J. Pineau. Sculp

THE NOBLE SLAVES:

OR, THE

Lives and Adventures

OF

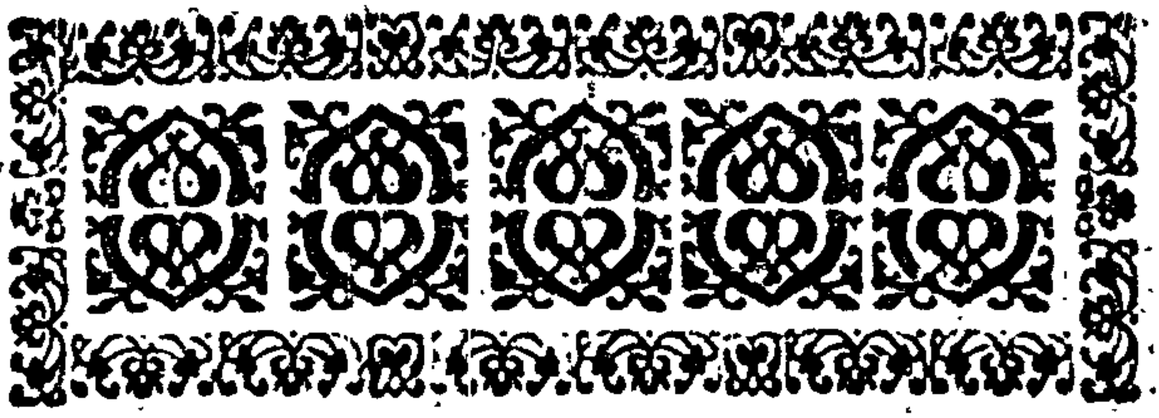
Two Lords and two Ladies, who were shipwreck'd and cast upon a desolate Island near the *East-Indies*, in the Year 1710. The Manner of their living there: The surprizing Discoveries they made, and strange Deliverance thence. How in their return to *Europe* they were taken by two *Algerine* Pirates near the Straits of *Gibraltar*. Of the Slavery they endured in *Barbary*; and of their meeting there with several Persons of Quality, who were likewise Slaves. Of their escaping thence, and safe Arrival in their respective Countries, *Venice*, *Spain*, and *France*, in the Year 1718. With many extraordinary Accidents that befel some of them afterwards.

Being a History full of most remarkable Events.

By Mrs. Aubin.

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Bell*, *J. Darby*, *A. Bettesworth*, *F. Bayram*, *J. Pemberton*, *J. Hooke*, *C. Rivington*, *F. Clay*, *J. Batley*, and *E. Symon*. M. DCC. XXII.



TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Lady *COLERAIN.*

MADAM,

THE Friendſhip my Lord and you have been pleas'd to honour my Husband withal, lays me under an Obligation of making

ſome Returns, and muſt create in me a particular Veneration for You both. But there are many other Reaſons why I ſhould make choice of you, Madam, to beg your Protection for theſe *Noble Slaves* and my ſelf, to skreen us from the ill-natured Croud of Criticks, who condemn without Judgment; and Atheiſts, who deride God's Providence, which this Hiſtory was chiefly deſign'd to vindicate, and to excite Men to put their Truſt in, at this time when they ſcarce know how to truſt one another.

You, Madam, have Beauty to charm them all into Silence; a

Look,

Look, a Smile will disarm their Malice, and a Frown awe the whole Sex. What Man dares condemn what so fair a Lady approves? And tho our own Sex generally look with Envy on such Excellencies as you are Mistress of; yet the good Nature and Sweetness of your Disposition disarms their Spleen, and they must love, as well as admire you; and consequently favour every thing that you honour with your Esteem, or approve.

For these Reasons, Madam, I presume to dedicate this Book to you; and relying on your Goodness, hope you will pardon

my

my Presumption when I tell you, that I do it with the ambitious Desire of being admitted into the number of those who have the Happiness to call themselves your Friends; of which none has a more profound Respect for my Lord and you, than

Your Ladyship's

most sincere Friend

and devoted Servant,

Penelope Aubin.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

IN our Nation, where the Subjects are born free, where Liberty and Property is so preserv'd to us by Laws, that no Prince can enslave us, the Notion of Slavery is a perfect Stranger. We cannot think without Horror, of the Miseries that attend those, who, in Countries where the Monarchs are absolute, and standing Armies ave the People, are made Slaves to others.

The

The Turks *and* Moors *have been ever famous for these Cruelties; and therefore when we Christians fall into the Hands of Infidels, or Mahometans, we must expect to be treated as those heroick Persons, who are the Subject of the Book I here present to you. There the Monarch gives a loose to his Passions, and thinks it no Crime to keep as many Women for his Use, as his lustful Appetite excites him to like; and his Favourites, Ministers of State, and Governors, who always follow their Master's Example, imitate his way of living. This caused our beautiful Heroines to suffer such Trials: The Grand Signior knowing that Money is able to procure all earthly things, uses his Grandees like the Cat's Paw, to beggar his People, and then sacrifices them to appease the Populace's Fury, and fills his own Coffers with their Wealth. This is* Turkish *Policy, which makes the Prince great, and the People wretched, a Condition we are secur'd from ever falling into; our excellent Constitution will always keep us rich and free, and it must be our own Faults if we are enslav'd, or impoverish'd.*

But

But to leave this unpleasant Subject, let us proceed to reflect on the great Deliverances of these noble Slaves: You will find that Chains could not hold them; Want, Sickness, Grief, nor the merciless Seas destroy them; because they trusted in God, and swerv'd not from their Duty.

Methinks now I see the Atheist grin, the modish Wit laugh out, and the old Letcher and the young Debauchee sneer, and throw by the Book; and all join to decry it: 'tis all a Fiction, a Cant they cry; Virtue's a Bugbear, Religion's a Cheat, tho at the same time they are jealous of their Wives, Mistresses, and Daughters, and ready to fight about Principles and Opinions.

Their Censures I despise, as much as I abhor their Crimes; the Good and Virtuous I desire to please. My only Aim is to encourage Virtue, and expose Vice, imprint noble Principles in the ductile Souls of our Youth, and setting great Examples before their Eyes, excite them to imitate them. If I succeed in this, I have all I wish.

The

The charming Masquerades being at an end, our Ears almost tir'd with Italian *Harmony, and our Pockets empty'd of Money, which must prevent extravagant Gaming, unless our private Credit outlives the Publick; it is possible that we may be glad of new Books to amuse us, and pass away that time that must hang heavy on our Hands: And Books of Devotion being tedious, and out of Fashion, Novels and Stories will be welcome. Amongst these, I hope, this will be read, and gain a Place in your Esteem, especially with my own Sex, whose Favour I shall always be proud of: Nor have they a truer Friend, than their humble Servant,*

Penelope Aubin.

THE Noble Slaves, &c.

CHAP. I.

A *FRENCH West-India* Captain just return'd from the Coast of *Barbary*, having brought thence some Ladies and Gentlemen, who had been Captives in those Parts, the History of whose Adventures there are most surprizing, I thought it well worth presenting to the Publick. It contains such variety of Accidents and strange Deliverances, that I am positive it cannot fail to divert the most splenetick Reader, silence the Profane, and delight the Ingenious; and must be welcome at a time when we have so much occasion for something new, to make us forget our own

Misfortunes. The Providence of God, which Men so seldom confide in, is in this History highly vindicated; his Power manifests it self in every Passage: and if we are not better'd by the Examples of the virtuous *Teresa* and the brave Don *Lopez*, 'tis our own Faults.

These Persons, who are the principal Subject of this Narrative, were both Natives of *Spain*; the Lady *Teresa*'s Father was Don *Sancho de Avilla*, a Gentleman of *Castile*; who, being a Widower, took this young Lady, his only Child, then but ten Years of Age, and went for *Mexico*, where he resolved to reside the remainder of his Days; having received some disgust at his Master the King of *Spain*, who had refus'd him the Government of a Place in *Castile*, which he had ask'd for.

He left *Spain* in the Year 1708, and arrived safe at *Mexico* with all his Effects and Family. There he soon increas'd his Fortune greatly, and the fair *Teresa* improv'd in Stature and Beauty, so that in two Years time she was admired by all the Men, and envied by all the Women. She was moderately fair, but her Eyes were black and shining, and inspired Love with every Glance. Her Mouth and Features were so sweet, so charming, that her Smiles still heal'd the Wounds her Eyes did give. Her Shape, her Air, her Voice, were all divine. Her Soul was noble, full of solid Sense and Honour.

Honour. She was affable, pious, witty, chaste, and free from Pride. Her Father was so fond of her; he thought his Happiness consisted wholly in her Life and Welfare; priz'd her above his Wealth, and resolved to sacrifice all he had got, rather than not place her nobly in the World.

But alas! Heaven smiles at our Designs, and soon convinced him he could live without her. One Evening the fair *Teresa* being at a Country House of her Father's, at *Segard*, going to take the Air in a Pleasure-Boat, with her Servants; a strong Wind rose, and blew them out to Sea: Three Days and Nights they remain'd tossed to and fro, in the extremest Danger and Despair. At last the Boat over-set, and the merciless Waves swallowed that, and all her Attendants, except a *Blackmore* Slave, who leaping into the Sea, cry'd, *My dear Lady, throw your self upon me, and I will bear you up till I die.* It was Dusk, and no Land appear'd: But as she held him round the Neck, he (swimming) cry'd, *Land, Land; hold fast, I tread on Land.* Then getting nearer to the Shore, he found his hopes answer'd; for they were cast on a desolate Island, where no Signs of any Inhabitants appear'd. Here the half dead *Teresa* fainted, and the poor *Black* laying her upon the Grass, sat down weeping by her, having nothing to give her, to comfort her or himself. She at length recover'd, and with that

weak Voice ſhe had left, return'd God Thanks for her Safety.

At break of Day they ſaw an old *Indian* Man come down towards them, dreſt in Beaſts Skins, a Hat of Canes, and Sandals of Wood upon his Feet: He went to a Tree, drag'd a Canoe of a ſtrange Faſhion, that ſtood againſt it, down to the Sea; and was entring into it when he perceived *Teresa* and the *Moor*: He preſently made up to them, and by ſtrange Geſtures expreſt his Surprize, ſeeming to admire her Habit and Beauty; the *Black* who was skill'd in them, by Signs inform'd him of their Diſtreſs. The *Indian* who proved a *Japaneſe*, caſt on Shore there, with his Wife and three Children, in the *Chineſe* Language invited them to his Home: The *Moor* underſtood him, and informing his Lady, they went with him. They found his Wife and Children in a poor Cottage, or Hut; ſhe was dreſt in Beaſts Skins, and the Children were naked: The Hut was built of Boughs of Trees, and Hurdles made with Canes to fill the Spaces; the Roof was thatched with Plaſhes and Leaves, yet ſo that the Rains could not enter: the *Indians* were humane, and treated her the beſt they were able, bringing out dry'd Fiſh, and Eggs, which the Woman roaſted in the Embers of a Fire they had made to warm them. There was only one Room where they muſt all eat and lie; Rushes and dry'd Leaves, with no Coverlid but

 Beaſts

Beasts Skins, were their Beds; *Indian* Corn, dry'd in the Sun, their Bread; Water their Drink. This was a hard Trial for so young a Creature as the fair *Teresa*, who had been bred with such Delicacy and Indulgence: But her Virtues exceeded her Years and Strength; she eat thankfully what was set before her, was wholly resign'd to the Will of Heaven, and murmur'd not at Providence. Here she and the *Moor* continued eight Days. The poor *Indian* who was a Christian, converted with his Family by the Missionaries in *Japan*, and shipwrecked here as he was going with Goods for the Merchants to *China*, with a small Bark which he was then Owner of; he and the *Moor* went daily out to fish, hoping to get sight of some Ship, or Bark, that would carry them to *Japan*, or *Mexico*. Mean time the Lady not being able to converse with the poor *Indian* Woman, whose Language she was a Stranger to, walk'd out as far as her weak Legs would carry her, to view the Island; which seem'd of no small Extent: Here she found Fruits of divers Kinds, pleasant and good, especially Grapes which, tho wild, were of excellent Taste; these she eat and brought home; where pressing out the Juice, she mixt it with Water, making a pleasant Drink of it. This raised a Curiosity in the *Black* to range about the Island, hoping to discover something worth his Labour. He found Nests of young Birds, and Rice, O-

lives, Honey in the hollow Trees; and every Day brought home something acceptable, and of great Use in their melancholy Condition. But Providence was determin'd to deprive *Teresa* of this Comfort also; for one Morning she walk'd out with *Domingo* (for so was her faithful Slave call'd) to divert her self with the sight of some pleasant Walks he had discovered in a woody Place about two Miles from the House; which being arrived at, they ventured into the thickest part of it: There *Domingo* espy'd a Tree with Fruit he had never seen before, not unlike a *European* Pear; he boldly ventured to gather, and taste it, tho *Teresa* warn'd him to forbear tasting it till they had shewn it to the *Indian*: He eat two of them, putting more in his Pocket; and in few Minutes after found himself sick, and began to vomit. They hasten'd to return home; but before they could reach half way, he fell down, and embracing his Lady's Knees, cry'd, 'Farewel my dear Mistress; may God, to 'the Knowledge of whom your dear Father 'brought me, keep you, and deliver you 'hence; comfort you when I am gone, and 'have Mercy upon the Soul of your poor 'Slave. Remember me, charming *Teresa*; 'my Soul ador'd you, but Christianity re-'strain'd me from asking what my amorous 'Soul languished to possess. I brought you 'to the Wood with Thoughts my Soul now 'sinks at. I was born free as you, and

'thought

'thought I might with Honour ask your 'Love, since Heaven had singled me out to 'save your Life, and live your only Compa-'nion and Defender; but God has thought 'fit to disappoint me. May no other rob 'you of that Treasure which I no longer 'can protect. Angels guard you. Give me 'one Kiss, and send my Soul to rest.' Here he grasp'd her Hand, and strove to rise, but fell back and expir'd. The fair *Teresa* remain'd so afflicted and surprized, that she was not able to stand; her tender Soul was so shock'd, she was even ready to follow him; the Generosity and Love he had shewn, the desolate Condition she was left in, distracted her: yet she could not but applaud the Goodness of God, who had so wonderfully prevented her Ruin; for tho he had a Soul fair as his Face was black, yet *Domingo*, her Father's Slave, was not fit to enter her Bed.

She was now left alone, no human Creature left that could understand her Language; very small hopes of ever being delivered from this dismal Place, the poor *Indians* having lived here five Years already.

These sad Thoughts o'erwhelm'd her for some time; one while she turn'd her Eyes to the insensible *Domingo*, then to the distant Sea, and *Mexico*: At length she cast them up to Heaven, and cry'd, 'My God, 'pity my Youth and Innocence; Death 'would be now a Favour to me. What 'shall I do in this sad Place! How spend

'those wretched Hours thou hast allotted 'me to live! Who shall close my Eyes, or 'lay me decently in my Grave? But why 'do I reflect on that? Who shall improve 'by any good that I can do, whilst living, 'or teach me to sustain the Miseries of Life 'as I ought? Oh! thou who madest and 'canst not hate me, encrease my Faith and 'Patience; or free my Soul from this Ex-'tremity of Grief by Death. But, alas! 'do I instruct my God? do I point out to 'him the way to help me? am I fit to die, 'and not resign'd to him? Forgive me, gra-'cious Heaven: I rest satisfied: This lone-'ly Place shall henceforth be my *Patmos*: 'Here free from Temptations that delude 'Mankind I'll live; the Woods shall be 'my Oratory: I'll only eat to live, count 'Things the most distasteful, wholesom and 'good, and live to die.' Here she attempted to rise, but was not able. She remain'd here some Hours. At last, the poor *Indian* Woman came to seek her, and after having exprest in her Language much Concern for *Domingo*, led her home.

She continued thus ten Days, beginning to understand something of their Language: The *Indian* bury'd *Domingo*, and *Teresa* grew very sick, yet refrain'd not to walk daily to the Wood, where she offer'd up her Prayers to God.

One morning as she was at her Devotion, she was interrupted by the Voice of a Woman

Woman, who was making sad Lamentation in the *French* Tongue for the Death of some Person. *Teresa* rose from off her Knees, and following the sound of the Voice, came to the farther side of the Wood, where she perceived a dark Valley betwixt two small Hills, which were so covered with Trees as rendred the Valley very obscure; here sat a Woman with her Hair dishevell'd, her Habit rich, but altogether negligent, upon the Ground: upon a Scarlet Cloak lay a Man, whose Habit spoke him no common Person, a Death-like Paleness reign'd in his Face, and he appear'd as one just dead. The Woman wrung her Hands, tore her Hair, and shew'd all the Symptoms of a Person in Despair. *Teresa*, who spoke *French*, after some time addrest her self to her in this manner: 'Madam, behold here a Person, who is, perhaps, wretched as your self, yet not quite unable to help you; tell me your Grief, and if I cannot repair your Loss I may yet comfort you.' The Woman looking up, discover'd the most lovely Face imaginable. 'Speak not, *said she*, to me of Comfort; since the too charming *Hautville* is no more, I am inconsolable. See here a Man, who has left his Country, Fortune, and Friends to follow me; and being cast on this cursed Shore by an unskilful Pilot, has perish'd at my Feet for want of Food. We have been five sad Days in this inhospitable Place, where

'the Bruises he had received against the 'cruel Sands upon his Breast, bringing me 'upon his Back to Shore, made him unable 'to go farther. I gathered Fruit and Ho-'ney; but alas! he wanted other Food, 'refus'd to eat enough to support Life, and 'is now departed, leaving me the most 'unhappy Wretch on Earth.' Here she re-new'd her Transport of Sorrow, kist his pale Lips, and beat her Breast against the Ground; which *Teresa*, who wanted Strength to hold her, beheld with utmost Compas-sion. At last the Gentleman fetch'd a deep Sigh, and opened his Eyes. 'Fond Wo-'man, said *Teresa*, sit not thus to weep, 'but rise and follow me; the God which 'Grief makes you forget, sends you Help 'by me: Make haste, I'll give you Food 'and Wine, which, tho but poor, will sus-'tain Life.' At these Words *Teresa* ran back to the Hut as fast as her Weakness would permit, and made the *Indian* Woman follow her with Food to the Wood, where they found the Lady and Gentleman, both almost senseless; but pouring some of the Grape Juice down their Throats, which was strong, tho not purify'd like Wine, they revived, and having got a little Food into their Stomachs, made shift to rise, and walk a little Way, but could not reach the Hut till Evening. *Teresa* stay'd by them all the Day, o'erjoy'd that she had Company; and after having eat and drank a second time, the

the Gentleman repaid her Courtesy with this handsome Acknowledgment: 'Blest 'Angel, for such you have been to me, and 'my dear *Emilia*, how came you here? 'Such Beauty and such Youth, and Inno-'cence as appears in your Face, might 'surely have secured you from the Miseries 'of Life. What cruel Accident brought 'you to this desert Isle?' Here *Teresa* recounted her Misfortunes, and in return, dedesired to know theirs, if his Strength would permit. The Count de *Hauville* readily consented to gratify her, and began the fair *Emilia*'s and his own History, in this Manner.

