *Immortality*, and *Elixir Proprietatis*; another, to fortifie his Brain and Stomach, has brought *Baum*, *Cinamon*, and *Treacle-Water*, besides the *Divine Water*, and *Essences* of *Nutmegs* and *Amber-grise*; this comes to offer him *Anacardine* and *Bezoartick Confections*; and that, *Tinctures* of *Clove-July-Flowers*, *Coral*, *Mille-florum*, the *Sun*, and *Emeralds*. All these Women are boasting the Efficacy of their Remedies to the Inquisitor's Footman; they take him aside one after another, and each of them clapping a Ducat in his Hand, thus whispers him in the Ear: *Lawrence*, dear *Lawrence*, I entreat you not to fail preferring my Medicines to all the rest. This is what you desir'd, continu'd the Devil, and I will now continue the Thread of my Story.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

*The Continuation and Conclusion of the
History of the Count and Leonora.*

DON *Lewis* went early to the Count, who not suspecting he was discover'd, was surpriz'd with this Visit. He stept forward to meet him at his Entrance, and after having tir'd him with Embraces, How great is my Joy, said he, to see *Don Lewis* here! doth he come to offer me any Opportunity of serving him? My Lord, answer'd *Don Lewis*, order, if you please, that we be alone; which *Belflor* accordingly did, and they both sat down, when the old Man thus began: My Lord, said he, my Honour and Repose require an Explanation, which I come to ask of you: I saw you this Morning go out of *Leonora's* Apartment; she has confess'd all, she has told me — She has told you that I love her, interrupted the Count, to avoid a Discourse which he was not fond of hearing: But she has but feebly express'd all that I feel for her. I am enchanted; she is a Lady all over adorable; she has Wit, Beauty, Virtue; no Perfection is wanting. I have been told that you have a Son at

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the University of *Alcala*; is he like his Sister? If he hath her Beauty, and resemble you in other Excellencies, he must be a compleat Gentleman. I die with Desire to see him, and offer you all my Interest to serve him.

I am indebted to you for that Offer, said *Don Lewis* gravely; but to come to — He ought to be enter'd in the Service immediately, interrupted the Count again; I charge my self with the Care of his Fortune; I assure you that he shall not wade amongst the Croud of Officers. Answer me, Count, reply'd the old Gentleman hastily, and leave off your Interruption. Do you design to keep your Promise — Yes, without doubt, interrupted *Belflor* the third time; I will keep my Word which I have given you to stand by your Son with all my Interest; depend upon me, I am a sincere Man. 'Tis too much, cry'd *Cespiques*, rising up, after having seduc'd my Daughter, that you dare insult me; but know, I am a Gentleman, and the Injury you have done me shall not remain unpunish'd. At the end of these Words he return'd home with a Heart full of Resentment, and contriving a hundred Projects to compass his Revenge.

He told *Leonora* and *Marcella* very angrily, It was not without ground that I suspected

suspected the Count; he is a Traitor, on whom I will be reveng'd: And as for you two, you shall to Morrow be enter'd in a Convent; you have nothing to do but prepare your selves, and thank Heav'n my Rage contents it self with that Chastisement. He then went and lock'd himself up in his Closet, to deliberate what Course to take in such a nice Conjunction.

How great was *Leonora's* Grief when she heard *Belflor* was perfidious! She remain'd some Time without Motion; a mortal Paleness cover'd her Face, her Spirits fled, and motionless she fell into the Arms of her *Governante*; who fearing she would then die, us'd all her Endeavours to get her out of this Fit: They succeeded, and *Leonora* reassuming the Use of her Senses, and seeing her *Governante* very officiously helping her, How barbarous are you! said she with a deep Sigh; why did you force me out of the happy State in which I was? I was not then sensible of the Horror of my Fate. Why did you not let me die? You, who well know all the tormenting Grievs which must disturb the Repose of my Life, wherefore did you keep me alive?

Marcella endeavour'd to comfort her; but that only encreas'd her Torment. All your Talk is superfluous, cry'd *Don Lewis's*
F 3 Daughter;

Daughter; I will hear nothing. Don't lose your time in attempting to abate my Despair, you ought rather to raise it. You, who have plung'd me into the Abyfs of Misery in which I now am? 'Tis you who vouch'd for the Count's Sincerity; without you I had never yielded my self to my Inclinations for him, which I should insensibly have conquer'd, or however at least he would never have been able to have gain'd the least Advantage over me. But I will not, continu'd she, charge my Misery on you, I accuse no body but my self. I ought not to have follow'd your Advice in the Accepration of a Man's Faith, without consulting my Father. How dazzling soever the Count's Address might appear to me, I ought to have despis'd rather than complimented it at the expence of my Honour: In short, I ought to have distrusted him, you and my self. Since I have been so weak as to yield to his perfidious Oaths, after the Affliction which I have brought to *Don Lewis*, and the Dishonour I have done my Family, I hate my self; and am so far from fearing the Retirement with which I am threaten'd, that I am fond of hiding my Shame in the most dismal Retreat in the World. These passionate Words were not only accompany'd with abundance of Tears, but she
withal

withal tore her Cloaths in Pieces, and reveng'd the Injustice of her Lover on her beautiful Hair.

The *Duenna*, to suit her self to her Mistress's Grief, did not spare for Grimaces and distorted Faces. She dropp'd some of those Tears she had always at command; she imprecated a thousand Curses on Mankind in general, and the Count in particular. Is it possible, exclaim'd she, that *Belflor*, who seem'd so full of Justice and Probity, should prove such a Villain as to deceive us both! I cannot extricate my self out of this Surprise, or rather, I cannot yet persuade my self that it is so.

When I fanfie him at my Knees, said *Leonora*, what Maiden would not have trusted his tender engaging Air, and depended on those Oaths which he so audaciously invok'd Heav'n to witness, and those Transports which he incessantly repeated? Besides, his Eyes discover'd more Love than his Mouth express'd, and the very Sight of me seem'd to charm him. No, he did not deceive me; I can't think it. My Father must not have talk'd with him so discreetly as he ought; they both grew warm, and the Count answer'd less like a Lover than a great Lord. But also perhaps I flatter my self! I must extricate my self out of this Uncertainty. I will then write

to *Belflor*, and tell him that I expect him here this Night: I desire that he should secure my alarm'd Heart, or confirm his Treachery. *Marcella* applauded the Design, and was not her self without hope that the Count, ambitious as he was, yet touch'd by *Leonora's* Tears, might fall from his Resolution in this Interview, and determine to marry her.

In the mean while, *Belflor* having rid himself of honest *Don Lewis*, continu'd in his Apartment, reflecting on the Consequences which might result from the Reception he had just given him. He firmly concluded that the whole Family of the *Cespides*, enrag'd at the Injury done to their House, would study Revenge; but that did not much disturb him: The Interest of his Love much more employ'd his Thoughts. He imagin'd that *Leonora* would be put into a Convent, or at least that she would be kept so strictly watch'd, that in all probability he should never see her more. This Thought afflicted him, and his Mind was wholly taken up with the Search after some Way to escape this Misfortune, when his *Valet de Chambre* brought him a Letter which *Marcella* had just put into his Hands. It was a Billet from *Leonora*, whose Contents ran thus: *I am to Morrow to quit the World, and bury*
my

my self in a solitary Retirement, where I shall have the Horror of seeing my self dishonour'd, odious to my Family and my self; this is the deplorable Condition to which I am reduc'd by believing you. I expect you once more this Night. In my Despair I hunt after new Torments: Come and own to me that your Heart had no part in any of the Oaths which your Mouth swore to me, or justify their Sincerity by a Conduct which alone can soften the Rigour of my Fate. Perhaps this Meeting may be attended with some Danger, after what has pass'd betwixt you and my Father; take care therefore that you be accompany'd by a Friend. Tho' you have occasion'd all the Miseries of my Life, I yet feel my self concern'd for yours.

The Count read this Letter twice or thrice over, and representing *Leonora* in the Condition in which she describ'd, he melted into Compassion. He seriously reflected on what he had done; Justice, Probity and Honour, all the Laws of which his Passion had hurried him on to the Violation of, began to resume their Empire over him. He suddenly found his Blindness dissipated, and like a Man just got out of a violent Fever, blush'd at the extravagant Words and Actions which had escap'd him; he was asham'd of all the base
Artifices

Artifices he had us'd to satisfy his Desires. Wretch that I am, cry'd he, what have I done? What Devil possess'd me? I promis'd to marry *Leonora*; I call'd Heav'n to witness it; I feign'd that the King propos'd a Match to me; I have made use of Lies, Perfidiousness and Sacrilege to corrupt her Innocence; what Madness had seiz'd me? Had I not much better employ'd my utmost Efforts in the suppression of my Love, than by satisfying it in such criminal ways? But here is a Gentlewoman seduc'd; I abandon her to the Anger of her Relations, who, with her, I have also dishonour'd, and render her miserable in Reward of her making me happy. Ah, how barbarous is that Ingratitude! Ought I not rather to repair the Disgrace and Infamy I have done her? Yes, I ought; and I will, by marrying her, discharge the Promise I made her. Who is there can oppose so just an Intention? Ought her Tenderness to prejudice me against her Virtue? No: I know how much her Resistance cost me to conquer it; and she rather yielded to my sworn Faith, than my amorous Transports.—But on the other side, if I confine my self to this Choice I shall be a considerable Sufferer. I, who may pretend to the noblest and richest Heiresses in the Kingdom, shall I content my self with

with a private Gentleman's Daughter of a moderate Fortune? What will the Court think of me? They will say I have marry'd very ridiculously.

Belflor thus divided betwixt Love and Ambition, did not know to which to incline: But tho' he was not yet resolv'd whether he should marry *Leonora* or not, he yet determin'd to go to her that Evening.

Don Lewis, on the other side, pass'd the Day in contriving the Restoration of his Honour. The Conjuncture was very nice; to have recourse to the Laws was to publish his Dishonour; besides, he very much fear'd that Justice might be on one side, and the Judges declare on the other. He durst not throw himself at the King's Feet; for believing that Prince design'd to marry the Count, he was afraid it would be in vain. No Satisfaction was then left besides that of Arms, and it was this he concluded on. In the heat of his Resentment he was tempted to send a Challenge; but beginning to consider that he was too old and feeble to rely on his own Arm, he chose rather to put it into the Hands of his Son, whose Pushes would be more secure than his. He then sent a Footman to *Alcala*, with a Letter for his Son; by which he commanded him to come immediately

mediately to *Madrid*, to revenge an Injury done to the Family of the *Cespides*.

Don Pedro, his Son, was a Gentleman of eighteen Years old, perfectly handsome, and so brave that he pass'd in the City of *Alcala* for the most terrible of all the Scholars of the University; but you know him, adds the Devil, wherefore 'tis needless for me to enlarge farther on his Character. It is true, said *Cleofas*, he has all the Valour and Merit which is possible to centre in such a young Man. He was not then at *Alcala*, as his Father suppos'd, reply'd *Asmodeo*; but the Desire of seeing a Lady which he lov'd had brought him to *Madrid*. The last time he had been there to see his Relations, he made this Conquest. He did not yet know her Name; for she had oblig'd him not to use any means to inform himself; to which cruel Necessity he submitted, tho' with great difficulty. It was a Woman of Quality, who had conceiv'd a Passion for him, and believing she ought to distrust the Discretion and Constancy of a Scholar, she thought fit to try him before she discover'd her self. This unknown Fair One took up more of his Thoughts than *Aristotle's* Philosophy; and *Alcala* being situate so near this City, he, as you have done, often plaid truant; with this only dif-

difference, that it was for the sake of an Object which deserv'd much better than your *Donna Thomasa*. To conceal the Knowledge of his amorous Journey from *Don Lewis*, his Father, he us'd to lodge at an Inn in the Out-part of the City, where he carefully shelter'd himself under a borrow'd Name. He never went out but at a certain Hour in the Morning, when he was oblig'd to go to a House where the Lady, which occasion'd this neglect of his Studies, was so kind as to come, accompany'd by a Chamber-maid. He then liv'd lock'd up in his Inn the rest of the Day; but in requital, at Night he walk'd all over the City.

It happen'd one Night as he cross'd a By-street, he heard the Sound of several Voices and Instruments which seem'd worth his Attention; whereupon he stopp'd, and found it to be a Serenade given by a Gentleman that was drunk, and naturally very brutishly rude. He had no sooner discern'd our Scholar, than he immediately came to him, and without any other Compliment; Friend, said he, in a hasty Tone, go about your Business, I don't love inquisitive People. I might have withdrawn, answer'd *Don Pedro* shock'd at these Words, if you had desir'd me in a civiller manner; but I will stay to learn
you

you how to speak. We shall see then, said the Master of the Consort, drawing his Sword, which of us two shall yield the Place to the other. *Don Pedro* also pull'd out his Sword, and they began to engage. Tho' the Master of the Serenade acquitted himself with great dexterity, he could not yet parry a mortal Thrust, upon the Receipt of which he fell dead on the Spot. All the Actors of the Consort, who had by this time quitted their Musick, and were drawing their Swords to assist him, now came on to revenge his Death. They all at once fell upon *Don Pedro*, who on this occasion shew'd his utmost Skill; for besides parrying with a surprizing Dexterity all the Passes made at him, he himself made very vigorous ones, and at once kept all his Enemies employ'd. But they so obstinately persisting, and their Number being too great, as able a Fencer as he was, he could not have escap'd alive, if the Count *de Belflor*, who then pass'd by, had not taken his part.

The Count wanting neither Courage nor a large share of Generosity, could not see so many Swords drawn upon one Man, without engaging himself on his side. He drew, and joining with *Don Pedro*, he push'd so briskly at the Serenaders that they all fled, some wounded, and others for fear of

of being so. After their Retreat the Scholar began to thank the Count for his Assistance; but *Belflor* interrupting him: No more of that, said he, are you not wounded? No, reply'd *Don Pedro*. Let's get from this Place, reply'd the Count, I see you have kill'd a Man; 'tis dangerous to stay longer in this Street; you may perhaps be seiz'd. Upon which they immediately making the best of their way, got into another Street; and when they were advanc'd a good distance from the Place where they fought, they stopp'd.

Don Pedro, very sensibly influenc'd by just and grateful Sentiments, entreated the Count not to conceal from him the Name of a Gentleman to whom he was so much oblig'd. *Belflor* made no scruple of telling it, and also desir'd to know his. But the Scholar, unwilling to discover himself, said his Name was *Don Juan de Matos*, and assur'd the Count that he would never forget what he had done for him. I would willingly, said the Count, present you with an Opportunity of discharging your Obligation to me this very Night. I am engag'd to a Meeting not wholly free from Danger, and was going in search of a Friend to go with me. I am sensible of your Valour, and therefore, *Don Juan*, I desire your Company. Your seeming
to

to doubt it renders me somewhat uneasy, reply'd the Scholar; I don't know how to imploy the Life which you have sav'd, better than to expose it for you. Let's make haste; I am ready to follow you. *Belflor* then conducted *Don Pedro* to *Don Lewis's* House, and by the Balcony they both enter'd *Leonora's* Apartment.

Here *Don Cleofas* interrupted the Devil; Signior *Asmodeo*, how was it possible *Don Pedro* should not know his Father's House? That was impossible, reply'd the *Demon*, for *Don Lewis* had not remov'd to this House above eight Days; which I design'd to have told you, had not you interrupted me. You are too hasty, and have gotten an ill Custom of breaking the Thread of other Peoples Discourse. Pray correct that Fault in your self.

Don Pedro, continu'd the Devil, did not so much as suspect that he was at his Father's House, nor thought she who introduc'd him was *Madam Marcella*, by reason she receiv'd him in the Dark in an Anti-Chamber, where *Belflor* entreated his Companion to stay as long as he should remain with the Lady: To which the Scholar consented, and fate down with his naked Sword in his Hand for fear of a Surprise. His Thoughts were taken up with the Favours which he concluded Love was showering

showering on *Belflor*, and wish'd himself as happy as he; for tho' he was not ill-treated by his unknown Mistress, she had not yet all the Tenderneſs for him which *Leonora* had for the Count. Whilst he was making all the Reflections on this Adventure that could poſſibly occur to the Mind of a paſſionate Lover, he heard a Perſon ſoftly endeavouring to open another Door beſides that of the Lovers, and diſcern'd a glimmering Light thro' the Key-hole. He haſtily aroſe, made towards the Door that open'd, and preſented the Point of his naked Sword to the Breſt of his Father, who was going to *Leonora's* Apartment, to ſee whether the Count was not there. The good old Gentleman did not believe, after what had paſs'd, that his Daughter and *Marcella* would again venture to admit him, which alone prevented his lodging them in another Apartment. But yet he was apt to think, that before their Entrance into the Convent on the Morrow, they might be willing to take their laſt Leave of ſpeaking with him. Whoever thou art, ſaid the Scholar, don't enter this Room, on peril of thy Life. At theſe Words *Don Lewis* look'd at *Don Pedro*, whoſe Eyes were fix'd on him with equal Attention; ſo that they ſoon knew each other. Ah my Son, ſaid the old Gentle-

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man,

man, with what Impatience have I expected you! why did not you advertise me of your Arrival? were you afraid of breaking my Rest? Alas! I am incapable of any Repose in the miserable Condition in which I at present am. Oh my Father, said *Don Pedro* all in Confusion, is it you that I see? are not my Eyes deceiv'd by a false Apparition? Whence proceeds this Surprise? reply'd *Don Lewis*: Are you not at your Father's House? Did I not acquaint you by my Letter, that eight Days since I remov'd hither? Just Heav'n, reply'd the Scholar, what do I hear? I am then at present in my Sister's Apartment.

At these Words, the Count, who had heard the Noise, and suppos'd that his Guard was attack'd, came out of *Leonora's* Chamber with his Sword in his Hand. The old Gentleman, distracted at this Sight, and shewing him to his Son, cry'd out, That is the audacious Villain which has robb'd me of my Rest, and cast a fatal Stain upon the Honour of our House; let us then revenge our selves, let us instantly punish the Traitor. These Words were no sooner out of his Mouth than he drew the Sword he had under his Night-Gown, and began to attack the Count; but *Don Pedro* restrain'd him. Stay, Father, said he, I beg you to moderate the Transports of
of

of your Rage. What do you mean, my Son? answer'd the old Man: Why do you hold my Arm? You doubtless think 'tis too weak to revenge us. Well then, take Satisfaction your self for the Affront given to our Family, which is the only Reason why I sent for you to *Madrid*. If you fall, I will second you: The Count must perish by our Hands, or take away both our Lives, after having robb'd us of our Honour.

Father, reply'd *Don Pedro*, I cannot yield to what your Impatience expects of me. I am so very far from attempting the Count's Life, that I came hither to defend it; my Word is pass'd for it, and my Honour demands it. Let's then retire, my Lord, continu'd he, addressing himself to *Belflor*. Hah! base Wretch, interrupted *Don Lewis*, looking on *Don Pedro* with a very angry Air, dost thou thy self oppose the Execution of a Vengeance wherein all thy Force ought to have been employ'd? My Son, my own Son, corresponds with the perfidious Wretch that has seduc'd my Daughter: But don't think to escape my Resentment; I will call up all my Domesticks, who shall revenge me of your Treachery and base Cowardice. Sir, reply'd *Don Pedro*, be juster to your Son, and don't call him Coward, for he

never deserv'd that hateful Name. The Count has sav'd my Life this Night. He propos'd my going with him, whither I did not know, but on a certain Appointment: I offer'd to share the Dangers he might encounter, without ever suspecting that my Gratitude would imprudently engage my Arm against the Honour of my Family. My Word then obliges me to defend his Life here; and in so doing I shall discharge it: Not that I am less sensibly touch'd with the Injury he has done our Family; and to Morrow you shall see me as eager to shed his Blood, as you now see me zealous in the Preservation of his Life.

The Count, who had hitherto remain'd silent, being thoroughly struck with the amazing Circumstances of this Adventure, now spoke. Perhaps, said he, addressing himself to *Don Pedro*, you may meet with but indifferent Success, in revenging this Injury by Force of Arms: I will offer you a surer way of re-establishing your Honour. I freely own to you, that to this Day I never design'd to marry *Leonora*; but I this Morning receiv'd a Letter from her, wherewith I was sensibly touch'd; her Tears have just compleated the Work, and the Happiness of being her Husband is at present the utmost of my Desires. If the King designs you another Wife, said

Don

Don Lewis, how will you dispence with—
The King never propos'd any Match to
me, interrupted *Belflor* blushing: Pray pardon that Fiction in a Man, whose Reason Love had disturb'd. 'Tis a Crime which the Violence of my Passion hurry'd me on to commit, and which I expiate by confessing it. My Lord, reply'd the old Gentleman, after an Acknowledgment so suitable to a great Mind, I no longer doubt your Sincerity: I see you are resolv'd effectually to repair the Injury we have receiv'd, and my Anger yields to the Assurances you have given me; permit me then to forget my Resentment in your Arms. At these Words he ran to the Count, who flew to prevent him: They mutually embrac'd several times; and *Belflor* turning himself to *Don Pedro*, And you, you, the counterfeit *Don Juan*, said he, you who have gain'd my Esteem by an unparallel'd Valour and a noble Mind, allow me to vow a sincere fraternal Friendship to you. At these Words he embrac'd *Don Pedro*, who receiving his Caresses with a submissive and respectful Air, thus answer'd him: My Lord, in promising me such a valuable Friendship, you engage mine; and I entreat that you would always conclude me one who will continue devoted to you to the End of my Life.

In the mean while *Leonora*, who was listening all the time at the Chamber-door, did not lose one Word of whatever they said. She was at first tempted to throw her self in the middle of the Swords, without knowing why; but *Marcella* prevented her: And when that dextrous *Duenna* perceiv'd all things likely to end so amia- bly, she concluded that her Presence and that of her Mistress would not prejudice the Accommodation; whereupon they both appear'd with their Handkerchiefs in their Hands, and weeping ran to prostrate them- selves at *Don Lewis's* Feet. They fear'd, and not without Reason, after their being surpriz'd last Night, that the old Gentle- man's Anger might return: But raising *Le- onora*, he said, Daughter, dry up your Tears, I will not blame you any more; since your Lover is resolv'd to keep the Faith which he has sworn to you, I yield to forget what is past.

Yes, *Don Lewis*, said the Count, I will marry *Leonora*; and yet better to re- pair the Injury I have done you, to give you an entire Satisfaction, and your Son a Pledge of my Friendship for him, I offer him my Sister *Eugenia*. Ah, my Lord, cry'd *Don Lewis* in a Rapture, how sensi- ble am I of the Honour you do my Son! What Father was ever happier? You now
shower

shower as much Joy on me, as before you loaded me with Sorrow.

Tho' the old Man was charm'd with the Count's Offer, yet *Don Pedro* was not: Being wholly taken up with the Thoughts of his unknown Lady, he was so disturb'd and confus'd that he could not say one Word. But *Belflor*, without regarding his Trouble, departed; telling them he would order all the necessary Preparations to be made for this double Union, and assuring them that he was impatient 'till he was fix'd to them by these strict Bonds.

After his Departure *Don Lewis* left *Leonora* in her Apartment, and went into his own with *Don Pedro*; who with all the Frankness of a young Scholar said, Sir, I beg you would dispence with my marrying the Count's Sister: 'Tis enough that he marry *Leonora*; that will be sufficient to retrieve the Honour of our Family. What, Son! reply'd the old Man; can you refuse to marry the Count's Sister? Yes, Father, reply'd *Don Pedro*; that Union, I own, would prove a cruel Torment to me, the Cause of which I will not conceal. I love, or rather adore a charming Lady; she admits me, and she alone can render my Life happy. How miserable is the State of a Father! said *Don Lewis*; he scarce ever finds his Children dispos'd to do what he

desires. But who then is this Lady which has made such violent Impressions on you? I don't yet know, answer'd *Don Pedro*; she has promis'd to inform me, when she shall be fully satisfy'd of my Discretion and Constancy, nor do I doubt but she is one of the most considerable Families at Court. And do you fancy, reply'd the old Man, changing his Tone, that I will be so complaisant as to approve your Romantick Love? That I shall suffer you to quit the most glorious Establishment that Fortune can ever offer you, to keep you constant to a Person of whom you don't know so much as her Name? Stifle rather these Sentiments for an Object, which perhaps may be unworthy of them, and think of nothing but deserving the Honour which the Count is doing you. All these Discourses are in vain, Father, reply'd the Scholar; I feel it impossible for me ever to forget my unknown Fair; nothing can disengage me from her: Should the *Infanta* be offer'd me——Hold, cry'd the Father hastily; 'tis too insolent to boast a Constancy which raises my Anger. Be gone, and never let me see you again, before you are resolv'd to obey me.

Don Pedro durst not reply to these Words, for fear of drawing on more severe ones. He retir'd to his Chamber, where

where he pass'd the rest of the Night in making Reflections equally melancholy and agreeable. He consider'd with Grief that he was going to break with all his Family, by refusing to marry the Count's Sister. But he was perfectly comforted when he represented to himself how his unknown Lady must value him for such a Sacrifice. He flatter'd himself, that after such a shining Proof of his Fidelity, she would not fail to discover her Quality, which he imagin'd little inferior to that of *Eugenia*. With these Hopes, as soon as it was Day, he went to take a Walk on the *Prado*, expecting the appointed Hour to go to the Apartment of *Donna Juana*; for that was the Name of the Lady in whose Lodgings he us'd to meet his Mistress every Morning. He waited the happy Moment with great Impatience, and when it was come, flew to the Place of Rendezvous.

He found his unknown Charmer come thither sooner than ordinary; but touch'd with such a sensible Grief, as express'd it self to *Donna Juana* in showers of Tears. A dismal Spectacle for her Love! All in Confusion he approach'd her, and flinging himself at her Knees: Madam, said he, what must I think of the Condition in which I see you? Doubtless, answer'd she,
you

you don't expect the fatal Blow which I bring you. Cruel Fortune is separating us for ever, and we are never to see each other more.

She accompany'd these Words with so many Sighs, that I don't know whether *Don Pedro* was more touch'd with what she said, or the Grief she discover'd in the Utterance of it. Just Heav'n, cry'd he, with an excess of Rage which he could not restrain, is it possible for you to suffer the breaking of an Union, the Innocence of which you know! But, Madam, adds he, perhaps you have taken a false Alarm. Is it certainly true that you will be torn from the most faithful Lover that ever was? Must I really be the most miserable of all Men? Our ill Fate is but too sure, answer'd the unknown Fair. My Brother, on whom I depend, will marry me this Day, as he has just this Minute declar'd to me. Ah! who is that happy Bridegroom? very hastily reply'd *Don Pedro*; name him to me, Madam: I will, in my Despair—— I don't yet know his Name, interrupted the Lady; my Brother would not acquaint me with it. He told me that he desir'd I should first see the Gentleman. But, Madam, said *Don Pedro*, did you submit to a Brother's Will without Resistance? Did you suffer your self to be dragg'd

dragg'd to the Altar, without complaining on the Cruelty of the Sacrifice? Did you make no Attempts in my Favour? Alas, I was not afraid of exposing my self to my Father's Rage, to reserve my self entirely yours! His Threats could not shock my Fidelity; and with what Rigour soever he may treat me, I will not marry the Lady he proposes, tho' the Match is very advantageous. And who is this Lady? said the unknown Beauty. 'Tis the Count *de Belflor*'s Sister, reply'd the Scholar. Ah, *Don Pedro*, reply'd she, discovering an extream Surprize, you doubtless mistake; you are not sure of what you say! Is it really *Eugenia de Belflor* which is propos'd to you? Yes, Madam, reply'd *Don Pedro*, the Count himself made the Offer. How, cry'd she, is it possible that you should be the Cavalier for who my Brother designs me? What do I hear, cry'd *Don Pedro* in his turn, is my unknown Angel then *Eugenia de Belflor*? Yes, *Don Pedro*, reply'd she, but I scarce believe my self this Moment to be any longer so; so hard is it for me to persuade my self of the Reality of the Happiness of which you assure me.

At these Words *Don Pedro* embrac'd her Knees, seiz'd one of her Hands with all the Raptures that a Lover suddenly remov'd from the Extremities of Pain to an

Excess

Excess of Joy could possibly feel. Whilst he thus abandon'd himself to the Motions of his Love, *Eugenia* on her Part gave him a thousand Proofs of her Affection, which she accompany'd with tender engaging Expressions: What racking Pains, said she, would my Brother have spar'd me, had he but nam'd the Husband he design'd me? What Aversion had I already conceiv'd for my Spouse? Ah, my dear *Don Pedro*, how much did I hate you? Bright *Eugenia*, answer'd he, how charming is that Hatred to me? I will deserve it by adoring you all my Life.