CHAP. II.

'MAdam, we are Natives of *France*, 'born both in one Province, *Poictou* 'is our Country; I was the Son of the 'Marquess *de Ventadore*, a Man whose For-'tune and Quality render'd him vain, 'and me unhappy. This Lady was the 'Daughter of a Gentleman, who, tho not 'equal to my Father in Fortune, was as no-'bly descended. He was the younger Son 'of a General, and related to the Duke 'de *Vendome*. *Emilia* was his only Child, 'whose Beauty and Vertues made her wor-

'thy

'thy a Prince's Bed. I saw, and loved her
'from her Infancy; our Affection was en-
'creased by Years, and grew up with us.
'When I was fourteen, my Father carry'd
'me to *Paris*, show'd me the Court, and all
'the celebrated Beauties that shine there,
'where Art is used to improve each Charm,
'and Jewels and Habit join with Nature
'to subdue the Heart; but *Emilia* was pos-
'sest of mine before. I view'd them all un-
'moved, was impatient to return to *Poic-*
'*tou*; and then my Father first began to
'mistrust my being pre-engaged to some
'Person there. He carry'd me back with
'him, and set a Watch upon my Actions.
'Soon after my return home *Emilia's* Father
'died, and she was taken by an old Aunt
'to be educated. The Fortune left *Emilia*
'was about two thousand Pounds, the Es-
'tate was entail'd, and could not descend
'to a Daughter, so a Kinsman enjoys it.
'This Lady was a sordid, malicious old
'Maid, who pretended to Devotion and
'Sanctity, but was really a vile Hypo-
'crite: She used her with great Severity,
'and gave my Father intelligence of my
'frequent Visits and Presents to *Emilia*,
'hoping to gain his Favour and a Reward,
'which she did not fail of. He urged me
'often to address my self to one Lady or
'other, and finding me firm to my first
'Choice, resolved to rid her out of my
'way: in order to which, he sends for a
'Captain

'Captain who was going to the *French Canada* for to trade, and offers him three hundred Crowns to carry her away with him. The Villain accepts the Offer, visits the Aunt, acquaints himself with *Emilia*, at last invites them to *Rochel*, where his Ship lay, to a Treat on board. She takes my Father's Coach, which she pretended to borrow, and with the innocent *Emilia* goes to the cursed Entertainment, where they gave her Wine with an Infusion of Opium, which soon bereft her of all Sense; then the hellish Fiend left her on board, and set out for *Paris*, where soon after my Father went. There they contrived a Story together to blind the World, pretending *Emilia* was retired into a Monastery near *Paris*; which when I heard, who was sufficiently alarm'd before with her Absence, I posted to *Paris*, searched every Place to find her, and quickly learn'd the fatal Truth: and now having vented my Passion, I consulted my Reason, and resolved to sooth my Father into giving me some Fortune, and then to follow her. Providence, who never fails to punish such enormous Crimes, in a short time gave me the Means of executing this Design. An Uncle of my deceas'd Mother died, and left me a handsome Estate, being a Batchelor, and my Godfather; I immediately sold it, secretly put the money into the *India* Compa-

'ny's

'ny's hands, taking Bills; and one morn-
'ing left a Letter for my Father on my Ta-
'ble, and attended with one Servant only
'went Post for *Rochel*, where a Ship lay
'ready to sail with me to *Canada*, the Com-
'pany having had an account of the other
'Ship's safe Arrival at *Quebeck*. The Let-
'ter contained words much to this purpose.

My Honoured Lord and Father,

THAT you may not condemn me unjustly, or be surprized at my leaving you and my Country so suddenly and secretly, I leave this to inform you, that I am gone in search of Emilia, *whom I have promised to make my Wife, to repair the inhuman Injury you have done that charming Maid. If I never return, 'tis the Will of Heaven. Whether ever I am blest with your Favour, and a Sight of you again, or not, I shall never cease to honour, respect, and love you as a Father, and to be your*

Most obedient Son and humble Servant,

Francis Edward, *Count* de Hautville.

'I left *France* before those my Father sent
'after me could overtake me, and in six
'Weeks arrived at *Quebeck*, where I soon
'learn'd where the Villain Captain lodged,
'who had robb'd me of *Emilia*. I addrest
'my self to the Governor, and Merchants
'on

'on whom my Bills were drawn, who all
'promised to assist me. I obtained an Or-
'der from the Governor to secure him, and
'search his Lodgings; but could hear no-
'thing of her. He deny'd the Fact, plea-
'ded Ignorance, so I was forced to let him
'go, and use my Sword to do my self Jus-
'tice. I got what Money I could of the
'Merchants, discounting the Bills, secured
'a Ship to carry me off, and then one Eve-
'ning dog'd him out of the Town with my
'Servant. So soon as he was at the Fields,
'I came up to him; and demanded Satis-
'faction. We drew, fought, and it was my
'fortune to wound, and disarm him; he
'beg'd his Life, and confest that he had left
'*Emilia* at *Panama*, designing so soon as he
'had dispatched his Affairs at *Quebeck*, to
'return thither and make her his Mistress,
'which he had in vain attempted when he
'had her at Sea; she having threatned him
'with Death if he offer'd to force her:
'But now being left in a Widow-Woman's
'care, where he had placed her, destitute
'of Money and Friends, he doubted not
'of her complying with his Desires at his
'return to her, since she could not subsist
'in a strange Country without him. I was
'so provok'd at this, that I could scarce re-
'frain killing him in the Place; however,
'I govern'd my self, my Servant and I led
'him to Town, and put him into a Sur-
'geon's Hands: Then I went directly to

'the

'the Governor's, and acquainted him with
'what had past, desiring he would go and
'hear the Villain confess the Truth himself.
'He went with me, and now all the Place
'rung of him, so that had he lived he must
'never have return'd to *Quebeck* again: but
'in few Days after I left it, he died of his
'Wounds; of which a Merchant sent me
'word to *Panama*, to which place I went
'with Horses which I hired, and there
'found the Widow's House, but not *Emilia*.
'The Woman inform'd me that some Days
'after the Captain left her, she heard of a
'*French* Captain's arrival, who was come to
'trade, and bound to *New Mexico*, and
'with him she was departed thence. I pro-
'sently embark'd in a small Vessel I hired,
'and went thither, and found her on board
'the honest Gentleman's Ship, who had
'treated her with extraordinary Civility,
'and design'd to carry her home to *France*
'with him. What Joy and Transport we
'both felt at this Meeting, you may ima-
'gine. I there marry'd my charming *Emi-*
'*lia*, and resolv'd to return with her home.
'The Captain was not long before he had
'dispatched his Affairs here, and then set
'sail for *Japan*, where he was obliged to
'deliver Goods; but we had not long past
'the Straits of *California*, before a Hurri-
'cane rose, and our Pilot being unskilful,
'we ran foul of one of those Islands that lie
'near Cape *Orientes*; there our Vessel struck,

'and

'and ſplit to pieces, every one ſhifted for
'their ſelves, my dear *Emilia* was my only
'Care. I threw my Cloak into the Boat,
'threw her and my ſelf into it, and fortu-
'nately got clear of the Ship before ſhe
'ſplit, taking only the Captain with us,
'whom I call'd to me. We had but eight
'Hands aboard of Sailors, and they doubt-
'leſs all periſhed in the Sea. The poor
'Captain, Monſieur *De Bonſoy*, holding the
'Rudder to ſteer the Boat, was by a Wave
'waſhed overboard and drown'd. We were
'left to the Mercy of the Winds and Seas,
'but by Providence preſerv'd; for the Boat
'overſetting, I took *Emilia* on my Back,
'and ſeeing my ſelf near this Iſland, made
'towards it: but my Strength was not ſuf-
'ficient, had not God cauſed the Waves to
'caſt me on this Shore. We were both ſo
'ſpent we lay almoſt ſenſeleſs for ſome time:
'at laſt we made ſhift to creep to the Wood,
'being wet, cold, faint, and hungry; I
'being bruiſed, and my Limbs numm'd
'with lying on the Ground, could not riſe,
'or walk farther; ſo my dear *Emilia* ſtrove
'to ſupply my Wants and her own, and fin-
'ding my Cloak on the Sands, brought and
'dry'd it, in which we wrap'd our ſelves,
'and found much comfort: But when God
'ſent you to our Relief, Nature was no lon-
'ger able to ſupport us, and we were near
'dying for want of Food.

Tereſa

Teresa embrac'd *Emilia*, saying, 'Now I 'repent not my own Misfortunes in being 'cast on this Place, since it has preserved 'you both from perishing; we will chear-'fully support the Inconveniences of it, till 'Heaven sends some Vessel to deliver us: 'come let us try to reach the homely Cot-'tage that must shroud us from the cold Air, 'and revive you with Food and Firing.' They got to it, and found the poor *Indian* and his Wife ready to receive them: They made a Fire, boil'd them Eggs and Fish, gave them boil'd Rice; and tho they could not converse with, or understand their Language, exprest much Compassion for them Here they lay this Night much comforted, and *Teresa* much o'erjoy'd that she had such Companions to converse with; conceiving strong Hopes of God's delivering her thence, who had so wonderfully provided Comforts for her in that dismal Place.

CHAP. III.

THE next Morning the poor *Indian* went a fishing; the number of his Guests being now increased, it was necessary to use more diligence than usual to get Food for them. The *Indian* Woman prepared all at home, whilst her Guests walk'd

out

out in search of Fruits and Roots, of which they fail'd not to bring back some, especially Grapes, which were of great use to them. Thus they continued to live, tho very poorly, for some Days.

One Night the Wind blew hard, and it thunder'd as if Nature had fallen into Convulsions, and the World was unjointed. Towards Morning it clear'd up, and *Teresa*, *Emilia*, and the Count, walk'd out to view the Shore, desirous to see what havock that dreadful Night had made: They found on the Shore several Coffers, Boxes, Pieces of Timber, &c. which shew'd some Vessel had been shipwreck'd there. By this time the *Indians* came to them, and the Count help'd them to bring up some of the Chests and Vessels, which they could reach, to Shore.

Mean time the Ladies walk'd on farther, and at some distance *Teresa* perceived a Man floating upon a Chest, which the Waves at length threw on the Shore: His Habit was *Spanish*, very rich; his Shape incomparable; his Hands were clinched on the Chest, and when she took hold on him, she thought him dead. *Emilia* and *Teresa* pitying him, strove to lift him up: But how great was *Teresa*'s Surprize, when discovering his Face, she knew him to be the brave Don *Lopez*! a young Gentleman, only Son to the Governor of *Mexico*; a Youth of great Hopes, Quality, and Fortune; who had ador'd her from the Moment he first saw her, and one

who

who had made an Impression in her Heart, which she had carefully conceal'd, but could not efface. *My God*, she passionately cry'd, *can I see him perish thus without Regret? Must Don* Lopez *charm the undone* Teresa *no more, nor my Ears hear that pleasing Voice? Help me,* Emilia, *to save, if possible, the Man I esteem above the World.*

By this time the Water pouring out of his Mouth, his Spirits recover'd, and with a deep Groan he gave Signs of Life. *Teresa* calling for help, the Count and *Indians* came up; they took the Stranger up, and carried him to the Hut; there they warm'd, chafed, and brought him to himself, some Quarts of Water having first been vomited up. And now the *Indian* having discover'd that a Vessel of Rack was amongst the things they had sav'd of the Wreck, ran and fetch'd a Cup made of a Calabash, full of it; which holding above two Quarts, serv'd to revive them all, and mixt with Grape Juice and Water, made excellent Drink for that Day.

And now Don *Lopez* lifting up his Eyes, saw the lovely *Teresa*, who was behind him, supporting his Head with a Concern that had made her forget the discovery she made of her tender Affection for him, to the Standers by. *Blest God!* he cry'd, *do I again see* Teresa? *Is Life restor'd with such a Blessing?* Here he fainted, at which she was so much surpriz'd, that she turn'd pale and swooned.

They

They were in some time both recover'd; then he clasp'd her in his Arms, saying, 'Charming Maid, I have sought you every 'where, resolving to find you, or die in 'the Attempt. I no sooner heard of your 'Disaster, but I procured a Ship, have vi-'sited all the Coast of *Peru* and *Canada*. 'Missing you there, I determined to go to '*Japan*, it being the nearest Coast to which 'you could be drove. I fear'd, indeed, 'that the cruel Waves had swallow'd you; 'but not being able to live at *Mexico* with-'out you, I rather chose to range the 'World, and court Death amongst *Pagans* 'and *Mahometans*. I design'd to visit the '*Holy Land*, and retire to some Desart, and 'so spend my Days in Fasting, Prayers, and 'Contemplation: But indulgent Heaven 'kindly drove me here, and would not let 'me perish. Now I am happier than East-'ern Kings. This Place is as Paradise, 'where *Teresa*'s Presence makes all things 'lovely. Say, my good Angel, did you 'wish me living when you thought me 'dead? Am I welcome?' *Teresa* much confused, conscious of the discovery she had made of her Passion for him, answer'd, 'Don *Lopez*, I have shewn too much Con-'cern for you, not to explain the Senti-'ments I have for you: My Thoughts of 'you are too well discover'd by my Actions.' Here he bow'd, saying, 'I thank thee, gra-'cious Heaven, my Vows are heard: If I

'return

'return in safety with her to my home, I'll 'build a Church, and consecrate it to the 'Honour of our God.' The Count and *Emilia* join'd in congratulating these transported Lovers; and now store of Salt Meat, Bisket, Brandy, Wine, and Sugar, which was cast on shore, being secured, they prepared such a Dinner, as the poor *Indians* had not tasted of some Years.

Don *Lopez* remember'd to ask what was become of the Coffer he was brought to Shore upon, which was not once thought of before, saying, *It had much Treasure in it.* 'When I found (said he) how great the 'Storm was, I caused it to be brought up 'upon Deck. The Ship, tho small, being 'not loaded, and a good Sailer, held out a 'long time: At last the Lightning fired the 'Shrouds: We got the Boat out strait, and 'had but just time to throw that Chest and 'our selves into it, before the Ship was all 'on fire. We saw this Island, and made 'for it; but the Waves rose so high, the 'Boat overset near the Shore: We leaped 'into the Sea, and I threw my self across 'the Chest, the Wind driving to the Island. 'At last losing my Breath, I fainted, so the 'Water enter'd my Mouth, and God's Pro-'vidence brought me ashore.' They went forthwith, and found the Chest where they left it; but the Tide flowing, had they staid much longer they had lost a great Treasure, for Don *Lopez* had put into it much

much Gold, Plate, Jewels, and Clothes, designing to return no more home.

And now nothing was wanting to make this Company happy, but a Ship to carry them and the poor *Indians* to *Mexico*; for they were resolved to take them and their Children with them, in Gratitude for the Assistance they had given them. Mean time, to pass away the tedious Hours, they walk'd daily out, and found beyond the Wood a ruinous Pagan Temple, in which were several strange Images, the chief of which represented a Man whose Head was adorned with the Rays of the Sun: It was rudely cut in black Marble, but the Rays were gilded finely. They concluded it to be the Work of some *Chinese* or *Persians*, who had inhabited that Place in antient times. It was a curious Building, and seem'd to be founded upon Vaults. Near this Place were several Pits and Altars where Sacrifices had been kill'd and offer'd. Beyond this Place was a high Hill over which the Ladies did not dare to venture; several times they return'd to this Temple, and still found something more of Antiquity to admire in it. One Morning the Count *de Hauteville* and Don *Lopez*, walk'd out very early to this Place, resolving to go over the Hill; and entering the ruin'd Temple, to rest before they pursued their walk, they considered it more attentively than ever; and Don *Lopez* observed a Door that went down behind the

Altar

Altar on which the Image of the Sun was placed: He boldly pull'd it open, saying, *In the Name of God let us enter, and see what this Place contains.* They descended by some Stairs, and enter'd a large Room, where a Lamp was burning before a hideous Image, whose Face was bigger than a *Buphalo*; his Eyes were two Lights like Torches; his Mouth stood open; his Limbs were proportionably large, made of burnish'd Brass; on his Breast was a Lion's Head; his Feet were like a Camel's: He had a Bow and Arrow in his Hands, a Mantle of curious Feathers hung over his right Shoulder: He stood upon a Crocodile of Stone, whose Jaws seem'd open to devour all that enter'd: Sculls and Jaw-bones, with Locks of clotted Hair, hung up against the Walls of this dreadful Vault, and Skeletons of Cats, Wolves, and Screech-owls: Several Gravestones were in the Floor. As they enter'd the Bones began to rattle, the Image shook, the Crocodile's Teeth gnasht, and distant Thunder seem'd to roar. The Christian Heroes, tho surprized, went not back, but falling on their Knees, besought God to assist and keep them. As they pray'd the Lightning flash'd from the Image, the Graves open'd, and Voices were heard in the *Chinese* Language, which they understood not. At last the Lion's Mouth open'd in the Image's Breast, and a Voice pronounced these Words in *French*: 'Christians,

'tians, you have conquer'd: Ador'd by 'Pagan *Indians*, long I have been worship-'ped here, and human Sacrifices offer'd to 'this hideous Idol, by which I was honou-'red: But now my Power is taken from 'me; the God you serve has silenced me. 'Depart; thro this Room you'll find a Way 'leads under the great Hill, by antient *Per-'sians* made: There are Christians will as-'sist you to depart from this sad Place and 'Isle. Avoid the *Indian* Shore, and Men. 'It will be long e'er you will see your na-'tive Country, and Friends again. My fa-'tal Hour is come, and I am henceforth 'dumb.' Here the Image fell in pieces, the Graves shut, the Lamps in its Eyes went out; and by the Light of the Lamp before it they departed, full of Wonder, and past thro another Door which led to a long Passage, at the end of which they found themselves on the other side the Hill, in an open Country; there they saw the open Sea, and on the Coast a small Stone Building, which coming nearer to, they found to be a House. At the Door of it stood a venerable Man in a *Persian* Dress: He observed them as one amaz'd; when they came near, he came to meet them, and speaking *Spanish*, ask'd whence they came, and who they were: Don *Lopez* inform'd him. He embrac'd him, saying, *Welcome Christians, in God's Name; enter, and refresh your selves.*

They came in and found a House neat, and well furnish'd, with Carpets, Porcelane, Quilts, Painting, Screens, and such Furniture as the *Persians* of Distinction use; with three well-dreſt Slaves, who brought Wine, Sherbet, and Fowl, and boil'd Rice. Being seated with much Ceremony, the *Persian* stay'd not to be intreated, but said, *Eat, Gentlemen, and I will tell you how I came to this Place, and why I dwell here.* They bowed, and respectfully kept silence, much desiring to know who he was, which he thus inform'd them of.

CHAP. IV.

'I WAS born in *Persia*, my Father was 'a General in the Emperor's Service. 'I was made a Captain of his Guard at 20 'Years of Age, much esteem'd by him, and 'in great Favour, and knew no greater 'Happiness than to be Great, or Religion 'but Mahometanism: I had a noble House 'and a Seraglio, where five Women of great 'Beauty serv'd my Pleasures, and sweeten'd 'all those Hours that I dedicated to my 'Diversions. It happen'd that a *Turkish* 'Captain brought some Slaves to sell at *Ispa-* 'han; amongst which was a *Spanish* Girl,

'a

'a Virgin of but 13 Years of Age, fair as 'Nature ever made: Her Complexion ex-'ceeded Art, her Eyes were dark blue, her 'Hair light brown, her Features soft and 'charming; she had an Air so innocent, so 'modest, so engaging, that she attracted 'the Eyes of all that past along: It was 'my Fortune to be going to the Palace that 'way: I saw her, and stopping to admire 'her Beauty, I presently ask'd the Price of 'that sweet Girl; the Captain ask'd me a 'hundred Crowns: I paid him down the 'Money, and sent one of my Slaves home 'with her. It is impossible to describe to 'you how uneasy I was to go home; my 'Impatience was so great, that I thought 'each Hour a Year whilst the Emperor 'detain'd me. He was going to ride in 'the *Almaidan*, which would have obliged 'me to stay with him all Day; I there-'fore feign'd a sudden Indisposition, and 'beg'd leave to retire; he consented, and 'I flew to my charming Slave: The Eunuch 'that kept my Women had placed her in a 'Chamber to wait my Commands. I has-'tily ask'd for her; they told me Dinner 'waited: But I neglected eating, and en-'tring the Chamber, found the charming '*Maria*, for that was her Name, seated 'upon a Couch, pale as Death, her Head 'gently reclining on her lovely Hand, her 'Face all bathed in Tears. She rose at my

'coming up to her; I took her in my Arms 'with a Transport I had never known be-'fore, and bid the Eunuch bring in Wine 'and Meat, and I would eat here. He 'withdrew: I kist, embrac'd, and shew'd 'her all the most tender Marks of Esteem: 'she trembled, wept, look'd down, and 'sigh'd as if her Heart would break. Din-'ner brought in I courted her to eat and 'drink, but she refus'd. Unable to delay 'my Bliss, I took her by the Hand, led her 'into the Bed-Chamber; but then she fell 'upon her Knees, still silent, not answering 'one Word, and shew'd such Fear and Grief, 'that I was shock'd; my Blood cool'd, and 'I resolv'd to court her to my Arms, and 'stay till she would make me happy. I took 'her up, wip'd away her Tears, and ask'd 'her in *Spanish*, why she treated me so cru-'elly? having ask'd what Nation she was 'of, when I bought her. "You are, *said* "*she*, an odious Mahometan, and I a Chris-"tian: I am your Slave, by Heaven's Per-"mission; but my Soul is free, and can't "consent to such a hateful Deed. Leave "me or kill me; for I prefer Death to a "disgraceful Life. Force me, and I'll "hate you, loath you, ruine your Joys, "and fly you with Scorn and Coldness: "but spare my Virtue. Oh! spare my "Shame, and I'll adore you, do any thing "that you command.' 'In short she mel-

'ted

'ted my Soul; I treated her as if I had
'been her Slave, and used her so, that she
'promised if I would turn Christian, she
'would yield to be my Wife. In few
'Days the Emperor was inform'd what a
'beautiful Virgin I had purchased: He
'ask'd me gently, "*Tanganor*, may I not see
"the fair *Spanish* Girl you have at home?
"Pray bring her to me this Day: I have
"heard much of her." I remain'd silent, as
'one Thunder-struck for some time; at last
'recovering, "My mighty Lord, said I,
"she's not what Fame reports, but I will
"fetch her to you." 'I departed from
'Court that Moment so distracted, I knew
'not what Course to take; I acquainted
'*Maria* with what happen'd, who appear'd
'as disorder'd as I: I resolved not to part
'with her, yet dared not keep her: The
'Emperor was not to be trifled withal: If
'he were disobliged, Death and Ruin
'must follow. Whilst we were debating,
'my Eunuch enter'd the Room trembling;
"My Lord, *said he*, the Emperor has sent
"*Bendarius* his chief Eunuch with a Guard
"to demand the fair Slave." 'E'er he had
'finish'd the Eunuch enter'd, and taking
'her by the Hand, who was all in Tears,
"Weep not, fair Virgin, *said he*, for such
"I hope you are; an Emperor's Bed courts
"your Acceptance; you are too fair for
"any Subject to possess." 'He gave her
'no time to reply, but took her away in

'a Sedan, leaving me in the utmost Dis-
'raction and Despair.

'I knew my Ruin was decreed, and was
'too well satisfy'd of *Maria's* Virtue, to
'believe that she would yield to the Em-
'peror, without such Reluctance as would
'inform him she loved me; and then my
'Death was certain: I therefore resolved
'to convey into some secret Place what
'Money, Jewels, and Plate I could; and
'disguising my self, retire to some Place,
'where I might lie conceal'd. *Achmet*, my
'Eunuch, generously offer'd to attend, and
'conduct me to his Mother's House, which
'was far from *Ispahan*, near Mount *Taurus*.
'I accepted willingly his Offer, and load-
'ing two Horses with what was most va-
'luable, departed that Night, and travel-
'ling all Night and the next Day, got
'clear of all pursuit.

'So soon as I was arriv'd at Mount
'*Taurus*, I black'd my Face and Hands,
'and changed my Dress for that of a Slave;
'bury'd my Treasure, and resolved to con-
'tinue here till *Achmet* return'd to *Ispahan*,
'and learn'd what *Maria's* Fate was; charg-
'ing him to procure a sight of her, if
'possible, and to return and tell me; re-
'solving if she had yielded, and was con-
'tent, to cross the Mountain, and retire
'to the Desarts, and there spend my Days.

'*Achmet* departed, and it was many Days
'before he return'd; during which you may
'imagine

' imagine the anxious Thoughts that poſ-
' ſeſt my Soul: but juſt God, how great
' was my Surprize when I ſaw him enter
' the houſe with *Maria* in his Hand! She
' had a Veil on, which I throwing up to
' ſalute her, ſaw that ſhe was blind. " My
" Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, ſtart not at the ſight, my
" Eyes are ſacrificed to Virtue, with the
" loſs of them I have procured your Hap-
" pineſs; I would have done more, had
" Chriſtianity permitted, and would have
" died, but I have cheaply bought my Re-
" poſe with the Loſs of one Senſe. Thou
" glorious Woman, *ſaid I, claſping her in*
" *my Arms*, what Words can expreſs my
" Wonder, and Affection? Thy Virtues
" ſhine more than thy lovely Eyes did, and
" ſhall procure thee an immortal Name."
' I led her into my homely Chamber, re-
' freſht her with Wine, and Food, and
' there ſhe told me what had befallen her.
" I was, *ſaid ſhe*, brought to a noble
" Apartment, which you, no doubt, have
" ſeen in the Palace: There the Eunuch
" brought two Female Slaves to me, with
" a Habit ſuiting a Queen, and departed.
" The Maids dreſt me, whilſt my Soul was
" tortured with a thouſand Apprehenſions.
" I fancy'd my ſelf preparing to be ſacri-
" ficed, and almoſt wiſhed I had not been
" a Chriſtian. When they had deck'd
" me as they pleaſed, they withdrew; and
" ſoon after the Emperor came in, a Man

" whoſe Perſon and Mien was noble and
" agreeable. He gazed upon me ſome time,
" then took a Ring of great Price from
" his Finger, put it upon mine, and ſaid
" in *Spaniſh*, Fair *Maria*, you are worthy a
" Monarch's Bed: Fame has done you
" wrong, and *Tanganor* was a Villain to his
" Prince and you. I'll make you Miſtreſs
" of Queens, and ſhew you what a *Perſian*
" Monarch can beſtow on her he loves.
" Come to my Arms, and let your Soul
" welcome mine." ' Here he embraced,
' and almoſt ſtifled me with Kiſſes; I gen-
' tly ſtrove to looſe my ſelf, and falling down
' at his feet with Tears, beg'd to be heard:
" My mighty Lord, *ſaid I*, look not upon
" me with Deſire, I am unworthy you, I
" am a wretched Maid, torn from my
" Friends and Country, by a Villain, a
" Robber, and by his means now made a
" Slave; but I'm a Chriſtian, and a Virgin,
" and e'er I'll yield to your deſires will
" die. *Tanganor* is by promiſe my Husband,
" he has vow'd to be a Chriſtian, and to
" marry me; Oh! let your Bounty give me
" back and make me happy, or reſolve to
" ſee me die here at your feet: I will be
" only his, and never yield to gratify a-
" nother." " Fond Maid, *ſaid he*, I've
" heard too much, all that my Slaves poſ-
" ſeſs is mine, and you are, and ſhall be
" ſo; your Vertue charms me more than
" your

" your Eyes. Now I am resolved never " to part with you: Force must I find " procure me now what your Consent shall " afterwards secure me of." ' Here he took ' me in his Arms, and carry'd me to a rich ' Bed, on which he threw me. My Soul ' was shocked at this, and so surprized, I ' soon resolved what to do; " My Eyes " shall never see my Shame, *said I*, nor more " inflame Mankind: These I offer up to " Vertue, and they shall weep no more in " ought but Blood." At these Words I ' tore my Eyeballs out, and threw them at ' him. " I saw no more, but heard him " say, *Ah cruel Maid, what have you done?* " *Tanganor*, you are happy: Had I been so " fortunate to be beloved like you, I had " been more than mortal. *Maria*, I would " give all *Persia* to restore your Sight: By " *Mahomet*, you are more than Woman, and " I will never presume to sue again for " what you must deny. Tell me what I " shall do to expiate my Crime." " Re- " store me to my Lord, I beg only that " grace, *said I*, and I will pray for you " with my last Breath." He answer'd, " I " will resign you to my Rival; but 'tis " hard. Blind as you are, you charm me, " and to keep my Word I must not view " your Face again; go, and take care I " never see you, nor *Tanganor* more, lest I " forget my Promise, and relapse." ' Here

' he call'd *Bendarius*, kiſt my Hands, on
' which I felt his falling Tears, and left
' me. I was carry'd ſtrait back to your
' Houſe, where *Achmet* found me ſick of a
' Fever, which recovering I came with
' him; and now am happy, if you keep
' your Faith with me. Thus *Maria* finiſh'd
' her ſad Story; and after this I need not
' tell you I adored her, and there ſought,
' and found a Chriſtian Monk who firſt bap-
' tized me, and then marry'd us. I then
' conſider'd what Courſe it was beſt for us
' to ſteer; and reſolved to retire with her in-
' to this Iſland on this ſide where the *Ja-*
' *paneſe* Veſſels often call for freſh Water. I
' carry'd her through the great *Mogul's* Do-
' minions down to *Goa*, and there we took
' Ship for this Iſland, where my Slaves
' which I brought with me repair'd and
' fitted up this Houſe. Here I have now
' lived fifteen Years, and have three Chil-
' dren by my dear *Maria*, who keeps much
' in her Chamber, becauſe of her being
' blind. Once a Year we receive Letters
' from my Friends, and Returns from my
' Eſtate of Fruits, Spices, Clothes, and
' what is wanting. The Emperor never
' enquired more after me, nor moleſted my
' Houſe or Friends; my Brother manages,
' and lives upon my Eſtate. And thus, Gen-
' tlemen, I have related to you my un-
' fortunate Life; and if I can aſſiſt you,
' com-

'command me. The Ship we expect soon, 'it shall carry you where you please.' They return'd him many thanks, and he desired them to bring the Ladies. 'I have, '*said he*, a Priest, my Chaplain in the 'House, whom I brought from *Goa* with 'me, he shall supply your spiritual Wants, 'and my dear *Maria* shall with Joy en-'tertain the Ladies. My House is large 'enough to receive you all, and it will be 'a great Happiness for us to be all together: 'I have often wonder'd there were no Inha-'bitants to be seen when I have walk'd 'over the Hill, but never thought it worth 'while to search farther.' Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* took leave, being impatient to inform *Teresa* and *Emilia* of the strange discoveries they had made, and promised to return to the noble *Tanganor*'s the next Morning.

CHAP. V.

IT was Noon before Don *Lopez* and the Count reached the Cottage, where they found the Ladies, to whom they related all the surprizing Adventures they had met with. 'And now, my charming *Teresa*, '(said Don *Lopez*) we may quit this dismal

'Place;

'Place; Providence has directed us to a 'better, where we shall have Company and 'Entertainment suiting our Desires and 'Wants. And you, (said he to the poor '*Indians*) our generous Hosts, shall be re-'ceived, and if you like of it, entertain'd 'at ease, or return to your own Country in 'that Ship that will, I hope, carry you to '*Japan*, and us to *Mexico*.' An universal Joy now spread it self thro this little Family; Dinner was got ready, and nothing spared of what Provisions they had got. The poor *Indian* got out his Canoe in the Evening, to put aboard it what Wine, Brandy and Salt Meat they had left. They lay down at Night to sleep, but Don *Lopez* slept not at all; his Soul was transported, having nothing in view but the Possession of his dear *Teresa*: He knew a Christian Priest was at *Tanganor's*, and resolved to press her to make him happy. At break of Day they all rose, and set out for *Tanganor's*; the poor *Indian* and her Children follow'd, loaden with the mean Furniture their Cottage afforded; which they could not consent to leave behind them. Don *Lopez* and the Count empty'd the rich Chest that belong'd to Don *Lopez*, and fearing to venture it in the Canoe, carry'd all the Plate, Money, and Clothes that were in it, with them, the Ladies assisting. In some Hours, resting often in the way, they arrived at *Tanganor's*, who

who receiv'd them courteously, with Father *Augustine*, his Chaplain, a Man whose humble Appearance, and affable Behaviour spoke his Vertues; he embraced, and welcomed them with great Tenderness, and taking the Ladies by the hand, said, 'Come, 'my Children, I will lead you to a Lady, 'who tho blind, shall welcome you; and 'one whose Vertues you may be proud to 'imitate.' *Tanganor* conducting the Gentlemen, they all went to his Lady's Apartment, whom they found sitting in a Chair with her three Children seated on little Stools by her: Her Son who was then about eight Years old, was reading a holy Meditation for the Morning; whilst the two little Girls, *Maria* and *Leonora*, were at work. *Tanganor* inform'd her of the Ladies being there, whose Story he had told her the Night before. She rose to salute them, saying, 'Ladies, excuse me, if I 'pay respect to the younger first, since I 'cannot see you. My Soul rejoices at the 'arrival of such Company; tho I cannot 'see the Light, yet I can relish the Charms 'of Conversation.' Here *Teresa* and *Emilia* embraced her, admiring her Beauty, which could not be altogether eclipsed by the black Ribbon that cover'd her Eyelids; her Shape, her Features and Complexion, were incomparable. 'Madam, 'said *Teresa*, I wonder not that an Ea-

'stern

'ſtern Monarch adored you; you are ſtill 'ſo lovely, that your Lord may juſtly ac-'count himſelf ſupremely happy in the poſ-'ſeſſion of ſuch a Wife. The want of 'Sight adds to your Charms, and cauſes 'us to love and admire you, even before 'we converſe with you.' *Emilia* join'd in her Praiſes; and, in fine, the Lady put an end to the Diſcourſe, by begging them to accept of a Breakfaſt with her, which was brought in. They paſt the Day with much Pleaſure: In the Evening, Don *Lopez*, who had privately acquainted Father *Auguſtin* with his Deſign, taking *Tereſa* by the Hand, led her aſide into a Room, where he thus addreſt himſelf to her: 'Charming *Tereſa*, God has been pleaſed 'to preſerve and bring us together, in a 'wonderful manner; I know that you are 'not inſenſible or ignorant of my Paſſion 'for you, nay I even hope that you love 'me; do not longer, charming Maid, defer 'to make me happy. Here is a Prieſt to 'join us; give to my Arms and Care, that 'Perſon that my Soul adores and loves 'above all earthly things.' 'Tis I muſt 'guard and carry you to *Mexico* again. 'Tho you are very young, yet you are 'of Years to marry. Fate has decreed you 'mine, keep me no longer languiſhing; 'but crown my Hopes, and yield to Hea-'ven's Will, who brought me ſafely to

'you.'