After these two Lovers had given each other all the most moving Signs of their mutual Tenderneesses, *Eugenia* desir'd to know how the Scholar could gain her Brother's Friendship. *Don Pedro* did not conceal from her the Amours of the Count and his Sister, but related to her all that pass'd the last Night. She was infinitely pleas'd to hear that her Brother was to marry her Lover's Sister; and *Donna Juana* had too great a share in her Friends Fate, not to be touch'd with this happy Event. She testify'd her Joy as well *Don Pedro*, who at last left *Eugenia*, after their having mutually resolv'd not to seem to know one another when they appear'd before the Count.

Don

Don Pedro return'd to his Father, who finding him perfectly dispos'd to Obedience, was the better pleas'd, because he ascrib'd it to his resolute manner of departing himself towards his Son the last Night. They expected News from the Count the very Minute they receiv'd a Letter from him, which advis'd them that he had just obtain'd the King's Consent to his Marriage, and that of his Sister, with the Addition of a considerable Post for *Don Pedro*; that on the Morrow both Nuptials might be celebrated, his Orders having been so diligently executed, that all the Preparations were already far advanc'd. He came in the Afternoon to confirm what he had written, and to present *Eugenia* to them.

Don Lewis shew'd that Lady all imaginable Civilities, and *Leonora* did not neglect tenderly embracing her. As for *Don Pedro*, by whatsoever Motions of Love and Joy agitated, he yet sufficiently restrain'd himself, to avoid the Count's having any Suspicion of their former Correspondence. *Belflor* particularly applying himself to observe his Sister, thought he discover'd, notwithstanding the Constraint she impos'd on her self, that she did not dislike *Don Pedro*. But the better to assure himself of the Truth of his Conjecture,

ture, he took her aside for a Moment, and made her own that she was extreamly well pleas'd with her Cavalier. He then told her his Name and Family, which he before conceal'd, lest the Indifference of their Quality should have prejudic'd her against him; all this she pretended to hear, as tho' utterly ignorant of it before.

At last, after the exchange of a multitude of Civilities on both sides, it was resolv'd that the Weddings should be kept at the Count *de Belflor's* House; and the Nuptial Festivities are this Night acting, but not finish'd; and that is the Reason of the so great rejoycing in that House, in which all the Company unanimously joins, except *Marcella*, who has no share in it. She cries whilst the rest laugh; for the Count *de Belflor*, after his Marriage, confess'd the whole Story to *Don Lewis*, who has order'd her to be sent to the * *Monasterio de Arrepentidas*, where the thousand Pistoles which she receiv'd to betray *Leonora* will serve her to do Penance the Remainder of her Life.

C H A P.

* A Monastery in which lewd Women are shut up.

C H A P. VI.

*Other Particulars which the Scholar
saw.*

LET's turn to the other side, continu'd the *Demon*, and run over some new Objects. Cast your Eyes on the first House directly under us, where you will see something extraordinary; 'tis a Man considerably in Debt in a profound Sleep. He must then be some great Lord, said the Scholar. You have guess'd right, reply'd the Devil. Observe in the next House an Author very busie in his Closet; he is surrounded by a thousand Volumes, and is compiling one, in which there will not be a Line of his own. He pilfers from all the Books in his Study, and tho' he only methodizes and connects his Plagiaries, doth not want a larger Share of Vanity than a real Author.

Oh what a diverting Spectacle is that! said *Don Cleofas*: I see a very fine Woman betwixt a young and an old Man; and whilst the fond Dotard is embracing her, she slips her Hand behind him into that of a young Cavalier, who is doubtless her Spark. Quite contrary, answer'd *Asmodeo*, that is her Husband, and the
other

other her Lover. The old Man is a Person of Quality, and ruining himself for that Lady, who caresses him for Interest, and is by Inclination false for her Husband's Advantage: A very fine Picture really, said *Don Cleofas*. That which you see in the adjoining House, reply'd the Devil, does not less deserve your Attention. The Bashfulness of that young Widow deserves your Admiration; she scruples receiving her Shift before her Uncle, but retires into her Closet to have it put on by her Gallant, whom she has hidden there.

Let me present you with some more melancholy Images, continu'd *Asmodeo*: Look on the other side of the Street, into that separate Apartment: You see that corpulent Man, that unfortunate Canon, who just now fell into an Apoplexy; his Niece and Domesticks, instead of affording him any Assistance, have suffer'd him to die for want of it, and are seizing his best Effects, and conveying them to a Receiver of stoln Goods to hide them; after which they will be wholly at leisure to mourn and lament his Death. Observe those two Men who are now burying: They are two Brothers that were both sick of the same Disease, but took different Measures; one of them rely'd, with an intire Confidence, upon his Physician; the other

other let Nature take her Course, yet they both dy'd; the former by taking all the Physick the Doctor order'd, and the latter by taking nothing. This is a very perplexing *Dilemma*, said *Don Cleofas*: Alas, what then must a poor sick Man do? That's more than I can tell you, reply'd the Devil; I very well know that there are such things as good Remedies, but cannot say whether there are any good Physicians.

Do you discern, about two Paces farther, a Man in his Shirt stalking in a Stable? Yes, answer'd the Scholar; he seems to have a Curry-Comb in his Hand. So he has, reply'd the Devil; 'tis a Groom, who every Night, as you see him now, walks and curries his Horses in his Sleep; after which he is astonish'd, in the Morning, to find them all dress'd. The People of the House fancy 'tis done by some whimsical Spirit, and the Groom is of their Mind.

Who are those Ladies just going to Bed? They are two coquetting Sisters which lodge together; from seven in the Morning, to this very Minute, they have been talking of nothing but Dresses for themselves, and Furniture for their Chamber, which they have a Mind to buy; and they have been so infinitely pleas'd with this Conversation, that to avoid all manner of

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Interruption, they have deny'd themselves even the Sight of their Lovers. Observe their Neighbour, that Lady, just come home: She is a great Lover of Scandal; she is just come from supping with an old Female Devotee, one of her Friends, with whose Conversation she has been infinitely pleas'd. Ah, how perfectly well shap'd she is, and what a charming Air she has! said the Scholar. Very well, reply'd *Asmodeo*, but that dapper Beauty can, I assure you, give you an exact History of the greatest Part of the last Century as an Eye-witness. Her Shape, which you admire, is a very Machine, in the adjusting of which all the Art of the ablest Mechanics was exhausted; her Breast and her Hips are Artificial; and not long since she dropp'd her Rump at Church, in the midst of the Sermon.

I hear such a dismal Noise, said the Scholar, that I cannot help asking you the Cause of it. 'Tis a Consort of Kitchen-Furniture, occasion'd by a Widow of sixty, having this Morning marry'd one of her Domesticks not yet twenty; upon which all the merry Fellows in that Quarter are met together to celebrate the Wedding, with the ringing of Pots, Frying-pans and Kettles. You told me, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, that the making ridiculous Matches

was

was your Province; yet you had no Hand in this. No, return'd the Devil; had I been at Liberty, I would not have meddled in't: This Widow had a scrupulous Conscience, and therefore marry'd this young Fellow only in order to enjoy her darling Pleasures without Remorse. I never make such Marriages; I have a much greater Pleasure in troubling Consciences, than setting them at rest.

Notwithstanding the hideous Din of this Serenade, said *Don Cleofas*, I fancy I hear another Noise. Yes, said the Devil, it comes from a Coffee-house, where several Wits have been disputing this five Hours, and the Coffee-man cannot get them out of Doors. The whole Controversie is turn'd on a Comedy which first appear'd on the Stage this Day, the Action of which was interrupted by the Clamours and Hisses of the Audience. Some of them maintain that it is a good Piece, and others as obstinately aver the contrary. They are just going to Fisticuffs, the ordinary End of these Squabbles. If you are desirous to see the Fray I will remove you—— No, no, interrupted the Scholar, rather inform me what that Man is thinking of which sits in his Night-gown in an Elbow-chair. 'Tis an old Officer of the Council of the *Indies*, whose Head is taken up with an

important Project. His Estate is worth about four Millions; but his Conscience suggesting some uneasie Reflections on the manner of his acquiring it, he is contriving the Building of a Monastery; by which he flatters himself he shall sooth his troubled Mind. He has already obtain'd Leave to found a Convent; but being firmly resolv'd not to place any Monks in it in whom the Virtues of Chastity, Sobriety and Humility don't eminently shine, he is very much puzzled in the Choice.

Do you see a little farther, said the Devil, that Printer at work in his Printing-house? He has sent his Servants to bed, and is privately printing a Book. What is it? said *Don Cleofas*. 'Tis a Libel, answer'd *Asmodeo*; it proves that Religion is preferable to Point of Honour; and that it is better to forgive than revenge an Affront. Ah Rascal, cry'd the Scholar; he does well to print such infamous Books in private; nor would I advise the Author to own it, for I should be one of the first to stone him: Does Religion forbid the Preservation of our Honour? Don't let us enter upon that Dispute, interrupted the Devil smiling. Say what you please, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, for the Author; tell me that his Reasoning is the clearest in the World, I shall yet laugh at him: Nothing
in

in the World is so sweet to me as Revenge; and since you have promis'd to do me Justice on my perfidious Mistress, I demand that you keep your Word. I yield with Pleasure to the Rage which inspires you, said the Devil; oh how I love those bold Tempers which pursue all their Inclinations without Scruple! Come, I will this Moment satisfy you, the Time of your Vengeance being now come. *Don Cleofas* then took hold of the End of *Asmodeo's* Cloak, and that Spirit cleft the Air with him, and fate him down on *Donna Thomasa's* House.

C H A P. VII.

*How Don Cleofas was reveng'd on his
Mistress.*

THAT Lady was at the Table with the four Bullies which had pursu'd the Scholar on the Gutters; he trembled with outrageous Resentment to see them eat a Turkey, and empty several Bottles of Wine, for which he had pay'd and sent thither. Ah Rascals, said he, how deliciously they feast at my Expence, and a fine Mortification to me! I confess, said the Devil, 'tis no very pleasant Sight; but they who will frequent such loose Ladies, must expect Adventures of this kind: They happen every Day in *France* to Abbots, Men of the long Robe, and the rich Farmers of the Revenue. If I had a Sword, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, I would break in amongst those Villains, and spoil their Entertainment. You would be over-match'd, interrupted *Asmodeo*; leave your Revenge to me, I will compass it a better way; I will immediately set them together by the Ears, by inspiring them with a lascivious Flame.

At

At these Words he blew, and out of his Mouth issu'd a Violet-colour'd Vapour, that descended like a small Cloud, and spread it self over *Donna Thomasa's* Table. One of the Guests immediately feeling the Effect of this Blast, drew nearer the Dame, and passionately embrac'd her; but the others, push'd on by the Force of the same Vapour, would tear her from him. Each pretended to the Preference, which they now began to dispute, and a jealous Rage possess'd all their Minds; they came to Blows, drew their Swords, and began to engage very warmly. In the mean while *Donna Thomasa* shriek'd in a horrible manner, and the Neighbourhood was immediately in an Uproar; they cry'd out for the Officers of Justice to come, which they accordingly did, broke open the Curtisan's Door, found two of the Ruffians dead on the Spot, seiz'd the rest and carry'd them to Prison with *Donna Thomasa*, who crying and tearing her Hair, lost all Patience; whilst her Guards were not a jot more touch'd than *Don Cleofas*, who laugh'd, very heartily with *Asmodeo*.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the Prisoners.

THE Devil and the Scholar in a Moment reach'd the Prison, where they soon saw the two Bullies enter, and clapp'd into a Dungeon. As for *Donna Thomasa*, she was lodg'd on the Straw with three or four loose Women which had been taken up that Day, and who on the Morrow were to be transported to the Place appointed for that kind of Cattle.

Now I am satisfy'd, said *Don Cleofas*; I have had the Pleasure of a full Revenge. Whenever you please we will depart, and continue our Observation of what passes in this City. Stay, answer'd the *Dæmon*, I must first shew you some Prisoners, and acquaint you why they are confin'd here.

First of all, in that large Chamber on the Right, are three Men asleep on those three wretched Beds which you see. One is a Vintner accus'd of poisoning a Stranger, which t'other Day fell down dead at the Table in his Tavern. 'Tis pretended that the Quality of the Wine kill'd him; but the Vintner alledges that it was the Quantity, and indeed ought in Justice to be

be believ'd, for the Deceas'd was a *German*. The second is a Citizen, who is in for being Bound for a *Licenciado* that borrow'd two hundred Pistoles to patch up a hasty Marriage with his Maid; and the third is a Dancing-Master, that taught one of his Female Scholars a false Step.

The two at Cards in the little Chamber next them, are two young Gentlemen of good Families, who were clapp'd up for their Amours. The youngest of them was discover'd in Girls Cloaths in a Nunnery, and the other was catch'd, by the Watch, scaling the Balcony of a Woman of his Acquaintance, whose Husband was absent. 'Tis his own Fault that he does not get out, by declaring his Design was purely Amorous; but he chuses rather to pass for a Thief, and run the Risque of his Life, than expose the Lady's Honour. A very discreet Lover indeed, said *Don Cleofas*, it must be own'd that our Nation out-does others in Gallantry. I dare venture a Wager, that there is not a *Frenchman* in the World that would suffer himself to be hang'd, like us, by his Discretion. No, I assure you, said the Devil, a *Frenchman* would rather clamber up to a Woman's Balcony to publish her Disgrace.

Cast

Cast your Eye, continu'd *Asmodeo*, directly under those two Prisoners, and observe that Man in the Dungeon. He was seiz'd Yesterday, and is claim'd by the Inquisition: I'll relate you his Case.

An old Soldier by his Courage, or rather Patience, having mounted to the Post of a Serjeant in his Company, came to raise Recruits in this City. He enquir'd for a Lodging at an Inn, where he was answer'd, That they had empty Rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, because the House was haunted every Night by a Spirit, which treated all Strangers very ill that were rash enough to lodge there. This did not at all baulk our Serjeant: Put me in what Chamber you please, said he, do but give me a Candle, Wine, Pipes and Tobacco, and as for the Spirit never trouble your self about it.

He was accordingly shewn into a Chamber, where all that he desir'd was brought to him. He fell to drinking and smoaking 'till Midnight, and no Spirit had yet disturb'd the profound Silence that reign'd in the House; but betwixt one and two the Serjeant, all of a sudden, heard a terrible Noise, like the ratling of old Iron, and immediately saw entering his Chamber an Apparition, cloath'd in black, and laden
all

all round with Iron Chains. Not in the least affrighted at this Sight, he drew his Sword, advanc'd towards the Spirit, and with the flat Side of it gave him a very severe Blow on the Head.

The Apparition, not much us'd to meet with such bold Guests, cry'd out, and perceiving the Soldier going to begin again with him, he most humbly prostrated himself at his Feet, Mr. Serjeant, said he, for God's sake don't give me any more; but have Mercy on a poor Devil, which casts himself at your Feet. I conjure you by St. *James*, who, as you are, was a great Soldier. If you are willing to save your Life, answer'd the Soldier, you must tell me who you are, and speak without the least Prevarication. I am the principal Servant of this Inn, reply'd the Spirit: I am in love with my Master's Daughter, and she does not dislike me; but the Father and Mother having a better Match in view than me, in order to prevent their making him their Son-in-Law, the Girl and I have concluded that I shall, every Night, act the Part which I now do. I wrap my self up in a long black Cloak, and hang the Jack-Chain about my Neck; thus equipt I run up and down the House, from the Cellar to the Garret, and make all the Noise which
you

you have heard. When I am at my Master and Mistress's Chamber-Door, I stop, and cry out; Don't hope that I'll ever let you rest, 'till you marry *Juanna* to *Guillermo* your upper Drawer. After having pronounc'd these Words with a hoarse broken Voice, I continue my Noise, and at a Window enter the Closet, where *Juanna* lyes alone, to give her an Account of what I have done.

Mr. Serjeant, continu'd *Guillermo*, you see I have told you the whole; I know that after this Confession you may ruin me by discovering it to my Master; but if you please to serve, instead of undoing me, I swear that my Acknowledgments——Alas, what Service can I do thee? interrupted the Soldier. You need do no more, return'd *Guillermo*, than to say to Morrow that you have seen the Spirit, that it so terribly affrighted you——How! terribly affrighted! interrupted the Soldier; would you have Serjeant *Antonio Quebrantador* own such a thing as Fear? You may say what you please, answer'd the young Man; 'tis no matter, provided you second my Design. And when I have marry'd *Juanna* and am settled, I promise to treat you and all your Friends nobly for nothing every Day. You are a very tempting Person, Mr. *Guillermo*,

mo, said the Soldier. You propose to me to support a Trick : 'Tis a serious Affair which requires mature Deliberation ; but the Consequences hurry me on. Go, continue your Noise, give your Account to *Juanna*, and I'll take care of the rest.

Accordingly next Morning he said to his Landlord and Landlady : I have seen the Spirit, I have talk'd with it. 'Tis a very honest Fellow, I have concluded a Treaty of Peace betwixt you and him. He has promis'd to leave you at quiet, on Condition that you will marry your Daughter to one *Guillermo* which he talk'd of. On my part, I took it upon me to oblige you to consent to this Marriage, and with your leave it must be so, for I don't love my Promises should turn to Air. Tho' the Host was a very simple Fellow, he refus'd to ratifie this Treaty. Have a care, then, said the Soldier ; the Spirit has cry'd out to you every Night to dispose of your Daughter to *Guillermo*, and you have feign'd not to hear it. You don't know what sort of Gentlemen these Spirits are ; after they have several times declar'd their Intentions, if they are not follow'd, take notice I warn you against what they will do.

The Hostess, yet more silly than her Husband, terrify'd at this Discourse, and
fancy-

fancying that the Spirit was always behind her, so earnestly press'd her Husband to consent to the Match, that he yielded to her Entreaties, and *Guillermo* marry'd *Ju-anna* the next Day, and set up in another part of the Town.

Serjeant *Quebrantador* did not fail to visit him often, and he, in Acknowledgment of the Service he had done him, gave him as much Wine as he car'd for. This so pleas'd the Soldier, that he brought thither not only all his Friends, but list'd his Men there, and made all his Recruits drunk. But at last *Guillermo*, grown weary of satiating such a Crew of greedy Throats, told the Soldier his Mind; who, without ever thinking that he had exceed'd the Agreement, was so unjust as to call *Guillermo* little ungrateful Rascal. The Host answer'd, the Serjeant reply'd, and the Dialogue ended with several Strokes with the flat Side of the Sword, which *Guillermo* receiv'd: Several Persons passing by took the Vintner's Part; the Serjeant wounded three or four, but was suddenly fallen on by a Croud of *Alguazils*, who seiz'd him as a Disturber of the publick Peace, and carry'd him to Prison. He there declar'd all that I have told you, and upon his Deposition the Officers have also seiz'd

seiz'd *Guillermo*; the Father-in-law requires the annulling of the Marriage, and the holy Office, inform'd of the Affair, have thought fit to take Cognizance of it.

In the next Hole, continu'd the Devil, are four Wretches who will soon end their Days. One of them is a young *Valet de Chambre* which his Master's Wife admitted her Lover. One Day the Husband caught them in the Act; the Woman immediately cry'd out for Help, and caught the *Valet de Chambre* at forcing her: The miserable unfortunate Fellow was seiz'd, and will be sacrific'd to his Mistress's Reputation.

The second is a Chirurgeon, convicted of having sent his Wife out of the World the same way that *Seneca* went. He was this Day tortur'd, and after confessing the Crime he was charg'd with, own'd, besides, that he had made use of a new way to create Practice; he wounded the Passengers in the Street with a Bayonet, and nimbly escap'd out of a Back-Door. The wounded Person, in the mean while, by his Groans had drawn the Neighbours to his Assistance. He ran in also with the Croud, and finding a wounded Man wallowing in his Blood, he caus'd him to be carry'd into his Shop, where he dress'd him with the
same

same Hand which had given the Wound.

The third is by Profession an Assassinator, one of those, which for four or five Pistols, are very ready to oblige all those with the use of their Arm, who want to be privately rid of an Enemy. The fourth is a young Marquis's Gentleman, whose Master being robb'd of a thousand Ducats, he is accus'd of the Crime: He will to Morrow be put to the Torture, and tho' innocent will be tormented 'till he confess that which was committed by an old Waiting-Woman, who monopolizes the Marchioness's, Ear, and no body dare suspect her.

Signior *Asmodeo*, said *Don Cleofas*, pray let me entreat you to help this young Gentleman. Keep off, by your Power, the cruel Tortures design'd him; his Innocence deserves it— You don't consider what you ask, *Don Cleofas*, interrupted the Devil. Can you desire me to oppose an unjust Action, and hinder the Destruction of an innocent Man. You had as good beg of an Attorney not to ruin a Widow or Orphan. Pray, if you please, be thankful that I don't deal with your self like an evil Spirit: And leave me to the free Exercise of my Hatred and Malice on other Men. Besides, if I would deliver that honest Man out of Prison, do you think 'tis in my Power?

Chap. VIII. *upon Two Sticks.* 113

Power? How, said the Scholar, have not you Power to fetch a Man out of Prison? No, really, reply'd *Asmodeo*; if you had read *Albertus Magnus's Enchyridion*, you would have known that I cannot, any more than my Brethren, set a Prisoner at Liberty. If even I my self should have the Misfortune to fall into the Clutches of a Justice, I could not extricate my self any other way than by Mony.

I think, said *Don Cleofas*, I see a Woman in that little Room above the Dungeon. Yes, answer'd *Asmodeo*, it is a famous Witch, who has the Character of being able to do Impossibilities. By her Art, 'tis reported, old widow'd Ladies find out Gallants that love them on the Square; Husbands become just to their Wives, and Coquets really enamour'd on those rich Men which keep them. But nothing is more false than this: She is not Mistress of any other Secret, than that of persuading the World she is so, and living handsomely on that Opinion.

Observe in the next Room those two Prisoners, who are talking instead of taking their Rest: They can't sleep, their Circumstances disturb them, and really they are nice enough. The first is a Jeweller, accus'd of having conceal'd stolen Jewels:

I

The

The other is in for Polygamy. He six Months since marry'd an old Widow in the Kingdom of *Valencia* for her Mony, and a little while after espoused a young Woman at *Madrid* to gratifie his Inclination, and gave her all the Riches he had with his *Valencian* Wife. These two Marriages coming out, both his Wives prosecute him. She that he marry'd out of Inclination pursues his Life for Interest, and she that he marry'd for Interest demands it out of Inclination.

Follow my Eyes to that low Hall, where you will see thirty or forty Prisoners lying on Straw; they are Pick-pockets, Shop-lifters, and all the very worst sort of Felons; I'll particularize the Cause of the Commitment of every one of them.— I beg you not, interrupted *Don Cleofas*; let's leave these Rogues, for I am not fond of hearing the Adventures of the Dregs of Mankind. Pray let's remove from this unpleasant Place; go on, and fix our Observation on more diverting Objects. Very willingly, reply'd the *Dæmon*, for I have a great many other Things to shew you.

C H A P. IX.

Which contains several short Stories.

LEaving the Prisoners, they flew towards the *Casa * de los Locos*; but before they reach'd it, *Asmodeo* stopping at a great House, said to *Don Cleofas*, Shall I tell you what all those People which you see have this Day done? You will very much oblige me, answer'd the Scholar; but I conjure you to begin with those two Ladies who laugh so loud; they seem to me to be very merry. They are, answer'd the Devil, a Couple of young Ladies that have this Day bury'd their Father, who was a whimsical Humorist, that had such an Aversion for Matrimony that he would never marry them, how advantageous Matches soever were offer'd them. The Character of their deceas'd Father was the perpetual Subject of their Discourse. He is dead at last, said the eldest, our unnatural Father, who took a barbarous Pleasure in preventing our Marriage! He will now no more

I 2

cross

* *The Mad-House, or Bedlam.*

cross our Desires. For my part, said the youngest, I am for a rich Husband, and *Don Bourvalas* shall be my Man. Hold, Sister, reply'd the eldest, don't let us be so very hasty in the Choice of Husbands; let's marry those which the Powers above have destin'd for us; for our Marriages are register'd in Heaven's Book. So much the worse, dear Sister, return'd the youngest, for I'm afraid my Father will tear out the Leaf. At this the eldest could not hold from an extravagant Fit of Laughter, in which the youngest, equally tickl'd, as heartily joins.

Ah ha, said *Don Cleofas*, in the House over-against that I discern a young Lady looking into a Glass. 'Tis, answer'd the *Dæmon*, a young Gentlewoman, who lodges in a furnish'd Chamber, and is complimenting her Charms on the important Conquest they have made this Day. She is likewise contriving new Airs, and has already hit on two which will to Morrow give a good Stroke towards the gaining of a new Lover, who is such a very promising Spark that she can't be too sedulous in the Conquest of him: And one of her Creditors coming to dun her, Honest Friend, said she, come within a few Days and you shall be paid, I am just upon
Terms

XI. *Chap. IX. upon Two Sticks.* 117

Terms of Agreement with a considerable Officer of the Treasury.

Let's turn our Eyes, continu'd the Devil, towards that Captain which is drawing on his Boots; he is going out of *Madrid*, his Horses wait for him at the Gate, and he is commanded to *Portugal*, in order to join his Regiment. Having no Mony to make the Campaign, he Yesterday apply'd himself to an Usurer: Can't you, said he, lend me a thousand Pieces of Eight? Captain, answer'd the Usurer in very obliging Terms, I have not so much by me, but I will do my best to find a Man that shall lend you that Sum; that is, shall give you four hundred down, provided you give your Note for a thousand; and out of that four hundred, please to take Notice that I expect sixty for Procuration. Mony is so very scarce at this time—— What a hellish Extortion is this, interrupted the Officer hastily, to ask six hundred and sixty Patacoons for the Use of three hundred and forty! What a horrid Cheat is this! No Passion, Captain, reply'd the Usurer with a cool Air; try at another Place. What do you complain of? Do I force you to take the three hundred and forty Patacoons? You are at your Liberty to take or let 'em alone.

The Captain went away, without returning any Answer: But after considering that he must go to his Regiment, his Time was short, and that he could do nothing without Mony, he returns the next Morning to the Usurer, whom he met at his Door in a black Cloak, Collar-Band and short Hair, with his Beads in his Hand. Signior *Sanguijela*, says he, I am content to accept your three hundred and forty Patacoons; my extream want of Mony has forc'd me to it. I will but go to Mass, answer'd the Usurer very gravely, and at my Return come again, and you shall have that Sum. No, no, reply'd the Captain, go in again; this Affair won't take you up two Minutes, pray dispatch me immediately, for I am in utmost Hast. I cannot really, reply'd the Usurer, I every Day hear Mass before I do any manner of Business; 'tis my constant Rule, which I am resolv'd to observe most religiously for the Remainder of my Life.

However impatient the Captain was to receive his Mony, he was forc'd to submit to pious *Sanguijela's* strict Rules; and as if he had been afraid he should miss the Patacoons, he follow'd the Usurer to the Church, and staid the Mass out with him; immediately after which he prepar'd to go out

Chap. IX. *upon Two Sticks.* [119

out of the Church, when *Sanguijela* whisper'd in his Ear, that one of the ablest Preachers in *Madrid* was just going to ascend the Pulpit; and I will not not on any account, said he, lose the Sermon. The Officer, who thought the Mass insupportably tedious, was almost distracted at this fresh Delay; but yet waited the Sermon out. The Preacher appear'd, and preach'd against Usury; at which the Captain was infinitely pleas'd, and observing *Sanguijela's* Looks, he said to himself, If this *Jew* should be touch'd with this Discourse! Should he now give me six hundred Patacoons, how happy 'twould be! After the Sermon the Usurer went out of the Church: Well, Signior *Sanguijela*, said the Captain joining him, what do you think of this Preacher? was not the Sermon very pathetic? for my part, I own it sensibly mov'd me. I am perfectly of your Opinion, with regard to the Sermon, answer'd the Extortioner: He has handled his Subject perfectly well; he is a learned Man, and has discharg'd the Duty of his Calling; let us do the same in ours.

Cast your Eye, continu'd the Devil, on that great House beyond the Officer's. Do you see that young Lady in the Rose-colour'd Satin Bed embroider'd with Silver?

I 4

Yes,

Yes, answer'd *Don Cleofas*, I discern a fine Woman in a profound Sleep, and I think also a Book on her Boulster. You are right, reply'd *Asmodeo*, that Lady is a very gay, witty, young Marchioness, which being indispos'd, and not able to sleep for three Weeks, she this Day resolv'd to send for a Physician. He came; she consulted him, and he order'd a Remedy mention'd in *Hippocrates*. The Lady began to railly his Prescription; but the Physician being a peevish Animal, was disgusted at her Jest: *Hippocrates*, Madam, said he, very gravely, is not a proper Man to be ridicul'd. God forbid, Signior *Carquette*, answer'd the Marchioness with the most serious Air that it was possible for her to put on; God forbid that I should laugh at such a famous and learned Author! I have such a high Value for him, that I am fully persuaded the reading of some of his Tracts only, would cure my waking Distemper. I have his Works of the last Edition, which is the best Translation extant: She accordingly try'd the Experiment, and at the third Page fell asleep.

Pray infrom me, said the Scholar, what that tall, meagre Piece of Skin and Bones, which stalks about that little Room, is; I believe his Head is somewhat disturb'd.

You

You are not mistaken, answer'd the Devil, 'tis a Drammatick Poet that understands *French*; he has taken the pains to translate the *Misanthrope*, one of the best Comedies of *Moliere*, that famous *French* Author. He has this Day got it acted on the Theatre of *Madrid*, and it has been very ill receiv'd. The *Spaniards* have damn'd it, as dull and tedious: 'Twas about this Play that you heard such a noisie Dispute at the Coffee-house.

Why, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, had this Comedy such an unhappy Fate? Because, return'd the Devil, the *Spaniards* like no Plays that are not full of Intrigue, and the *French* only those which abound with Humour. On this Foot then, said the Scholar, if our finest Drammatick Pieces were to be play'd in *France*, they would not succeed. You are undoubtedly in the right, said *Asmodeo*; as the *Spaniards* are steady, and capable of a fix'd Attention, they are fond of being cast into an agreeable Perplexity, and easily follow the most complicated Action. The *French*, on the other side, don't care to be busied that way, they love to be disingag'd, and are pleas'd to see their Neighbours ridicul'd, because it tickles their own Satyrical Humour: To conclude, the Taste of Nations differs.

But

But which sort of Comedy is the best, answer'd *Don Cleofas*, that of Intrigue, or that of Humour? 'Tis very disputable, reply'd the Devil; but neither *Spaniards* nor *French* are to be credited on this Subject, they are Parties too much prejudiced to be Judges; and I must not determine this Dispute, because, as the *Dæmon* of Luxury, I equally protect all Theatres.

I see, continu'd he, not far from that Author, a Banker in whose Apartment has lately pass'd a Scene worth your hearing. 'Tis not two Months since he return'd from *Peru* laden with great Riches, and is now set up a Banker in this City: His Father is a Cocker in a small Village about twelve Leagues from hence, where he lives thoroughly contented with his Condition and his Wife, who is much about the same Age with himself, that is sixty.

'Tis a long time since this Banker left his Parents, to go in quest of a better Fortune than what they could propose to leave him; for within the Compass of of twenty rolling Years they had not seen him. They frequently talk'd of him, and continually pray'd that Heav'n would please not to forsake him; and the Parson being their Friend, they never fail'd to obtain the publick Prayers of the Congregation

tion for him. As for the Banker, he had not forgotten them; but as soon as he was settled, resolv'd to inform himself of their Condition. To this purpose, after having order'd his Domesticks not to expect him, he mounted on Horse-back, and went alone to the Village.

'Twas ten at Night before he got thither, and the honest Cobler was a-bed with his Wife, in a sound Sleep, when he knock'd at the Door: They then wak'd, and ask'd who was there? Open the Door, said the Banker, 'tis your Son *Francillo*. Make others believe that if you can, cry'd the old Man, you thieving Rogues go about your Business, for here is nothing for you; *Francillo*, if not dead, is now in the *Indies*. He is no longer there, he is return'd home from *Peru*, reply'd the Banker, and it is he that now speaks to you; open your Door, and receive him. *Jacobo*, let's rise then, said the Woman, for I really believe 'tis *Francillo*; I think I know his Voice.

They both rose immediately; the Father lighted a Candle, and the Mother, after getting her Cloaths on with utmost haste, open'd the Door. She earnestly look'd on *Francillo*, and could not longer doubt his being her Son; she flung her Arms about his Neck, and clasp'd him
close

close to her. *Jacobo*, also touch'd by the same Sentiments as his Wife, did not fail to embrace his Son in his turn; and all three of them, transported with the Sight of one another, after such a long Absence, could not satisfy themselves without expressing the Marks of the utmost Tenderness. After these pleasing Transports, the Banker unsaddled and unbridled his Horse, and put him into the Stable, where he found an old milch Cow, the Nurse to the whole Family; he then gave the old Folks an Account of his Voyage, and all the Riches that he had brought from *Peru*. The Particular was long, and would tire any disinterested Auditors; but a Son that unbosom'd himself in the Relation of all his Adventures, could not fail of the Attention of Father and Mother. They greedily heard him, and the very least Particulars which he related made in them a sensible Impression of Grief or Joy.

As soon as he had ended the Story of his Fortunes, he told them that he came to offer them Part of his Estate, and begg'd of his Father not to work any longer. No, my Son, said Mr. *Jacobo*, I love my Trade, and will not quit it. Why, reply'd the Banker, is it not now high time for you to give it over, and take your Ease? I don't
pro-

propose your coming to live with me at *Madrid*; I know very well that a City Life would not please you. I would not disturb your quiet way of living; but at least give over your hard Labour, and pass your Days as easily as you can. The Mother seconded her Son, and Master *Jacobo* yielded. Very well, *Francillo*, said he, to please you, I will not work any more for the Publick; but will only mend my own Shoes, and those of my good Friend, the Vicar of the Parish. After this Agreement, the Banker, fatigu'd with his Day's Journey, went into his Father and Mother's Bed, and slept betwixt them both, with a Pleasure which only the most dutiful and best natur'd Children to their Parents can imagine.

The next Morning, the Banker, leaving them a Purse of three hundred Ducats, return'd to *Madrid*; but Yesterday was very much surpriz'd to see Mr. *Jacobo* unexpectedly at his House: My Father, said he, what brought you hither? *Francillo*, answer'd the honest Man, I have brought your Purse, take your Mony again, I desire to live by my Trade, I have been ready to die with Uneasiness ever since I left off working. Well then, my Father, reply'd the Banker, return to your Village, work

work at your Trade enough to divert your self, but no more. Carry back your Purse with you, and don't spare mine. Alas, what would you have me to do with so much Mony? reply'd Mr. *Jacobo*. Comfort the Poor with it, return'd *Francillo*, bestow it as your Vicar shall advise you. The Cobler, satisfy'd with this Answer, return'd that Morning to his Village.

I need not, said *Don Cleofas*, ask you what that Gentleman, which I see, has been doing for this whole Day; he must of necessity have spent it in writing of Letters. What a prodigious Quantity do I see on his Table! What is most Comical, answer'd the Devil, is, that all these Letters are Verbatim the same. This Cavalier has written to all his absent Friends the Relation of an Adventure which happen'd to him this Day after Dinner, and is as follows: He loves a beautiful, discreet Widow of thirty; he makes Addresses to her, she does not slight him, he proposes to marry her, and she accepts the Offer. While the nuptial Preparations are making, he has free leave to visit her at her own House, which he accordingly doth daily. He has been there to Day, and happening to meet with none of the Family to ask where she was, he enter'd the Lady's Apartment,

ment, where he surpriz'd her asleep on a Couch in an amorous Undress. He approach'd her softly, and stole a Kiss; at which she wak'd, and sighing said: Ah, pray, *Ambrosio*, let me sleep! The Cavalier, like a well-bred Man, very civilly took his leave at that Instant, and quitted her Apartment; he met *Ambrosio* at the Door, *Ambrosio*, said he, your Mistress begs that you would not wake her.

I shall now ask your fresh Attention, continu'd the Devil. Three Houses beyond that of this Cavalier lives *la Chichona*, whom I have already mention'd in the Story of the Count *de Belflor*. Ah, how I am ravish'd to see her! said the Scholar. That good Woman, so very serviceable to young Persons, is doubtless one of those two old Women which I see in that low Hall. The one is leaning with her Elbows on the Table, earnestly looking on the other, who is telling Mony: Which of the two is *la Chichona*? She, answer'd the *Dæmon*, which leans on her Elbows. The Name of the other is *la Pebrada*; she is a Lady of the same Occasion; they are Partners, and at this Moment dividing the Profits of an Adventure, which they have this Day brought to bear.

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La Pebrada has the best Trade, and deals with several rich Widows, to whom she carries her List to read every Day. What do you mean by her List? interrupted *Don Cleofas*. It is, reply'd *Asmodeo*, the Catalogue of all the handsom Strangers which come to *Madrid*: As soon as ever *la Pebrada* hears that any fresh ones are arriv'd in the City, she runs to their Inns, and informs her self exactly of their Country, Birth, Shape, Air and Humour: She then makes her Report to the Widows, who consider of it, and if they are so inclin'd, *la Pebrada* brings them to the Speech of the Strangers.

This is not only very convenient, said *Don Cleofas*, but in a sort lawful: For without these good Ladies and their Agents, the young Strangers, who have no Acquaintance here, would be oblig'd to the Expence of an infinite deal of time to create some. But pray tell me whether there are also Widows in other Countries? Whether there are? reply'd the Devil: Yes, there are in all Countries, and especially in *France*; but an establish'd Reputation is absolutely necessary in order to find them. To this purpose give me leave to tell you, that some Days past, a very industrious Spark, talking on this Head with
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one of his Acquaintance, said: My dear, I must needs be very unhappy! I have spent fifteen whole Days in quest of a yielding Female. I have gone to *Matins* at all the Churches; I have survey'd all the Beauties of the *Tuilleries*; I have shew'd my self on the *Opera*, appear'd all unbutton'd at the Play-house, where I have sometimes lay along on the Benches, at others stood upright behind the Actors, and yet all this avail'd nothing, I have not so much as met with any the least Favour from even any one of sixty; whilst the youngest and most beautiful Women of *Paris* are Victims to the *Chevalier de Tiremailles*, who, without Vanity, I may say, has neither my Shape nor Youth. Oh, don't mistake, interrupted his Friend, the *Chevalier de Tiremailles*, is a known Rover, he has already ruin'd two Women. His Actions loudly proclaim his Merit, he has the best Reputation in the World.

What's that I hear? cry'd the Scholar: What confus'd Noise strikes the Air? Those are Mad-men, answer'd the Devil, which are tearing their Throats with singing and roaring; we are not far from the Place where they are shut up. Ah, said *Don Cleofas*, pray do me the Favour to
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shew me them, and give me an Account wherefore they ran Mad. I will immediately give you that Diversion, answer'd the Devil; as there are melancholy Mad-men, so there are also merry ones; you shall see all sorts of them. These Words were scarce ended, before the Scholar was transported to the Top of the *Casa de los Locos*.

CHAP

C H A P. X.

Of the confin'd mad People.

DON Cleofas cast his Eye into all the Rooms, and after having observ'd all those within them, said the *Dæmon* to him, Let's examine all these one after another, taking them in a Row as their Chambers are situate; and beginning with the Men, I will tell you by what Misfortune they lost their Senses.

In the first Room is a News-Monger, run distracted with Melancholy, by reading in the *Gazette*, that a Party of fifty *Portuguese* beat thirty *Spaniards*. His Neighbour is a *Licenciado*, which has plaid the Hypocrite at Court for these ten Years only to obtain a Benefice, and seeing himself continually forgotten in the Promotions, Despair has at last turn'd his Head.

The next is an Orphan, whom his Guardian made to pass for distracted, that he might seize his Estate; and the poor Youth is really become so at last, out of pure Grief to see himself shut up here. Next to him is a School-Master, who

lost his Wits in search of the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek Verb.

He which you see beyond him, is old Captain *Zanubio*, a *Neapolitan* Gentleman, who came to settle at *Madrid*, and ran mad with Jealousie. His Story runs thus: He had a young Wife, whose Name was *Aurora*; he kept her out of Sight; his House was inaccessible to all Men. *Aurora* never went out but to Mass, and then was always accompany'd by her old *Tithon*, who sometimes carry'd her to an Estate which he had near *Alcantara*. Notwithstanding all his vigilant Care, a certain Gentleman, whose Name was *Don Garcia Sacheco*, having seen her at Church, had conceiv'd a violent Passion for her. He was a bold young Spark, and worth the Regard of a handsom Woman ill marry'd. The Difficulty of introducing himself to *Zanubio* did not remove his Hopes; but his Beard not being yet grown, and being a very beautiful Youth, he dress'd himself in Girls Cloaths, took a Purse of a hundred Pistoles, and went to *Zanubio's* Estate, whither he had been inform'd, by good Hands, that the Captain and his Wife would very soon come.

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He address'd himself to the Gard'ner's Wife, and in a Romantick Heroick Strain, said to her, I come to throw my self into your Arms, take pity on me; I am of *Toledo*, born of a good Family, and to a good Fortune: My Parents resolve to marry me to a Man which I hate, and I have this Night escap'd their Tyranny, and at present want a Shelter from their Rage. They will never come to look for me here; permit me to stay here 'till my Relations come to more tender Sentiments for me. Here is my Purse, adds he, giving it to her, take it; 'tis all I can at present offer you. But, I hope, I shall one Day be able to acknowledge any Service you shall do me.

The Gard'ner's Wife, touch'd with this Discourse, but more especially with the Conclusion; My Daughter, said she, I will serve you; I know several young Women which are sacrific'd to old Men, and withal know that they are not very well contented with them; alas, I feel part of their Grievs. You could not have address'd your self to a more proper Person than my self, I will place you in a little private Chamber, where you shall be secure. *Don Garçia* pass'd several Days here very impatiently, expecting the

Arrival of *Aurora*, who at last came, accompany'd by her Husband; who, according to his Custom, search'd all the Apartments, Closets, Cellars and Garrets, to see if he could not discover any Man hidden there. The Gard'ner's Wife, knowing him throughly, prevented his searching *Don Garcia's* Chamber, by telling in what manner the pretended Lady had desir'd a Refuge there.

Zanubio, tho' extream distrustful, had not the least Suspicion of the Deceit. He was willing to see the unknown Lady, who desir'd to be excus'd from the Discovery of her Name, pretending she ow'd that Concealment to her Family, whom she disgrac'd by this sort of Flight. She then told her Romantick Tale so advantageously, that the Captain was charm'd with it, and began to find a growing Inclination for the fair Unknown. He offer'd her his Services, and flattering himself that this might prove a lucky Adventure, plac'd her with his Wife.

As soon as *Aurora* saw *Don Garcia* she blush'd, and grew disturb'd; he perceiv'd it, and believ'd that she had observ'd him in the Church where he had seen her: Wherefore to satisfie himself, as soon as he could speak to her alone, he said, Madam,

dam, I have a Brother which has often mention'd you to me; he saw you for a Moment in a Church; ever since that time he has call'd upon your Name a thousand times a Day, and is in a Condition which indeed deserves your Pity. At these Words *Aurora* look'd on *Don Gracia* more intently than she had yet done, and answer'd, You too much resemble that Brother for me to be any longer deluded by your Artifice; I see clearly enough that you are a Cavalier in Petticoats: I remember that one Day, when I was hearing Mass, my Veil suddenly flew open, and you saw me. I observ'd you out of Curiosity, and found your Eyes always fix'd on me. When I went away I believe you did not fail to follow me, to discover in what Street I liv'd, and who I was. I believe, I say, because I durst not turn my Head to observe you, because my Husband, who was with me, would have been alarm'd, and made a great Crime of it. The next, and the following Days, I went to the same Church, where I saw you again, and took so much notice of your Face, that I know it again, notwithstanding your Disguise. Madam, then, reply'd *Don Gracia*, I must unmask: Yes, I am a Man ensnar'd

by your Charms: 'Tis *Don Garçia Pucheco*, whom Love has introduc'd here in this Dress. And you hope, without doubt, said she, that approving your Passion, I should favour this Stratagem, and contribute my Part to keep my Husband in the Error he now lyes under; but there you are deceiv'd. I will immediately discover the whole to him; I am glad of such a handsome Opportunity of convincing him that his Vigilance is less secure than my Virtue, and that as jealous and distrustful as he is, 'tis more difficult to surprize me than him.

She had scarce ended these Words before the Captain appear'd; What are you talking of Ladies? said he. To which *Aurora* immediately answer'd: We were speaking of those young Cavaliers that attempt to get into the Affections of those young Women who have old Husbands; and I was saying, that if any of those Sparks should be so rash as to presume to introduce themselves to you, under any Disguise, I would very severely punish their Impudence. And you, Madam, said *Zanubio*, turning towards *Don Garçia*, how would you treat a young Cavalier on the same Occasion? *Don Garçia* was so disturb'd and confus'd, that he

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was utterly at a Loss what Answer to return to the Captain, who would have perceiv'd the Perplexity he was in, if a Footman had not come to tell him that a Person was come from *Madrid* to speak with him. He went to see what his Business was; when *Don Garcia* threw himself at *Aurora's* Feet: Ah, Madam! said he, what Pleasure do you take in tormenting me? Will you really be so barbarous as to deliver me over to the Resentment of an enrag'd Husband. No, *Pucheco*, answer'd she smiling; young Women, who have old jealous Husbands, are not so cruel. Reassume your Courage; I was willing to divert my self, by putting you into a little Fright: You shall be acquitted by it; 'tis not making you pay too dear for my Complaisance in suffering you to stay here. At these comforting Words *Don Garcia* found all his Fears vanish, and conceiv'd Hopes that *Aurora* would not deny him.

One Day when they were mutually exchanging some Marks of their good Understanding in *Zanubio's* Apartment, the Captain surpriz'd 'em. Had he not been the most jealous Man in the World, he saw enough to engage him to believe, with good Reason, that his Fair Unknown was

a Cavalier disguis'd: Enrag'd to the highest degree at this Sight, he runs to his Closet to fetch his Pistols; but in the mean while the Lovers escap'd, double locking all the Doors after them, and carrying off the Keys. They got to an neighbouring Village, where *Don Garcia* had left his *Valet de Chambre* and two Horses. There he quitted his Petticoats, took *Aurora* behind him, and conducted her to a Convent, where he desir'd her to enter, and assur'd her of a Refuge there, the Abbess being his Aunt. This done, he return'd to *Madrid* to wait the Issue of this Adventure.

In the Interim, *Zanubia* finding himself lock'd in, loudly call'd all the Family. A Footman hearing his Voice, ran towards him; but the Doors being lock'd, he could not open them. The Captain endeavour'd to break them open, but not being able to get out that way quick enough, yielding to his Rage, he hastily flung himself out at Window with the Pistols in his Hand: He fell upon his Back, hurt his Head, and remain'd senseless on the Ground. His Dom sticks came and carry'd him into the Hall on a Couch; they threw Water in his Face, and by tormenting him, fetch'd him out of his faint-

fainting Fit; but with his Senses his Rage return'd: He ask'd for his Wife. The Servants answer'd him, that they saw her and the strange Lady go out at the little Garden Door. He commanded them to give him his Pistols immediately, and they were forc'd to obey him. He caus'd a Horse to be saddled, mounting it without thinking of his Wounds; but happen'd to take a different Road than that which the Lovers went. He pass'd the whole Day in a vain Chase, and at Night stopping at an Inn in a Village to repose himself, his Fatigue, and the Blood which he had lost, threw him into a Fever and *Delirium*, which almost carry'd him off.

To tell you the rest in two Words; he lay fifteen Days sick in that Village, after which he return'd to his Estate, where continually possess'd by his Misfortune, he by degrees lost his Wits. *Aurora's* Friends were no sooner inform'd of this, than they brought him to *Madrid*, and shut him up in the Mad-house; and his Wife is yet at the Nunnery, where they resolve she shall stay some Years, as a Punishment for her Indiscretion.

The very next to *Zanubio*, continu'd the Devil, is a Merchant who run mad at the News of the Loss of a Ship. In the
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next Room is a Soldier, who could not bear the Loss of his Grand-mother. And the young Man next to the honest Soldier, said *Don Cleofas*, what sort of Distraction is his? Oh! as for him, answer'd *Asmodeo*, 'tis a poor Wretch born simple, he is the Son of a *Dutch* Woman and a fat Officer of the Custom-house.

Let's remove to that great Man who plays upon the Guitar, and sings to it himself. He is a melancholy Mad-man, a Lover whom the Severities of his Mistress have reduc'd to this Condition. Ah, how I pity him! cry'd the Scholar, allow me to deplore his Misfortune; it may be every honest Gentleman's Case. If I should be seiz'd by a cruel Beauty, I don't my self know whether I should not lose my Wits. By this Sentiment you shew your self to be a true *Castilian*; one must be born in the very middle of *Castile* to be capable of ever running melancholy Mad for being unable to please. The *French* are not so tender, and if you will know the Difference betwixt a *Frenchman* and a *Spaniard* on this Head, I need only repeat the Song which that Mad-man sings, and has just this Minute compos'd.

A Spanish Song.

*Ardo y lloro Sin Sossiego:
Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego;
Ni el fuego consume el llanto.*

In Prose thus:

*I burn and weep incessantly, without
my Tears ever quenching my Flames, or
my Flames drying up my Tears.*

Thus sings the Spanish Cavalier, when
his Mistress has us'd him ill; and on the
same Occasion a Frenchman, a few Days
since, express'd himself thus:

A French Song.

*Th' ungrateful Object of my Love
Is deaf to all my Pray'rs:
Her cruel Heart no Sighs can move,
Nor is she soften'd by my Tears.
Was ever Mortal curs'd like me!
The Light, and ever glorious Sun,
Henceforth abandon'd will I shun,
And in the Grave with Payen lye.*

Payen

Payen is probably a Vintner, said *Don Cleofas*. You've guess'd right, answer'd the Devil. Let's now come to the Women. How comes it, said the Scholar, that I see but five or six! there are less mad Women than I thought. All of 'em are not here, reply'd the *Dæmon*; but in another Part of the City there is a Place that is quite full of 'em. I'll carry you thither this Minute, if you please. No, no, interrupted *Don Cleofas*, I will content my self with seeing these here, pray inform me of the Causes of their Distraction.

The first, reply'd *Asmodeo*, is an old Marchioness, who lov'd a young Officer that serv'd in *Flanders*. She gave him a large Sum to defray the Charges of his Campaign, and in his Absence consulted a Female Fortune-teller, to know what her Lover did abroad; the Witch shews him to the Marchioness at the Feet of a *Flanders* Lady, in a Glass, at which the old Lady lost her Wits.

The next is a Corregidor's Wife, whose Reason was turn'd by the outrageous Passion she fell into at being call'd a Citizen's Wife by a Court-Lady. The next is a Proctor's Wife, who press'd her Husband very hard to buy her a Cross of Diamonds,

amonds, worth ten thousand Ducats; he absolutely refus'd it, whereupon she ran mad. The next is a Coquet, whose Head is turn'd with Spight for having lost a great Lord, whose Ruin she had contriv'd. In the two little Lodges below those Ladies are two Servant Wenchs, who have lost their Wits; one of them for Grief, for being left out of the Will of an old Batchelor, whom she served; and the other for Joy, at the News of the Death of a rich Treasurer, whose Heirefs she was.

After having shewn you the mad People which are confin'd, continu'd the Devil, I must shew you those who ought to be treated so.

C H A P. XI.

Which should be longer than the preceding.

LET's turn our Eyes on the Side of the City, and as I shall discover to you some Subjects which very well deserve to be plac'd amongst those that are here, I will give you their respective Characters. I see one already which I will not suffer to escape. 'Tis a new-marry'd Man, who eight Days since was told of the coquetting Tricks of a Jilt that he lov'd; enrag'd he goes to her, breaks one Part of her Furniture, throws another out of the Window, and the next Day marries her. Such a Man as this, said *Don Cleofas*, certainly deserves the first Vacancy in this House. He has a Neighbour not much wiser than himself, reply'd *Asmodeo*; 'tis a Batchelor of forty five, who has sufficient to live on, and yet would enter himself in a Nobleman's Service.

I see a Lawyer's Widow, a good Woman who is above sixty; her Husband is just dead, and she has enter'd her self in-

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to a Nunnery to secure her Reputation, as she says, from Scandal. I discern a couple of Virgins of above fifty, each making Vows to Heav'n to take their Father, who keeps them up as close as tho' they were under Age. They hope, after the old Gentleman's Death, they shall find handsome Men that will marry them for Love. And why not? said the Scholar: There are Men in the World of as whimsical a Taste as that. I grant it, reply'd the Devil, 'tis not impossible they should find Husbands, but they ought not to flatter themselves with such Hopes; 'tis therein consists their Folly.

There is no Country in the World where the Women tell their Age truly. About a Month since, a Maid of forty eight, and a Wife of sixty nine, went before a Commissary to testifie for a Widow of their Acquaintance whose Virtue was question'd. The Commissary first interrogated the marry'd Woman on her Age, and tho' it was as plainly express'd in her Forehead as in the Church Register, she yet boldly ventur'd to say she was but forty. He next interrogated the Maiden: And you, Madam, said he, how old are you? Let's pass on to the other Questions, Sir, answer'd she, for this is

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an improper one to be put to us. You don't consider what you say, Madam, reply'd the Commissary; don't you know that in Juridical Cases the Truth ought always to be told? No Law obliges us to it, answer'd the Maiden hastily. But then I cannot take your Deposition, said he, if your Age be not to it, for 'tis a material Circumstance. If 'tis absolutely necessary, reply'd she, look upon me intently, and put my Age down according to your Conscience, The Commissary, without much Examination, put her down twenty eight. He then ask'd whether she had long known the Widow: Before her Marriage, said she. Then I have mistaken your Age, reply'd he, in setting you down but twenty eight, for it is twenty nine Years since the Widow was marry'd. Well, Sir, return'd the Maiden, write me down thirty then; I might at a Year old know the Widow. That will not be regular, reply'd he, let us add a dozen. No indeed, interrupted she; all that I can possibly afford to add is one Year more, and I would not put a Month more if it were to save my Honour. When these two Ladies were gone from the Commissary's, the marry'd Woman said to the other, I wonder that impertinent

pertinent Fellow should take us for such Fools as to tell our Ages truly: 'Tis not enough indeed that they are register'd in our Parish Books, but the rude Fellow would have them upon his Papers, that all the World may know 'em. Well, I banter'd him sufficiently; I sunk a good round twenty Years upon him, and you have done very well in suppressing so many. What do you call so many? answer'd the Maiden very smartly: You railly me, I am at most but five and thirty. Hah! reply'd the other with an angry Air, who do you tell so? I saw you born; 'tis a long time since indeed: I remember I saw your Father die; he was not young, and he hath been dead about forty Years. Oh my Father, my Father, hastily interrupted the Virgin, enrag'd at the other's Freedom; betwixt you and I, when my Father marry'd my Mother he was so old he was not able to get Children.

I observe in the same House, continu'd *Asmodeo*, two Men who are not over wise. One of them is a Pusher of his Fortune, that goes every Day to the *Le-vées* of great Lords, and is Fool enough to believe they remember what he says to them a quarter of an Hour afterwards. The other is a foreign Painter, who draws

Women by the Life: He is a great Artist, he paints well, draws correctly, and hits a Likeness extraordinary well, but does not flatter; and yet is so vain as to think he shall be crouded with Business. *Inter Stultos referatur.* How, said the Scholar, you speak *Latin* to a Miracle! Ought you to wonder at that, said the Devil; I speak all Languages in Perfection, even not excepting that of *Athens*, which I speak a hundred times better than a certain Set of Men who at present value themselves on speaking it well, and yet I am neither the greater Fool, nor the vainer for it.

Cast your Eye into that great House on the left Hand, on a melancholy Lady, furrounded by several Women who watch with her. 'Tis the Widow of an Officer of the Treasury, who is over-run with an Affectation of Nobility: She has this Day made her Will, by which she bequeaths her immense Riches wholly to Persons of the first Quality; not that she so much as knows any one of them, but only for the sake of their great Titles. She was ask'd whether she would not leave something to a certain Person who had done her considerable Services: Alas, no, answer'd she, and I am concern'd at it: I
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am not so ungrateful as not to own that I have Obligations to him; but he is but a Yeoman, and his Name would disgrace my Will.