'you.' Here he embraced her tenderly; she blush'd and answer'd, 'Don *Lopez*, you 'shall be happy. Tho with much confu-'sion I consent to make you Master of '*Teresa*'s Heart and Hand, do as you 'please: If we must perish on the Sea, or 'wander in strange Lands, 'tis better we 'should be marry'd, and my Honour so 'secured, than to be still but Friends. I 'own your Merit, and confess I love you.' He claspt her in his Arms transported, led her to the Priest, who that joyful Night perform'd the Ceremony, making Don *Lopez* blest as Man could be. And now for some Days they past the time in Pleasure, *Tanganor* diverted them with Hunting, Fishing, and shew'd 'em many curious Caves, and Pagan Oratories which yet remain'd on the Island. At last the Ship arrived from *Japan* bringing much Goods, as rich Persia Silks, Cotton, Linen, Spices, Fruit, Sugar, Tea, Chocolate, Liquors, live Fowls of several kinds for breed, tame Beasts, and all things wanting. *Tanganor* with these treated and made Presents to his Guests of what they wanted: And the Ship being to return to *Japan*, he proposed to them what to do. They resolved to go for *Mexico* with the Ship, which being now unloaded, might easily go thither before it returned to *Japan*; so taking their Leaves, the Count and Don *Lopez*, with their

Wives,

Wives, departed, leaving the poor *Indians*, who chose to live with *Tanganor*. The Wind sitting fair they soon arrived at *Mexico*, where they found the Governor, Don *Lopez*'s Father, gone for *Spain*, being recall'd, and Don *Sancho de Avilla*, *Teresa*'s Father, they found very sick; her Loss having thrown him into a deep Melancholy, and lingring Fever, of which he never perfectly recovered, but in less than a Year's time died, leaving a vast Estate to his Daughter *Teresa*. In short time after, the Governor being gone, his Son Don *Lopez* resolved to go home to *Spain*, in order to which he sold off all his Effects, and Lands, taking Bills on Merchants at *Barcelona*; and with *Teresa*, the Count *de Hautville*, and *Emilia* who desired to accompany him, designing to go to *France* from *Spain*, went on board a *Spanish* Ship with much Riches, and set sail for *Spain*. They had good Weather and a prosperous Voyage many days, but when they came near the Entrance of the Straits of *Gibraltar*, the Wind began to blow hard, and drove them on the Coast of *Barbary*. Here two Pirates of *Algiers* came up with them, and soon gave them to understand who they were, by firing at them, and summoning them to surrender; they made all the Defence they were able, but, alas! the Ship was heavy laden, their Hands and Guns few: howsoever, the

Captain

Captain was very brave, and Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* assisting, they resisted the *Turks*, till such time as the grapling Irons having hold of the Vessel the cruel Infidels boarded it, and enter'd in such numbers as obliged the poor Christians to retire into the great Cabin, which the *Turks* broke into Sword in hand. The Captain was kill'd before upon the Deck, both the young Lords wounded, the Seamen mostly dead, or dying, so that none were left but the two helpless Ladies, and their wounded Husbands, whom they held bleeding in their Arms, and a poor Boy who stood weeping by. The poor affrighted Ladies fell on their knees, imploring the Infidels pity: their Beauty pleaded more than all they could say in their favour. The *Turkish* Captains raised them from the ground, gazing on their charming Faces; and having given orders to their Men to plunder the Ship of what was most valuable, and bring her into *Algiers*, they order'd them and their Husbands to be brought on board one of their Ships, where *Achmet Barbarosa* who commanded the biggest received them, ordering the Lords Wounds to be dreſt by his Surgeon; and entertain'd the Ladies with much Civility, and seeming Compassion. *Teresa* was big with Child, and so disorder'd with the Fright, that Don *Lopez* was in the utmost Concern for her.

In

In few Hours they landed at *Algiers*, and were conducted to *Barbarosa*'s House together, and lodged in an Apartment, where he left them to go to the Governor of *Algiers*, to acquaint him with the rich Prize he had taken, and to offer him what share he pleased of the Slaves and Plunder. Our unfortunate Travellers thus left alone, Don *Lopez* was the first who broke the melancholy Silence, that till then reigned amongst them. 'Charming *Teresa*, said he, my 'Joy, my Love, my All, soon shall we be 'parted; all my Hopes of Happiness are 'ended; your Youth and Beauty now will 'cost my Life and your Repose; you will 'be ravished from me by some powerful In-'fidel, who will adore your Charms, and 'force you to his curst Embraces.' *Teresa*, drown'd in Tears, fell on his Neck, and could not speak. Then the Count, whom loss of Blood had render'd faint, and scarce able to speak, looked on *Emilia*; 'My 'Dear, said he, do you hear this unmov'd, 'what may your wretched Husband hope? 'Can you consent, and live another's? 'No, my dear Lord, said she, you know 'me better; my Soul is prepared for all 'Events, and I will die rather than live 'a Vassal to a vile *Mahommetan*'s unlawful 'Lust.' 'And so will I, answer'd the re-'viving *Teresa*. Fear nothing, brave *Emi-'lia*, we'll go together, trusting in that 'God who is able to preserve our Souls

'and

'and Bodies. Slaves we are doubtless 'doom'd to be, but our Minds can't be 'confined; our Lives we must not end with 'our own Hands, but may resist all sinful 'Acts till Life and Sense be lost.'

At these words a Servant enter'd the Room, a Renegado *Spaniard*, wicked as Hell, and one who renouncing Christianity, had endear'd himself to the Governor of *Algiers*, and was by him made rich, and used by him for his beastly Pleasure: he told the Ladies in *Spanish*, they must go with him to the Governor; and you, Gentlemen, said he, must prepare to go in a Litter that will presently be here, to carry you to his Country Seat, where you may recover your Health, and write to your Friends to send what Ransom shall be required for you. At these Words, the brave Don *Lopez* rose, and clasping *Teresa* in his Arms, reply'd, 'Vile Slave, depart before 'these Hands stop your damned Voice, and 'rend you in pieces: I will die, Apos-'tate Villain, before I will part with her; 'my Arms shall grasp her even in Death, 'and bless the Hand that kills us together.' The Count *de Hautville* stood before *Emilia*; they had no Swords or Arms of any kind to defend themselves. The Slave, as if amazed, departed the Room, shutting the Door fast after him, but soon return'd with a Band of Soldiers, who rushing in, seized

the

the Ladies and Lords, giving them no time to ſpeak to one another. They led, or rather drag'd, *Tereſa* and *Emilia* through the Streets to the Governor's Palace, and there ſecured them; their Arms pinion'd, they tyed them to two Pillars in the Hall, and ſo retired to the Gate. Mean time the Lords were bound hand and foot, thrown into a Court, and drove to a Country-Houſe of the Governor's, forty miles from the City; there they were carry'd into a ſpacious Room, and chain'd to the Floor by the Leg; a Mattreſs and Quilts lay there upon the Boards, on which they might lie down. Here they had Food and Wine brought them, for the *Turks* gueſſed by the vaſt Treaſure they found in the Ship, and their Habit, that they were Perſons of Quality, and therefore fear'd to loſe their Ranſoms if they kill'd or ſtarved them. They refuſed to eat two Days, but the third, Hunger compell'd them to it. Thus they remain'd ſome Days, in the moſt diſconſolate Condition that ever Men were in; where we muſt leave them to enquire what became of *Tereſa*, and *Emilia*.

The Renegado *Roderigo* giving an account to the Governor of what was paſt, and of the Ladies Arrival, he ſoon enter'd the Hall with Captain *Barbaroſa*, to whom he had promiſed to give her he leaſt liked; but he beheld them with Admiration,

ſeem'd

ſeem'd divided in himſelf, not knowing which to chuſe. He was a Man of an excellent Shape and Stature, his Mien great and majeſtick, his Veſt and Tunick were made of Cloth of Gold, his Turbant glitter'd with Jewels, Diamonds, Rubies, and Emeralds, which ſeem'd to emulate each other; in fine, he was not much above thirty, and was one of the moſt beautiful and accompliſh'd Men of his Nation, which I mention out of reſpect to thoſe unfortunate Ladies, whoſe Vertues are to be the more admired in reſiſting the paſſionate Sollicitations of ſuch a Man. *Tereſa*'s Youth, and the charming Innocence that blooms in Virgins Faces at fourteen, which ſhe had not loſt by being a Wife wonderfully ſtruck him; Grief added to her Charms, her downcaſt Eyes received new Fires when lifted up. He gazed upon her with ſuch Tranſport, that had not the Captain who was inflamed with her Beauty reminded him of *Emilia*, he had fixt on *Tereſa*; but turning to the other, he was doubly wounded: Her riper Charms, with the heroick Soul that ſparkled in her Eyes, a ſecond time inflamed his Soul, and he could part with neither. '*Barbaroſa*, ſaid he, I muſt have both theſe 'lovely Women, name the Price, and make 'ſome other Choice, theſe muſt be mine.' The Captain murmur'd, but ſeeing he was obſtinate, he dared not tempt his Fate,

but

but told him they were at his Service. The Governor pleased, strait order'd him two hundred Pieces of Gold; so he departed horribly vexed, and meditating Revenge. Then the Governor order'd the Ladies to be unbound, and placed in two different Chambers, with Slaves to watch and attend them. Here the Trunks of rich Habits they had brought from *Mexico*, were, to their great Surprize, brought and presented to them; nothing being taken from them by the Governor's order.

Nothing was more dreadful to these Ladies than this Separation; they both refused to eat or drink, and by Night were so faint, that they were scarce able to stand. About ten a Clock in the Evening a Supper was brought into *Teresa*'s Chamber; and soon after the Governor enter'd, the Renegado waiting on him, retired to the door, which he shut, and stood without: The Governor seeing her look pale as Death, sitting unmoved, approached her with much Tenderness, fearing she had taken up some fatal Resolution to destroy her self: He kiss'd her Hands, kneeled at her Feet, and intreated her to rise and eat. He courted her with all the Eloquence Love can inspire, to which she gave no Answer but Sighs and Tears; at last she look'd upon him earnestly: ' Governor, said she, you ' plead in vain; I'm deaf to all Intreaties, ' and

'and can never yield to gratify you. I 'am marry'd and with Child by a noble 'Husband, whom I am bound to love, 'and for whom I will preſerve my Perſon, 'nor will I ever conſent to your Deſires; 'nor will I ever eat again, till you have 'freed me from this Place: Reſolve there-'fore to ſee me die, or generouſly ſet me 'at Liberty. Do not attempt to force 'me, leſt I do ſome dreadful Deed, and 'fill your Soul with endleſs Remorſe.' Here ſhe fell at his Feet, and let fall a ſhower of tears, then fainted. This touch'd his Soul, and made him relent; tho a *Mahometan*, he was generous, and compaſſionate. He took her in his Arms, pour'd Wine into her Mouth, and with much difficulty brought her to Life again. Then ſhe renew'd her Complaints; to which he reply'd, 'Charming, matchleſs Woman, where 'Virtue, Beauty, Wit, and every Grace 'conſpires to captivate my Soul! too hap-'py he who calls you his. Fly not from 'me to Death; but give me leave to wait 'upon, and merit your Eſteem, by all a 'Lover can perform. I'll never uſe baſe 'Force, but Prayers and Sighs ſhall thaw 'your Breaſt, and *Selim* will be your eter-'nal Slave. To prove I'm ſo, this Night 'I'll leave you to Repoſe, and not preſume 'to urge you farther.' He kiſt her Hand, and, opening a Door, withdrew into

another

another Room. Then a Blackamore Maid enter'd, and folding down the Bed, made Signs to her to undress; which she fearing to do, tho in great want of Sleep, refused, and only lay down upon it. The Maid left a Candle burning, and withdrew, shutting the door after her. Soon after *Teresa* heard *Emilia*'s Voice in the next Room, with *Selim*; and hearkening, heard him say, 'Are you then cruel like *Teresa*? You are 'more experienced and more ripe for Joy: 'Come, come, trifle not with me; I'm re-'solved to possess you, and will not be de-'ny'd.' She heard a Noise, and then *Emilia* said, 'Villain, I fear you not, I'll sacri-'fice you to preserve my Vertue; die Infi-'del, and tell your blasphemous Prophet, 'when you come to Hell, a Christian spilt 'your Blood.' Then she heard a dismal Groan, and soon after *Emilia* enter'd the Chamber, with a look that spoke the Terrors of her Mind, and the strange Deed her Hands had done. She had *Selim*'s Habit on, and in her Hand a Woman-Slave, 'Disguise your self in this, *said she*, 'my dear *Teresa*, and follow me; with this 'I'll free us both or die.' Here she drew forth a bloody Dagger *Selim* wore. *Teresa* trembling put the Habit on, and follow'd her: They past thro the Chamber *Emilia* came out of, for *Teresa*'s Chamber-door was lock'd, and there she saw *Selim* lying on the Bed,

d, weltering in his Blood. They found nother Door; opening which, they de-ended a pair of Back-ſtairs, and enter'd a arden, in which the Renegado *Roderigo* as diverting himſelf with one of his Maſ-er's fair Slaves: He ſtarted, and came boldly up to them, doubtleſs ſuſpecting ſome-hing; but *Emilia* ſtabbing him, prevented any Noiſe; the Woman he was ſporting with, having retired the Moment they ap-pear'd. They forced open the Garden-gate, and not knowing where to go, haſted out of the Town, nor ſtop'd till they had reach-ed the Fields. Here they wander'd, ready to die for want of Food and Reſt. At laſt unable to go farther, they ſat down under a Tree in a Wood, and conſulted what to o; they ſuppoſed they ſhould be purſued, nd if taken, ſurely put to death. *Tereſa*, hoſe Courage was not equal to *Emilia*'s, as almoſt ready to deſpair; and ſhe ſeem'd diſpirited, that *Emilia* uſed all her Elo-ence to comfort her. 'My dear Friend, *ſaid ſhe*, look up to Heav'n that never ails to ſuccour the diſtreſt: The God hat this Day ſtrengthen'd my feeble Arm o deliver us, will, I doubt not, ſend us Help. Death is the worſt that can befal us, and that is only what we are born to ſuffer, and what no human Pow-er can ſhield us from; nay, what we ought to meet with Joy, ſince we have

'an eternal State in view, that shall com-
'pensate for all the miseries we suffer here.
'Since no Guilt does wound our Conscien-
'ces, we need not fear to die, or dread
'all our inhuman Enemies can inflict up-
'on us. Come chear up, and strive to go
'yet farther from that hateful City, which
'we are fled from; perhaps some hospita-
'ble Cottage may receive and shelter us.'
At these Words *Teresa* cast a dying look up-
on her. 'Alas, *said she*, my dear, my
'Faith is stronger than my Body, tho not
'so great as yours; I cannot rise, my trem-
'bling Limbs are now unable to bear my
'Weight; and if no help be sent us soon,
'then I must lay down the tedious burden
'of Life in this sad Place, and leave you.'
Here she fainted. At this Instant *Emilia*
heard a rustling amongst the Trees, and
looking behind her, saw a young Man of
about 20 Years of Age, whose handsome
Face and Shape surprized her; he had on
the Habit of a Slave; he came down from
the Tree they were sitting under; he ap-
proached her with much Respect, and in
French, which he had heard them converse
in. He was by Birth a *Venetian*, as the se-
quel of this History will inform us, and ad-
dress himself to her in this manner: 'Ma-
'dam, be not surprized that I have over-
'heard you: I am joyful to tell you, it is
'in my power to serve you. I am Servant
'to

'to a Widow-Woman who lives not far 'from this Place, to whose Husband it was 'my good Fortune to be sold; she by 'my means has embraced the Christian 'Faith, tho we keep it a Secret: She 'gets her living, and mine, by making Tur-'bants and Embroidery, which I carry 'home to our Customers, and the Shops. 'We live very comfortably, and I am cer-'tain if you will give me leave to con-'duct you to her, she will receive you kind-'ly, for she is a Person of great Goodness.' *Emilia* gladly accepted his Offer, and they lifting up *Teresa*, who was scarce alive, led her along to the Widow's House, which was just behind the Wood. The Slave, whose Name was *Antonio*, gave his Mistress a brief account of their Condition: She embraced and welcomed them, bringing out Meat and Drink; with which being much refresh'd, they related to her the cause and manner of their Escape from the City; upon which she advised them to change their Clothes, since they would surely discover them: But when *Emilia* came to pull off her Turbant and Vest, she was amazed to see the rich Jewels it was adorn'd with: In the pocket of the Vest she found 100 Sultana's of Gold, the Buttons were Diamonds. They blest God for this Treasure, which would enable them to live here, and procure them means to escape hence toge-

ther. They immediately cut the Clothes in pieces, which served to make the Caps of the Turbants; and the Jewels they rip'd off, and hid in a Box in the Ground, resolving *Antonio* should dispose of a few of them at a time, as they had occasion, to the *Jews*, many of whom the Widow-woman work'd for in Embroidery, particularly in rich Belts which they traded with to *Spain* and other parts of *Europe*. The good Widow, whose Name was *Saraja*, brought them mean *Turkish* Habits, such as she wore, saying, 'Ladies, you must now 'conceal your Quality and Beauty with 'this homely dressing, and pass for young 'Maids whom I have bought to assist me 'in my work.' *Teresa*, who was much joy'd at this unexpected good fortune, reply'd, embracing her, 'I will assist you, *said she*, 'in working with all my Heart; we both 'know how to use our Needles.' A Bed was laid for them in *Saraja*'s Chamber after the *Turkish* manner, that is, a Carpet was spread upon the Floor, on which were laid a Quilt, Blankets, Sheets, and Coverlids: And now had they known what was become of their Lords, they had been tolerably easy. *Antonio* set out for the City the next Morning, to learn what News he could, and return'd at Night with this Account: 'I am, *said he*, acquainted with a Christian 'Boy, who is Slave to the Governor: I

'walk'd

'walk'd two or three times before the 'House to watch his coming out; at last 'I saw him come sweating up the Street 'with a Surgeon; I wink'd upon him as he 'past by, he return'd the Sign and enter'd: 'I waited not long, before he came out 'again: *Lorenzo*, said I, can't we drink a 'dish of Coffee together this Morning? I 'am obliged to wait for some Mony, one 'of my Mistress's Customers owes her, and 'therefore have an Hour to spare; which if 'you can, we will pass together. Lord, '*said he*, our House is all in Confusion; 'my Master bought two Christian Women 'yesterday, one of whom has this Night 'wounded him cruelly, and left him wel-'tering in his Blood upon the Bed; our 'Renegado *Roderigo* they have likewise 'kill'd, as we suppose, for we found him 'dead in the Garden, and they are escaped. Hearing some dismal Groans in the 'Night, I enter'd the Room, and found my 'Master in this condition; so I raised my 'Fellow-Servants, and we have brought 'him to Life, and the Surgeon has some 'hopes of his recovery. We inform'd him 'the Women were fled, but he commanded 'us to make no search after them. He 'praised their Virtue, and seem'd to 'pity them, saying, he wish'd their Hap-'piness, and commended their Courage. 'I ask'd *Lorenzo* whom these Women be-

'long'd to? He said, he did not know. So 'I suppose none but *Roderigo* knew any thing 'of your Lords.' Thus ended *Antonio.*

Here the Ladies remain'd undisturb'd seven Months, never stirring abroad but in the dusk of the Evenings, when they walk'd only into the Wood. Mean time *Antonio* often enquired of *Lorenzo* for News, but heard none. Several Ships sail'd for *Europe* in this time; but the Ladies resolved not to leave *Barbary*, till they heard of their Husbands. We shall therefore leave them at the Widow's, and proceed to give an Account of what befel the unfortunate Don *Lopez*, and the Count *de Hautville.*

CHAP. VI.