Signior *Asmodeo*, interrupted, *Don Cleofas*, I beg you would inform me whether that old Man which I see reading so hard in a Closet, may not perhaps deserve to be plac'd here? He deserves it beyond dispute, answer'd the *Demon*. He is an old *Licenciado* in Divinity, he is reading a Proof of a Book which he has under the Press. The Subject must certainly be moral or divine, said the Scholar: No reply'd the Devil, 'tis a Miscellany of lewd Poems which he has written; instead of burning them, or at least suffering them to die with their Author, he prints them in his Life-time, for fear his Heirs should not be inclin'd to publish them after his Death; or out of regard to his Character, should deprive them of all their Salt and Spirit.

In the Neighbourhood of that *Licenci-ate*, I see one of the best Authors which you have. He has an excellent Genius; his Works abound with the *Attick* Salt; they are sprinkled all over with noble and shining Thoughts: He does not want New Turns; his Expressions are bold, and always happy. Let's pass on to

his Neighbour. 'Tis a Man — Oh, not so fast, precipitately interrupted *Don Cleofas*; you have said nothing but what is excellent of this Author, and yet have shewn him to me amongst the Fools. That is indeed true, reply'd the Devil; I forgot his Fault. When he reads his Performances, he stops at all those Places which seem to him to deserve Applause, to leave his Auditors time to give it him, and withal have the Pleasure himself of tasting all their Excellencies.

Observe in that House on the right, three Persons drinking Chocolate: One of them is a Count which sets up for a Lover of Polite Learning: The other is his Brother, a *Licenciado*; and the third is a Wit, which hangs on 'em. They are always inseparable, and never visit asunder. The Count's sole Business is to praise himself; that of the *Licenciado*, or young Divine, to praise his elder Brother and himself: But the Wit's Business is of a larger Extent, he praises both of 'em, intermixing his own Commendations with theirs.

I was going to pass by a simple Woman, which I discover in a little House. She is so much possess'd with her very little Merit, that she is drawing up a List of her

her Lovers, in which she inserts all Men in general who ever spoke to her. About two Paces farther I discern a rich Batchelor, tainted with a very particular Folly. He lives frugally, tho' 'tis neither for Mortification, nor Sobriety: But to amass Riches. For what? To distribute in Alms? No. He buys Pictures, rich Furniture, Jewels, China and Bawbles; not to enjoy the use of 'em during his Life, but only to make a Figure in his Inventory. What you tell me is unnatural and forc'd, interrupted *Don Cleofas*. Is there really a Man in the World of this Character? Yes, I tell you, reply'd the Devil, he is one of that sort of Madmen. Does he, for Instance, buy a very fine *Scrutore*; he causes it to be pack'd up neatly, and lock'd up in his Garret, that it may appear perfectly new to the Brokers who shall buy it after his Death. In short, he pleases himself with the Thoughts that the Inventory of his Goods will be admir'd,

With this Batchelor lives an Author, which succeeds very well in a grave way of Writing; and is only fit for what he now does: Yet he believes himself capable of every thing; and will not write Plays, Because, says he, my

Comedy would be too sublime to please the Pit. If he said too cool, I should take a special Care how I rank'd such a sensible Man amongst the Fools and Madmen.

Should I, *Don Cleofas*, attempt to shew you all those which deserve to be shut up, I should never have done. Wherefore, to vary the Pleasures I intend you, I will carry you to another Place, and divert you with different Objects. But before we quit where we are, I must hint to you a certain Author, which I have just now found. He is a perfect Master of the *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, from whom he borrows all the Thoughts which he puts in his Works; and yet he believes himself to be an Original, and allows none to be Plagiaries, but those who steal from *Lope de Vega Carpio*, or *Pedro Calderon*.

CHAP.

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C H A P. XII.

The L O V E R S.

I Must confess, says *Cleofas*, the Observations you have made are very Instructive, but tend to things for which a Man of my Age and Complexion has but little Relish. You are to remember 'twas a Love-Adventure brought me into the Honour of your Conversation; and, dear *Cupid*, since you preside over that Passion, confine your Discourse to what you are Master of. Shew me then the Joys and Anxieties, the Politicks and Follies of Lovers, if you would improve me in a real useful Knowledge. I should be shy, said the *Dæmon*, of giving you that Information, for fear of losing a Votary, did not I know it is an inseparable Quality in Lovers to see and yet indulge their Misery and Weakness, for which Reason I am under no Apprehension of your growing Wiser from the Folly of others. But prethee, quoth the Scholar, before you go any further, let me know what that Gentleman is, who is striking Fire at his Tinderbox; do you observe yonder,

yonder, how he appears and vanishes as the Sparks fly about him. That vigilant Person, reply'd *Asmodeo*, is a Lover, who has been this Evening in his Mistress's Company. She, in her Discourse on indifferent Things, began two or three Censures with acustomary Phrase of hers, *There are some People in the World*. This he took no notice of at the Time she spoke it; but upon second Thoughts in his own Lodgings, very wisely discover'd that she meant him by that ambiguous Expression. After taking several Turns in his Chamber, he call'd for Pen, Ink and Paper, kick'd his Footman down Stairs, and resolv'd to tell his Mistress plainly he knew whom she aim'd at in her late Reflections. He had not gone thro' the first Line of his Letter, before he was interrupted by a sudden Thought which set all things right again, convinc'd him that his Suspicions were groundless, and that he was still in her good Graces. He immediately grew the most satisfy'd Man in the World, went to Bed in the Height of good Humour, gave his Man a Crown, and bid him good Night. What Disaster, says *Cleofas*, can have befall'n him since? He seems to blow his Tinder in an unusual hurry; how his Cheeks swell, and his
Eyes

Eyes glare! 'Tis the most dreadful Night-piece I ever saw. You must know, says the *Dæmon*, he had compos'd himself with great Tranquillity for half an Hour, and was just falling asleep, when he startled on a sudden, and bethought himself *if she did not mean him, whom could she mean.* This threw him into so great a Ferment, that he jump'd out of his Bed, with a Resolution to do something which yet neither he nor I know any thing of. I heartily pity the poor Fellow, said *Cleofas*, for I find he loves in earnest. Had he not, reply'd the *Dæmon*, she had been his own before now; but 'tis the Frailty of that weak Sex to prefer an acted Passion to a real one. That is a Frailty, says the Scholar, into which they may naturally fall. A personated Lover can assume all the Graces, and avoid all the Imperfections of the Passion. Disquietudes, Jealousies and Expostulations always accompany, but very ill recommend a Heart thoroughly enamour'd. But look, the Man has lighted his Candle, and blown it out again. Ay, says the *Dæmon*, he was quieted the very Moment he had litt it, by calling to mind that he had one Day heard his Mistress say, Nothing was so graceful in a Man as an high Fore-head,

head, which you may observe he has, to the apparent Detriment of his Chin, Cheeks and Eyes. On how slight a Foundation is rais'd the good and evil of Lovers! cry'd *Cleofas*. Perhaps she who creates all this Disorder is in perfect Tranquillity. That you shall see immediately, said *Asmodeo*: Cast your Eyes on the great House in the Corner of the same Street; does not a Watch-light discover to you a Lady lying half out of her Bed, and talking to a Servant, who sits by her side? You are to understand, by the way, that the Woman of a Lady in Love never goes to Bed 'till four in the Morning. As soon as she has undress'd her, and laid her on her Pillow, her Business of putting her to Rest is but begun; for she is then to sit down by her, hear her Sentiments of the humble Servant, and confute all her Suspicions of his Infidelity or want of Love; and by that time the good Lady is ten times thoroughly convinc'd, and her Maid as often perjur'd, in hopes to be dismiss'd, the Story is to begin again. The present Anguish of our wakeful Vestal is occasion'd by a merry Tale that the Gentleman in his Snirt told her in their last Conversation, which diverted her so much that she is afraid he has not Grief at Heart, who could talk with so much Hu-

Humour : This gives her a thousand Fears, that he has broke his Fetters ; but she now receives Comfort, the Wench having almost persuaded her that the Person for whom her Ladyship has so much Tenderness went away in very great Disorder, and in all probability is at this Moment upon the Rack.

I know, by Experience, says the Scholar, there is nothing so disagreeable to one in her Ladyship's Condition as a State of Indifference ; your true Lover must be always giving either Pleasure or Pain. But who is that pretty Creature sighing before her Glass at this time of Night ? Why does she bite her Lips, glance her Eyes, and examine her Face in so many different Views ? You know, said *Asmodeo*, the Custom among you young Fellows, of publishing a List every Winter of the Beauties who are to be the Tyrants of the Year, and have their Healths drank by Crouds of second-hand Lovers, that never saw 'em, but are to be enamour'd by Hearsay, and die for 'em because 'tis the Fashion. The Lady before us, after a Reign of three Years, was left out in Yesterday's Nomination, which is the Subject of her present Contemplation ; wherein she appeals to her Glass,
from

from the Injustice of the Electors. To be reveng'd on the Town, sometimes she is resolv'd to marry a faithful Lover she has long laugh'd at, and spend the Remainder of her Life in Devotion; but upon surveying her self more narrowly, she finds things are not come to that Extremity, and now intends to dress, and try the Fortune of her Features in all publick Places for one Year more, in order to revive her Pretensions against the next Election. But we must not dwell so long on Particulars, if you would have an Idea of the Extent of my Command, you see my Followers in every Quarter of the City.

Yonder's a young Lady getting out of a Window, to run away with her Father's Footman; and at that Corner is a Lord attending with a Coach and Six, to steal a Manteau-maker's Journey-woman. The Gentleman you see in the Porch has made an Affignation to meet his Mistress in that Place to Morrow Morning at seven, and in order to it took his Station there at ten last Night. Excuse Interruption, said the Scholar; pray tell me the Circumstances of the Person yonder that lyes on his Back with his Hands lifted up, and his Head erected, like a Figure on a Tomb;

Tomb; he seems falling asleep in an Act of Devotion. 'Tis the only Person I have seen well-employ'd; he is taken up much better than in these Vanities. Nothing less, answer'd the *Dæmon*; he lyes motionless, as you see, that a Plate of Black-Lead on his Forehead may have its due Effect in preserving it smooth. His Hands are ty'd up, that they may be white in the Morning; and his Waste brac'd in with an Iron-Bodice, to preserve his Shape. In this extraordinary Posture he is calling upon cruel *Belinda*, and amidst a thousand cutting Reflections on the ill Success of his Passion, it is no small Mortification to him, that by the Itching of the left Side of his Nose, he finds he shall have a Pimple there before Morning.

But pray tell me, says *Cleofas*, the History of that studious Gentleman that stands in his Night-gown looking upon his Candle. He rubs his Head, as if it teem'd with some extraordinary Project. Hah! my old Friend *Leandro*, says the *Dæmon*, are you there? This Gentleman, says he, turning to *Cleofas*, about fifteen Years ago, fell in Love with a young Widow, who did not discourage his Addresses. He's a good-natur'd sensible Fellow, and fond to Death of his fair Idol;
but

but at the same time so over-run with Modesty that he can't find Courage enough to reveal his Passion, and ask her Consent. She has given him a thousand Opportunities of breaking it to her, and he has made as many Resolutions of doing it the next time he sees her, but they are no sooner left together, but he falls into Confusions and Palpations, looks like an Ass, and wishes somebody would come into the Room to disembarra's him, and spoil an Opportunity that perhaps he has long'd for several Months before. She took him Yesterday into the Fields. The Lover, who would have given half his Estate for so favourable an Occasion, fell a praising the Prospect, and after a great many Efforts to enter on the Grand Affair, resolv'd to put it off to another time. His Passion began in the Year 1692, and in 1695 was in a fair way, had he press'd it; ever since that time he has been endeavouring to communicate his Heart, but it fails him, and 'tis very probable he may be pass'd the Functions of Love before he has Courage enough to make it. This would have been a rare Fellow to have made Love before the Deluge, says *Cleofas*; a Man might then have languish'd an hundred Years for a Girl,

Girl, and afterwards, upon her Disdain, have had two or three Centuries of Youth to rake in; but at present, Courtship, Marriage, and Consummation are drawn into a Span. We must huddle up our Amours as soon as possible, if we intend to taste the Sweets of 'em. But, said *Asmodeo*, commend me to that busie Gentleman whom you see writing in a pensive Posture. He is a passionate Lover, that is, an angry one: An honest Soul, that shews his Sincerity to his Mistress, by never disguising his Resentments. This Morning he took the innocent Freedom of shaking her by the Shoulder, and calling her a dirty Baggage; upon which, after having deliberated whether he ought to hang himself, or beg her Pardon, he has just now finish'd a penitential Letter to her, wherein he subscribes himself the Vilest of Men, and most miserable of Lovers.

Unhappy Wretch! let him go sleep, if he can, said the Scholar; but I grow sick with looking upon Fools so like my self. You'd oblige me more if you'd show me the Weakness of the Enemy, and let me see, that with all these Disadvantages, we are equal to the Sex we have to deal with. There is hardly one of them, said the Devil, who does not destroy, by her Insolence, the Passion she raises by her Beauty.

Yonder's a Wife on her Bed fast asleep, that has given Orders to her Maid not to

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let in her Husband, 'till she has call'd her up to rattle him for making her sit up so late: In that Tavern you may see the good Man calling for another Bottle, because he's afraid of going home at so ill an Hour. There's a Merchant's Heiress who languish'd for the Honour of being Noble, and is transported with the Pleasure of taking Place of her old Acquaintance all Day, tho' every Night she is kick'd out of Bed by her Lord for being born a Citty, and paying his Debts. A little farther you may see a private Gentleman that's marry'd to a Dutchesse, but divorc'd for a Fortnight for offering to lay Hands on her Grace's Linnen, without mentioning her Title.

There's a Gaming Lady just come home from losing 500*l.* at *Ombre*; she can't go to Bed 'till her Maid has brought her a Pack of Cards, and wakes her Husband to shew him how she lost the last Game; then falls into a Passion, goes raving to Bed, and rails at the good Man all Night for not getting a Place at Court.

If you had as good Ears as I, you would hear that Lady, who frisks to and fro in her Apartment with so much Uneasiness, cry Coxcomb, Fop, Clown, Novice, at every little Stop she makes in her Walk. Her Misery is, that according to Form, she told a plain Fellow with a good Estate, who propos'd himself to her, she wonder'd

wonder'd he could make her such an Offer, and solemnly protested she could never like him: The Swain believ'd her, and is gone to his Country Seat; upon which she is now casting about, by what means to explain to the Rustick the Nature of Gallantry, and make him understand, that a Man's Profession of Love, and a Woman's Refusal, in this refin'd Age, are equally meer Words.

But I observe a Lady, who of all I have seen, said *Cleofas*, touches me with the greatest Compassion; her streaming Eyes, and dishevel'd Hair, speak a perfect *Magdalen*: What can be her Distress? who could be so barbarous to a Creature made up of so much Softness? That disconsolate Dame, quoth *Asmodeo*, was three Hours ago one of the greatest Coquets in *Madrid*, and is breaking her Heart too late for want of knowing it time enough. She had long lov'd a Gentleman of Merit, but play'd with his Passion and her own by so many repeated Sights, that he grew tir'd of the Chase, and Yesterday dispos'd of himself to another. 'Tis for this Reason that she abandons her self this Night to Prayer and Harts-Horn, and intends to Morrow to shut her self up in a Nunnery for ever. It would be endless to show you the Vanities of the Sex; their Thoughts, Words and Actions, tend only to Show and Ostentation, for which they sacrifice their Liberty, and all the Pleasures

of Life. Look at the sumptuous Apartment in that Palace, and the wrought Bed which reaches up to the Roof of it: Don't you see in it an old Man just fallen asleep, and by his Side a beautiful young Lady looking at a Picture in Miniature. The Avarice of her Mother tore her from the young Gallant, whose Figure she is contemplating, to bury her in the Embrace of one she loaths. And now all the Hopes she has left is, to lay her old Man in his Winding-Sheet, and one Day or other come into the Arms of her first Love. At the next House is a more diverting Sight: The Brute who staggers into that Chamber is reeling to the Bed of that delicate Creature, whom her prudent Parent prostituted to his Embraces. The beastly Sot was Rival to one of a very agreeable Character; their Fortunes were equal, but I dare say you'll laugh at the Merit which preferr'd this Worthy to the Choice of the provident Mother. You must know he had a Pidgeon-House upon his Estate, which the other wanted. This turn'd the Ballance in his Favour, and determin'd the Fate of that unfortunate Lady. If you can show us only unhappy Effects of this Passion, said *Cleofas*, I must desire you'd entertain me with another Set of Objects. Don't be discourag'd, answer'd the *Demon*, at the Prospects I have laid before you.

you. There are in Nature pleasing Amours and happy Marriages, but these are not to be look'd for in *Madrid*. To give you a Sight of happy Pairs, I should transport you to Solitudes and Retirements, where Love is a Stranger to Art and Gallantry, and lives amidst its own natural Sweets, Complacency, mutual Esteem, and eternal Constancy; without being diverted by the false Appearances, which under the Colour of advancing its Enjoyments, vitiate the true Relish of 'em. 'Tis when we Spirits behold Mortals in this Condition, that we suffer our greatest Pangs of Envy, and wish for Flesh and Blood, to taste the Gratifications bestow'd upon 'em.

Of the Tombs.

A *Smodeo*, resolv'd to shew *Don Cleofas* some new things, carry'd him to another Part of the City, and they fix'd on a lofty Church fill'd with magnificent Tombs. Let's here continue the Thred of our Observation, said the Devil; and before we pursue our Reflections on the Living, let's for a few Moments disturb the Repose of the Dead bury'd in this Church. Let's run thro' these Sepulchers, detect what they conceal, and see wherefore they were erected.

The first of those eight Tombs, which
you

you see on the right Hand, contains the Corps of a young Lover, who dy'd with Grief for not being able to carry the Prize at the Ring. In the second is a Miser, that starv'd himself with Hunger; and in the third his Heir, who two Years after dy'd with excessive Eating and Drinking. In the fourth lyes a Father, which could not survive the Rape of his only Daughter. In the next is a young Man, who threw himself into a Pleurisie by taking cooling Physick. In that beyond him, are contain'd the sad Remains of an Officer, which after having faithfully serv'd his Country, like another *Agamemnon*, at his Return from the Army found an *Egisthus* in his House. The seventh covers an old Maiden Lady of Quality, ugly and poor, whom Grief and Envy consum'd; and in the last rests the Wife of an Officer of the Treasury, who dy'd with Disgust for being oblig'd, in a narrow Street, to turn her Coach to make way for that of a Dutcheß.

Who are they, said the Scholar, in those five Tombs on the left Hand? I'll tell you, answer'd the Devil: One of them contains the ridiculous Conjunction of an old Husband, and a young Wife. The Husband, when he marry'd her, had Children by a former Venture, and was just ready to have sign'd their Ruin, when an Apoplexy carry'd him off; and their Mother-in-Law,
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four and twenty Hours after, dy'd with Vexation, that he did not die two Days later. In the next lyes an old Canon, too soon hurry'd out of the World by making his Will when in perfect Health, and reading it to his Domesticks, to whom, like a good-natur'd Master, he had bequeath'd several Legacies: His Cook, too impatient to stay for his, soon dispatch'd him. Beyond this imprudent Canon lyes a beautiful Lady, sacrific'd to the Suspicions of her jealous Husband. In the fourth is a Bigot, who lost his Life by walking in his Garden half an Hour without an Umbrella; and in the last is a devout Lady, that dy'd of the excessive Use of Phlebotomy, by way of Precaution.

In the midst of all these stately Tombs, said the Devil, there are several Persons very plainly interr'd, and amongst the rest a *German*, who dy'd by drinking three Healths with Tobacco in his Glass, in a Debauch; a *Frenchman* which lost his Life for presenting (according to the Civility of his Nation) a Lady with Holy Water at her Entrance into the Church, as he was going out of it. There lyes a Player, that by slow Degrees consum'd himself in envying those of his Comerades, who kept their Coaches, whilst he was oblig'd to go a-foot. There is an Actress, which over-heating her self, in playing the Part of a Vestal-Virgin, mis-

miscarry'd, and dy'd of it behind the Scenes; and next to her is interr'd a Dramatick Author, who suddenly dy'd of Envy, at the Pits clapping one of his Friend's Plays the first Day.

Signior *Asmodeo*, said the Scholar here, pardon me if I interrupt you to ask the Reason of those piercing Cries which deafen my Ears. They proceed, answer'd the Devil, from that fine House on the left Hand; where this very Moment is acting one of the most melancholy Scenes that ever was represented on the Theatre of the World: Fix your Eyes on that deplorable Spectacle. Ah, why, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, does that Lady which tears her Hair, and struggles in the Woman's Arms, appear so afflicted? Look in the opposite Apartment, return'd *Asmodeo*, and you will see the Cause. Observe that Man laid out on that stately Bed; 'tis her Husband, he is just dead, and she is inconsolable. Their Story is very moving, and deserves to be written; I have a great Mind to tell it you: You will oblige me, said the Scholar; I am not less sensible of Objects of Compassion, than diverted by those of Ridicule. 'Tis somewhat long, reply'd the Devil, but too moving to be tiresome. He then began the Relation in these Terms.

C H A P. XIII.

Of the Power of Friendship.

A S T O R Y.

A Young Gentleman of *Toledo*, accompany'd by his *Valet de Chambre*, travell'd several long Days Journies from his native Country, to avoid the Consequences of a tragical Adventure. He was two little Leagues from *Valencia*, when at the Entry of a Wood he met a Lady descending hastily out of her Coach. No Vail cover'd her Face, in which Beauty shone in Perfection. This charming Lady seem'd so disturb'd and distracted, that the Cavalier, concluding she wanted Assistance, did not fail to tender her that of his Courage. Generous Unknown, said the Lady, I won't refuse your Offer; Heav'n seems to have sent you hither to my Assistance, and to avert the Misfortune which I dread. Two Gentlemen are met upon an Appointment in this Wood; I this Minute saw them enter; I can tell you no more; but, if you please, follow me, and you shall know the whole. At the end of these Words she flew into the Wood, and the *Toledan*, after leaving the Care of his Horse

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to his Man, made after her as fast as he could.

They had scarce advanc'd an hundred Paces before they heard the clashing of Swords, and soon discover'd two Men furiously engag'd. The *Toledan* ran to part them, which having done, partly by Force and partly by Entreaty, he ask'd them the Cause of their Quarrel. Brave Unknown, said one of the two Cavaliers, my Name is *Don Fadrique de Mendoza*, and my Adversary is *Don Alvaro Ponce*: We both love *Donna Theodora*, the Lady which you accompany: She has always slighted our Addresses, and notwithstanding all the Tendernesses that Love could suggest to please her, the obdurate Fair would never treat us better. As for me, I design'd to continue her Slave in spite of her Indifference; but my Rival, instead of taking the same Resolution, sent me a Challenge. 'Tis true, interrupted *Don Alvaro*; I concluded that if I had no Rival, *Donna Theodora* might look on me; wherefore I endeavour'd to take away the Life of *Don Fadrique*, to rid my self of a Man that oppos'd my Felicity. Gentlemen, then said the *Toledan*, I don't approve your Dueling; 'tis an Affront to *Donna Theodora*: 'Twill soon be publish'd in *Valencia* that you have fought for her; and your Mistress's

strefs's Honour ought to be dearer to you than your own Repose and Lives. Besides, what Advantage could the Vanquisher reap by his Victory? After having expos'd his Mistress's Reputation, could he expect she would look on him with a favourable Eye? Ridiculous Stupidity! Take my Advice, make a more noble Effort on your selves, more worthy the Names that you bear: Conquer these furious Transports, and by an inviolable Oath engage your selves to subscribe the Articles of Accommodation which I shall propose to you. Your Quarrel shall end without Bloodshed. Hah! how? said *Don Alvaro*. This Lady must declare, reply'd the *Toledan*, whether she will chuse *Don Fadrique* or you, and the unhappy Lover, far from arming against his Rival, must leave him the Field. I consent, said *Don Alvaro*, and swear by all that is most sacred to acquiesce in her Choice, whether she determine in Favour of me or my Rival; for even that Preference will be more supportable than the miserable Uncertainty under which I now labour. And as for me, said *Don Fadrique* in his Turn, I call Heav'n to Witness, that if the Divine Object which I adore does not pronounce in my Favour, I will remove my self far distant

from her Charms, and if I cannot forget her, at least will never see her more.

The *Toledan* then turning towards *Theodora*, Madam, said he, 'tis your part to speak; 'tis in your Power with one Word to disarm these two Rivals; you need only declare him whose Constancy you please to reward. Sir, answer'd the Lady, search for another Expedient to reconcile them: Why should I be the Sacrifice of their Agreement? I really value *Don Fadrique* and *Don Alvaro*, but I don't love either of them; and it is unjust that to prevent the Stain which their Duelling might cast upon my Honour, I should be oblig'd to give those Hopes which my Heart will never own. 'Tis too late to dissemble, Madam, reply'd the *Toledan*; you must declare your self. Both these Cavaliers are equally handsom, and I am certain you have more Inclination for one than the other. I refer my self to the mortal Agony in which I saw you. You mis-interpret that Fright, reply'd *Donna Theodora*; the Loss of either of these Gentlemen would very sensibly touch me, and I should never give over blaming my self on that account, tho' I am only the innocent Cause; but if you saw me alarm'd, 'twas only to the Danger which threaten'd my Reputation that any Fear was owing.

Don Alvaro Ponce, who was naturally very fierce, at these Words lost all Patience: 'Tis enough, said he very warmly; since the Lady refuses to end this Dispute amicably, the Sword shall immediately decide it; upon which he aim'd a Pass at *Don Fadrique*, who was prepar'd to receive it. The Lady, rather affrighted by this Action, than determin'd by her Inclination, amaz'd cry'd out: Hold, Gentlemen, I will satisfy you; if there be no other way to end an Engagement in which my Honour is concern'd, I declare that I give the Preference to *Don Fadrique de Mendoza*.

She had no sooner ended these Words, than the discarded *Ponce*, without uttering one Syllable, immediately loosen'd his Horse which was fasten'd to a Tree, and retir'd, casting very angry Looks at his Rival and Mistress. The happy *Mendoza*, on the contrary, was o'erwhelm'd with Joy; sometimes he fell on his Knees before *Donna Theodora*, at others he embrac'd the *Toledan*, and was utterly at a Loss for Expressions strong enough to represent the Sentiments of Gratitude with which he was thoroughly touch'd. In the mean time the Lady returning to her natural Temper, after the Departure of *Alvaro*, began to reflect how anxious it would prove to her

to suffer the Addresses of a Lover, whose Merit tho' she really valu'd, yet withal for whom her Heart had never been prepossession'd with any the least Tendernefs. *Don Fadrique*, said she, I hope you won't abuse the Preference which I have given you; you owe it to the Necessity to which I was reduc'd, to declare betwixt you and *Don Alvaro*. My Sentence is not owing to my valuing you much more than him, tho' I know very well he has not all the good Qualities which you have, and I shall but do you Justice by saying that you are the most compleat Gentleman in *Valencia*. I will farther own to you, that the Addresses of such a Man as you might very well flatter a Woman's Vanity; but how honourable soever it may be to me, I must tell you, I look upon them with so little Relish, that you are really to be pity'd for loving me so tenderly as you appear to do. I will not yet deprive you of all Hopes of touching my Heart: My Indifference, perhaps, may be only the Effect of the yet remaining Grief which seiz'd me a Year since for the Loss of *Don Andrea de Cifuentes*, my Husband. Tho' we did not live long together, and he was of an advanc'd Age, when my Parents, dazled with his Riches, oblig'd me to marry him, yet was I very much afflicted at his Death. I shall
bemoan

bemoan it all my Life; and indeed did he not deserve my Sorrow? He was not like those sour and jealous old Men, which never being able to persuade themselves that a Woman may be discreet enough, to excuse their Weakness, continually watch all her Motions, or entrust that Charge to a *Duenna* devoted to their Tyranny. Alas, he had such an entire Confidence in my Virtue, as even a young Husband, tho' ador'd, is scarce capable of. Besides, his Complaisance was endless; I dare venture to say, that his sole Care was to prevent me in all things which I seem'd to desire: Such was *Don Andrea de Cifuentes*; you may then, *Mendoça*, easily judge, that 'tis not easie to forget a Man of such an agreeable Character. He is always present in my Thoughts, which does not a little contribute, doubtless, to turn them from fixing on whatever is done to please me.