THE two Lords being chain'd, as has been before recited, had no hopes of getting their Liberty: They had writ, the one to *France*, the other to *Spain*, to their Friends, of whom they knew not who might be living: but alas! the Sum demanded was very great; and the time they must wait, before it was possible for them to receive any answer from either of those Places, so long, that there were little hopes

hopes of their living to receive it. But these Considerations were nothing grievous to them, in respect of those relating to *Emilia* and *Teresa*; their Ignorance of their Condition, and distracting Apprehensions of their Ruin, almost overcame their Reason and Christianity: They were both sick with Grief, and incapable of comforting one another. But Providence, that saw their Wrongs, at length provided a way for their Deliverance: A fair Virgin, who was a Slave to the Governor, waited on a Mistress of his, whom he having enjoy'd, slighted, and had sent to this his Country-House, where she had now been two Years: This Girl, who was then but twelve Years old, often came into the Chamber where these poor Gentlemen were confined, to bring them Tea and Coffee from her Lady; who, having had a sight of them, admired Don *Lopez*, and therefore ventured to do something to oblige him. This pretty Girl they ask'd some Questions of; as what Country she was of, what Religion. She told them, she was a *Venetian*, that her Mistress was the same; that they both were brought their by Misfortunes, but seem'd shy of saying more. One Evening she enter'd the Room, follow'd by a Lady, in a *Turkish* dress exceeding rich; she was about five and twenty, her Shape and Mein was enchanting; her Face so lovely,

that it would have charm'd the most Insensible: A Cloud of Blushes overspread her Face, and her disorder was such for some Minutes, that she could not speak. The Count and Don *Lopez*, whose Weakness and Chains hinder'd them from rising to pay her the civilities due to her Sex, bow'd their Heads and kept Silence also, expecting her to tell the Business that brought her there. At last she spoke to them thus in *French*: 'Is it possible, that the cruel 'Governor can be so void of Humanity 'to treat you thus barbarously? Can he 'see such noble Persons as you appear to 'be, perish in Chains, and not relent. 'Tho I risque my Life to do it, charming 'Strangers, I will free you. But, continued she, addressing her self to Don *Lopez*, may I hope to find you grateful? 'Will you give her a Place in your Heart, 'who gives you Life and Liberty? Will 'you preserve her Life, who is determin'd 'to save yours? With you I am resolved to 'live or die. Speak then, for time is precious, and deserve my Love, or Hate.' Don *Lopez* was too well skill'd in the fair Sex, not to perfectly understand this Lady's meaning; and since no other means but this was left to free them, wisely conceal'd his being pre-engaged. Nay, doubtless he was not altogether insensible of *Eleonora*'s Charms, for so was the Lady named; he was a Man, and

and tho he was intirely devoted to *Teresa*, yet as Man he could oblige a hundred more: Life is sweet, and I hope my Reader will not condemn him for what his own Sex must applaud in justification of themselves: for what brave, handsome young Gentleman would refuse a beautiful Lady, who loved him, a Favour? He bowed with a look full of Love and Gratitude, saying, 'Liberty, which in it self 'is the greatest blessing Man can possess, 'join'd with so great a Good as your Fa-'vour, who would refuse? Your Charms 'would even render Confinement supporta-'ble; a Dungeon with such a Companion 'would be pleasant: Shew me the way to 'Freedom, and it shall be the study of my 'Life to make you happy: I will defend 'you to the last drop of my Blood.' At these Words he grasped her Knees and sigh'd. Poor *Eleonora* suffer'd her self to be deceived, and thought of nothing but being happy with the Man she loved. The Count *de Hautville* was amazed at Don *Lopez*'s Proceedings; his Soul was constant and noble, and would have refused a Life offer'd on so hard Terms as the breach of his Faith to his lovely *Emilia*. But his Years were more than his Friend's, and his Temper more sedate. The sweet Girl *Anna* fetched Wine and Sweet-Meats to them. *Eleonora* sat down by them, eat, and suffer'd Don *Lopez* to kiss her Hands, and say a hundred ten-

der things to her. They appointed Midnight for their Escape, when she promised to bring them Files to take off their Fetters, and Disguises to put on to prevent all Discovery. She had provided a Place for them to retire to also, near the Sea-side: She had, by this means when she was first a darling Mistress to the Governor, prevail'd with him to free a Slave whom she fancy'd; it was a young *Black* whom her Father had purchased when a Child, of a Captain, and given her, and being taken with her in the Ship she was taken in, by an *Algerine* Pirate, lived some time with her at the Governor's, his Name was *Attabala.* The Governor at her Request gave him a little House and Garden, which he used in the Summer to repair to for his Pleasure, to fish on the Sea-coast, and take the Evening Air on the Water with his Pleasure-boat. This Place he gave to *Attabala* to live in, and take care of; and it being now Winter, there was no fear of his going thither. In this Slave she could confide; to him she had declared her Design the Day before, when he came, as he often did, to see his dear Mistress, bringing her little Presents of Fish and Fruits, as grateful Acknowledgments of the Favour she had done him. From this Place it would be no difficult matter for them to escape to some Christian Ship or Port. Having stay'd with them two Hours, she retired;

tired; and then the Count enter'd into Talk with Don *Lopez* in this manner: 'My 'dear Friend, Heaven seems now to smile 'upon us, a gleam of Hope appears to 'comfort us; but tell me, was it well 'done to dissemble? Are you changed? 'Is your Wife forgot? and the sacred ma-'trimonial Vows no longer valued? Ex-'cuse me if I blame you; let nothing make 'you buy our Liberty by a Crime; it is 'better to die here, than live with Hea-'ven's Displeasure.' Don *Lopez* blushing, reply'd, 'Forgive my Weakness; I do not 'mean to proceed farther than an inno-'cent Deceit, *Teresa* is always present with 'me: But had I refused this Lady's Offer 'rudely, we had, perhaps, been here de-'tain'd and murder'd; and then *Teresa* 'and *Emilia* never can be rescued from 'the Villain that robb'd us of them. Be 'satisfy'd therefore, that I have acted pru-'dently, and not design'd amiss.' The Count was then contented, and now the joyful Hour approach'd when Darkness and Sleep had lull'd the busy World to rest; *Eleonora* came with *Anna* loaden with Jewels, Gold, and Clothes; they quickly filed their Fetters off, and found the faithful *Attabala* at some distance from the House, with three Horses, swift *Barbaries*, that run fleet as the Wind; on two of these the Lords mounted, Don *Lopez* taking the Lady,

and

and the Count the Girl behind him; the *Black* riding the other Horſe led the way, with which he was perfectly acquainted: In few Hours juſt at Day-break, they reached the Houſe, and being ſafely lodged, began to taſte the Pleaſures of Liberty. Next day the Governor, who was recover'd, was inform'd by the Servants, that remain'd in the Country-houſe, of the Lords flight: but he had that night received an order from the Emperor to repair to *Fez*, to take a Command in the Army, to which he was determin'd to ſend him. This took up all his Thoughts, ſo that he took little notice of their Eſcape; and, as they afterwards learn'd, he never return'd to *Algiers*, but dy'd in the Army of a Fever. And now Don *Lopez* had an opportunity to enquire who *Eleonora* was, and the fatal accident that brought her to this Place. He treated her with ſuch Reſpect and Affection, that he could ask nothing of her, but what ſhe was ready to grant. One Morning as the Count and *Anna*, whom *Eleonora* now treated as her Friend, letting her lie with her, as became a Perſon who was indeed her Equal, were converſing together, Don *Lopez* intreated her to relate the Adventures of her Life. 'Yes, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, I will, 'provided *Anna*, and you Gentlemen, will 'do the ſame; for ſhe would never let me 'know who ſhe is, tho a *Venetian* as well

'as

'as I. *Anna, reply'd Madam,* whilst I was 'a Slave I was not willing to be known: 'Now I shall take Pleasure to entertain 'you with a Story full of strange Adven-'tures.' Then *Eleonora* began in this manner.

CHAP. VII.

'I Was born at *Friuli*, a place situate on 'the *Adriatick* Sea, in the *Venetian* Domi-'nions; my Father was a wealthy Mer-'chant, in the City of *Aquilegia*; he had no 'Child but me by my Mother, who was 'his second Wife, and the Daughter of a 'noble *Venetian*. He had two Sons by a 'former Wife, who loved me not, because 'my Father seem'd to prefer me in his Af-'fection before them; all his Ambition 'was to see me well disposed of during 'his Life. I was also very apprehensive 'that my Brothers, if he died before I was 'marry'd, would clap me up in a Con-'vent, to get my Fortune, and be reven-'ged upon me. The great Portion he 'offer'd with me, with that tolerable Per-'son the World thought me, procured me 'many Admirers, as soon, or indeed be-'fore I was of an Age to marry. Amongst

'these,

'these, there was a Kinsman of my Mo-
'ther, the eldest Son of a *Venetian* Sena-
'tor, whom the Custom and Laws of that
'State will not permit to marry out of a
'noble Family, became much enamour'd
'with me: His Name Signior *Andrea Zan-*
'*tonio.* He secretly courted me, my Mo-
'ther and Father giving Encouragement;
'my Heart soon yielded, and I gave him
'the Preference above all others. I was
'now almost fourteen, and it was resol-
'ved that we should be privately marry'd
'at a Country-Seat of my Father's. These
'Proceedings could not be kept so secret,
'but that the Servants were some of them
'privy to them. Amongst my Lovers,
'there was a rich Captain of a Ship, who
'had cast his Eyes upon me in my Infan-
'cy, and was one of the first that enter-
'tain'd me with Discourses of Love; he
'was in Years, and I treated him with
'Ill-Nature, and indeed could not indure
'him: yet he persisted, till at length I used
'him so ill, that he concluded I had made
'choice of another, and made it his busi-
'ness to find out who was the fortunate
'Man: In order to which, he gain'd my
'Maid, who waited upon me, by Bribes to
'discover all to him. She inform'd him
'from time to time of Seignior *Andrea*
'*Zantonio*'s courting me, and all that past.
'His Business obliged him to be often ab-
'sent on Voyages to *Spain*, and elsewhere;
'and

'and he arrived but the Day before my
'intended Wedding, of which being in-
'form'd, he resolved to prevent it if possible.
'He therefore went to Seignor *Andrea's*
'Father, and acquainted him with the ill
'News, promising if he would assist him,
'he would prevent it; which he soon a-
'greed to do, being much enraged at his
'Son. The Captain desired three or four
'Men to aid him, which he immediately
'procured him, sending four Ruffians dis-
'guised along with him; with these he
'lay in Ambuscade, in the way which we
'were to pass to my Father's Country-
'house, where Signior *Andrea* was to
'come to us the next Morning, not
'thinking it proper to go with us. There
'were none in the Coach but my Father,
'Mother, and me; two Men-Servants rid
'before the Coach, and my poor *Black* was
'behind it: As we past by a Wood, the
'Captain and his Crew bolted out upon
'us, with Vizards upon their Faces, and
'Pistols in their Hands; they stop'd the
'Coach, and tore me out of it, whilst my
'Mother shrieked, my Father storm'd,
'and one of the Servants going to lay hold
'of me, was shot dead. They fled with
'me into the thickest Part of the Wood,
'where they bound and gagg'd me. The
'poor Black *Attabala*, who has now help'd
'to deliver you, being very nimble of foot,
'pursued me, and running after them, came
'up.

'up crying juſt as they were binding my 'Hands. They ſeized and bound him al- 'ſo; then they placed us before two of 'them on Horſeback, and made for the 'Sea-ſide; where being ſoon arrived, we 'found a Boat ready, into which one of 'them enter'd, we were next lifted in by 'the Seamen that row'd it; and then the 'four Villains that aſſiſted in taking us, 'cry'd, Farewel, and rode off. The Cap- 'tain taking off his Vizard ſo ſoon as we 'were put from the Shore, diſcover'd to 'me the Author of my Misfortune. "Ma- "dam, *ſaid he*, I have you ſee done a bold "deed to manifeſt my Love, and ſecure "you to my ſelf; fear nothing more, you "are now in the hands of a Man that a- "dores you, and it is your own fault if "you are not happy." 'I could not an- 'ſwer, being gagg'd; but the diſorder of 'my Mind cannot be expreſt. I ſaw my 'ſelf in the hands of a Man whom I ha- 'ted, and no way left to eſcape. I was 'ten times more ſenſible of the loſs of 'him I loved, than I could have before 'imagin'd. My Soul ſhiver'd at the 'thoughts of what was to follow. I could 'no more hope to ſee my Country and 'Friends, for thither it was not to be ſup- 'poſed this Villain would ever venture to 'bring me again, at leaſt not in ſome 'Years. I was tortured with a thouſand 'ſuch diſmal Apprehenſions, when I ſaw

'the

' the Ship which lay'd by to receive us. ' He took me up in his loath'd Arms, and ' with the Seamens Assistance, tho I strug- ' gled, put me on board. *Attabala* and I ' were presently unbound, and now I be- ' gan to expostulate with *Alphonse*, for that ' was the Captain's Name. " What do " you propose, *said I*, in taking me thus " by force against my Inclination? do " you vainly imagine to be happy with " me, whilst I hate and detest you, and " view you as the only cause of my being " wretched? Never will I pardon or love " you, unless you carry me back to my " Father's. I will make you as miserable " as my self, and never suffer you to rest " whilst I am with you. I always disliked " you, but now my Aversion is confirm'd, " and I would prefer the most vile Wretch " on Earth before you." " Rage on, *said* " *he*, fond Girl; whilst I possess you, you " shall be mine, and only Death can free " you from me." ' Here he suddenly kis- ' sed and embraced me. " You shall, *said* " *he*, this Night marry me, that I may " have a lawful Title to you, and you " have nothing to reproach me. I will " not be a Ravisher, but having secured " your Person, and your Honour, take " what will be then my Due." " No, " Villain, *I reply'd*, my Tongue shall never " call you Husband; I would sooner suf- " fer hot Pincers to rend it from the Root

" than

" than speak those Words, or answer
" to such a Question?" " Silence, *said he*,
" does give Consent, and I shall not want
" Witnesses to prove our Marriage." ' Here
' he went out of the Cabin, and left me
' in the extremest Grief and Despair. Poor
' *Amabala* comforted me the best he could,
' offering to risque his Life to kill him;
' but I regarded nothing he said to me.

' It was now Night, and very dark; I
' heard the Winds blow, and a mighty
' Disorder and Noise upon the Deck, the
' Captain storm'd and call'd loudly to
' the Seamen in Terms I did not under-
' stand; he came twice down into the Ca-
' bin, kiss'd me, and said, " Madam, 'tis
" a rough Night, but fear nothing:" yet
' I read a Concern in his Face that spoke
' our Danger. I cannot say that I was
' much terrify'd with the Thoughts of
' Death, because at that Instant I was
' apprehensive of something worse. I re-
' commended my self to God, and calmly
' expected the Event of his good Plea-
' sure. Before day the Ship had lost her
' Masts, and most part of her Rigging; she
' was so shatter'd that nothing but getting
' to some Shore, or meeting with some
' Ship, cou'd save us. We were now drove
' in sight of *Barbary*, when a Ship coming
' up our Ship's-Crew haled her. She soon
' came near, and lay by, hoisting *French*
' Colours. The Captain sent his Boat a-
' board,

'board, but to their Surprize they were 'all clap'd under Hatches, it proving a 'Pirate Ship of *Algiers*. The Captain 'wonder'd the Boat stay'd, but at last see-'ing the Ship bear up to us, he suspected 'the Truth. He would have made some 'Defence, but the Ship was disabled; so 'he hastily catched up his Sword, and 'mounting the Deck was there met by a 'crowd of the Pirates, who had boarded 'the Ship: he was soon dispatched, and 'his men all kill'd, or taken. I remain'd 'with poor *Attabala* in the Cabin all this 'while, and was so lost in thought, I was 'scarce apprehensive of my Danger: when 'the *Algerine* Captain enter'd the Cabin 'with his Men, they took me, and con-'vey'd me into the Pirate Ship, rifled ours, 'and then set her adrift. They put me 'into the great Cabin with *Attabala*, 'and in few Hours we came to *Barbary*, 'landed at *Algiers*; and the next Morning '*Ibrahim* the Captain presented me to the 'Governor. What my thoughts were, 'and how I exprest my Sorrows under all 'these Misfortunes, would be too tedious 'to tell you: in fine, the Governor trea-'ted me kindly, pretended to love me passi-'onately, and forced me to his Bed; after 'which he deny'd me nothing, purchased 'and freed *Attabala* at my Request; and 'for eight Years, tho he had many other

'new

'new Mistresses, gave me the Preference, 'and loved me with the same Ardour as 'at first. He reproached me often that I 'brought him no Child, which Providence 'no doubt did not think fit to give us: 'at last a *French* Lady, of incomparable 'Beauty, was presented him, and she 'brought him a Son the first Year of their 'acquaintance. This caused him to grow 'cold to me, which I resenting, we quar-'rel'd; so he sent me away to the Place 'you found me in. There I mourn'd my 'Misfortunes with a Christian Sorrow, and 'never thought to see the World again. 'Here I and my dear *Anna* came together; 'she was purchased by him a Month before I 'left him, and I beg'd her of him to keep 'me Company. Thus have I given you a 'true Narrative of my Misfortunes; and 'now Don *Lopez*, if we reach a Christian 'Shore again, and you prove grateful, I 'may yet live to be happy.' 'Madam, '*said he*, it shall be my study to make you so.' 'Fair *Anna*, *said the Count*, we will refer 'your story to the Afternoon, it being 'now Dinner-time; and I doubt not but 'we shall hear something as extraordinary 'as what Madam *Eleonora* has related to 'us.' They rose, and Don *Lopez* led *Eleonora* to the Table; they dined, and then return'd to her Chamber, which was a pleasant Room, having the prospect of the

the Sea. Here they sat down, whilst *Attabala* made their Coffee, and then they importuned *Anna* to keep her Word; which she with a Sigh consented to do, saying, 'My 'Story is little worth hearing, and were it 'not to oblige *Eleonora*, I would beg to 'be excused.

CHAP. VIII.