Don Fadrique could not help interrupting *Donna Theodora* here. Ah! Madam, cry'd he, how happy am I to learn from your own Mouth, that your former despising my Addresses did not result from any Aversion to my Person. I hope that you will one Day yield to my Constancy. 'Twill not be my Fault if your Passion does not succeed, reply'd the Lady, since I allow you to visit me, and some-

times mention your Love. Endeavour to make me relish your Endearments; use all your Arts to make me love you. I will never conceal from you any favourable Sentiments which I may have for you; but if, after all your Efforts, you can't compass your End, remember, *Mendoza*, that you will have no reason to blame me. *Don Fadrique* would have reply'd, but had not time, by reason the Lady took the *Toledan* by the Hand, and nimbly turn'd towards her Equipage. He loosen'd his Horse, which was ty'd to a Tree, and leading him by the Bridle, follow'd *Donna Theodora*, who mounted her Chariot with as much Precipitation as she had before descended from it, tho' the Reason was utterly different. The *Toledan* and he accompany'd her on Horse-back to the Gates of *Valencia*, where they parted. She went to her own House, and *Don Fadrique* carry'd the *Toledan* to his.

He made him sit down, and after having very well entertain'd him, he ask'd him what particularly brought him to *Valencia*, and whether he thought of making a long Stay there. I shall continue here as little while as possible, answer'd the *Toledan*; I came this way only to go towards the Sea-side, to embark in the very first Vessel which sails from the Coast of *Spain*,
for

for I care not much in what Part of the World I finish the Course of an unfortunate Life, provided it be far distant from these fatal Climates. What do you tell me, reply'd *Don Fadrique* surpriz'd, what can have turn'd you against your Country, and made you hate what all Men naturally love? After what has happen'd, return'd the *Toledan*, my Country is odious to me, and I aim at nothing in the World but to quit it for ever. Ah, Sir, said *Mendoça*, touch'd with compassionate Concern, how impatient I am to know your Misfortunes? If I can't relieve your Pains I will share them with you. The Air of your Face has prepossess'd me in your Favour; your Deportment charms me, and I find my self strenuously interested in your Fortune.

'Tis the greatest Consolation which I am capable of receiving, *Don Fadrique*, answer'd the *Toledan*; and in some measure to acknowledge the Affection which you have discover'd for me, I must also tell you, that when I saw you with *Don Alvaro Ponce*, my Inclinations declar'd on your side. An internal Motion, which I was never before sensible of at the first sight of any Person, made me fear lest *Donna Theodora* should prefer your Rival, and I was touch'd with Joy when she determin'd
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in your Favour. You have since so much strengthen'd that first Impression, that instead of hiding my Uneasinesses I earnestly desire to lay them before, and find a secret Pleasure in the unbosoming my self to you. Harken then to the Relation of my Misfortunes.

Toledo is my native Place, and *Don Juan de Zarate* my Name; almost from my Infancy I have lost those which gave Life, so that I began betimes to enjoy an Annual Estate of four thousand Ducats, which they left me. My Heart being at my own Disposal, and believing my self rich enough not to consult any thing but my own Inclination in the Choice of a Wife, I married a Virgin perfectly beautiful, without delaying on account of the Meanness of her Fortune, or the Inequality of our Conditions. I was charm'd with my Felicity; and to give the greater Relish to the Pleasure of possessing the Person which I lov'd, a few Days after my Marriage, I carry'd her to an Estate which I have some Leagues from *Toledo*.

We liv'd there in a charming Union, when the Duke of *Naxera*, whose Seat is near my Estate, came one Day, when he was hunting, to refresh himself at my House. He saw my Wife and fell in Love with her: I suspected it at least; but what fully convinc'd

vinc'd me of it, was, that he immediately made the most pressing Instances in the World to obtain my Friendship, which he never before set any Value on. He introduc'd me to his hunting Acquaintance, forc'd me to accept of several Presents, and made me several Offers of his Service. Being immediately alarm'd by his Passion, I intended to return to *Toledo* with my Wife; and doubtless that Thought was inspir'd by Heav'n: For had I wholly depriv'd the Duke of all Opportunities of seeing her, I should have avoided those Misfortunes which have fall'n on me; but my confident Reliance on her Virtue secur'd me. I thought it impossible for a Woman which I marry'd without a Fortune, and rais'd from a low Condition, to be so ungrateful as to forget my Favours. Alas, what a wrong Judgment did I make! Ambition and Vanity, those two Vices natural to the Sex, were her greatest Faults.

As soon as the Duke got an Opportunity to discover his Sentiments, she was secretly pleas'd at such an important Conquest. The Passion of a Man adorn'd with the Title of his Excellence, tickled her Pride, and fill'd her Mind with extravagant Chimera's: Whence she began to value him more and me less; and all that I
had

had done for her, instead of exciting her Gratitude, serv'd only to render me contemptible in her Eyes. She look'd on me as a Husband unworthy of her Beauty, and fancy'd that if this Grandee, who was now conquer'd by her Charms, had seen her before her being a Wife, he had certainly marry'd her. Intoxicated by these foolish Imaginations, and seduc'd by several engaging Presents, she yielded to the Duke's private and pressing Importunities.

They frequently wrote to each other, without my ever suspecting their Correspondence; but at last I was unhappy enough to be cur'd of that Blindness. One Day returning from hunting sooner than usual, I went into my Wife's Apartment, who did not expect me so soon. She had just receiv'd a Billet from the Duke, which she was preparing to answer: She could not hide her Uneasiness from me. I trembled, and finding Pen, Ink and Paper ready on a Table, I concluded she had betray'd me. I press'd her to shew me what she was writing; which she so absolutely deny'd, that I was oblig'd to use some Violence to satisfy my jealous Curiosity; and notwithstanding all her Resistance, I tore from her Bosom a Letter containing these Words:
Shall I for ever languish in expectation of a
second

second Interview? How cruel are you, to give me the most charming Hopes, and thus long delay the fulfilling them! Don Juan goes every Day a hunting, or to Toledo; should we not make use of these Opportunities? Have more regard to the violent Flames which consume me. Pity me, Madam; consider that if it be a Pleasure to obtain our Desires, 'tis a Torment to wait long for the Enjoyment of 'em.

I could not read out this Letter without the utmost Transports of Rage. I clapp'd my Hand on my Dagger, and at first was tempted to take the Life of that faithless Wife who had depriv'd me of my Honour; but considering that would be only to revenge my self by halves, and that my Resentment requir'd yet another Victim, I conquer'd my Rage, dissembled, and said to my Wife, with the least disturbance possible; Madam, you were to blame to hearken to the Duke; the Lustre of his high Quality ought not to have dazled your Eyes; but young Women are fond of pompous Titles; I am willing to believe that this is all you've yet proceeded to, and that you have not yet done me the last Injury; wherefore I excuse your Indiscretion, provided you will return to your Duty, and becoming thoroughly sensible of my Tendernefs, you will think of nothing more

more than to deserve it. After these Words I retir'd to my Apartment, as well to leave her to recover her self, as because I wanted some Retirement to cool my Rage, which had sufficiently inflam'd me. If I could not recover my Temper, I at least put on a very easie Air for two Days; and on the third pretending Business of the last Consequence to *Toledo*, I told my Wife, that I was oblig'd to leave her for some time, and entreated her to take care of her Honour during my Absence.

I left her, but instead of going to *Toledo*, I privately return'd home at the beginning of the Night, and conceal'd my self in the Chamber of a faithful Domestick, where I could see whoever enter'd my House. I did not doubt the Duke's being inform'd of my Departure, and concluded he would not miss the Opportunity. I hop'd to surprize them together, and promis'd my self an entire Vengeance; but I was deceiv'd in my Expectation: For instead of finding my House preparing for the Reception of a Lover, I saw on the contrary the Doors very close shut at their time; and three Days passing without the Appearance of the Duke, or even any of his Servants, I persuaded my self that my Spouse repented her Fault, and broke off all
manner

Chap. XIII. upon Two Sticks. 183

manner of Communication with the Duke.

Prepossess'd with this Opinion, I lost all desire of Revenge, and yielding to the Motions of a Love, which angry Resentment had suspended, I flew to my Wife's Apartment, embrac'd her with transporting Raptures, and said, Madam, I restore you all my Esteem and Tenderneſs. I have not been at *Toledo*: I pretended that Journey only to try you. You ought to pardon a Snare laid by a Husband, whose Jealouſie was not groundleſs. I fear'd that your Mind, ſeduc'd by ſplendid Illuſions, was not capable of undeceiving it ſelf: But, thanks to Heav'n, you are ſenſible of your Error, and, I hope, nothing for the future will ever diſturb our good Agreement.

My Wife ſeem'd touch'd at theſe Words; and letting fall ſome Tears, How unhappy am I, ſaid ſhe, to have given you Reaſon to ſuſpect my Virtue! Tho' I have to the laſt Degree abhorr'd that Fault which ſo juſtly irritated you againſt me, my Eyes have in vain kept from cloſing theſe two Days to make way for my Tears; yet for all my Grief, and all my Remorſe, I ſhall never regain your intire Confidence in me. I reſtore it you, Madam, ſaid I, perfectly ſoftned by the Sorrow which ſhe expreſs'd;
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I will no more remember what is past, since you so sincerely repent. Accordingly from that very Moment I had the same Regard for her as before, and began again to taste those Pleasures which had been so cruelly interrupted. The Relish of them was heighten'd; for my Wife, as tho' she resolv'd to efface out of my Mind all the Marks of the Injury she had done me, was much more sollicitous to please me than ever. I found her Caresses more tender, and almost rejoyc'd at the Discontent which had occasion'd this happy Change.

I then fell ill, and tho' my Disease was not dangerous, 'tis not to be imagin'd what Fears my Wife discover'd. She staid all Day with me, and in the Night, I being in a separate Apartment, she constantly came two or three Times to satisfy her self how I was. She seem'd extreamly sollicitous to prevent all the Assistance I wanted, and her Life seem'd to be inseparable from mine. On my side, I was so sensible of all the Marks of Tendernefs which she gave me, that I could not help testifying my Acknowledgement of them to her; and yet, *Mendoça*, they were not so sincere as I imagin'd.

One Night, when I began to recover, my *Valet de Chambre* wak'd me: My Lord, said he, very much confus'd, I am sorry I am

am oblig'd to disturb your Repose; but am too faithful to conceal what is now acting in your House. The Duke of *Naxera* is with my Lady. I was so stupify'd at this News, that for some time I look'd on the Fellow, without being able to speak. The more I thought of what he told me, the less I believ'd it. No, *Fabio*, cry'd I, 'tis impossible that my Wife should be guilty of such a horrid perfidious Crime! You are not sure of what you say. My Lord, reply'd *Fabio*, would to God 'twas possible for me to doubt of it; but I am not deceiv'd by false Appearances. Ever since your Indisposition, I have suspected the Duke's being every Night introduc'd into my Lady's Apartment. I hid my self to remove my Suspicions, and am but too well convinc'd that they are just.

At these Words, I rose distracted with Rage; took my Night-Gown and Sword, and made directly to my Wife's Apartment, accompany'd by *Fabio*, who lighted me.

At the Noise of our Entrance, the Duke which was fate on the Bed, rose, and catching a Pistol from his Girdle fir'd at me; but with such great Confusion and Precipitation, that he miss'd me. I then violently rush'd upon him, and run him into the Heart; after which I address'd my self to my Wife, who was rather dead than a-

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live :

live: And thou, said I, infamous Wretch receive the Reward of all thy Falshoods. At these Words I plung'd my Sword, yet reaking with her Lover's Blood, into her Breast. I condemn my Passion, *Don Fadrigue*, and own I might have sufficiently punish'd a perfidious Wife, without taking away her Life; but what Man could keep his Reason intire in such a Conjunction? Paint to your self all the Demonstrations of tender Love which this false Woman made; represent all the Circumstances, the Enormity of the Treason, and judge whether a Husband, fir'd by a just Rage, ought not to be pardon'd her Death.

To conclude so tragical a Story in two Words; after having fully satiated my Vengeance, I dress'd my self with utmost haste, concluding that I had no time to lose, that the Duke's Relations would hunt for me all over *Spain*, and that the Interest of my Family not being sufficient to balance that of theirs, I should never be safe 'till gotten into a Foreign Country: Wherefore I selected two of my best Horses, and with all the Mony and Jewels I had, left my House before Day, follow'd by the Servant which has so well approv'd his Fidelity. I chose the Road to *Valencia*, designing to put my self on Board the first Vessel which should Sail to *Italy*; and this Day passing near
the

the Wood where you were, I met *Donna Theodora*, who entreated me to follow her, and endeavour to part you.

After the *Toledan* had done, *Don Fradrique* said: *Don Juan*, your Revenge on the Duke of *Naxera* was just, don't therefore disturb your self at the Pursuit his Relations may make: You shall, if you please, stay with me, 'till an occasion offers to Embark for *Italy*. My Uncle is Governor of *Valencia*, and you will be safer here than any where else, and will besides be with a Man who desires for the future to be engag'd to you by the strictest Ties of Friendship. *Don Juan* answer'd *Mendoza* in Terms full of Acknowledgement, and accepted the offer'd Refuge.

The Power of Sympathy is very surprising, *Don Cleofas*, pursu'd *Asmodeo*; these two young Cavaliers were touch'd with such a mutual Affection for one another, that in a few Days it created a Friendship betwixt them, as intire as that of *Orestes* and *Pleiades*. Besides the Equality of their Merit, there was such a Harmony in their Humours, that whatever pleas'd *Don Fradrique*, the other could not dislike. They both made up but one Character, and they were made to love one another. *Don Fradrique*, who above all was enchanted with the Deportment of his Friend, could not

forbear boasting of it every Moment to *Theodora*.

They both frequently visited that Lady, who continually look'd on *Mendoza's* Addresses with Indifference; at which he was extreamly mortify'd, and complain'd of it to his Friend: Who told him, to comfort him That the most insensible Women suffer themselves to be touch'd at last: That nothing was wanting to Lovers, but Patience enough to wait that favourable time: That he should not be discourag'd: That his Lady, soon or late, would regard his Services. This Advice, tho' founded on Experience, did not encourage the faint-hearted *Mendoza*, who very much fear'd he should never be able to please the Widow *Cifuentes*; and this Fear threw him into such a languishing Condition, as excited Pity in *Don Juan*, who was soon after in a more deplorable State himself.

What Reason soever the *Toledan* had to be disgusted against the Sex, after the horrible Falsity of his Wife, yet he could not help loving *Donna Theodora*; tho' he was so far from abandoning himself to a Passion which injur'd his Friend, that he only thought of struggling against it; and fully persuaded that he could not better conquer it, than by keeping at a Distance from those Eyes which occasion'd it, he resolv'd
never

never to see the Widow *Cifuentes* again. Accordingly, whensoever *Mendoza* would have carry'd him with him, he always found some Pretext to excuse it. But *Don Fradrique* never made one Visit to the Lady, that she did not ask why *Don Juan* had left off coming thither. One Day when she put that Question, he answer'd smiling, that his Friend had his Reasons. Hah! what Reasons can he have to avoid me? said *Don Theodora*. Madam, return'd *Mendoza*, when I desir'd him to come along with me this Day, and express'd some Surprise at his Refusal, he told me in Confidence, what I am oblig'd to reveal to you to excuse him; 'twas, that he had engag'd a Mistress, and that not having long to stay in this City, his Moments were precious.

I can't be satisfy'd with this Excuse, blushing reply'd the Widow *Cifuentes*; Lovers are not allow'd to abandon their Friends. *Don Fradrique* observing *Donna Theodora's* changing Colour, thought it only owing to her Vanity, and believ'd that Spight to see her self neglected, was the Cause of her Blushing: But his Conjecture was wrong. A more violent Impulse than that of Vanity, occasion'd the Motions which she betray'd; but for fear of his discovering her Sentiments, she

turn'd the Discourse, and affected a Gayety during the rest of their Conversation, which would have thrown the Blame on his Discernment, if he had not soon perceiv'd the Alteration.

As soon as the Widow *Cifuentes* was alone, she turn'd extreamly thoughtful. She then felt the utmost Force of her Passion for *Don Juan*, and imagining her self worse recompenc'd than she really was: How cruel and unjust, said she sighing, is that Power which delights in inflaming disagreeing Hearts; I don't love *Don Fadrique*, and he adores me, and I burn for *Don Juan*, whose Thoughts are taken up by another! Ah, *Mendoza*, no more reproach my Indifference; thy Friend has sufficiently reveng'd it. At these Words, struck with a quick Sense of Grief and Jealousie, she dropp'd several Tears; but Hope, which asswages Lovers Pains, soon represented various flattering Images to her Mind. It suggested to her, that perhaps her Rival might not be dangerous: That *Don Juan* might be less seized by her Charms, than amus'd by her Favours, and that 'twas no hard Matter to get rid of such feeble Ties. But to enable her to judge her self what she ought to believe of the *Tolendan*, she was resolv'd to speak with him in private. She sent for him, he came, and

and when they were alone, *Donna Theodora* thus began.

I never thought that Love could make a well-bred Man forget the Complaisance due to the Ladies; yet, *Don Juan*, since you have been in Love, you came no more near me; I think I have reason to complain of you: But I am yet willing to believe that 'tis not of your own accord that you fly me; perhaps your Lady may have forbid you seeing me. Confess it to me, *Don Juan*, and I will excuse it. I know Lovers Actions are not free; they dare not disobey their Mistresses. Madam, answer'd the *Toledan*, I grant that my Conduct ought to surprize you; but let me beg of you not to put me to justify it. Satisfie you self with knowing that I have Reason to avoid you. What can that Reason be? reply'd *Donna Theodora*, not a little mov'd, I desire you would tell it me. Well, Madam, reply'd *Don Juan*, you must be obey'd; but I shall not pity you, if you hear more than you desire to know.

Don Fradique, adds he, has related to you the Adventure which oblig'd me to quit *Castile*. In my travelling to *Toledo*, with a Heart full of Resentment against Women, I defy'd the whole Sex ever to surprize me. With this fierce Disposition

I approach'd *Valencia*, I met you, and what perhaps no other Man has been able to do, I sustain'd the first Sight of you without being mov'd. I even look'd on you again afterwards with Impunity; but alas, how dear I pay'd for a few resolute Days! You at last conquer'd my Resistance; your Beauty, Wit and Charms have exercis'd themselves on a Rebel; in a Word, I have all the Love for you, which you are capable of inspiring. This, Madam, is what keeps me from you. The Lady which you were told monopoliz'd my Thoughts, is but an imaginary one; and I only feign'd the making *Mendoza* my Confident, to prevent any Suspicions I might raise in him, by my Refusal to visit you along with him.

This unexpected Discourse fill'd *Donna Theodora* with such an extraordinary Joy, that she could not help discovering it. 'Tis indeed true she did not concern her self at all to hide it; but instead of arming her Eyes with some sort of Severity, looking on the *Toledan* with a very tender Air, she said, You have told me your Secret, *Don Juan*, and I will also discover mine. Insensible of the Sighs of *Don Alvaro Ponce*, little mov'd at *Mendoza's* Flames, I led an easie undisturb'd Life, when Chance brought you near the Wood where we met. Not-with-

withstanding the Confusion I was in, I yet observ'd you offer'd me your Assistance with a very good Grace, and the way in which you parted the two furious Rivals rais'd in me an advantageous Opinion of your Valour and Address. But the Means you propos'd to reconcile them displeas'd me. I could not without difficulty resolve on the Choice of either of them. But not to conceal any thing from you, I believe you had then a small Share in my Repugnance; for at the very Moment that my Mouth, forc'd by Necessity, nam'd *Don Fadrique*, I felt my Heart declare for the *unknown Cavalier*. From that Day, (which I may call happy, since you have own'd your Passion) your Merit augmented my Value for you.

From you, continu'd she, I conceal no part of my Thoughts, but impart them to you with the same Frankness that I told *Mendoça* I did not love him. A Woman who has the Misfortune to conceive a Passion for a Person that can never love her, is in the right to restrain her self, and at least revenge her Weakness by an eternal Silence; but I take it for granted, that I may without Scruple discover an innocent Tendernefs to a Man whose Intentions are lawful: Yes, I am in Raptures to find you love me, and for that Blessing render
Thanks

Thanks to Heav'n, which doubtless destin'd us for each other.

After these Words the Lady remain'd silent, to give *Don Juan* leave to speak, and room to discover those shining Transports of Joy and Gratitude with which she believ'd she had inspir'd him; but instead of appearing enchanted with what he had heard, he was profoundly thoughtful and melancholy. What do I see, *Don Juan*? continu'd she. When to make you a Fortune, which another would think worth enjoying, I forget the strict Modesty of my Sex, and shew you a Soul charmed with you, can you resist the Joy such an engaging Declaration ought to raise in you? You remain in a frozen Silence, nay I see even Grief in your Eyes: Ah, *Don Juan*, what strange Effects have my Favours produc'd!

Alas! what other Effects, Madam, interrupting her with a melancholy Air, said the *Toledan*, could they produce on a Heart like mine? The greater degrees of Passion you discover for me, so much the more miserable I am. You are not ignorant what *Mendoza* has done for me, and know the sacred Friendship in which we are mutually engag'd. Can I then found my Happiness on the Ruins of his most charming Hopes? You are too nice, said *Donna The-*

odora,

odora, I never promis'd *Don Fadrique* any thing which can obstruct my offering you my Faith without incurring his Censure, and your receiving it without Injustice. I own that the Thoughts of an unhappy Friend ought to give you some Uneasiness; but, *Don Juan*, can that counterbalance the happy Fate which attends you? Yes, Madam, reply'd he warmly; such a Friend as *Mendoça* has more Power over me than you imagine. If you could conceive all the Tenderness and Force of our Friendship, what a miserable Object of Pity would you find me! Should I thus treat *Don Fadrique*, who has hidden nothing from me? My Interests are become his, and the least Concerns of mine never escape his vigilant Care; to say all in a Word, I share his Soul with you. Alas! if you would have had me accepted your Favours, you should have shewn them before I had enter'd into such strict Bonds of Friendship: Then, charm'd with the Happiness of pleasing you, I should have look'd on *Mendoça* with no other Eyes than those of a Rival; my Heart, guarded against the Affection he express'd for me, would not have return'd it, and I should not have had those Obligations I have at present to him. But, Madam, 'tis now too late; I have receiv'd all the Services he could render

der me; I have follow'd the Inclination I had for him; Gratitude and Affection have ty'd me up so close, and at last reduc'd me to the cruel Necessity of renouncing the glorious Fortune which you offer me.

Here *Donna Theodora*, whose Eyes were cover'd with Tears, dry'd them up with her Handkerchief. This disturb'd the *Toledan*; he felt his Resolution shaken and decaying; wherefore he said, with a Voice continually interrupted with Sighs, Adieu, Madam, adieu; I must fly, to preserve my Virtue; I cannot bear your Tears, they render you too formidable: I separate myself from you for ever, and deplore the Loss of so many Charms which my inexorable Friendship forces me to sacrifice. These Words ended, he retir'd with the poor Remains of Constancy, which were not a little difficult to retain.

After his Departure the Widow *Cisuentes* was agitated by a thousand confus'd Emotions. She was asham'd of having declar'd her self to a Man whom she could not keep. Yet not being able to doubt but that he was violently seiz'd by the tender Passion, and that the Interest of his Friend alone was what made him refuse the Hand she offer'd, she was so just as to admire so very rare an Instance of Friendship, instead of being offended at it. Notwithstanding which

which she could not avoid being afflicted at missing her desir'd Success, wherefore she resolv'd for the Country on the next Day to divert her Melancholy, or rather to augment it; for Solitude naturally tends rather to strengthen than weaken Love.

Don Juan, on the other side, not finding *Mendoza* in his Apartment, lock'd himself up in his own, abandoning himself wholly to his Grief; for after what he had done for his Friend, he thought he might be allow'd at least to sigh. But *Don Fadrique* soon came to interrupt his Thoughtfulness; and concluding by his Face that he was indispos'd, he discover'd no small Concern; so that *Don Juan*, to remove it, was forc'd to assure him he wanted nothing but Rest. *Mendoza* instantly left him to his Repose, but with such an afflicted Air, as more sensibly touch'd the *Toledan* with his Misfortune. O Heav'n, said he to himself, why must the most tender Friendship in the World occasion all the Misery of my Life!

The following Day *Don Fadrique* was not yet risen, when Word was brought him that *Donna Theodora* and her whole Family were gone to her Seat of *Villa Real*, from whence it was not probable they would soon return. This News less disturb'd him on the Pains he knew he should suffer

suffer by the Distance of his belov'd Object, than that her Departure was made a Secret to him. Without knowing what to think, he took it for an ill Presage. He rose to visit his Friend, as well to talk with him concerning it, as to enquire after his Health. But having just got dress'd, *Don Juan* enter'd his Chamber, saying; I come my self to remove the Uneasiness I gave you; I am very well to Day. That good News, answer'd *Mendoça*, a little consoles me after the Ill I have receiv'd. The *Toledan* ask'd what that was, and *Don Fadrique*, after sending away his Servants, said, *Donna Theodora* is this Morning gone into the Country, where 'tis believ'd she intends a long Stay. I am very much surpriz'd at it; why should she hide it from me? What think you of it, *Don Juan*? Have not I reason to be alarm'd at it?

The *Toledan* carefully avoided telling him his real Sentiments, and endeavour'd to persuade him that *Donna Theodora* might go out of Town, without giving any reason for his Fears. But *Mendoça*, very little satisfy'd with the Reasons which his Friend gave to hearten him, interrupted him: All this Discourse, said he, cannot remove the Jealousie I have conceiv'd. Perhaps I may imprudently have done something which may have displeas'd *Donna Theodora*, and
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to punish it, she leaves me without condescending so far as to let me know my Crime. However 'tis, I can't live in this uncertain Condition; *Don Juan*, let's go after her: I will go and get Horses ready. I advise you, said the *Toledan*, not to take any body with you: This Explanation of her Conduct ought to be without Witnesses. *Don Juan* will not be accounted more than proper, reply'd *Don Fadrique*; *Donna Theodora* is not ignorant that you know all that passes in my Heart. She values you; and far from being an Obstacle, you'll be assisting in the appeasing her in my Favour. No, *Don Fadrique*, reply'd he, my Presence cannot be serviceable to you; I therefore conjure you to go alone. No, dear *Don Juan*, return'd *Mendoza*, we will go together, I expect this Complaisance from your Friendship. How tyrannical is that! cry'd the *Toledan* with an Air of Grief; why do you exact from my Friendship what it ought not to grant you?

These Words which *Don Fadrique* did not comprehend, and the warmth with which they were utter'd, strangely surpriz'd him. He look'd very intently on his Friend. *Don Juan*, said he, what is the Meaning of those Words I have just heard? What horrid Suspicion rises in my Mind! Ah, you too much afflict me by
your

your too great Constraint ! Speak ; what is the Cause of the Unwillingness to go along with me, which you express'd ? I would willingly hide it from you, answer'd the *Toledan* ; but since you your self force me to discover it, I must no longer conceal it. Let's us never more, *Don Fadrique*, applaud the Agreement betwixt our Affections ; it is but too perfect. The Beauty which has wounded you, has not spar'd your Friend *Donna Theodora*—— You will then be my Rival ! interrupted *Mendoza* turning pale. Ever since I discern'd my Love, return'd *Don Juan*, I have struggled against it. I have continually avoided the sight of the Widow *Cifuentes*, you know it, and your self have blam'd me for it : I triumph'd at least over my Passion, tho' I could not destroy it ; but Yesterday that Lady sent to acquaint me, that she desir'd to speak with me at her House. I went ; she ask'd why I seem'd to avoid her. At last I was forc'd to discover the true Cause ; believing that after that Declaration she would approve my Intention of always flying the Sight of her ; but by a fantastical Turn of my ill Stars : Shall I tell you ? Yes, *Mendoza*, I must tell you, I found *Donna Theodora* passionately prepossess'd with a Passion for me.

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Tho' *Don Fadrique* was the best natur'd and most reasonable Man in the World, he was seiz'd with a Fit of Rage at these Words; and here interrupting his Friend: Hold, *Don Juan*, said he, rather pierce my Breast, than pursue this fatal Recital. You are not contented with owning your self my Rival, but also inform me that she loves you: Just Heav'n, what is it that you venture to impart to me! You put our Friendship to too severe a Trial. But why do I say our Friendship? you have long since violated it by encouraging the perfidious Sentiments you have now declar'd to me. How much was I mistaken? I thought you Generous and Magnanimous, but find you a faithless Friend, since you can entertain a Passion which wounds me; I am sinking under this unexpected Blow, which I feel the heavier for being given by a Hand—— In the Name of God, *Mendoza*, interrupted the *Toledan* in his turn, allow your self a Moment's Patience; I am not a false Friend: Hear me, and you will repent calling me by that odious Name.