'I AM the Daughter of an unfortunate 'Prince, who was once a Lieutenant-'General in the *Venetian* Army. My Mo-'ther was a Lady of great Birth; but the 'Family being ruined, had no Fortune; 'my Grandfather, being one of those who 'headed the *Hugonot* Party against his So-'vereign *Lewis* the Fourteenth, lost both 'his Life and Estate. My Mother, then 'an Infant, was bred up by a *Hugonot* Sis-'ter of my Grandfather, who spared no 'cost upon her Education, but could give 'her no Fortune proportionable to her Qua-'lity. She had Beauty, Wit, and was 'certainly a very charming Person. My 'Father, who was the eldest Son of one 'of the noblest Families in *France*, saw and 'loved her; he visited her in secret, often 'made her large Presents; and knowing his 'Father and Family would never consent 'to his marrying her, he resolved if possi-

ble

'ble to debauch her; but her Vertue made
'her resist him, tho she loved him: So that
'he was forced to have recourse to Stra-
'tagems to accomplish his Desires. He
'used to walk with her often in her Aunt's
'Garden alone, she thinking her self se-
'cure from all attempts there. He had
'procured a Key to the Garden-gate, pre-
'tending it was more convenient for him
'to come in that way, because it was
'most private; and therefore her Aunt
'gave him one she had used to carry in
'her Pocket, to let her Niece and her in
'when they thought fit. He sent three of
'his Servants in the Night, who going in,
'hid themselves in this Garden. His Page,
'who conducted them where he order'd,
'brought back the Key to him. In the
'Morning the Prince comes himself in a
'travelling Coach to the Garden-gate;
'there alighting, he enters the House, calls
'for my Mother, and pretends he was go-
'ing in haste on a Journey on some ex-
'traordinary Business for the King. Af-
'ter some Talk with Madam her Aunt, he
'takes her into the Garden, to say some
'little tender things to her alone, as she
'supposed. As they were walking in a close
'Walk, his Servants disguised started out
'upon her, and stopping her Mouth, bore
'her to the Coach, into which he enter'd,
'drawing up the Canvasses; and the Coach
'driving

'driving swiftly, he carry'd her thirty 'Miles off to a remote old Castle which 'belong'd to his Father, but had not been 'inhabited by any thing but Servants a 'long time. When he enter'd, the Gardiner 'and his Wife, who had lived there to 'look after the Furniture and Gardens ma-'ny Years, made haste to open the Rooms, 'and ask'd no Questions. Here he accom-'plisht his ungenerous Design, and here 'he kept my disconsolate Mother some 'Years: her Aunt conceal'd her Loss, and, 'as she thought, her own Dishonour, as 'much as was possible, concluding she was 'gone with him by her own Consent; she 'therefore pretended she was retired far-'ther into the Country to some Relations: 'yet it reached the Ear of my Grandfa-'ther, who only laugh'd at it, calling it a 'piece of Gallantry in his Son to receive 'a Lady who fled to his Arms. He often 'prest my Father to marry, but his Affec-'tion to my Mother, and Conscience, 'which now began to awaken him, made 'him always decline it. The Lady her 'Aunt loved her so tenderly, that she soon 'after the loss of her, fell sick with Grief, 'and died. And now the War being broke 'out between the *Turks* and *Venetians*, my 'Father resolving to marry my Mother, 'who was young with Child, and with 'her charming affable Behaviour and Tears,

'had

'had entirely gain'd his Heart, he propo-
'sed to the Duke his Father to go to *Ve-*
'*nice* a Volunteer, with an Equipage suit-
'ting his Quality, to make a Campaign or
'two. To which his Father readily agreed:
'All things were got ready, and my Mo-
'ther, conceal'd in Men's Clothes, went
'with him. So soon as they arrived at
'*Venice*, the Doge presented him with the
'Command of a Regiment of Horse. Here
'he acquainted a Bishop with the Engage-
'ments that were betwixt my Mother and
'him, together with the Reasons why it
'must be a Secret: The good Bishop mar-
'ry'd them, and placed my Mother with
'a Widow Lady of great Quality and
'Worth, who was his own Relation.
'Here my Mother was brought to bed of
'me, and unfortunately died in Child-bed;
'so that my Father returning from the Ar-
'my at the end of the Campaign, found
'my Mother just dead, and me at
'Nurse. His Grief was very great, and
'his Fondness of me so extreme, he beg'd
'the Bishop and Lady to take all the
care imaginable of me. The next Cam-
paign he was made a Lieutenant-Gene-
ral, and was kill'd, dying in the Bed of
Honour, leaving me a helpless Orphan,
whose greatest Happiness at that time
was, that I was too young to be sensi-
ble of my Loss. My Father had depo-
'sited

'sited into the Lady's Hands a great sum
'of Mony, as a Provision for me in case of
'his Death. The generous *Angelina*, for that
'was her Name, bred me up with as much
'Care and Tenderness as if I had been her
'own Child. She had a lovely Youth, her
'only Son, who was seven Years older than
'me; for him she declared she design'd
'me, provided we loved one another: His
'Name was *Carolus Antonio Barbarini*: we
'lived together, and his Name was one of
'the first things she taught my Infant-
'Tongue to pronounce. At seven Years
'of Age I found how dear he was to me,
'and he being fourteen, began to feel the
'glowing Passion he had for me warm his
'Breast. I was caress'd and loved by all
'his Family, and had a Prospect of being
'one of the happiest Women in the World.
'The *Turks* gaining many unfortunate Vic-
'tories over the *Venetians*, I was not
'thought safe at home, but sent with some
'young Ladies of *Angelina's* Family to a
'Monastery. There, with a world of o-
'thers, I was taken Captive by the cruel
'Infidels, and carry'd to *Constantinople*,
'where my tender Years preserved my
'Vertue. A Sea-Captain bought me, and
'carrying me to *Algiers*, made a present of
'me to the Governor, whom he used to
'supply with Mistresses, for which he was
'doubtless well rewarded. This is my

'unhappy story. I suppose the Governor 'reserv'd me for his Use, when I was 'older; but God has been pleased to deli- 'ver me out of his Hands, for which I 'bless his Name, and I hope to see *Venice* 'once again with his Assistance.' Here she finish'd, and *Eleonora* rising up, embrac'd her, sheding some Tears. 'Are you then, '*says she*, the charming Girl the Noble '*Angelina* bred up? Fair *Anna*, forgive my 'Ignorance that made me treat you as a 'Servant: My Mother was *Angelina*'s Sis- 'ter; you are dear to me by the ties of 'Blood, and far my Better in your noble 'Father. May Providence restore you to 'my Kinsman, and bring us safe to *Venice* 'again.' Here the two Lords related part of their Adventures; Don *Lopez* concealing that part only that related to *Teresa*, whom he mention'd as his Sister: They related the manner of their being cast on the dismal Island, their Escape thence and unfortunate meeting with the *Algerine* Pirate, with the Ladies being ravish'd from them for the Governor. At last they declar'd they would not leave *Barbary* till they were found and rescued. *Attabal* undertook to go to the Governor's, and learn what was become of them, which he faithfully perform'd in few days after. He went to enquire after his Master's Health as usual, found none but Servants

who inform'd him of the Lady's Escape thence, and how the Governor had been wounded by one of them, and that *Roderigo* was likewise kill'd; in fine, of all they knew, but where the Ladies were retired to, that they could not tell. So *Annabella* return'd with this Account; upon which the Lords resolved to disguise themselves, and go together in search of them in all the Villages near the City, to one of which they supposed they must have fled for Shelter. They dress'd themselves in the habit of *Grecian* Merchants, which Habits *Annabella* bought for them at the City, and both speaking Greek, they doubted not to pass for such if question'd. Thus metamorphosed they went daily out, and ventured to enquire if any Ladies in *European* Dresses were arrived in that Town or Village which they past through. Thus they did in every Place they could think of; but finding all their search in vain, they began to imagine they were hid in some Wood or Cave, and therefore concluded to visit all lonely Woods and Places least frequented: This they did for several days also, but without Success. One evening as they were returning home, they past by a small Wood, into which it was difficult to find an Entrance: they stop'd, and having view'd it well, they perceived some Footsteps and beaten Ways over the Grass.

They enter'd into the thickest part of it by this path, and there found a dismal sort of Hut made only with Boughs of Trees, and a piece of Sail-Cloth; under which, upon some Straw, lay a Woman, whose Face, tho very beautiful, expresst the greatest Want and Misery. She had a Canvas-Wastecoat and Petticoat on, was barefoot, had a silk Handkerchief tied about her Head, and a piece of Flannel wrapped about her Shoulders; she was young, fair, and finely limbed, but her Eyes were sunk: she was meagre, pale, sick, and so weak she could not rise. The Lords view'd her with such Compassion, that they were ready to weep. 'In the 'name of God, *said the* Count de Hautville *in* French, what are you? and how 'came you to be left in this dismal Place?' 'I am not able, *said she*, to tell you; if 'you are Christians, give me something 'to eat or drink, for our Saviour's sake.' They had nothing with them, but *Attabala*, who went with them as a Guide, hasted to the next Village, and soon brought some Bread and Wine, with some of which they a little revived her. She drank a good Draught of the Wine, but had not Strength to chew or swallow the Bread. As they were assisting her, a Man came up, whose Face, Shape, and Mien engaged their Attention; He was dress'd in

a Jacket and Drawers of Canvas, his red Cloth Cap upon his Head with Fur, barefooted, and so pale and lean, that he appear'd the very Image of Death; in a ragged Handkerchief he held in his Hands, he had Nuts and wild sour Grapes with a few dirty Bones, such as seem'd to have been flung out into the Streets for Dogs. He retired back when he saw the Lords; he which the Woman called to him in a sort of Extasy: 'Come here, my 'dear Lord, God sends us Friends and 'Food.' He then bowing, approached them. Their Surprize was such, when they saw him nearer, they could not speak. His Feet bled, his Sinews and Nerves were all open, his Bones stared upon one another; in fine, he was the most miserable Object their Eyes ever saw. They put the Bottle of Wine and Bread into his Hands, at which a Flood of Tears pour'd from his Eyes; and going to lift the Bottle to his Mouth, he stagger'd and fell down; at which the Woman shrieked, and fell into strange Convulsions. Don *Lopez* who caught the Bottle when the Man fell, endeavour'd with his Friend's Assistance to get some Wine down his Throat; but his Teeth being set fast, it was very difficult. Mean time *Attabala* was employ'd to hold the Woman, who beat her Breast, gnash'd her Teeth, roll'd her Eyes, and appear'd to be in the Agonies of Death. In some

time both recover'd a little, and Don *Lopez* order'd *Attabala* to run back to the Town and hire Horses to carry them to *Attabala*'s House. This was soon done, and the Lords mounting, took the Man and Woman up before them, and so posted home: where being arrived, they put them into warm Beds, not being certain they were Man and Wife, *Attabala* having first washed their Feet. This with some burnt Wine, and Bread sop'd in it, threw them into a profound Sleep till the next Morning; when *Eleonora*, *Anna*, and the Lords visited them to enquire who they were, and how they did: They first enter'd the Man's Chamber, who no sooner saw them, but he raised himself up in the Bed, and lifting up his Hands broke out into these passionate Expressions: *To thee, first, my merciful Creator, I return my Thanks; 'tis to thee I owe this great Deliverance, and all the good things I have received in my whole Life. I bless thee for the Miseries I have suffer'd: 'tis most just, my God, that I should be punish'd with Cold, Hunger and Thirst, who broke my Faith with Thee, and fled thy Altar for a sensual Satisfaction. 'Twas I seduced the virtuous* Clarinda *from her bless'd Retirement, for which she suffers both in Mind and Body; but no more will I offend my God. Now pardon us, and as thou hast deliver'd us from Death, so grant Peace to our Souls.* Then bowing to the

the Lords, 'To you bleſt Inſtruments of 'Heaven's bounty, *ſaid he*, who have ſa-'ved the Life of her whoſe Life is dea-'rer to me than my own, you who ſav'd 'both from certain Death, I return unſeign-'ed Thanks, and will make all the grateful 'Returns my preſent Circumſtances will 'permit.' They embraced, and congratulated him with much tenderneſs, and promiſed to return to him ſo ſoon as they had viſited the Lady. To her they went, and found her waking. She was very faint, and the Ladies welcoming of her, deſired ſhe would drink Chocolate with them, and not ſpend her Spirits by talking; yet ſhe utter'd many affectionate Thanks and Acknowledgments to God and them. The Breakfaſt was brought in, and ſoon after the Gentleman being riſen and dreſt in a Shirt, a thing he had not on before, Waſtecoat, Breeches, Cap, Night-gown, Stockings, and Slippers of one of the Lords, enter'd the Room, and appear'd like what he really was, a Man of Quality, of excellent Parts and Perſon. *Anna* had likewiſe ſupply'd the Lady with Shift and Night-Clothes; ſhe appear'd to be about two and twenty, and the Gentleman upwards of thirty. Being refreſh'd with eating, the Gentleman handſomly, without asking, addreſs'd himſelf to the Company thus: 'Gentlemen and Ladies, *ſaid he*, I

'am positive you are very desirous to know 'who this Lady and I are, and what strange 'Misfortunes reduced us to the deplorable 'Condition you found us in; I will there-'fore as briefly as I can satisfy your Curi-'osity, and you must excuse me, if I do 'not relate every Particular with that ex-'actness it ought to be done in, since my 'Strength is but little at present.' They assured him they would rather deny themselves that Pleasure, than trouble him; and begg'd that he would proceed.

CHAP. IX.

'THIS Lady and I, *said he*, were both 'born in *France*, in the same Pro-'vince; *Dauphiny* gave us Birth. My Fa-'ther (which it is necessary I should men-'tion first, because I am but ten Years 'older than she, which occasion'd my Mis-'fortune, in being destin'd to the Church, 'before she was grown up to inspire my 'Soul with that fatal Passion that has 'undone us) was the King's Lieute-'nant for that Province, and Marquess of '*Hucort*. I was his third Son, and there-'fore design'd for the Church, in which 'I could not miss of Preferment, being 'de-

'descended of so great a Family; nor did
'I want the Qualifications requisite
'to render me capable of that noble
'Profession, I was not inclined to any
'Vice; nor, I thank God, wanted Sense to
'learn, and retain, all that was taught me.
'In fine, I was very dear to my Father,
'and much esteem'd by my Friends and
'Family. I past thro my Study, and was
'ordain'd a Secular Priest at twenty. I
'was soon dignify'd with being made a
'Canon of the royal Cathedral of *Cam-*
'*bray*. My Brothers were greatly pre-
'ferr'd in the Army, and we were all very
'great and very happy: but Providence did
'not think fit I should continue so. I
'got an Ague and Fever, which render'd
'me very weak; the Physicians advised me
'to the Country Air. Upon which I re-
'tired to a Village, where my Father had
'a little Summer Seat. In this Town was
'a Monastery of *Benedictine* Nuns; this
'place I visited, having two young La-
'dies my Relations there. Here I saw
'the charming *Clarinda*, who was then a-
'bout fifteen; she was Daughter to the
'Count *de Villeroy*, who having ten Chil-
'dren, four Sons, and six Daughters, sent
'three of his youngest Daughters to this
'Monastry, of which the Lady Abbess was
'his Sister. He gave a thousand Pounds
'Sterling with them, and all possible pre-

'suasions and means were used to persuade
'them to embrace this holy way of Living,
'as is customary in *France*, because great
'Fortunes and Families should not be im-
'paired and ruined, by portioning many
'Children; therefore they commonly dedi-
'cate some of them to the Church, which
'prevents their impoverishing Estates,
'and too greatly increasing the Family.
'Thus they were enabled to give such great
'Portions with their eldest Daughter, and
'making Settlements on the second Sons,
'as may marry them into noble and rich
'Families suitable to their own. But tho
'this be an excellent piece of Policy, yet it
'often causes the Children to be very un-
'happy, and the Church crouded with
'those, whose Inclinations do not suit the
'Habits they wear, but tend to the World,
'and sigh after the Pleasures of it; nay,
'too often do, as I have done, forget the
'sacred Vows they have made, and follow
'the dictates of their Passions. *Clarinda*
'was fair as an Angel, witty, free, affa-
'ble, and in all things so engaging, that
'I soon lost my Heart to her; I struggled
'with the growing Passion, sometimes re-
'solved to see her Face no more, but
'Love overcame all my Resolutions, and
'I at last resolved to possess her, or die.
'I soon found means to reveal my Passi-
'on to her, and she in short time yielded
'to

'to fly with me to any part of the World, 'for in *France* we could not stay. I had 'a great deal of Money by me, and now I 'thought only of amassing such a Sum, as 'might provide handsomly for us in *Holland* 'or *England*, to one of which Places we 'were determin'd to go: In order to this, 'I made bold with some very rich Jewels, 'which were laid up in a Reliquary, of 'which I kept the Keys; to prevent dis-'covery I employ'd a Hugonot Jeweller 'to set false Stones in the room of the 'true, which I picked out before he saw 'them, pretending to him that I was de-'sirous to repair and beautify those sacred 'Things; and that Time having reduced 'them to this condition, I could not 'bestow Diamonds and Rubies, but 'was willing to make them decent, at 'my own Expence: And indeed I thought 'there was but little use for Diamonds, 'to adorn dry Bones and Relicks, which 'we were not certain belong'd to those 'holy Persons whose they were pretended 'to be; and that the Money bestow'd 'on the Poor, would have been much bet-'ter employ'd. Tho in me this was Sa-'crilege, and a great Crime; yet having 'given the Reins to my Passion, I ran 'headlong to Destruction. All things be-'ing ready, I provided a Boat to carry 'us down the River *Rhosne* to *Arles*, from

'whence

'whence I doubted not to get passage to 'England, in some Ship from *Marseilles* that 'was going home thro the *Straits*. *Clarinda* 'fail'd not to be ready at the appointed 'Hour, which was Midnight. I brought 'a ladder of Ropes, which throwing over 'the Wall of the Garden, which was not 'very high she mounted, and turning it 'over on the other side descended. I 'received her with open Arms, and all the 'transport a Man may be supposed to feel, 'who has rigorously lived to his Duty, 'denied himself all the Pleasures of Sense, 'and gives a loose to his Desires. The sad 'Prisoner who has lived long confined in 'a dark loathsome Vault, feels not a grea-'ter Joy at the sight of Day and Liberty 'than I did then. I hasted with her to the 'Boat, into which I had already convey'd 'Habits for us both, with all things ne-'cessary. The Jewels I had hid about 'me in a Purse, and my Pockets were 'stuff'd with Gold, besides all I had put 'into the Trunk I had got aboard with 'our Clothes and Linen. As soon as we 'were come aboard, and alone in the Ca-'bin, we dreft both in Gentlemen's Habits, 'I threw our others into the River. And 'now 'tis needless to tell you that I en-'joy'd the Maid I so much languished for, 'promising to marry her so soon as we 'were arrived in a place of Safety. When

'we

we came to *Marseilles*, which we soon did, we discharged the Bark, and went ashore with our things and lodged at an Inn. And now grown distractedly fond of *Clarinda*, I long'd to perform my Promise of marrying her; and in few days after, having purchased some Woman's Apparel for her, we step'd out one Morning early, and going to a Country-Village two Miles from *Marseilles*, were lawfully join'd by the Parish Priest: and now had I not been before engaged to live single, I had been one of the happiest Men on Earth. We waited not long before an *English* Ship arrived homeward bound. I agreed for our Passage; we went aboard, and soon after set Sail. And now my fears were all over, I fancy'd my self going to a Country where I should rather be applauded than condemn'd for what I had done, where I should be free in all respects; and tho I never had a thought to change my Religion, yet I fancy'd I should be extreme happy in a place where I should live free from all Constraint: but God, whom I had offended, soon convinced me of my Folly. An *Algerine* Pirat met us, and after a sharp dispute took the Ship, and made us all Prisoners, carrying us into *Tunis*, where he sold us for Slaves. It was *Clarinda*'s Fortune and mine to be bought by a Merchant's Widow, who sent her Steward to Market

to

'to buy a Man and a Maid-Servant.'
'When he brought us home the Lady view-
'ed us, seem'd pleased with his choice of
'us. She ask'd me many Questions, as
'what Nation I was of, what I could do,
'who *Clarinda* was, and such like; to
'which I answer'd, that she was my Sis-
'ter, that we were born in *France*; that
'I could write, cast Accompt, play upon
'several sorts of Musick, but neither of
'us had been bred to work: I said my
'Sister could work finely at her Needle.
'She told me it was our own Faults if we
'lived uneasy, and that she would use us
'kindly. In short she liked my Person, and
'in few Days gave me to understand what
'she expected. She was old, and very
'disagreeable; yet having given the Reins to
'Passion, the fear of being parted from, or
'of *Clarinda*'s being ill used, made me re-
'solve to oblige the lusiful Hag, which I
'accordingly did. And now I was treated
'as the Master of all, I sat at table with
'her, and *Clarinda* with us; I was den'd
'nothing, but managed her Affairs and
'Fortune as I pleased. I had still left of
'my own the Purse of Jewels, which I
'had hung about my Neck with a String;
'and when the Pirats took us, they staid
'not to strip us of our Shirts, so they found
'not what was conceal'd next my Skin.
'This I always kept about me; but I wan-
'ted two things which are the greatest bles-
'sings

'ſings of Life, Liberty, and a good Con-
'ſcience. I continued to pleaſe *Admela*
'the Widow ſome time; but one fatal
'Evening ſhe being walk'd into the Gar-
'den, I ſtole to *Clarinda's* Room, where
'ſhe was working, as I often did undiſ-
'cover'd, and taking the privilege of a
'Husband to enjoy my vertuous Wife,
'was by a malicious Slave watched, and
'betray'd: he envied my good Fortune in
'being beloved by his Miſtreſs. He was an
'*Iriſh* Man, a ſort of People who never want
'a good opinion of themſelves, and are ge-
'nerally ſucceſsful with the Women. He
'thought he had now a good opportuni-
'ty to ruin me, and inſinuate himſelf in-
'to her Favour. He gave her an account
'of what he had ſeen; and when I came
'into the Garden ſome time after, and
'gave her my Hand, ſhe looked upon me
'with ſuch Rage and Diſorder in her Face,
'that I quickly apprehended what was to
'follow. I entertain'd her as uſual with
'pleaſant talk; we ſupp'd, and I went into
'her Chamber, when her Servants with-
'drew, as I was accuſtom'd to do; but
'when we were alone, ſhe explain'd her
'ſelf in this manner. "*Malherb*, ſaid ſhe,
"for under that Name I conceal'd my
"ſelf, *Clarinda* is more than a Siſter to
"you, and I have nurs'd a Viper in my
"Boſom, that ſteals your Affection from
"me.

" me. You adore her, and doubtless care
" not for me. I thought to have provided
" nobly for her and you; but since she
" makes me wretched I will remove her
" from my Sight, and yours for ever." 'Here
' she wept. What different Passions rent
' my divided Soul at this dreadful Moment,
' words can't express. I stood for some Mi-
' nutes immoveable as a Statue: at last I
' endeavour'd to pacify her, begging her
' not to credit what a Villain said, who
' conspired my Ruin, envying my good
' Fortune. At last I gain'd so far upon
' her, that she receiv'd me to her Arms;
' and then I made her promise to put
' the Villain away that abused us, which
' the next Morning she perform'd, order-
' ing him to be sent to a Country-House
' she had near the Sea-side, twenty Miles
' distant, to look after the Gardens. He
' utter'd a hundred Curses and Impreca-
' tions against me; but they did not hurt
' me, or serve him. And now I was
' obliged to caress *Admela* in an extraor-
' dinary manner, and be more circum-
' spect than ever with *Clarinda*, on whom
' she kept a watchful Eye. We continued
' thus some time; but *Admela* observed the
' tender regard we had for each other so
' well, that she was convinced I had im-
' posed upon her: and being very cunning,
' she took no notice to me; but taking

' *Cla-*

'*Clarinda* with her into the Garden one
'Morning, when I was gone out to re-
'ceive some Money of the Merchants for
'her, she had her seized, and put bound
'into a Carr, where being cover'd over
'with some Sacks, she was drove to the
'Country-house, where the *Irish* Villain
'was, and there locked into a Chamber,
'where they chain'd her by the Leg, and
'only one old Hag, who had been *Adme-*
'*la*'s Nurse, left with her. Here she re-
'main'd a long time: At my return home,
'I miss'd her; and asking where she was,
'none answer'd; at last my Devil-mistress
'told me she was where I should never
'see her more. I raged and storm'd in
'vain; nay, I used Tears and Prayers,
'but Jealousy had render'd her Soul obdu-
'rate and inflexible; in fine, none would
'inform me what was become of her.
'From this hour I resolved to shun *Adme-*
'*la*'s lustful Arms and Bed; at last she
'threaten'd me with *Clarinda*'s Death if I
'treated her so ill. Thus I lived two
'whole Years in perpetual Torment, and
'Anxiety of Mind; my Health decay'd,
'and I was no longer the same Man. *Ad-*
'*mela* griev'd, and being old, fell into a
'lingring Illness that at last ended her
'Days, but not my Sorrows. And now
'having got much Riches of the Widow's in-
'to my Power, I resolved to find out where

'*Cla-*

'*Clarinda* was, tho I spent it all; but all
'my Designs were vain. *Mustapha*, a
'*Mahometan* Captain that was Nephew to
'*Admela*'s Husband and his Heir, comes
'home, and seizing upon all, cast me in-
'to Prison where I lay three Months,
'and then was turn'd out to be used as a
'Slave, with a clog chain'd to my Leg,
'to prevent my escaping. I was forced to
'carry Burdens as a Porter about the
'City to earn a morsel of Bread. Whilst
'these things past, my dear *Clarinda* re-
'main'd a Prisoner very sick; the *Irish* Vil-
'lain, and old Woman lived rarely, and
'grew great Friends; they feasted and lay
'together, he meditating how to revenge
'himself upon me, and having always
'view'd *Clarinda* with desire, prevail'd on
'*Dimas*, the old Hag, to let him sometimes
'visit her. He always brought her some-
'thing, as Fruit, Coffee or Wine, to revive
'her poor decay'd Spirits; and tho Grief
'had much alter'd her Face, yet her Beauty
'charm'd the Villain. One Day when
'*Dimas* was gone to *Tunis* for Money for
'their Salary, which *Admela* allow'd them,
'he thus address'd *Clarinda*: "Madam,
"*said he*, I am touched to the very Soul
"with a tender Sense of your Sufferings.
"I adore and love you equal with him
"you are parted from; grant me the En-
"joyment of your Person, and I will free
"you.

" you. *Malheb* is dead, the revengeful
" *Admela* poison'd him three days after you
" were brought here. *Dimas* has orders to
" poison you, but I keep her from it. I am
" a *European* and a Christian; give your self
" to me, and I will procure a safe Pas-
" sage for us to *Ireland*, where I will mar-
" ry you." ' At these words she lift up
' her Eyes, and with a Flood of Tears
' reply'd; " Is my dear Husband dead
" then? Can I no more hope to see him?
" Then why do I live?" ' At these words
' she swooned. *Mackdonald*, for that was
' the Villain's Name, held her up in his
' Arms, till she recovering, pour'd forth
' the most passionate Expressions of Grief.
' He, then departed, fearing to hear her
' Reproaches and Subtlety, considering,
' that after the first Efforts of her Passion
' was over, Reason would take place, and
' she would reflect upon the Misery of her
' present Condition, and the Impossibility
' of being freed from it by any other
' means but by him; and so concluded, she
' would at last comply and fly with him,
' which was the thing he design'd to com-
' pass, by this invented Story of my Death.
' *Dimas* returning, wonder'd to find her
' so afflicted, and ask'd her the reason of
' her Grief; but *Clarinda* fear'd to tell her,
' and discover what had past betwixt her
' and *Mackdonald*, and so gave her no An-
' swer.

'swer. And now Heaven kindly inspired
'her with a Thought, that this Story
'might not be true: "Why *said she*, am
"I kept here if he is dead? *Admeta* has
"no need to fear me if the Man we love
"is dead; if she would have taken my Life
"away, she might have done it long since:
"no, doubtless, this Villain tells me this
"to make me despair of any help but his.
"My God, *continued she*, who can bring
"Good out of Evil, direct me what to
"do." 'Thus she past the sleepless Night,
'and at last resolved to dissemble with
'*Mackdonald*, and if possible, get her Li-
'berty without injuring her Vertue. The
'next time he came to her alone, when
'*Dimas*, who was jealous of him, was ab-
'sent, she pretended to hearken to his Pro-
'posals, and told him, if he would contrive
'a way for them to escape, she would
'gladly go with him. He seem'd trans-
'ported; and the next Night, whilst *Di-*
'*mas* slept, whom he had given a large
'Portion of Opium to, in some Coffee
'they had drank together, he rises; and
'packing up what Money and Clothes
'he could get in the House, he came into
'*Clarinda's* Chamber, filed off her Fetters,
'and they hasted to a neighbouring Wood,
'where they sat down, fearing to lose
'themselves, it being a very dark Night;
'resolving to stay till the Day-break, and

'then

‘ then he proposed, to go down to the Sea-
‘ side, in hopes to find some Ship's Boat to
‘ go off to Sea in; if not, he had made
‘ an Acquaintance with a poor Fisherman,
‘ of whom he used to buy Fish, in whose
‘ Cottage he doubted not they might
‘ safely stay. And now the Villain began
‘ rudely to press her to yield to him.
“ *Mackdonald*, that you are a Villain, *said*
“ *she*, I am sensible; I have used you to
“ obtain my Liberty, I never design to
“ gratify you; therefore desist, or expect
“ to die by my Hand, or kill me; for I
“ prefer Death a thousand times before a
“ Life of Infamy. If my Husband still
“ lives, I may be happy; if he be dead,
“ I have no more business with the World,
“ and shall gladly die: but this be assured
“ of, I will resist to Death.” ‘ *Macdo-*
‘ *nald's* Surprize was very great, yet he per-
‘ sisted in his wicked Design, and when he
‘ found Persuasions would not do, pro-
‘ ceeded to use force, saying, “ *Clarinda*,
“ 'tis in vain you strive; the happy *Mal-*
“ *berb* ruined me, and I will revenge my
“ self by robbing him of you.” ‘ At these
‘ Words, she caught a Bayonet from his
‘ side, which he had arm'd himself with-
‘ all, and stabb'd him, before he suspected
‘ her Design. And now guess! but the
‘ Terrors of her Mind, alone, in a dis-
‘ mal Wood, she knew not where to go;

‘ a dying Man lying by her. She with-
‘ drew some little distance from the Place,
‘ and there falling upon her Knees beg'd
‘ of God to deliver her from the Mise-
‘ ries of Life by a speedy Death. At last
‘ day breaking, she looked round her, and
‘ rising walk'd thro the Wood in a Path-
‘ way which led to a Hill. This she as-
‘ cended with much Pain, being very weak.
‘ In a shady Valley on the other side the
‘ Hill, she saw an antient Man of a ve-
‘ nerable Aspect, his Beard reached to his
‘ Waste, his Habit was a coarse grey Cloth,
‘ very old, his Feet were bare; he had a
‘ little Pitcher in his Hand, and was go-
‘ ing to fill it with Water at a small Spring
‘ that rose at the bottom of the Hill. She
‘ approached him trembling, and fell at his
‘ Feet, crossing her Breast. He lifted her
‘ up, saying in *French*, “ God save you Wo-
“ man; what would you have?” “ A
“ place to conceal my self, Father, *said*
“ *she*; I am a Christian, fled from those
“ that sought to ruin me; I am faint, sick,
“ and friendless: oh, assist me in what you
“ can: if not, I must perish, for I can-
“ not go much farther.” ‘ He led her
‘ down the Valley, and brought her to a
‘ poor Cottage, there he gave her some
‘ Bread and boil'd Roots, which was what
‘ he lived on; and here she recounted to
‘ him how she was with her Husband ta-
‘ ken

ken and make Slaves, with the cause of her Confinement at the Country-House; how she escaped thence, and had kill'd, as she supposed, the Villain that would have forced her. Then the old Man, she having finish'd her Story, began thus: "Daughter, I am a Man who have long since retired from the World; I am a Priest, born in *France*, I was Chaplain to an *India* Ship; and being desirous to see the World, chose that way to travel, in hopes to be useful to the Ignorant. We were taken by the *Algerines*, as you have been, and I was seven years a Slave to a Merchant at *Fez*, where I learn'd to live hard; he at last freed me, and being well acquainted with the Place and People, I resolved to live here the remainder of my Days. I never eat Flesh, nor drank Wine, but content my self with Bread and Roots, to which you are welcome. I get my living by practising Physick amongst these poor Barbarians, and so have frequent opportunities of baptizing Infants, unperceived by them, and sometimes converting poor Souls to the Christian Faith. Sometimes I paint small Pictures of holy Persons, for which they give me Bread and Roots. Thus have I lived these forty Years, daily visiting the Sick in the adjacent Towns and

Villages.

" Villages. And now Daughter, if you can
" content your self to work, I will procure
" you a Cottage and Business, for with
" me it would be indecent for you to stay.
" You say you have kill'd a Man, a thing
" you ought to mourn for all the Days of
" your Life. Alas! could you find no
" way to touch his Soul, but to cut him
" off in that dreadful moment when he
" was least prepared for his eternal State?
" Why did you not rather call earnestly
" to God to deliver you? Are you cer-
" tain he is dead? No Father, *said she*,
" but I believe so." 'He rose hastily,
' saying, " Stay here and I will go, and
" see if God has mercifully spared him to
" repent." 'He run to a Cupboard, took
' out a bottle of Cordial, and with his Staff
' in his Hand departed, going as nimbly
' as if he had been young, tho he was
' so old and feeble. This sight fill'd her
' Soul with an unusual Strain of Devoti-
' on: " My God, *said she*, What a lively
" Devotion glow'd in the Face of that
" good Man! How vigorously he performs
" his Duty, and how careless have I been
" of mine? How have I distrusted God,
" how lamented for a mortal Man, and
" how little for his and my Sins? I will
" henceforth resolve courageously to sup-
" port all Adversity. Why did I imbrue
" my Hands in Blood, and rashly ruin the
" Soul

" Soul of him whose Hands gave me Li-
" berty but some few Hours before. I
" should have strove, and reason'd with
" him; God would have strengthen'd
" me no doubt, and touched his Heart.
" Well might the *Psalmist* cry out to be de-
" liver'd from the guilt of shedding inno-
" cent Blood." ' Here she melted into
' Tears, and truly repented her Rashness.
' Not long after, as she sat pensive, the good
' Father *Clementine* return'd, for that was
' his Name, and with much Joy told her,
' *Macdonald* was sitting under a Tree when
' he came, so weak with the Loss of Blood,
' he could not rise. " I view'd his Wound,
" *said he*, after giving him some Cordial;
" it is in his Thigh, deep, but not mortal.
" I mention'd nothing of you to him, but
" admonish'd him seriously to prepare for
" Death, not letting him know that I
" thought his Wound not dangerous. He
" view'd me earnestly, and at last said,
" *Are you a Christian Priest?* I assured him I
" was, he seem'd o'erjoy'd, made his Con-
" fession to me, expressing great Sorrow
" for his Sins. I went to a poor Man's
" House, and we have got him thither.
" There I have left him in Bed; at Night
" I have promised to return: He says your
" Husband is living at *Tunis*." ' Poor *Cla-*
' *rinda* blest God and him for this good
' News; he conducted her to a Widow-

'woman's House where she was to live
'till News could be got of me; there she
'help'd to embroider Belts with this good
'Woman, who maintain'd her self with
'that Work. It was a great way from
'*Tunis* to this place, and it was some time
'before somebody could be found to go
'thither with her, which the good *Cle-*
'*mentine* could not do himself, because he
'could not leave his sick Patient. Poor
'*Macdonald* died, before her departure, of
'a Fever, occasion'd by his great Loss of
'Blood, and was very penitent. The
'Clothes and Money he had were
'by the good Priest taken care of;
'who having paid the Country-man for
'Lodging and Diet for *Macdonald*, gave
'the rest to *Clarinda*. She took leave of
'the generous Father with Tears, promising
'to return to him soon with me; he said
'he would provide for us to live. The
'good Widow loved her much, and invited
'her to live there again: the Woman's Son
'went with her, they came safe to *Tunis*,
'lodged at a poor Woman's who was kin
'to the Widow. Here they learn'd the
'News of *Admela*'s Death, my Impri-
'sonment and poor Condition. *Clarinda*
'got the young Man to inquire me out;
'at last he found and brought me to her,
'but when she saw me in so miserable a
'Plight, a Clog chain'd to my Leg, my beg-
'garly

'garly Habit and alter'd Face, no Words
'can expreſs her Concern; yet our Souls
'leaped for Joy. We kiſs'd, embraced,
'and wept; ſo moving was the ſcene, the
'poor Country-man and Woman of the
'Houſe could not refrain from Tears. She
'told me what a Retreat was provided us;
'but I fear'd being purſued, and thought
'it was better for me to ſtay at *Tunis*. We
'took a Lodging in this Woman's Houſe,
'ſhe promiſing to procure Needle-work
'for *Clarinda*, to help maintain us. In few
'Days the honeſt Country-man went home,
'carrying a Letter from us to the good
'Father, full of our Acknowledgments. And
'thus we lived for ten Months, in which
'time *Clarinda* found her ſelf with Child.
'We lived very poorly; and no hopes of
'Freedom appearing, at laſt I reſolved,
'ſhe importuning me, to file off my Fet-
'ter and ſteal away to the Widow's Houſe,
'where ſhe could lie in more convenient-
'ly, and with *Clementine* the pious Prieſt's
'Aſſiſtance, be better ſupply'd with Ne-
'ceſſaries. We had little Money, no Guide,
'and travel'd on Foot moſtly in the Night,
'fearing to be obſerved and queſtion'd in
'the Day. We ſoon loſt our way, and
'wandering about, came to the Wood
'where you found us. Here poor *Clarinda*
'fell into the Pains of Child-birth, and
'was deliver'd of a dead Child, which

'was doubtless lost for want of help. I 'did all I was able to assist and comfort 'her, but she was now in so weak a 'Condition as render'd her unable to 'go from this dismal Place. All I could 'do was to wander in the neighbouring 'Villages to seek for Food to sustain our 'Lives. In this condition God sent you 'to us; and now if he assists us to get safe 'to *France* again, *Clarinda* and I are de-'termin'd to do penance for our past Sins, 'and if a Dispensation cannot be granted, 'part for ever: I will return to serve my 'God at the Altar, and she to her peace-'ful Convent, to wash away our stains 'and oversights with Tears, to obtain a 'happy Death, and rise again to everlasting 'Peace and Glory.' Thus he ended his moving Relation, which drew Tears from every Eye. The Lords and Ladies caress'd them both in an extraordinary manner, and the Praises of the good Father *Clementine* were confirm'd by every Tongue. And now the Count *de Hautville* call'd for Wine to refresh the Gentleman, whose Name they now knew to be Monsieur *de Chateau-Roial.* Soon after, Dinner being ready, they repair'd to the Parlor, and the Ladies charm'd with *Clarinda*, strove to entertain her as well as they were able, and to recover her Health, she being very weak, and much indisposed. We must now take

take leave of them for ſome time, and return to *Emilia* and *Tereſa*, whom we left at the Widow's.