He then related what had pass'd between the Widow *Cifuentes* and him; the tender owning of her Passion, and the Persuasions she us'd to engage him to yield without scruple to his Love. He repeated

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his Answer; and as he advanc'd in the Relation of what a firm Resolution he discover'd, by the same Degrees *Don Fadrique* perceiv'd his Anger to wear off. At last, adds *Don Juan*, Friendship overcame Love, and I refus'd to give my Faith to *Donna Theodora*. She wept in angry Despite; but, great God, how insupportable was the Grief which her Tears occasion'd! I can never remember them without trembling afresh at the Danger I ran. I began to believe my self barbarous; and for some Moments, *Mendoça*, my Heart became unfaithful to you. I did not yet yield to my Weakness, but escap'd those dangerous Tears by a hasty Flight. But 'tis not enough to have avoided this Danger, it ought to be fear'd for the future; I must hasten my Departure: I will no more expose my self to *Theodora's* Eyes. After all this, will *Don Fadrique* any more accuse me of Ingratitude and Perfidiousness?

No, reply'd *Mendoça*, embracing him, I return you all your Innocence; my Eyes are open, pardon the unjust Reproaches of a Lover who had lost all his Hopes. Alas, ought I to think that *Donna Theodora* could see you long without loving you, and yielding to those Charms whose Power I have my self try'd? You are a
true

true Friend; I will no more charge my Misery on any thing but Fortune; and far from hating you, I feel my Tenderness for you increase each Minute. Ah! you renounce the Possession of *Donna Theodora*! You offer up to Friendship such a great Sacrifice, and should I not be touch'd with it! You can conquer your Love, and shall not I make an Effort to restrain mine! I ought to equal you in Generosity: *Don Juan*, follow the Inclination which draws you; marry the Widow *Cifuentes*; let my Heart, if it will, sigh. You press me in vain, reply'd the *Toledan*; I confess I have a violent Passion for her; but your Repose is dearer to me than my own Happiness. Ought then, answer'd *Don Fadrique*, *Donna Theodora's* Repose to be indifferent? Let's not flatter our selves; the Inclination she has for you decides my Fate. Tho' you should remove your self, tho' to yield her to me you should spend a deplorable Life in far distant Countries, I should be never the better for it; since, as she never yet was pleas'd with me, she never will: Heav'n has reserv'd that Glory for you alone; she lov'd you from the first Moment she saw you; she has a natural Inclination for you: In a Word, she cannot be happy without you. Accept then the Hand which she offers, accomplish her Desires,

fires, and your own: Leave me to my ill Fortune, and don't make all three miserable, when one may exhaust all the Rigour of Destiny.

Asmodeo was here oblig'd to interrupt his Discourse to hearken to the Scholar, who said, What you tell me is surprizing; are there really any People in the World of this extraordinary Character? I see no Friends in the World who don't quarrel, I don't say for such Mistresses as *Theodora*, but even for Coquetting Jilts. Can a Lover renounce the Object which he adores, and which loves him, to avoid rendring a Friend unhappy? I don't believe it possible in Nature, 'twill pass no where but in a Romance. I agree with you, answer'd the Devil, that 'tis not very common; but 'tis not only to be found in Romances, but in the sublime Nature of Man, and that since the Deluge, in which Compass I have known three Instances of it, besides this. But to return to our Story.

The two Friends continu'd to sacrifice their Passion, and the one resolving not to yield in Point of Generosity, their amorous Sentiments remain'd suspended for some Days. They ceas'd to speak of *Donna Theodora*, they durst not mention her Name. But whilst Friendship thus triumph'd

umph'd over Love in the City of *Valencia*; Love, as tho' he would revenge himself, reign'd at another Place with a tyrannick Sway, and forc'd an absolute Obedience without the least Resistance.

Donna Theodora abandon'd her self to that tender Passion at her Seat of *Villa Real*, situate near the Sea; she incessantly thought of *Don Juan*, and could not but hope she should marry him, tho' she had no reason to expect it, after the rigid Sentiments of Friendship for *Don Fadrique* which he discover'd.

One Day, after Sun-set, as she was diverting her self by walking on the Sea side with one of her Women, she perceiv'd a small Shalop just got to Shore. At first sight there seem'd to be on board seven or eight very ill-look'd Fellows; but after having look'd on them nearer, and observ'd them with more Attention, she concluded that they had mistaken Masks for Faces; accordingly they were really mask'd, and arm'd with Swords and Bayonets. She trembled at their frightful Aspects, and from thence fearing that the Descent which they were going to make boaded no good, she return'd hastily to her House. She look'd back from time to time to observe them, and perceiving that they were landed, and began to pursue her, she ran as fast

as she could; but not being so nimble footed as *Athalanta*, and the mask'd Men being strong and swift, they overtook her at her own Door, and there seiz'd her.

The Lady and her Woman shriek'd out so loud that they drew some Domesticks thither, who alarm'd the whole House, and all *Donna Theodora's* Footmen ran thither arm'd with Forks and Clubs. Whilst two of the lustiest of the mask'd Gang, after having seiz'd in their Arms the Mistress and the Maid, carry'd them to the Shalop, mauer all their Resistance, the Remainder made head against the Family, who began to press very hard upon them. The Fight was long; but at last the Maskers succeeded in their Enterprize, and regain'd their Shalop, fighting as they retreated. 'Twas now time they should retire, for they were not embark'd before they saw coming from the *Valencia* Road four or five Cavaliers, who rode full Speed that way, and seem'd to come to the Relief of *Donna Theodora*. At this sight they made so much haste to get out to Sea, that all the Cavaliers Endeavours were in vain.

These Cavaliers were *Don Fradrique* and *Don Juan*. The first of them had receiv'd a Letter, by which he was advis'd, that 'twas reported by good Hands that *Don Alvaro Ponce* was at the Isle of *Majorca*;

jorca; that he had equipp'd a sort of Tartane, and assisted by twenty Men of desperate Fortunes, he design'd to seize and carry off the Widow *Cifuentes*, the first time she should be at her Country Seat. On this News the *Toledan* and he, with their *Valets de Chambre*, instantly set out, to acquaint *Donna Theodora* with this News. At a good distance they observ'd a very great Number of People on the Seashore, who seem'd engag'd against one another; and not doubting but that it was as they fear'd, they spurr'd on their Horses full speed to oppose *Don Alvaro's* Project. But whatever Haste they could make, they arriv'd only soon enough to be Witnesses of the Rape which they design'd to have prevented.

In the mean time *Alvaro Ponce*, trusting to the Success of his audacious Attempt, made off from the Coast with his Prey; and his Shalop reach'd a small arm'd Vessel, which expected him out at Sea. 'Tis not possible to be sensible of a greater Sorrow than that which *Mendoza* and *Don Juan* felt. They pour'd out a thousand Imprecations against the Ravisher, and fill'd the Air with Complaints as lamentable as vain. All the Domesticks of *Donna Theodora*, animated by such excellent Examples, did not spare their Tears. The

Shore resounded with mourning Cries; Rage, Despair and Desolation reign'd on the melancholy Strand; nor did the Rape of *Helen* occasion a greater Consternation in the *Spartan* Court.

C H A P. XIV.

Of the Broil betwixt a Tragick and Comick Author.

HERE the Scholar could not help interrupting the Devil: Signior *Asmodeo*, said he, tho' the Story you are telling is extreamly moving, yet I am not able to resist my earnest Desire to know the Meaning of what I there see. I discern two Men in their Shirts in a Chamber, pulling and tearing each other by the Hair, and several Men in their Night-Gowns endeavouring to part them. Those Persons whom you see fighting in their Shirts, answer'd the Devil, are two *French* Authors; and those who are parting them are two *Germans*, a *Dutchman*, and an *Italian*, all which are lodg'd in the same Inn, which is frequented by none but *Foreigners*.

One

One of these Authors writes Tragedies, and the other Comedies. The first, attracted by his Curiosity to see *Spain*, crouded himself into the *French* Ambassador's Retinue; and the other, discontented with his Circumstances at *Paris*, came to *Madrid* in quest of a better Fortune; and if these Authors Quarrel is really Comical, the Cause of it is much more so. The Tragick Poet is really a diverting Original, who has spoil'd his Genius by reading the Antients, which sometimes makes great Fools, as well as great Men. To keep his Muse in breath, he writes every Day. Not being able to sleep this Night, he began a Play, whose Plot is taken from *Homer's Iliad*. He has finish'd but one Scene; and his least Fault being that of the rest of the Poets, an impertinent Inclination to pester other People with their Performances, he rises, snatches up his Candle, and in his Shirt knocks very hard at the Chamber-Door of the Comick Author, then asleep; but soon waking at the Noise, open'd the Door to the other, who said, entring the Room like a Man possess'd, Fall down, my Friend, fall at my Feet, and adore a Genius which *Melpomene* has honour'd. I have just brought forth some Verses—— But why do I say I have just done it? 'Tis *Apollo* himself which dictated them to me.

If

If I were at *Paris*, I would this Day read them from House to House, and I wait only for Day-light to charm Monsieur, the Ambassador, and all the *French* at *Madrid* with them. But before I shew them to any body, I will repeat them to you.

I thank you for the Preference, answer'd the Comick Author, with a powerful Yawn; but the worst on't is, that you have chosen an unseasonable Time, when I am so very sleepy, that I will not promise to hear all the Verses you have to repeat without Nodding. Oh, I'll answer for that, reply'd the Tragick Author; tho' you were dead, the Scene which I have just now written would restore you to Life again. My Versification is not a Rhapsody of stale common Thoughts and trivial Expressions, supported barely by Rime: 'Tis a noble Masculine Poem, which moves the Heart, and strikes the Intellect. I am none of those Poetasters, those petty Authors who publish the wretched Trifles which result from their own barren Genius; but I have drawn mine from the grand Springs, and will venture a Wager that I have not put one Thought into my Tragedies, which is not in some *Greek* Author. I would not be understood to mean that I steal from the Antients; no; but by vertue of reading the *Sophocles's* and the *Euripides's*, the *Homers*

mers and the *Pindars*, I have render'd those great Men so familiar to me, or rather my favourable Stars so perfectly inspir'd me with their Genius at the Moment of my Birth, that if by an uncommon Misfortune we should lose the Remains of their Works which we now have, they would be found again in my Writings. You shall judge your self. But hear my Tragedy. The Death of *Patroclus*. Scene the first. *Briseis* and other of *Achilles's* Captives appear tearing their Hair, and beating their Breasts, to express their Grief for the Death of *Patroclus*. Wholly unable to support themselves, being utterly dispirited by Despair, they fall down on the Stage. This will be new and extreamly moving; *Phænix*, *Achilles's* Governor, is with them, and opens the *Drama* with these Verses.

*Priam shall lose his Hector and his Troy;
Achilles to revenge his Friend prepares:
See glitt'ring thro' the Air on every side,
Pikes, Lances, Helmets, Cuirasses and Darts.
The rattling Hail in less abundance pours.
The Greeks all swear t' appease Patroclus
Ghost.*

*Fierce Agamemnon, and divine Camelus,
Old honour'd Nestor, equal to the Gods,
Leontes, dextrous at the manag'd Spear,
Strong Diomede, and Silver-tongu'd Ulysses.
And*

*And see! Achilles comes—Godlike he drives
His Steeds immortal towards Troy's proud
Walls,*

*And leaves the distanc'd Winds far off be-
hind;*

*Then thus he shouting cries——O vigorous
Race,*

Podargus, Xanthus, Balius! quick advance!

*And when with Spoil and Carnage we are
tir'd,*

*Haste to regain our Camp,—but not without
your Master.*

*Fleet Xanthus bows his Neck, and thus re-
plies,*

*For Juno gave him Speech—Achilles, know,
Your faithful Horses shall your Will obey;*

But your dark Hour of Fate is drawing near.

He spoke—and now the winged Chariot flies,

Th'exulting Greeks behold, and shouting loud,

*With Sounds of Joy shake all th' adjacent
Coast.*

*Drest in Vulcanian Arms the Conqu'ring
Prince*

*Appears more glitt'ring than the Morning
Star,*

Or than the Sun commencing his Career,

*When he moves on to bless the World with
Day;*

*He flames like Fires which on some Moun-
tain Top*

Are made at Night by the rejoicing Swains.

I stop here, continu'd the Tragick Author, to give you a Moment's breathing-time; for if I should repeat the whole Scene at once, the too great Multiplicity of shining Passages and sublime Thoughts would overcome you. Observe the Beauty and Justice of that Comparison; As bright as Fires made on the Top of a Mountain at Night. Every Body won't discern it; but you, who have Wit and just Sense, you, I say, ought to be ravish'd with it. I am, doubtless, answer'd the Comick Poet with a malicious Smile; nothing is so fine; and I hope you will not forget, in your Tragedy, the Care which *Thetis* took to drive away the Flies from *Patroclus's* Body. I assure you, replies the Tragick Author, 'tis the most proper Incident in the whole Play to furnish pompous Lines.

All my Works, added he, as you see, are stamp'd with the Image of venerable Antiquity; and when I read them, observe how they are applauded! I stop at every Verse to receive their due Praises. I remember I one Day read a Tragedy in a House at *Paris* where the Countess of *Vieillebrune* was, who has an admirable delicate and nice Taste, and scalding Tears trickled down her Cheeks at the first Scene.

At these Words the Comick Author was ready to burst with laughing: Ay, said he, I very well remember that Countess is of that Humour; she is a Woman who can't bear Comedy; she has such an utter Aversion for it, that she runs out of the Box as soon as the Musick has done, to vent all her Grief. Tragedy is her favourite Passion; let the Play be good or bad, provided there be unhappy Lovers in it, you are sure of that Lady's Company; and to be free with you, if I wrote serious Poems, I should be glad of other Applauders than her Ladyship. Oh, I have others also, said the Tragick Poet, I have the Approbation of the Learned. I had rather have that of the Pit, return'd the Comick Author. Fie, fie, reply'd the other, I don't write for the Pit; I labour only for the Learned and the Court: I wish the Pit would do Justice; that Part of the Audience has no manner of Right to judge of my Poems, which are above their Jurisdiction: I wish it would content it self with the Exercise of its Tyranny in judging Comedies, which is its Province. Comedies being but Trifles, wretched, feeble Productions of Wit——Not so fast, good Sir, interrupted the other Author, stop a little, if you please: You don't think how you rave. You speak contemptibly of Comedy!

medy! Do you believe a Comick Piece less difficult to write than a Tragedy? or that 'tis easier to make well-bred People laugh than cry? Undeceive your self, and be assur'd that an ingenious Subject, which turns on the Manners of Men, does not cost less Pains than the finest Heroick Piece.

Igad, said the Tragick Poet with an Air of Railery, I am surpriz'd to hear you express your self thus: But, Monsieur *Calidas*, to avoid all Dispute, I will for the future like your Works, tho' I have hitherto despis'd them. I don't value your Contempt, Monsier *Lorgicles*, hastily return'd the Comick Author; and to answer your insolent Airs, which you have also drawn from the grand Springs, I will now tell you, in my turn, what I think of your Works. The Verses you have just recited are ridiculous, and the Thoughts, tho' taken out of *Homer*, are nevertheless flat. *Achilles* talks to his Horses, and his Horses answer him; that's a mean, low Image, as well as the Comparison of the Fire the Peasants make on a Mountain. To pillage the Antients in this manner, is not to do them any Honour; in your Works you confound the Beauties which Time formerly respected, with those it has since destroy'd; and paint the Manners of
former

former Ages, without accommodating your self to the Delicacy of our own. Your *Greek* Authors indeed abound with admirable Beauties, but more Sense and a better Taste than you have is requisite to make a happy Choice of what ought to be borrow'd from them. That is the Difference betwixt the great *Racine*, and those who, like you, render themselves ridiculous by keeping too scrupulously close to the *Greek* Words.

Since your Genius is not sufficiently elevated to discern the Beauties of my Poem, and to punish your Rashness in presuming to criticize on my Scene, you shall not hear a Line more of it. I have been too severely punish'd, return'd *Calidas*, in hearing the Beginning. It becomes you indeed very well to despise my Comedies! Know then, that the very worst I could ever write, will always appear far superior to your best Pieces. Assure your self, 'tis much easier to take a Flight, and soar on lofty Subjects, than to hit upon a delicate nice Raillery; and to prove that I am convinc'd of what I say, when I return to *France*, if I do not succeed in Comedy, I will descend to the writing of Tragedy.

For a Farce Scribler, interrupted the Grave Author, you have indeed a great deal of Vanity. For a most wretched Ver-
sifier,

fifier, said the Comick Author, you have really an extravagant Opinion of your self. You are an insolent Fellow, reply'd *Longicles*; I tell you, diminutive Monsieur *Calidas*, if I was not in your Chamber, the Catastrophe of this Adventure should teach you how to respect the Buskin. Oh, let not that Consideration withhold you, great Monsieur *Longicles*, answer'd *Calidas*; if you have a mind to fight, I will engage you here as readily as any where else. At these Words they tore one another by the Throat and Hair, and both box'd very warmly, without sparing each other. An *Italian*, who lay in the next Room, heard the whole Dialogue, and by the Noise of the Blows concluded they were fighting. He then rose, and tho' an *Italian*, out of Compassion for them call'd up the House. A *Dutchman* and two *Germans*, whom you see in Morning-Gowns, came along with the *Italian*, to part the Combatants.

This is a very pleasant Fray, said *Don Cleofas*; but by what I see, it is plain that the Tragick Authors in *France* think themselves much more considerable Men than those who write Comedy. Undoubtedly, answer'd *Asmodeo*, the former suppose themselves as much above the latter, as the Heroes of their Tragedies are above the Foot-

Q

men

men in the Comick Plays. Upon what Pretence can they found their Arrogance? reply'd the Scholar; is it that 'tis more difficult to write a Tragedy than a Comedy? No, really, return'd the Devil; my Decision of the Question is, that to form an excellent Plot for a Comedy does not require a less Effort of Genius, than to lay the finest Plan in the World for a Tragedy. But with regard to the working up the Play in the latter, the majestick Grandeur of the Subject supports it, and inspires such noble Thoughts, that the sole Assistance of good Sense is requisite to finish such Tragedies as are at present written in *France*: But to write Comedies with Success at this time of Day, something besides good Sense is requisite. In a Word, lofty Subjects furnish the Writer with almost all that is necessary, whilst in mean Characters he is expected to provide all. According to this Decision, said the Scholar, I conclude that Tragedy, by vertue of its Name, is above Comedy; but in requital, that Comick Authors are to be preferr'd before the Tragick. Let's end this Digression, reply'd the Devil, and I will re-assume the Thread of my Story, which you interrupted.

C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

*The Continuation and Conclusion of the
Story of the Power of Friendship.*

TH^O' *Donna Theodora's* Servants could not hinder her being forc'd away, they yet courageously oppos'd it, and their Resistance was fatal to some of *Alvaro's* Men; amongst others they wounded one so dangerously, that unable to follow his Comerades, he remain'd almost dead on the Sand.

This unfortunate Wretch was known to be one of *Alvaro's* Footmen, and *Donna Theodora's* Servants perceiving that he yet breath'd carry'd him to her House, where they spar'd nothing that could contribute to the Recovery of his Spirits; and they gain'd their End, tho' the great Quantity of Blood which he had lost render'd him extream feeble. To engage him to speak, they promis'd to secure his Life, and not deliver him up to the Severity of Justice, provided he would tell where his Master design'd to carry *Donna Theodora*. Flatter'd by this Promise, tho' in his Condition there appear'd but small Hopes of his ever taking the Benefit of it, he recollected

Q²

his

his little Remainder of Strength, and in a very feeble Tone confirm'd the Advice which *Don Fadrique* had before receiv'd; and added, that *Don Alvaro's* Design was to carry the Widow *Cifuentes* to *Sassari* in the Island of *Sardinia*, where he had a Relation whose Interest and Authority was very great, and who he knew would certainly protect him.

This Confession somewhat abated the Despair of *Mendoza* and the *Toledan*. They left the wounded Man in the House, where he dy'd some Hours after, and returning to *Valencia* consulted what Measures to take. They resolv'd to pursue their common Enemy to the Place of his Retreat. Accordingly they both embark'd very soon after at *Denia* for Port *Mahone*, not doubting their meeting with an Opportunity there of going to the Isle of *Sardinia*. Their Hopes prov'd true, for they were no sooner arriv'd at *Mahone*, than they were inform'd that a Vessel freighted for *Cagliari* was just ready to Sail, and they took the Opportunity.

The Ship put off with the most favourable Wind they could desire; but five or six Hours after they were perfectly becalm'd, and at Night the Wind turning directly contrary, they were oblig'd to steer from one side to the other, without hope

hope of its changing. They steer'd thus for three Days, and on the fourth, at two after Noon, they discover'd a Vessel making all possible Sail to them. They at first took it for a Merchant-man, but observing that it came within Cannon-shot of them without shewing any Colours, they did not doubt but that it was a Pirate.

They were not deceiv'd, it was a *Tunis* Ship which suppos'd that the Christians would yield without fighting; but when they perceiv'd that they clear'd their Ship and prepar'd their Guns, they concluded them in earnest for fighting; wherefore they stopp'd, did the same, and prepar'd to engage. They began to fire, and the Christians seem'd to have some Advantage; but an *Algerine*, larger and provided with more Guns than both the other, coming in the midst of the Action, and taking the Part of the *Tunis* Ship, made full sail to the *Spaniard*, and oblig'd him to sustain the Fire of both Ships.

At this Sight the Christians despairing, and resolving not to continue an Engagement now become too unequal, gave over firing, when there appear'd on the Poop of the *Algerine* a Slave, who cry'd out to them in *Spanish*, that if they expected Quarter they must surrender to the *Algerine*. These Words ended, a *Turk* display'd

play'd the *Algerine* green Taffata Flag with Silver Half-Moons. The Christians, considering that all Resistance would be vain, no longer thought of defending themselves, but yielded with all the Grief which the horrid Idea of Slavery could cause in Freeman; and the Master of the Vessel, fearing a longer Delay might irritate the barbarous Conquerors, took the Colours from the Poop, threw himself into the Pinnacle with some of the Sailors, and went on Board the *Algerine*; and that Pirate sent a parcel of Soldiers to plunder the *Spanish* Ship, as he of *Tunis* likewise gave the same Order to some of his Crew, so that all the Passengers were in an instant disarm'd and search'd, and sent on Board the *Algerine*, where the two Pirates divided their Prey by Lot.

It had been at least a Consolation for *Mendoça* and his Friend, to have both fall'n into the Hands of the same Pirate. Their Chains would have been lighter, if they could have join'd in the bearing them; but Fortune, resolv'd they should experience all her Severity, subjected *Don Fadrique* to the *Tunis* Robber, and *Don Juan* to the *Algerine*. Imagine the Despair that seiz'd these Friends when they saw they were going to part. They threw themselves at the Pirate's Feet, and conjur'd him

him not to separate them. But these Savage Villains, whose Barbarity is Proof against any Sight, could not be mov'd; but on the contrary, concluding these two Captives to be considerable Men, who could pay a large Ransom, they resolv'd to keep them, as they were, divided.

Mendoza and the *Toledan*, seeing they could not soften these merciless Wretches, cast their Eyes on each other, and by their Looks express'd the Excess of their Affliction. But when the whole Booty was divided, and the *Tunis* Pirate was going to return on Board his own Ship with his Slaves, the two Friends were ready to expire with Grief. *Mendoza* ran to the *Toledan*, and clasping him in his Arms, We must then, said he, separate; Oh terrible Necessity! Is it not enough that the audacious Villainy of a Ravisher remain unpunish'd, but we must be incapacitated to unite our Complaints and Sorrows? Ah! *Don Juan*, what have we done to Heav'n, that we must in such a cruel manner experience its heavy Displeasure? Ah, look no where else for the Cause of our Misfortunes, answer'd *Don Juan*, they ought only to be imputed to me; the Death of the two Persons which I sacrific'd, tho' excusable in Mens Eyes, must undoubtedly have irritated Heav'n, which punishes

you for having engag'd in Friendship
with a miserable Wretch whom Justice
pursues.

At these Words they both shower'd down Tears in great abundance, and sigh'd with such violence, that the other Slaves were not less touch'd with their Grief than their own Misfortune. But the *Tunis* Soldiers, yet more barbarous than their Master, observing that *Mendoza* did not haste to the Vessel, brutally snatch'd him out of the *Toledan's* Arms, and forc'd him along with them, loading him with Blows. Adieu, dear Friend, cry'd he, I shall never see you more! *Donna Theodora* is not yet reveng'd; the Ills which I expect from these cruel Men will be the least of the Sufferings of my Slavery. *Don Juan* could not answer these Words; the Treatment which he saw his Friend receive threw him into a Fit that render'd him speechless. The Order of the Story requiring us to follow the *Toledan*, we will leave *Don Fadrique* on board the *Tunis* Ship.

The *Algerine* return'd to his Country, where being arriv'd, he carry'd the new Slaves to the *Basha*, and thence to the publick Slave-Market. An Officer belonging to the Dey *Mezzomorto* bought *Don Juan* for his Master, and set him to work in the Gardens belonging to *Mezzomorto's* * *Haram*.

* *Haram*. Tho' this Employ must needs prove very painful to a Gentleman, yet the Solitude, which it requir'd, render'd it agreeable; for in his present Circumstances nothing could more divert him than the Reflection on his Misfortunes; on which he incessantly employ'd his Thoughts, and was so far from endeavouring to dislodge these most afflicting Images, that he seem'd to take Pleasure in the Remembrance of them.

One Day, not perceiving the Dey, who was walking in the Garden, he sung a melancholy Song as he was working; *Mezzomorto* stopp'd to listen to it, and being very well pleas'd with the Voice, came up to him and ask'd him his Name. The *Toledan* told him 'twas *Alvaro*; for when he was sold to the Dey, he thought fit to change his Name, pursuant to the Custom of other Slaves, and hit upon that first, by reason the Rape of *Theodora* by *Alvaro Ponce* was continually in his Mind.

Mezzomorto, who understood *Spanish* indifferently well, put several Questions to him concerning the Customs of *Spain*, and particularly concerning the Measures the
Men

* *Haram* is the Name given to all private Persons Seraglio's; none but that of the Grand Seignior being properly call'd the Seraglio.

Men took to render themselves agreeable to the Women: To all which *Don Juan* return'd such Answers as very well satisfy'd the Dey

Alvaro, said he to him, you seem not to want Sense, and indeed I don't take you for a common Man; but whatever you are, you have the good Fortune to please me, and I will honour you so far as to make you my Confident. *Don Juan* at these Words prostrated himself at the Dey's Feet, and after having taken up the lowest Border of his Robe, with it touch'd his Eyes, Mouth and Head. To begin with giving you some Marks of it, reply'd *Mezzomorto*, I will tell you that I have the finest Women in *Europe* in my *Seraglio*; amongst them I have one which is beyond all sort of comparison, and I don't believe that the *Grand Visier*, or the *Grand Seignior* himself, is Possessor of a more perfect Beauty, tho' his Ships continually bring him Women from all Parts of the World. Her Face to me seems the Sun reflected; her Eyes *Venus's* two Stars; each of her Eye-brows may pass for *Sagittarius's* Bow, and her Shape is as exact as that of the Rose-tree in the Garden of *Eram*: You may see that I am enchanted. But this Miracle of Nature, tho' enrich'd with such rare Beauty, gives her self wholly
up

up to a fatal Grief, which neither Time nor my Love can dissipate; and tho' Fortune has subjected her to my Desires, I have not yet satisfy'd them. I have constantly bridled them, and contrary to the common Custom of Men in my Circumstances, which aim no farther than sensual Pleasures, I have endeavour'd to gain her Heart by such a Complaisance and profound Respect as the meanest *Musulman* would be asham'd of ever owning to a Christian Slave; yet all my Tendernefs only encreases her Melancholy, and her Obstinacy begins at last to tire me. The Idea of Slavery is not graven in such deep Tracks in others, and even those were soon effac'd by my favourable Treatment of her. This tedious Grief fatigues my Patience; but before I yield to the violent Transports of Love, I must make one Effort more, in which I would use your Assistance; the Slave being a Christian and of your Nation, may make you her Confident, and you may persuade her better than any other. Advantageously represent to her my Quality and Riches; tell her that I will distinguish her from all my Slaves; engage her to consider, if necessary, that she may one Day become the Wife of *Mezzomorto*; and assure her that I shall have a greater Value for her than for

a *Sultana*, if her Highness should please to tender me her self.

Don Juan a second time prostrated himself at the Dey's Feet, and tho' not very well pleas'd with his Commission, assur'd him that he would do his best to acquit himself in the Performance. 'Tis enough, reply'd *Mezzomorto*; leave your Work and follow me. I will order it that you shall speak with this beautiful Slave alone; but have a care how you abuse that Trust, which if you do, your Rashness shall be punish'd by Tortures unknown even to *Turks* themselves: Endeavour to overcome your Melancholy, and know that your Liberty is annex'd to the End of my Sufferings. *Don Juan* left off working, and follow'd the Dey, who was gone before to dispose the afflicted Captive to admit his Agent. She was with two old Slaves, who retir'd at his Approach. The charming Slave saluted him with profound Respect; but could not help trembling, for fear of what might happen to her, every Visit he made. He perceiv'd it, and to dissipate her Fears, Fair Captive, said he, I come hither at present for no other reason than to tell you that I have a *Spaniard* amongst my Slaves, which perhaps you may be glad to talk with; if you desire to see him,

him, I will give you leave to speak with him, and that also without any Witnesses.

The beautiful Slave having discover'd that she earnestly desir'd it ; I will immediately send him to you, reply'd *Mezzomorto*, if his Discourse can assuage your Grievs. These Words ended, he order'd the two old Slaves which serv'd her another way, and afterwards himself quitted her Apartment, and meeting the *Toledan*, he whisper'd to him, You may enter, and after you have talk'd with the fair Slave, come to my Apartment, and give me an Account of your Success.

Don Juan enter'd the Chamber, and saluted the Slave, without fixing his Eyes on her ; and she receiv'd his Salutation, without looking very intently on him. But beginning to look on each other more earnestly, they burst out into Tears of Surprise and Joy. O God, said the *Toledan*, approaching her, am I not deluded by a Phantome? Is it really *Donna Theodora* which I see? Ah, *Don Juan*, cry'd the Fair Slave, is it you that speak to me? Yes, Madam, answer'd he, tenderly kissing one of her Hands, 'tis *Don Juan* himself. You may know me by the Tears which my Eyes, charm'd with the Happiness of seeing you again, cannot restrain : At the Transports of Joy which your Presence is only capable

capable of exciting, I have done murmuring at Fortune, since she has restor'd you to my Wishes——But whither does my immoderate Joy hurry me? Alas! I forget that you are in Chains! What strange Caprice of Fortune brought you hither? How did you escape *Don Alvaro's* rash Passion? Ah, what dismal Alarms does that give me! And how much am I afraid that Heav'n has not sufficiently protected your Virtue!

Heav'n, said *Donna Theodora*, has reveng'd me of *Alvaro Ponce*. If I had time to tell you——you have enough, interrupted *Don Juan*. The Dey has permitted me to be with you, and what may surprize you, to talk with you alone. Let's make the best Use of these happy Moments, and pray acquaint me with all that has happen'd to you, from the time of your Seizure, to this present. Ah, who told you that it was *Don Alvaro* that seiz'd me? I know it but too well, return'd *Don Juan*. Then he succinctly related how he was inform'd of it, and how *Mendoza* and he embark'd in search of the Ravisher, and were taken by Pyrates. After which *Donna Theodora* immediately began the Recital of her Adventures in these Words,

'Tis needless to tell you that I was extremely surpriz'd to find my self seiz'd by a Troop of mask'd Men. I swooned away

way in the Arms of him that carry'd me off, and when I got out of my Fit, which doubtless was very long, I found my self alone with *Ines*, one of my Women, at Sea in a Cabin of a Vessel under Sail. *Ines* exhorted me to Patience, and by her Discourse gave me room to conclude that she had a Correspondence with my Ravisher; who then presum'd to shew himself to me, and throwing himself at my Feet: Madam, said he, pardon the way *Don Alvaro* has taken to possess you. You know what tender Addresses I made to you, and with what Constancy I disputed your Heart with *Don Fadrique*, to the Time that you gave him the Preference. If my Passion for you had only been a common one, I had conquer'd it, and comforted my self under the Misfortune; but I am destin'd to adore your Charms; and, scorn'd as I am, I cannot free my self from their Power. But yet don't fear that my Love will offer any Violence. I did not make this Attempt on your Liberty, to affright your Virtue by base Means; no, all I pretend to in the Retirement whither I am conveying you, is, that an eternal and sacred Knot may bind our Destinies.

He said several other things which I cannot well remember, they tend'd to hint that he thought, in forcing me to marry

ry him, he did not tyrannise; and that I ought rather to look upon him as a Passionate Lover, than an Insolent Ravisher. Whilst he spake, I did nothing but weep and despair: Wherefore, without losing time in Endeavours to persuade me, he left me. But at his Retiring, made a Sign to *Ines*, which I discern'd was his Order to her to reinforce with Address those Arguments, with which he design'd to dazle my Reason.

She acted her Part to the full: She suggested to me, that after the Noise of a Rape, I must of necessity be forc'd to accept *Don Alvaro's* Offer, how great soever my Aversion for him might be. That my Reputation demanded this Sacrifice of my Heart. The laying me under the Necessity of such a hideous Marriage, not being the Way to dry up my Tears, I remain'd inconsolable. *Ines* did not know what to say to me farther, when on a sudden we heard a great Noise on the Deck, which engag'd all our Attention.

This was occasion'd by the Surprize of *Don Alvaro's* Men, at the sight of a large Vessel making all possible Sail towards us. Our Ship not being so good a Sailor as that, 'twas impossible for us to avoid it. He came up with us, and immediately we heard a crying To Wind-ward, to Wind-ward.

ward. But *Alvaro Ponce* and his Men, chusing rather to die than yield, ventur'd to dispute their Liberty with the Enemy. The Action was very sharp; I will not run into Particulars, but only acquaint you that *Don Alvaro* and all his Men were kill'd, after having fought with utmost Desperacy. As for us, we were conducted into the great Ship which belong'd to *Mezzomorto*, and was commanded by *Aby Aly Osman*, one of his Officers.

Aby Aly earnestly look'd at me with Surprise, and knowing by my Dress that I was a *Spanish* Woman, he said to me in the *Castilian* Tongue: Moderate your Grief for being fallen into Slavery, 'tis a Misfortune which was inevitable: But why do I call it a Misfortune! 'Tis an Advantage, for which you ought to applaud your happy Stars; you are too charming to be confin'd only to be obey'd by Christians: Heav'n never form'd you for those wretched Mortals: None but *Musulmen* are worthy to enjoy you. I will, adds he, return to *Algier*. Tho' I have taken no other Prize, I am perswaded that the Dey, my Master, will be pleas'd with this Expedition; nor can I fear his blaming my Impatience, to put into his Hands, a Beauty which will afford him such delicious Pleasures, and be the whole Ornament of his *Seraglio*.

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At these Words, which discover'd what I had to expect, my Tears redoubled. *Aby Aly*, who look'd on the Reason of my Fright with another Eye than mine, only laugh'd, and made all the Sail he could towards *Algier*, whilst I afflicted my self beyond all Bounds of Moderation; sometimes I directed my Sighs to Heav'n, and implor'd its Assistance; at others, I wish'd some Christian Ships would attack us, or that the Waves would swallow us up; and after that I wish'd my Grief and Tears might render me so frightful, that the very Sight of me might strike a Horror into the Dey. Vain Desires, alas, resulting from my alarm'd Modesty! We arriv'd at the Port, I was conducted to the Palace, and shewn to *Mezzomorto*. I don't know what *Aby Aly* said when he presented me to his Master, nor what he answer'd, because they spoke *Turkish*; but I fancy'd I could discover, by the Gestures and Looks of the Dey, that I had the Misfortune to please him: And what he afterwards said to me in *Spanish* perfected my Despair, by confirming me in that Opinion. I threw my self in vain at his Feet, and promis'd whatever he pleas'd for my Ransom: I largely tempted his Avarice by the Offer of all my Estate: But he told me that he valu'd me above all the Riches in the World.

He

Chap. XV. *upon Two Sticks.* 235

He caus'd this Apartment, the most magnificent in all his Palace, to be prepar'd for me; and has left no Means unattempted to dispel that Grief which overwhelm'd me; he brought me all the Slaves of both Sexes, that could either sing or play on any Instrument; he remov'd *Ines*, believing she only fed my Melancholy, and I am waited on by old Slaves, who incessantly inculcate to me their Master's Love, and all the Pleasures reserv'd for me.

But all that has been done to divert me serves only to augment my Sorrows; nothing can comfort me. Captive as I am, in this detestable Palace, which every Day resounds with the Cries of oppress'd Innocence, I suffer less by the Loss of my Liberty, than the Terror with which the Dey's odious Passion inspires me. For tho' I have hitherto found no other Treatment from him than that of a complaisant Lover, I am not less affrighted, and very much fear, lest abandoning that Respect which perhaps has hitherto restrain'd him, he should at last abuse his Power. I am continually afflicted by these dreadful Reflections, and every Moment of my Life is a fresh Torment.

Donna Theodora could not end these Words without Showers of Tears, which stabb'd *Don Juan* to the Heart: 'Tis not

without Reason, Madam, said he, that you form such a horrible Idea of what may happen to you: I am as much terrify'd at it as you: The Dey's Respect is nearer its Declension than you imagine; this submissive Lover will soon throw off his feign'd Complaisance: I know it but too well, and know all the Danger you are in: But, continu'd he, changing his Tone, I will not tamely see it; Slave as I am, my Despair is to be fear'd. Before *Mezzomorto* shall force you, I will plunge into his Breast— Ah, *Don Juan*, interrupted *Donna Theodora*, what a dangerous Project are you venturing at? Ah, be extremamly careful that you never put it in Execution. What prodigious Cruelties, great God, will be the Consequences of this Death! Will the *Turks* leave it unreveng'd? Oh! the most dreadful Torments—I cannot think of them without trembling. Besides, is it not to expose your self to an unnecessary Danger? Can you, by killing the Dey, restore my Liberty? Alas, perhaps I may be sold to some villainous Wretch, that may have less Regard for me than *Mezzomorto* has. O Heav'n! you ought to shew your Justice: You know the Dey's brutal Desires; you forbid me the Use of Poison and Sword; it therefore belongs to you to prevent a Crime which offends you.

Yes,

Yes, Madam, reply'd *Don Juan*, Heaven will prevent it: I perceive that it inspires me; what at present occurs to my Mind, is doubtless suggested to me from thence. The Dey gave me leave to see you, for no other Reason than to encline you to yield to his Passion: I am charg'd to give him an Account of our Conversation; but I must deceive him: I will then tell him that you are not inconsolable; that his generous Conduct, with regard to you, begins to assuage your Grievs; and that, if he continues in the same Measures, he ought to hope for whatever he wishes. Accordingly, when he comes to see you again, I wish he might find you less melancholy than ordinary, and feign your being in some measure pleas'd with his Discourse.

Oh horrid Constraint! interrupted *Donna Theodora*; how can a frank and sincere Soul betray it self to that degree? and what Advantage will result from such a painful Dissimulation? The Dey, answer'd he, will please himself with this Alteration, and resolve to gain you wholly by Complaisance. In the interim I will endeavour your Liberty: The Task, I own, is difficult; but I am acquainted with a Slave, whose great Address and Industry may not be unserviceable to us. I leave you, continu'd he; the Affair requires Di-

ligence, and we shall see one another again. I go now to the Dey, whose impetuous Flame I will endeavour to amuse by false Intelligence; and you, Madam, must prepare to receive him. Dissemble; force your Nature: Tho' his Presence offend your Eyes, yet disarm them of Severity and Hatred. Prevail on your Mouth, which only opens it self daily to bewail your Misfortunes, to learn a flattering Tone; and don't fear shewing too much Favour. You must promise every thing, in order to grant nothing. 'Tis enough, reply'd *Donna Theodora*; I will follow all your Directions, since the fatal Evil which threatens me imposes on me this cruel Necessity. Go, *Don Juan*, imploy all your Cares in putting an End to my Slavery. 'Twill be a great Addition to the Pleasure of Liberty, to owe it to you.

The *Toledan*, pursuant to his Orders, waited on *Mezzomorto*, who said with utmost Concern, Well, *Alvaro*, what News do you bring me from the fair Slave? have you dispos'd her to hearken to me? If you tell me that I ought not to flatter my self with the Hopes of ever subduing her cruel Grief, I swear by the Head of the *Grand Seigneur*, my Master, that I will this Day seize by Force what she has hitherto refused to yield to my Complaisance. Sir, answer'd

swer'd *Don Juan*, that inviolable Oath is needless; you will not be forc'd to make use of Violence to satisfy your Love. The Slave is a young Lady who never yet lov'd; she is so proud that she has rejected the Addresses of the greatest Men in *Spain*; she liv'd like a Sovereign Princess in her own Country, and is a Captive here. A haughty Mind long resents the great Difference betwixt these Conditions; yet, Sir, this proud *Spanish* Lady will by degrees grow familiar with Slavery, and I dare venture to tell you that already her Chains begin to be lighter. The great Deference you have always shew'd her, and the respectful Cares which she did not expect from you, have somewhat abated her Sorrows, and do by little and little tame her Pride. Sooth this favourable Disposition, and compleat the Conquest of this fair Slave by fresh Marks of Respect, and you will soon find her yield to your Desires, and lose the Love of Liberty in your Arms.

Your Words ravish me, reply'd the Dey: The Hopes which you have given me are sufficient to engage me to do any thing. Yes, I will restrain my impatient Desires, to satisfy them the better. But don't deceive me; or art thou not thy self deceiv'd? I'll immediately go talk with her, and see whether I can discover in her Eyes those

flattering Appearances which you have observ'd. These Words ended, he went to *Donna Theodora*; and *Don Juan* return'd to the Garden, where he met the Gard'ner, who was the dextrous Slave whose Industry he promis'd to use to set the Widow *Cifuentes* at Liberty.

The Gard'ner, whose Name was *Francisco*, was of *Navarre*. He knew *Algier* perfectly well, having serv'd several Patrons before he liv'd with the Dey. Friend *Francisco*, said *Don Juan* approaching him, I am extreamly afflicted at what I have seen: There is in this Palace a young Lady of the first Quality in *Valencia*, she has entreated *Mezzomorto* to set his own Price on her Ransom; but he will not part with her, because he is in Love with her. Alas, why does that trouble you so much? said *Francisco*. Because I am of the same City, reply'd the *Toledan*; her Relations and mine are intimate Friends, and I am no ways able to contribute to her Deliverance. Tho' 'tis no very easie thing, reply'd *Francisco*, I dare engage to accomplish it, if this Lady's Relations will be pleased to pay very well for this piece of Service. Don't doubt it, in the least, return'd *Don Juan*; I will be responsible for their Acknowledgments, but more especially for her own Gratitude. Her Name
is

is *Donna Theodora*; she is the Widow of a Man which has left her a very great Estate, and she is as Generous as Rich. I am a *Spanish* Gentleman, and my Word ought to satisfy you. Well, reply'd the Gard'ner, I will depend on your Promises, and go look for a Runagate *Catalan* of my Acquaintance, and propose it to him—— What do you say? interrupted the *Toledan*, very much surpriz'd; Can you rely on a Wretch, who has not been ashamed to abandon his Religion for—— Tho' a Runagate, interrupted *Francisco* in his turn, he is yet an honest Man, who deserves rather to be pity'd than hated; and if his Crime can admit of any Excuse, I should indeed be willing to think him excusable: I'll tell you his Story in two Words.

He is a Native of *Barcelona*, and a Chyrurgion by Profession: Perceiving that he did not succeed in his Practice, in his Native Place, he resolv'd to settle at *Cartagena*, hoping that he might thrive better by removing. He embark'd then for *Cartagena* with his Mother, but they met an *Algerine* Pirate, who took and brought them hither. They were sold, his Mother to a *Moor*, and he to a *Turk*, who us'd him so very ill that he turn'd *Mahometan* to end his cruel Slavery, as also to procure

procure the Liberty of his Mother, who was very rigorously treated by the *Moor*, her Patron. Then entering himself in the *Basha's* Pay, he made several Voyages, and got four hundred Patacoons, part of which he employ'd in the Ransom of his Mother, and to improve it he intended to rob on the Sea for his own Account.

He became a Captain, and bought a small Vessel without a Deck, and with some *Turkish* Soldiers, who willingly join'd with him, he went to cruise between *Cartagena* and *Alicant*, and return'd laden with Booty. He went out again, and his Voyage succeeded so well, that at last he fitted out a large Vessel, with which he took several considerable Prizes; but his good Fortune failing him, he one Day attack'd an *English* Frigot, who so shatter'd his Ship, that he could scarce regain the Port of *Algier*; and as the People of this Country judge of the Merit of the Pirates, by the Success of their Enterprises, this Runagate began to be despis'd by the *Turks*; and growing very uneasie and melancholy, he sold his Ship and retir'd to a House out of Town, where ever since he has liv'd on the Estate he has left, with his Mother and several Slaves. I frequently visit him, for we liv'd together with the same Patron, and are very great Friends.

He

He has disclos'd to me his most secret Thoughts, and within these three Days he told me, with Tears in his Eyes, that he could never be easie, after he was so unhappy as to deny his Faith ; that to appease the Remorse which incessantly rack'd his Mind, he was sometimes inclin'd to quit the Turban, and hazard being burnt alive, to repair, by a publick Acknowledgment of his Repentance, the Scandal he had cast on the Christians.

This is the Runagate to which I design to address my self, continu'd *Francisco* ; such a Man as this you ought not to suspect. Under Pretence of going to the * *Bagne*, I will go to his House, and suggest to him, that instead of consuming himself with Grief for withdrawing himself from the Bosom of the Church, he ought to think of means of returning to it: That to execute this Design, he need only equip a Ship on pretence that weary of an idle Life, he would return to his old trade of Cruising, and with this Ship we will gain the Coast of *Valencia*, where *Donna Theodora* should give him enough to pass the rest of his Days agreeably at *Barcelona*.

Yes,

* That is, the Place where the Slaves meet.

Yes, dear *Francisco*, cry'd *Don Juan*, transported with the Hopes which the *Navarre* Slave gave him, you may promise the Runagate every thing; you and he shall be sure to be rewarded. But do you believe this Project really practicable in the Manner you have form'd it? It may meet with some Difficulties which I don't foresee, reply'd *Francisco*, but the Runagate and I will remove them. *Alvaro*, added he, as he was leaving him, I have a very good Opinion of our Enterprize, and hope at my Return to bring you good News.

'Twas not without Anxiety that *Don Juan* waited for *Francisco*, who return'd in three or four Hours. I have talk'd with the Runagate, said he, and propos'd our Design to him, and after mature Deliberation, we have agreed that he shall buy a small Ship ready fitted to go out, and it being allow'd to make use of Slaves for Sailors, he shall Man the Vessel with his own; that, to prevent Suspicion, he should engage twelve *Turkish* Soldiers, as tho' he really intended to go out to Cruise; but that two Days before that which he should assign for his Departure, he should embark in the Night with his Slaves, weigh Anchor without any Noise, and come to fetch us on Board with his Skiff, from a little Door of this Garden near the Sea. This is the Plan

Plan of our Enterprize; you may inform the Captive Lady of this, and assure her, that within fifteen Days at farthest, she shall be freed from her Slavery.

How inexpressible was *Don Juan's* Joy, to have such a comfortable Assurance to carry to off *Donna Theodora*! To obtain Permission to see her, he the next Day search'd for *Mezzomorto*, and having found him: Pardon me, my Lord, said he, if I presume to ask you how you found the beautiful Slave. Are you better satisfy'd—I am charm'd, interrupted they Dey. Her Eyes did not turn away from my tenderest Addresses; her Discourse, which always before consisted only of endless Reflections on her Condition, were not intermix'd with any Complaints; but she even seem'd to listen to mine with an obliging Attention. 'Tis to your Endeavours, *Alvaro*, that I owe this Change. I see you know your own Country Women; I will have you talk with her again. Finish what you have so happily begun; exhaust all your Wit and Address to hasten my Felicity, and I will then break your Chains; and I swear by the Soul of our great Prophet, that I will send you home to your own Country so richly laden with Presents, that the Christians when they see thee shall not believe thou return'st from a Slavery.

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The *Toledan* did not fail to flatter *Mezzomorto's* Error; he feign'd himself extreamly sensible of his Promises, and under pretence of hastening the Accomplishment of the Dey's Joys, he hasten'd to see the Fair Slave, whom he found alone in her Apartment, the old Women which attended her being employ'd elsewhere.

He told her what the *Navarre* Slave and the Runagate had contriv'd, on the Credit of the Promises which he made them. 'Twas no small Consolation for *Donna Theodora*, to hear that such proper Measures were taken for her Deliverance. Is it possible, said she, in the Excess of her Joy, that I may hope to see *Valencia*, my dear Country, again? How transporting will the Bliss be, after so many Fears and Dangers, to live at Ease with you? Ah, *Don Juan*, how charming is that Thought! Will you share that Pleasure with me? Do you think, that in delivering me from the Dey, 'tis your Wife which you tear from him?

Alas, answer'd *Don Juan*, with a profound Sigh, those endearing Words would charm me, if the Remembrance of an unhappy Friend did not throw in a Bitterness which spoils all the Sweetness? Pardon me, Madam, that Nicety, and confess also that *Mendoza* deserves your Pity; 'tis for

for your sake that he went from *Valencia*, and lost his Liberty. I can assure you that at *Tunis*, where perhaps Slaves may be worse treated than here, he is less loaded with the Weight of his Chains, than the Despair of ever revenging your Sufferings. He doubtless deserves a better Fate, interrupted *Donna Theodora*; I take Heav'n to witness that I am thoroughly sensible of all that he has done for me. I share with him the Sufferings which I have caus'd; but by the cruel Malignity of the Stars, my Heart can never be the Price of his Services.

This Conversation was interrupted by the Arrival of the two old Women who waited on *Donna Theodora*, when *Don Juan* turn'd the Discourse, and acting the Dey's Confident: Yes, charming Slave, said he to the Widow *Cifuentes*, you have depriv'd him of Liberty, who keeps you in Chains. *Mezzomorto*, your Master and mine, the most engaging, and most amiable of all the *Turks*, is very well pleas'd with you: Continue to treat him favourably, and you will soon see an End of your Griefs. At the End of these last Words he left *Donna Theodora*, who did not comprehend their true Sense.

Affairs remain'd during eight Days in this Posture at the Dey's Palace, whilst the Runagate *Catalan* bought a small Vessel almost

almost wholly fitted for Sailing, and prepar'd for his Departure. But six Days before he was ready to put to Sea, *Don Juan* met with what very much alarm'd his Fears.

Mezzomorto sent for him, and being enter'd his Closet: *Alvaro*, said he, you are free: You may return to *Spain* whenever you please; and the Presents which I promis'd you are ready. I saw the fair Slave to Day, and oh, how vastly different does she appear from the same Person whose Grievs have given me so much Pain! The sense of her Captivity every Day wears off. I found her so Charming, that I have this Moment resolv'd to marry her. She shall be my Wife within the Space of two Days.

At these Words the *Toledan* chang'd Colour, and notwithstanding all the Restraint he laid on himself, could not hide his Disturbance and Surprize from the Dey, who ask'd him the Cause of that Disorder. My Lord, answer'd *Don Juan*, all in Confusion, I am doubtless very much amaz'd, to think that one of the greatest Lords of the *Ottoman* Empire should so debase himself as to marry a Slave. I very well know 'tis not unpresidedated amongst you; but for the illustrious *Mezzomorto*, who may pretend to the Daughter of the principal Officers of the Port,——I allow what
you

you say, interrupted the Dey, I might at the same time aspire to the *Grand Visier's* Daughter, and flatter my self with the Hopes of succeeding my Father-in-Law; but I have an immense Estate, and am not very Ambitious. I prefer the Ease and Pleasures which I enjoy here in my *Visiership*, to that dangerous Honour; to which we are no sooner rais'd, than the Fear of the *Sultans*, and the Jealousie of those near them, who envy us, precipitates us into the lowest Abyss of Misery. Besides, I love my Slave, and her Beauty qualifies her to deserve the Dignity, to which my Affection invites her.

But, adds he, in order to deserve the Honours I design her, she must change her Religion. Do you believe that any ridiculous Prejudices will prevail on her to despise my Offers? No, my Lord, return'd the *Toledan*; I am perswaded that she will sacrifice all to such a high Elevation. But give me leave to tell you, that you ought not to marry her so hastily; do nothing rashly; 'tis not to be doubted, but that the Thoughts of abandoning the Religion suck'd in with her Mother's Milk will startle her at first. Give her then time to consider of it; when she represents to her self, that instead of dishonouring and confining her under a Guard amongst the rest

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of

of your Captives, you join her to your self by such a glorious Marriage, her Gratitude and Vanity will by little and little remove her Scruples. Defer therefore the Execution of your Design for eight Days only. I yield to your Reason, interrupted the Dey; tho' I am so impatient to enjoy the fair Slave, I will yet wait eight Days. Go immediately to her, and dispose her to accomplish my Desires at the Expiration of that time. I desire that the same *Alvaro*, which has so faithfully discharg'd himself with regard to her, have the Honour to offer her my matrimonial Faith.

Don Juan flew to the Apartment of *Donna Theodora*, and inform'd her what pass'd betwixt *Mezzomorto* and him, that she might regulate her self by it. He also told her, that the Runagate's Ship would be ready in six Days; but she telling him that she was in great Pain to know how she should get out of her Apartment, since all the Doors of the Chambers, thro' which she was oblig'd to pass to reach the Stairs, were close shut; You ought not to give your self much Trouble on that account, Madam, said *Don Juan*; one of your Closet Windows opens into the Garden, and from thence you may descend by a Ladder which I will provide you. Accordingly, the six Days being expir'd, *Francisco* advertis'd

vertis'd the *Toledan*, that the Runagate was preparing to depart the next Night; which you very well think was expected with great Impatience. The time came at last, and what render'd it yet more lucky was that it grew very dark. When the Moment destin'd for the Execution of their Enterprize came, *Don Juan* rais'd the Ladder to *Donna Theodora's* Closet Window, who no sooner saw it, than she descended on it with utmost Concern and Haste, and then lean'd on the false *Alvaro*, who conducted her to the little Garden-Door, which open'd on the Sea. They made all possible Haste, and before-hand seem'd to taste the Pleasures of being freed from Slavery; but Fortune, between whom and Lovers there is not always a perfect Agreement, rais'd a more cruel Misfortune than all those which they had hitherto suffer'd, and which they could not foresee.

They were gotten out of the Garden, and hastening to the Sea-side to reach the Boat, which waited for them, when a Man, whom they took for one of their Crew, and which they did not in the least mistrust, came directly to *Don Juan* with a naked Sword, and running him into the Breast: Perfidious *Alvaro Ponce*, cry'd he, 'tis thus that *Don Fadrique de Mendoza* is oblig'd to punish a villainous Ravisher. You don't

deserve that I should attack you like a Man of Honour.

Don Juan could not resist the Force of the Push, which threw him down; and at the same time *Donna Theodora*, whom he supported, seiz'd at once with Amazement, Grief, and the Fright, swooned away on the other side. Ah! *Mendoza*, said the *Toledan*, what have you done? 'Tis *Don Juan* that you have wounded! Just Heav'n, reply'd *Don Fadrique*, is it possible that I should assassinate my best Friend? I forgive you my Death, return'd *Don Juan*; Fate alone is to be blam'd, or rather he design'd thus to put an End to my Miseries. Yes, my dear *Mendoza*, I die contented, since I put into your Hands *Donna Theodora*, who can assure you that my Friendship for you has never been violated. Too generous Friend, said *Don Fadrique*, seiz'd with a violent Despair, you shall not die alone; the same Sword which has been plung'd into your Breast shall punish your Murtherer. Tho' my Mistake may excuse my Crime, it cannot comfort me. At these Words he turn'd the Point of his Sword to his Breast, run it up to the Hilt, and fell upon *Don Juan*, who fainted away, less enfeebled by his lost Blood, than the Surprize of his Friend's Distraction.

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Francisco and the Runagate, who were but ten Paces off, and who had their Reasons which detain'd them from running to the Assistance of the Slave *Alvaro*, were extreamly astonish'd to hear *Don Fadrique's* Words, and to see his last Action. They then found their Mistake, and that the wounded Men were two Friends, and not mortal Enemies, as they thought. They then ran to their Assistance; but finding them senseless, as well as *Donna Theodora*, who yet remain'd in her Swoon, they were at a loss what Measures to take. *Francisco* was of Opinion that they should content themselves by carrying off the Lady, and leave the Gentlemen on the Shoar, where, according to all Appearances, they would immediately die, if they were not yet dead. But the Runagate was not of that Opinion: He concluded they ought not to be left; that their Wounds might perhaps not be mortal, and that he could dress them on Board, where he had all the Instruments of his former Trade, which he had not yet forgotten.

Francisco fell in with his Opinion, and very well knowing of what Importance it was to be expeditious, the Runagate and he, by the Assistance of some Slaves, carry'd into their Skiff the unhappy Widow

Cifuentes, and her two Lovers, yet more unfortunate than she; and in a very few Minutes reach'd their Ship. As soon as they were all gotten on Board, some of them spread their Sails, whilst others on their Knees on the Deck implor'd the Assistance of Heav'n, by the most fervent Petitions which the Fear of being pursu'd by *Mezomorto's* Ships could inspire.

The Runagate, after having charg'd with the Management of the Ship a *French* Slave, who understood it perfectly well, apply'd himself first to *Donna Theodora*, whom he recover'd out of her Swoon, and then took such successful Care of *Don Fadrique* and the *Toledan*, that they also recover'd their Sences. The Widow *Cifuentes*, who fainted away at the Sight of *Don Juan's* being wounded, was very much surpriz'd to find *Mendoza* there; and tho' at the Sight of him she really believ'd that he had fallen on his own Sword, for Grief of having wounded his Friend, yet she could not look on him otherwise than the Murtherer of the Man she lov'd.

'Twas certainly the most moving Scene in the World, to see these three Persons return'd to themselves; and the Condition out of which they had been recover'd, tho' a Resemblance of Death, did not more deserve

serve Pity. *Donna Theodora* earnestly look'd on *Don Juan*, with Eyes in which were painted, in lively Colours, all the Emotions of a Soul overwhelm'd with Grief and Despair. And the two Friends fix'd on her their dying Eyes, feebly uttering the most profound Sighs.

After having for some time kept a Silence equally tender and unhappy, *Don Fadrique* thus broke it, by addressing him to the Widow *Cifuentes*: Madam, said he, before I die, I have yet the Satisfaction to see you deliver'd out of Slavery; would to Heav'n that you were indebted for your Liberty to me: But it has appointed that you should owe that Obligation to the Man which you love. I love that Rival too well to murmur at it, and wish that the Wound which I have been so unhappy as to give him, may not prevent the full Enjoyment of your grateful Acknowledgements. The Lady made no Answer to these Words, but far from being then sensible of the melancholy Fate of *Don Fadrique*, she was only influenced by the Aversion to him, which the present Condition of the *Toledan* had inspir'd.

In the mean time the Chirurgeon prepar'd to examine and probe the Wounds. He began with that of *Don Juan*, and did

not find it dangerous, by reason the Pass had only glanc'd below the left Breast, and had not touch'd any of the nobler Vital Parts. This Report of the Chirurgeon very much abated *Donna Theodora's* Affliction, and equally rejoyc'd *Don Fadrique*; who turning his Head towards that Lady, I am satisfy'd, said he; I leave this Life without Regret, since my Friend is out of Danger: I shall not then die laden with your Hate.

These Words were utter'd with such a moving Air, that *Theodora* was touch'd by them; and as her Fear for *Don Juan* grew over, she ceas'd to hate *Don Fadrique*, and no longer look'd on him otherwise than on a Man which deserv'd her Pity: Ah, *Mendoza*, cry'd she, influenc'd by a generous Transport, let your Wound be dress'd, 'tis not perhaps more dangerous than that of your Friend. Oh, yield to our Cure of your Life; and if I cannot make you happy, at least I will not bestow that Felicity on another; but out of Compassion and Tenderneſs for you, I will with-hold the Hand which I design'd to give *Don Juan*, and offer to you the same Sacrifice which he has made you: Content to reign in both your Hearts, I will live with you in such a Manner that he whom I don't
love

love shall have no Reason to complain of the other.

Don Fadrique was going to reply, but the Chirurgeon, afraid that Speaking might prejudice him, oblig'd him to Silence, and search'd his Wound, which he judg'd mortal, by reason the Sword had pierc'd the upper Part of his Lungs, as he concluded from his excessive Flux of Blood, the Consequence of which was very much to be fear'd. As soon as he had dress'd the Gentlemen he caus'd 'em to be carry'd to his own Cabin, to repose them on two Beds, one next the other, and conducted *Donna Theodora* thither, whose Presence he thought would not be prejudicial to them.

Notwithstanding all this Care *Mendoza* fell into a Feaver, and towards Night the Flux of Blood augmented. The Chirurgeon then told him he was incurable, and inform'd him that if he had any thing to say to his Friend, or *Donna Theodora*, he had no Time to lose. This News strangely afflicted the *Toledan*; but *Don Fadrique* receiv'd it with Indifference. He sent for the Widow *Cifuentes*, who came to him in a Condition much easier to be imagin'd than describ'd.

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Her Face was cover'd with Tears which shower'd down with so much Violence that they disturb'd *Mendoza*. Madam, said he, I am unworthy those precious Tears that you shed? Restrain them, I beg, for a Moment: I ask the same of you, dear *Don Juan*, adds he, observing the insupportable Grief which his Friend shew'd. I know that this Separation must very sensibly afflict you, I am too well acquainted with your Friendship to doubt it; but I beseech both of you to stay 'till my Death, and reserve these Tears to honour it with so many Marks of Tenderness and Pity; suspend your Grief 'till then, since that touches me more than the Loss of my Life. I must acquaint you through what Meanders of Fate I was conducted to this fatal Shore, where I have tainted my self with my Friend's and my own Blood. You must be in Pain to know how I could take *Don Juan* for *Don Alvaro*, but I will immediately inform you, if the small Remainder of Life will allow me to make that melancholy Discovery.

Some Hours after the Ship in which I was had quitted that where I left *Don Juan*, we met a *French Privateer*, which attack'd and took the *Tunis Ship*, and set us on Shore at *Alicant*. I was no sooner at
Liberty

Liberty than I thought of ransoming *Don Juan*, to which end I went to *Valencia* and rais'd Mony; and on Advice that at *Barcelona* there were several Monks of the Order for Redemption of Slaves ready to set out for *Algier*, I resolv'd not to lose this Occasion. But before I left *Valencia*, I entreated *Don Francisco de Mendoza*, my Uncle, to use all his Interest at the Court of *Spain* to obtain a Pardon for my Friend, because my Design was to bring him back with me, and re-establish him in his Estate, which was confiscated after the Death of the Duke of *Naxera*. I went then to *Barcelona*, where I staid not above eight Days before I embark'd with the Monks of the Redemption.

As soon as we were arriv'd at *Algier*, I went to the Places frequented by Slaves; but having run thro' all of them, I did not find what I search'd for. After this I in vain recollected the Faces of the Passengers taken with *Don Juan*, and confronted the Lines of their Features which I could recall to mind, with those Faces that offer'd themselves to my View; but I could not find any Person whom I remember'd to have seen. Not being contented with this, I ask'd all the *Spanish* Slaves I met whether they could inform me of a
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Cavalier of their Nation which answer'd the Description I gave them of you, and taken at such a time. Some told me he must be set at Work in a Country House, and others that perhaps he might be one of the twelve Christian Slaves who were lately impal'd for beating the *Mahometans*; and this was all the Fruit of my Enquiries.

Yet one Day I perceiv'd a young Man looking very earnestly at me, whom I remember'd to be a Youth that formerly serv'd my Uncle. He concluded, at the Sight of me, that I was not a Slave; wherefore approaching me he said, My Lord, may I presume to ask whether you have yet any Remainder of Concern for *Donna Theodora*? When I answer'd him Yes: Since 'tis so, reply'd he, give your self the Trouble of accompanying me, and you shall soon hear of her. I went along with him, and he brought me to his Patron, who is the Runagate *Catalan* to whom this Ship belongs. He talk'd long with him alone; after which the Runagate came to me, and inform'd me that his Slave had just told him my Name; and since he assures me, added he, that we may depend on your Discretion, I will discover to you where a Lady is whose Fate you are concern'd

cern'd for. *Donna Theodora* is a Slave to the Dey, who will not take any Ransom for her, because he loves her.

The Grief which I shew'd at this News mov'd the Runagate: Comfort your self, said he, Signior *Mendoza*; I can assure you *Mezzomorto* has not yet offer'd any Violence to that Lady, and since you are in Love with her, I will make no difficulty of entrusting you with a Secret which 'tis your Interest to conceal. The Dey's Gard'ner is a Slave born at *Navarre*, of my Acquaintance; he has told me that in his Master's Palace is a Lady of *Valencia*, call'd *Donna Theodora*, who offers a very considerable Reward to any Person that shall free her from Slavery. I have undertaken this Deliverance, and am equipping a Vessel which will be ready in few Days, and under Pretext of Cruizing I will make to the Coast of *Spain*, where I will restore this Lady to her Relations. But how, said I, will you get her out of the *Seraglio*? Two of *Mezzomorto*'s Slaves, answer'd he, have undertaken this Task. He of *Navarre*, whom I have mention'd to you, and another of *Valencia*, as I am told; but I have not yet seen the last, tho' by the Character I have heard of him, he seems to be a Man of Quality.

I ask'd the Runagate, with some Concern, if he did not know the latter Slave's Name; 'Tis *Alvaro*, reply'd he, and that is all I know of him. And all that I desire to know, cry'd I, in a Transport; 'tis my Rival! And without asking any farther Questions concerning that Slave, or informing my self whether he was taken with *Donna Theodora*, I did not doubt but that this *Alvaro* was *Alvaro Ponce* himself.

I gave a horrible Character of him to the Runagate, whom I entreated to engage in my Resentment. Assist, said I, both my Hate and my Love. Help me to revenge my self on my Enemy, and put an End to *Donna Theodora's* Captivity; you shall not then have only what she promises, but I will superadd particular Marks of my Gratitude. The Runagate returning no Answer, but seeming thoughtful, I concluded that he was considering whether he should accomplish my Desires; wherefore, to determine him, I presented him with a very fine Diamant Ring which I had on my Finger; but he refus'd it, saying, My Lord, do you believe that I distrust your Promises, or that they are not sufficient to engage me to serve a Gentleman of your Family? If you saw me considering,

sidering, I was only thinking which Way to satisfy you; which will soon be: You need only accompany me on the Night chosen for our Departure, when you may see your Enemy; and after you have reveng'd your self, you shall, if you please, take his Place, and join with us in conducting *Donna Theodora* to *Valencia*.

These Words too much flatter'd my angry Resentment not to ravish me; I thank'd the Runagate for his Zeal for my Service, forc'd him to accept my Diamant Ring, and left him very impatient to see *Don Alvaro* fall by my Hands. Yet this Impatience did not hinder my Search after *Don Juan*; but despairing to hear any News of him, I left Mony for his Ransom in the Hands of an *Italian* Merchant, nam'd *Francisco Capati*, who lives at *Algier*, and undertook his Ransom if he could ever find him.

At last the Night appointed for our Departure and my Revenge came, when I went to the Runagate, who led me to that Part of the Sea-shore behind *Mezzomorto's* Gardens. We stopp'd at a little Door that soon open'd, where came out a Man that made directly to us, which was the *Navarre* Slave. He ask'd the Runagate in what Posture our Affairs were: My Vessel,

fel, answer'd he, has this Minute left the Port, and I expect the Boat here. Accordingly he had no sooner spoke than the Skiff appear'd. I will then, said the *Navarre* Slave, go tell *Alvaro* that he may bring the Lady; at which Words he return'd into the Garden, and some Minutes after came up to us, and pointing with his Finger to a Man and Woman which were coming along: Those who follow me, said he, are *Alvaro* and *Donna Theodora*. At this Sight, enrag'd to the last degree, I drew my Sword, run to the unfortunate *Alvaro*, and persuaded that it was my hateful Rival which I was approaching, I wounded that faithful Friend, whose uncertain Destiny was the Cause of all my Disturbance. But Thanks to Heav'n, continu'd he, in a softer Tone, my Mistake will neither cost him his Life, nor the eternal Tears of *Donna Theodora*.

Ah, *Mendoça*, interrupted the Lady, you injure my Affliction; I shall never comfort my self for the Loss of you; for tho' I should ev'n marry your Friend, 'twould be only uniting our Grievs: Your Love, your Friendship and your Misfortunes would be the whole Subject of our Discourse. 'Tis too much, Madam, reply'd *Don Fadrique*; I am not worthy your so
long

long Mourning for me. Allow, I conjure you, *Don Juan* to marry you, after he shall have reveng'd you of *Alvaro Ponce*. *Don Alvaro* is no more, reply'd the Widow *Cifuentes*; the same Day that he seiz'd me, he was kill'd by the Pirate which took me.

Madam, said *Mendoza*, this News gives me Pleasure: My Friend will the sooner be happy; follow without restraint the Guidance of your mutual Passion. I see with Joy the Moment approaching, which will remove the Obstacle your Compassion and his Generosity hath rais'd, to prevent your mutual Happiness. May all your Days be spent in a Repose and Union, which the Jealousie of Fortune dare not disturb. Adieu, Madam, adieu, *Don Juan*; vouchsafe both of you sometimes to remember a Man, who never lov'd any Body so well as you.

The Lady and the *Toledan*, instead of answering, redoubling their Tears; *Don Fradique*, who perceiv'd it, and found himself very ill; thus continu'd: I grow too tender; Death has already surrounded me, and I forget to supplicate the Divine Goodness, to pardon my having shortned a Life, which it alone ought to have dispos'd of. At the End of these

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Words

Words he lifted up his Eyes to Heav'n, with all the Signs of a sincere Repentance, and the Flux of Blood immediately occasion'd a Suffocation, which carry'd him off.

Then *Don Juan*, hurry'd by his Despair, tore off his Plaisters, and would have render'd his Wounds incurable ; but *Francisco* and the Runagate threw themselves on him, and oppos'd his Distraction; and *Donna Theodora*, terribly affrighted at this furious Transport, assisted them both in diverting *Don Juan* from his Design. She address'd to him with such a moving Air, that returning to himself, he suffer'd his Wound to be again bound up; and at last the Interest of a Lover, by slow Degrees, abated the Rage of a Friend. But if he recover'd his Reason, it serv'd only to prevent the distracted Effects of his Grief, and not to diminish the Sense of it.

The Runagate, who amongst other things he had brought out of *Spain*, had some excellent *Arabian* Balsam, and precious Perfumes, embalm'd *Mendoça's* Body at the Instance of the Lady and *Don Juan*, who assur'd him, that at *Valencia* they would perform all the Honours of his Sepulture. Both of them did not give
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over Sighs and Tears during the whole time of their being at Sea; but the rest of those on Board were more chearful, and the Wind being favourable, they were not long before they discover'd the Coasts of *Spain*.

At that Sight all the Slaves yielded themselves up to Joy; and when the Vessel was happily arriv'd at the Port of *Denia*, every one had their Share of it. The Widow *Cifuentes* and the *Toledan* sent a Courier to *Valencia* with Letters for the Governor, and *Donna Theodora's* Family. The News of that Lady's Return was receiv'd with all possible Expressions of Joy, by all her Relations; but *Don Francisco de Mendoza* was extremely afflicted at the Loss of his Nephew, which he discover'd when he accompany'd the Widow *Cifuentes's* Relations to *Denia*, where he desir'd to see the Corps of the unfortunate *Don Fadrique*. The good old Man then melted into Tears, and utter'd such lamentable Complaints, as sensibly touch'd all the Spectators. He enquir'd by what Adventure his Nephew fell: I will tell you, my Lord, said the *Toledan*; far from blotting it out of my Memory, I take a melancholy Pleasure in continually calling him

to Mind, and feeding my Sorrows. He then related to him the sad Accident; and the Recital of his Story drawing fresh Tears from him, redoubled those of *Don Francisco*. As for *Donna Theodora*, her Relations express'd their great Joy to see her again, and felicitated her on the miraculous Manner of her Delivery from the Tyranny of *Mezzomorto*.

After a perfect Relation of all Particulars, *Don Fadrique's* Corps was put into a Coach, and carry'd to *Valencia*, but not bury'd there; because *Don Francisco de Mendoza* being going to live at *Madrid*, resolv'd to have his Nephew's Body carry'd to that City. While all manner of Preparations were making for their Journey, the Widow *Cifuentes* loaded with Riches *Francisco* and the Runagate which follow'd them. *Francisco* went to *Navarre*, and the Runagate immediately return'd to *Denia*, where he had left his Mother, sold his Ship, and went to *Barcelona*, where he return'd to the Christian Religion, and lives there very handsomly at this present time. In the mean while also *Don Francisco* receiv'd a Packet from the Court, wherein was *Don Juan's* Pardon; which the King, notwithstanding the great Value he had for
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the House of *Naxera*, could not refuse the *Mendoça's*, who all join'd in solliciting it. This News was the more agreeable to the *Toledan*, because it procur'd him the Liberty of accompanying the Corps of his Friend, which he durst not have done without it.

At last they all set forwards, accompany'd with a great Number of Persons of Quality; and as soon as they arriv'd at *Madrid*, they bury'd the Corps of *Don Fadrique* in a Church, where *Don Juan* and *Donna Theodora* rais'd a noble Monument over his Grave. They did not stay there; but they kept themselves in Mourning for their Friend for the Space of a whole Year, to eternize their Grief, and his Friendship; and after having given such signal Marks of their Tenderness for *Mendoça*, they marry'd; but by an inconceivable Effect of the Power of Friendship, *Don Juan* long retain'd his Melancholy for his Friend, which nothing was able to remove. *Don Fadrique*, his dear Friend, *Don Fadrique*, was always present in his Thoughts; he saw him every Night in his Dreams, at which he most times utter'd the deepest Sighs. But yet his Reason began to dispel these melancholy Views; and *Donna Theodora's*

Charms, with which he was captivated, triumph'd, by little and little, over the sad Remembrance of his Friend. To conclude; at last *Don Juan* liv'd happily, and very contentedly; but a few Days past he fell from his Horse, as he was Hunting, and hurt his Head; the Wound grew to an Impostume, so that the Physicians could not save him, and some Hours since he dy'd in the Arms of *Donna Theodora*, who is that Lady which the Women in vain endeavour to assist. She has a violent Fever, is delirious, and is hasting after her Husband; so that both of them will soon be carry'd to *Mendoza's* Tomb, where with him they will expect the End of that World in which they have suffer'd so many Miseries.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

of D R E A M S.

WHEN *Asmodeo* had ended his Story, *Don Cleofas* said to him, This is a very fine Image of Friendship, but 'tis rare to find two Men love one another like *Don Juan* and *Don Fadrique*; and I believe 'twill be more difficult to meet with two Ladies so good Friends, as generously to make a reciprocal Sacrifice of their Lovers to each other. Without doubt, says the Devil, 'tis what has not been yet, and never will be seen in this World: Women are not so complaisant to one another. Suppose two Ladies love each other in an usual degree, their Friendship may be tender and sincere, and they may even forbear speaking ill of one another in Absence; such good Friends may they be, and that, I assure you, is a great deal: Yet if you meet with them, and incline more to the one than the other, Rage presently seizes the fair One that is slighted, not that she loves you, but she would be preferr'd. This is the Nature of all Women; they are too jealous one of another to be capable of Friendship.

As to *Donna Theodora*, says the Scholar, I am charm'd with her Character: A Wife to die of Grief at the Death of her Husband! A Wonder's fallen out in our Days. 'Tis certainly wonderful, reply'd the Devil: There was a Lawyer bury'd two Months ago, whose Widow was not at all like his we are speak-

ing of. The Man of the Robe being in the Agonies of the Death, his Wife all in Tears gave way to the Persuasions of her Family, and suffer'd her self to be carry'd out of the House to avoid so sad a Spectacle: But before she went, the good Woman call'd her Chamber-maid; *Beatrice*, said she, as soon as my dear Husband is dead go carry the ill News to *Don Carlos*, and tell him I am so troubled at it that I will not see him this two Days.

The Story of *Donna Theodora*, says *Don Cleofas*, has taken up a little too much Time. 'Tis almost broad Day; I begin to see People in the Streets; I am afraid they may spy us out on this Church. If the Rabble should once have a view of your Lordship's Figure, they will never have done shouting. Fear nothing, reply'd the Devil, I'll warrant they shall not see us; I have the same Power as the Poets Gods, and as *Jupiter* hid himself in a Cloud on Mount *Ida*, from the Eyes of the Universe, that they might not see him Caress his dear Consort *Juno*, so I will raise a Mist that the Sight of Man shall not be able to penetrate; however we will see him, and all his Ways, thro' it. No sooner said but done; a thick Vapour immediately encompass'd them; yet the Scholar saw thro' it as easily as if it had been a Sieve. Now, continu'd the *Demon*, I will give you a Pleasure that you have not met with before. You see abundance of Persons, Men and Women, asleep, and I'll tell you what they dream of. Stay,

Stay, if you please, says *Don Cleofas* interrupting him ; pray what's the meaning that those Ladies in yonder little Tenament are up so soon ; what makes 'em rise so early ? They were never a-bed, reply'd the Devil, they have been making merry all Night long. There has been an Assembly ; they have been singing *Caudalas*, a most admirable Consort. A Scholar of *Alcala* compos'd the Musick, and the Words were made by a Man of Quality, who makes Verses for his own Pleasure, and others Pain. The Symphony consisted of a Bagpipe and a Spinnet, and what is still more extraordinary, a young Girl sung the Base, and an old Quirister the Tenor. Very pleasant indeed, cry'd *Don Cleofas*, ready to burst with laughing ; if I had been one of their Assembly, I should not have help'd making a Jest of their ridiculous Consort. Sure those that heard it did not think it fine. No certainly, reply'd *Asmodeo*, there were some among 'em who every now and then threw in a malicious Jest, that put the Musick very much out of Countenance : But enough of this ; let's come to our Dreams, and we'll begin with that great House there on the right Hand. The Master of it, whom you see sleeping in those rich Lodgings, is a liberal and debauch'd Count ; he's dreaming that he's at the Play, that he hears a young Actress sing, and is conquer'd by the Voice of this *Syren*. In the next Apartment lies the Countess, his Wife, a great Reader of Romances. Her Head is
full

full of Knight Errantry, and Deeds of Chivalry. She's in very pleasant Dreams; she fancies her self this Minute to be Empress of *Trebizond*; that she is accus'd of Adultery, and all the Knights who offer themselves to vindicate her Innocence, are overcome by her Accusers.

In the next House to this lives a Marquis, who is in Love with a famous Coquet: He dreams that he has borrow'd a considerable Sum of Mony to make her a Present; and his Steward, who lyes in that little Chamber there, a Story higher, that he is growing Rich as his Master grows Poor: You see People do not always dream extravagantly.

The Scholar interrupting him said, I would very feign know what Spark that is who is asleep with his Mustacho's in Papers, like Ladies Favourites. 'Tis a Country Gentleman, reply'd *Asmodeo*, a Viscount of *Arragon*, Proud and Vain; his Soul is this very Moment swimming in Joy, for he dreams that he's with a great Lord of the Court, who gives him a Place. If I am not deceiv'd, said *Don Cleofas*, I see a young Man in the same House, who laughs in his Sleep. The Devil reply'd, No, Sir, you are not deceiv'd, 'tis a Batchelor who is also in a very agreeable Dream; he fancies that an old Man of his Acquaintance has marry'd a young and handsome Wife. But just by I see three Men who are in very mortifying Dreams; the first is a Chymist, who dreams that a Marquis has

a Guardian appointed him, and he has begun to extract away his Patrimony. The two others are Brothers, and Doctors; one dreams that there is a Law made forbidding any one to give a Physician a Fee unless the Patient is cur'd: And his Brother, that there's an Order publish'd requiring all Doctors to go into Mourning for all the Patients that dye in their Hands. Would to God, quoth the Scholar, this last Order was true, and every Doctor was oblig'd to go to the Funeral of his Patients, as the Lieutenant Criminal in *France* is bound to be present at the Execution of the Malefactor he has condemn'd. The Comparison is just, reply'd the Devil, all the Difference is, that the latter may be said to see his Sentence put in Execution, whereas the other has already executed his.

Here *Don Cleofas* interrupted the *Dæmon*, crying, See, see, who's that Gentleman there that rubs his Eyes, and gets up hastily? 'Tis a Courtier, reply'd the Devil; a terrible Dream has awak'd him: He dreamt the First Minister had look'd coldly on him. I see another Courtier, who wakes in as great a Fright; he dreamt that he was carry'd on a sudden to the Top of a high Mountain by two other Courtiers, and that they flung him from the Top to the Bottom.

Look upon that House at the Corner of that Street: There lives an Attorney; see, he's a-bed with his Wife, in a Chamber hung with old Tapestry-Hangings with antique Figures:

gures: He dreams that he's going to pay a Visit to one of his Clients in the Alms-house, and give him a Charity out of his own Pocket; and his Wife, that her Husband has turn'd a young Clerk, of whom he was jealous, out of his House.

I hear some body snore, says the Scholar, and believe 'tis that fat Fellow there in the little Room on the left Hand of us. The very same, reply'd *Asmodeo*; 'tis a Prebend dreaming he's saying his Prayers. Next to him is a Mercer, who sells very dear Bargains to People of Quality, but all upon Trust; he has above 10000 Crowns owing him: He dreams his Debtors are bringing him his Mony; and his Creditors are dreaming that he's on the point of breaking.

In the House next to the Mercer lives a famous Bookseller; he Printed a Book that went off very well a little while ago. When he bought it, he promis'd to give the Author fifty Pistoles on a second Edition; and he dreams now of Reprinting it without giving him any Notice of it. Ah! does he so? says *Cleofas*; I don't doubt but this Dream will prove one of the truest that ever he had in his Life. I am acquainted with those worthy Gentlemen, the Booksellers; they make no manner of Conscience of cheating their Authors. The *Dæmon* answer'd, Very true; but you should speak what you know of those worthy Gentlemen the Authors too. Upon my Word, they have no more Conscience than the Booksellers.

In

In another House continu'd he, I see a timorous respectful Lover, who is just awake. He is in Love with a brisk young Widow, and dream'd that he had her in the Middle of a Wood, where he said abundance of soft Things to her, and she to him: As, *Ab! there's no resisting you; I should yield to you, if I was not on my Guard against all Mankind; they are so false, I dare not trust them upon their Words, I am for Actions.* What *Actions*, Madam, reply'd the Lover, *do you require of me? Must I undertake the twelve Labours of Hercules to shew my Love?* No, no, Don Nicasio, says the Lady, *I don't demand any such thing of you, I only*——and then he awake. Pray, says the Scholar, tell me, why the Man, who is asleep in yonder dark-colour'd Bed, talks to himself as if he was possess'd. The Devil answer'd, Oh! that's a notable Licentiate, who is in a Dream, that puts him in a terrible Agitation; 'tis no less than that he's in a Dispute, and maintaining the Immortality of the Soul against an old Physician. Near the Licentiate lives a Player, dreaming that he's talking Insolently to an Author, who is all the while Complimenting him. In yon Inn I observe two Men, whose Dreams I must by no means omit. One of them is an *Italian* of the *Academy de la Crusca*; he Dreams that he's reading a bad Poem, he has written to some of the Society, who mightily commend it out
of

of Ignorance or Flattery: The other is a Gentleman of *Estramadura*, nam'd *Don Bal-lazar Fan Farrerirco*, who is come Post to Court, to demand a Reward for having kill'd a *Portuguese* with a Blunderbuss; he Dreams that they have given him a Viceroyship, and yet he is not satisfy'd.

Over-against this Inn lives a Notary; you see him and his Wife lying in two little Beds. In this very instant they are dreaming Things quite different; the Husband, that he's rubbing over an old musty Deed; and, Madam, his Wife, that she's at a Mercer's buying a new rich Gown, with ready Mony, at the same Price that a Dutcheffs refus'd it upon Tick.

Asmodeo was about continuing his Observations, but he was suddenly taken with a *Frisson*, which hinder'd him; the Scholar ask'd why he shook so: Ah! reply'd the *Dæmon*, Signior *Don Cleofas*, I am undone. The Conjuror, who kept me in the Bottle, has found out that I am flown; he calls me, he threatens me, he conjures so forcibly that all Hell rings with it. I must obey him, I will carry you back to your Apartment, and then fly to the wretched Garret from whence you brought me. In ending these Words he embrac'd the Scholar, took him up, waisted him to his Chamber, and vanish'd.

F I N I S.

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Catherine Davies 1708