CHAP. X.

TEreſa was a Month after her arrival at *Seraja*'s deliver'd of a dead Son, and lay ſometime ſick; but recovering, and both the Ladies working with their Needles all Day, gain'd a great deal of Money, whilſt *Antonio* went frequently abroad, to make inquiry after Don *Lopez*, and the Count *de Hauteville*. At laſt going to the City with work, he met *Lorenzo*, who told him how the Lords were eſcap'd with a Lady and Girl from the Country-houſe; but he knew not whither, and that the Governor was gone for the Army, from which he had ſent him two days before on Buſineſs. This was all *Antonio* could learn, and enough to fill the Ladies with new Hopes of ſeeing them again. Sometimes they imagin'd they were got to ſome Ship, and return'd home; yet it ſeem'd not very probable they would leave *Barbary* without having found them: then they concluded they lay ſomewhere conceal'd, and would not fail to inquire them out. This, with the Know-

ledge of the Governor's being gone for the Army, made them more vent'rous than before, and they walk'd out sometimes into the adjacent Towns, and often in the open Fields, in hopes of meeting their Husbands. But it so happened, that *Muley Arul*, youngest Son to the Emperor of *Fez* and *Morocco*, who was used to hunt often near this Place, it being now Winter, riding by one Evening with few Attendants, saw these unfortunate Ladies, attended by *Antonio*, walking home to the Widow's. Their Beauty surprized him, tho their Habit was mean; he order'd one of his Slaves to follow them, which he did, and return'd to the Prince, who the next Morning sent one of his chief Favourites to the House. He talk'd with the Woman in the *Turkish* Language, asking her who these Women were. She told them they were poor Maids, Captives, whom she had bought to work with her in Embroidery. He presently demanded what Price she would part with them at, saying he would purchase them. At these Words the poor Woman was confounded. She reply'd trembling, 'I love them so 'dearly I cannot part with them.' Then, '*said he*, 'You shall go along with them; 'my Master the Prince of *Fez* will provide 'nobly both for you and them; he will 'be here this Night.' He instantly departed, and left the Widow and Ladies, to whom

whom ſhe explain'd what the *Mahometan* had ſaid, in the utmoſt diſtraction: Whither to fly they knew not, and to ſtay there was certain Ruin. They therefore reſolved immediately to pack up their Mony, Clothes, and Jewels, and be gone towards the Sea-ſide. Whilſt they were doing this, *Antonio* enters the Houſe quite out of Breath. He had been out that Morning with ſome Goods to a Merchant's near *Attabala*'s Houſe, and returning, ſaw the two Lords and *Attabala* walking in a Field near it. He concluded it was them by the deſcription *Emilia* and *Tereſa* had given of them, and therefore haſted to bring the good News, having never reſted in the way, tho it was ten Miles from the good Widow *Seraja*'s. 'Ladies, *ſaid he*, I have fortu-'nately found your Husbands; now we ſhall 'be happy, and only *Antonio* will remain 'wretched.' *Tereſa* and *Emilia* tranſported, reply'd, 'Bleſt be our God who ever helps 'us when diſtreſs'd, let us go hence, with 'them we ſhall be ſecured; and tho you 'our good Angel have not yet inform'd us 'who you are, yet I doubt not but we, 'or our Husbands, may be inſtrumental to 'make you happy alſo.' Here they inform'd him of *Muley Arab*'s Meſſage, and the Neceſſity of their removing thence: 'I will 'then, *ſaid he*, return to the Houſe where 'they are, and give your Lords notice of

'your coming: mean time delay not to haste 'to us, we will meet you on the way; 'but if you meet any Company on the 'Road, conceal your selves behind some 'Trees, or stay in the great Wood till we 'come to you.' *Teresa* put the Box of Jewels into *Antonio's* Hands, saying, "Take 'you these into your Care, and give them 'to our Lords to secure, before they come 'to us: we will follow your Directions, 'and be soon with you.' He drank something to refresh him, and departed; it was not long e'er they follow'd, making what haste they were able to get to the Place appointed; but alas, Fate has otherwise decreed. The Moorish Lord returning to his Prince, related to him the Disorder *Seraja* was in at his Proposal, and advised him to be quick in securing the Women. 'My 'Lord, *said he*, they are the fairest Crea-'tures my Eyes ever saw, and, if I mistake 'not, Christians, and of noble Birth.' The Prince more inflamed with this Relation, gave Orders to some of his Attendants to follow him, and mounting a swift *Arabian* Horse, set out for the Widow's, *Ismale* the Moorish Lord leading the way. They found the House empty; and all things being left in disorder, shew'd the Inhabitants were fled in the utmost Haste and Confusion. The Prince raged, commanding his Vassals to divide themselves into Parties, and pursue them

them with all Diligence. The cunning *Ismale* advised him to make for the Sea-Coast; 'They are doubtless, *said he*, fled 'thither in hopes to get off in some Ship 'or Boat to some of the *European* Forts or 'Consuls, to *Tripoli* or *Cuta*.' *Maley Arab* follow'd his Counsel, and soon overtook the unfortunate Travellers, who being loaded, unused to walk fast, and afraid of every Passenger they met, were not got half way to *Attabala's*. The *Moors* seized upon them; and it was needless to ask who they were, for their charming Faces betray'd them. The Prince view'd them with Transport, descended from his Horse; and speaking to the affrighted Widow, who spoke his Language, bid her tell them, they should not fear, he was passionately in love with them, would make them great, they should live in his Palace, and smile in his Arms. To all which she answer'd not, but with low Curtsies, and downcast Eyes: At last she too well explain'd his Meaning to the almost despairing Ladies, whose prospect of approaching Happiness render'd this cruel disappointment insupportable: nor was their Terror less that their Lords should come up to them at this fatal juncture, and be exposed to the cruel Infidel's Fury. This is the uncertain Condition of Man's Life, that we scarce know what to wish for, or to fear. These poor

Ladies but a few Moments before impatiently long'd to ſee their dear Huſbands, and now they dread their Preſence worſe than Death. Thus the Fruition of our Wiſhes is oft our Puniſhment; and we ought to deſire nothing earneſtly, but leave all to Providence. *Emilia*, *Tereſa* and the Widow, were placed in the middle of the Band of *Moors*, and led by three of them, who quitted their Horſes, to take care of theſe unfortunate Ladies. It was with much difficulty they got them to the next Village, where the Prince order'd they ſhould ſtay to reſt, till one of his Coaches came to carry them to his Summer-Palace, which was not many Miles diſtant. Here he enter'd the Houſe of a Baſſa, who was much overjoy'd at this fortunate Opportunity of obliging his Prince. Here the Ladies and Widow were conducted to a Chamber, where two Eunuchs waiting on them, hinder'd their converſing together; for they dared not diſcover their Thoughts to each other, for fear of being underſtood, and betraying their Lords. They ſat looking dejectedly, Tears and Sighs only expreſt the State of their Minds: Wine, Sherbets, Sweet-meats, Cold-meats, and the moſt delicious things that pleaſe the Taſte, were preſented to them; but they reſpectfully refus'd to eat, or drink. *Muley Arab* was magnificently treated by the Baſſa, and

and his Coach being come, departed, the Bassa waiting on him, with many of his Slaves, to guard the Coach into which he was enter'd, with the two Ladies, out of respect to whom the rich Curtains of the Coach were drawn. *Seraja* was presented with a Horse to ride on, which a Slave leading, she went next the Coach; for the Prince used her very kindly, designing to make her assist him in gaining the Ladies Affections. And now he had an Opportunity of viewing the charming *Teresa* and *Emilia* at leisure: the first having lain in but some Months before, and been long sick, look'd pale and thin; but her Youth, and the innocent Sweetness that bloom'd in her Face, rivalled *Emilia*'s majestick Charms, where the Heroine appear'd, and every Look drew Admiration and Respect. *Muley Arab* gaz'd, and burn'd; his Eyes sparkled with desire, and he languish'd to possess both: He was divided in his choice, yet gave *Teresa* the preference; he long'd to speak his Passion; and having learn'd the *Spanish* Tongue, addrest himself in that to them, asking, if either understood it. *Teresa* reply'd, 'I do my Lord.' He was transported that she understood him, and began to speak the most tender and passionate things to her that Love could dictate; for the *Moorish* Nobility, and indeed the whole Nation, are much inclin'd to Love, very amorous and gallant. At length

cast-

casting down her lovely Eyes, with a modest Blush, a Look, where Vertue, Fear, and Resolution were all blended together, 'Prince, said she, being so greatly born, 'as you are, and so generous in your Deportment to us Strangers, I presume to 'implore your Pity, and promise my self 'Success, since you appear so human and 'princely in your Speech and Mien; we 'are both Christians of noble Birth, already dispos'd of to two Gentlemen, 'who were unfortunately brought to this 'Place by Pirats, and made Slaves. None 'ought to have the Honour of sleeping 'in your Arms but Virgins, whose Hearts 'and Persons have not been sully'd with 'anothers Embraces, or Love. We are 'already preengag'd, and can't oblige you 'without Horror and Dislike, or meet 'your Love with mutual Warmth and 'Satisfaction; nay, we must rather chuse to 'merit your utmost Displeasure and die, than 'yield to gratify your lawless Love. While she spoke, the Prince listned as if he had heard some *Syren* sing, and grew more mad in Love. Her Wisdom charm'd him, every Look, each Motion fired his Blood, and he thought every Moment was an Hour till he reach'd home. He answer'd with a Bow, and said, 'If Man can make you 'happy, *Muley Arab* will: by *Mahomet* I 'swear, you shall command my very Soul, 'and I will make you blest as Woman

'can

'can be.' This he ſpoke to make her eaſy, and in myſterious Words conceal'd his Meaning, which was never to part with her; nor did he think *Emilia* leſs worthy of his Favour, tho he did not love her equal with the other.

They at laſt arrived at his Palace, where he took *Tereſa* by the Hand, the *Mooriſh* Lord *Iſmale* leading *Emilia.* They were conducted to a noble Apartment on the top of the Houſe, where the Prince took leave of them, leaving a Female Slave to attend them. *Tereſa* beg'd him to permit *Seraja* to come to them, which he immediately granted: So ſaluting both with Paſſion, he retired, the reaſon of which was this: He had received from the Emperor his Father's Hands, ſix Months before, a Wife, who was the Daughter of an *Arabian* Prince, who had aſſiſted him in reducing a powerful Rebel and his Party, who had rebelled againſt him, and dethroned him, had not *Abdela* the brave *Arab* come to his aſſiſtance. This Lady was very handſome, and of a haughty diſpoſition, very proud and revengeful; ſhe loved him paſſionately, and was ſo jealous of all Women that he but ſeem'd to like, that ſhe had poiſon'd ſeveral of thoſe fair unfortunate Creatures ſhe found in his Seraglio's, whom he had purchaſed or received as Preſents. He therefore dreading ſhe would ſerve theſe Ladies ſo, if he omit-

ted

ted to visit her immediately upon his return home, left them; and going to her Apartment, appear'd very pleasant and obliging, sat down to Dinner with her, a particular Favour in that Nation; and after Dinner proposed to her to return that Night to *Fez*, to the Royal Palace, because he should go forth very early the next Morning to hunt, and should disturb her, and design'd to return to *Fez* in the Evening: to this she willingly consented. And now he thought he had secured himself one happy Night, in which he purposed to enjoy the two loveliest Women in the World: but the Prayers and Tears of the virtuous *Teresa* and *Emilia* had reach'd Heaven; God who disappoints the wicked, and preserves in a wonderful manner those that fear and love him, had otherwise decreed. *Ximene* the haughty Princess was quickly inform'd by a Slave whom she favour'd, that the Prince had brought home two *European* Women, fair as Angels, in the pursuit of whom he had spent that Day; that his hunting was but a pretence to procure her Absence. In fine, this officious Woman told her all that could excite both her Curiosity and Revenge; which she was spur'd on to do by a secret Reason, which was, that she had been in her Youth vitiated by the Prince, and afterwards neglected: This made her distracted whenever she saw him fond of any other, and study to make him wretched, which

which ſhe could no other way bring about but to continually incenſe *Ximene* againſt him, who always rewarded her for theſe cruel malicious Services. The Prince, who had been thoſe unlucky Moments abſent, whilſt the treacherous *Dalinda* had whiſper'd this fatal Secret to her Lady, return'd to give her his Hand to the Coach, which was then ready with her Attendants to ſet out for *Fez*, but found her much diſorder'd: I am not well, ſaid ſhe, and I cannot go to night. At theſe words ſhe pretended to faint, and fell down on her Bed. The Prince was ſufficiently vext at this croſs accident, but did not ſuſpect his ſecret deſigns were betray'd to her. He ſeem'd much concern'd (as no doubt he was) kiſt, embraced, and uſed all poſſible means to pleaſe her. She ſeem'd to recover, ſaid ſhe would lie alone that Night; tho ſhe had a ſecret Deſign, and not Sickneſs, made her chuſe to do ſo. In ſome time he asked her to take the Air in the Gardens; but ſhe refuſed, and choſe to let him go alone, for that was what ſhe wanted. He long'd to conſult *Iſmale*, having perceiv'd a change in *Ximene*'s Face and Humour, that made him fear ſomebody had told her of the Ladies. Whilſt the Prince and his Favourite walked in the Garden, *Ximene* conjures the Slave to ſhew her *Tereſa* and *Emilia*: ſhe leads her Lady to the Room; *Ximene* only paſt thro it, and

and returning to her Chamber, was so surprized at their Beauty, and fired with Jealousy, that she resolved to poison them that Night, and commanded *Dalinda* to make a *China* Bowl of delicate Sherbet mixt with a deadly Poison, which she always kept ready prepared for such wicked purposes. *Dalinda* fail'd not to execute her Mistress's Orders, and having mixt the deadly Potion, left the Bowl upon a Table in the next Room, designing to carry it up to the Ladies as a Present from the Prince, whilst *Ximene* detain'd him with her, which she resolved to do that Night, knowing the Ladies would not live till the next Morning after drinking that fatal Draught. No sooner had *Dalinda* left the Room, but the Prince returning from the Garden enters it, and being very dry, takes up the Bowl, concluding it was Sherbet made for the Princess; and going into her Chamber, drinks to her. She not imagining *Dalinda* had been so indiscrete to leave the poison'd Sherbet there, refused not to pledge him, taking a good draught of it. She seem'd very obliging to the Prince, to engage him to stay with her, asking him to drink Tea with her. They sat down together, and *Dalinda* being call'd for, soon mist the Bowl, and perceived the fatal Error, yet dared not speak. In less than an Hour the Prince and Princess began to fall into strange Convulsions; which *Dalinda*

linda perceiving, and fearing to be tortured and put to death, for being the fatal cause of theirs, pack'd up what she could, as Jewels and Gold, and fled to the Woods, where she was seen to enter, but never came forth again, being (doubtless) that Night devour'd by the wild Beasts, of which *Barbary* is very full. A great Distraction reign'd in the Palace; the Physicians were call'd, and used all their Endeavours to save them, but in vain. *Dalinda* was believ'd the Author of this Mischief, but none could guess the reason why. Before five in the Morning *Muley Arab* and *Ximene* expired, she confessing what she design'd, and acknowledging God's Justice in her end. And now the Slaves and Favourites of the dead Prince walk'd like silent Ghosts, looking upon one another. A Messenger was sent to acquaint the Emperor with this dismal News of his Son's Death, whom he was very fond of: *Ismale* the *Moorish* Lord bare the fatal Message, and soon return'd with a Troop of Soldiers, who by the Emperor's Order discharged such of the Attendants as he thought fit; took all the Women in his Seraglio, and conducted them in Coaches, being all veil'd, to an old Seraglio where the Wives and Concubines of the deceased Princes are kept, some all their Lives, and others are disposed of to the Favourites of the Emperor, or Prince who succeeds the

Prince

Prince to whom they belong'd. To this dismal Place was *Teresa* and *Emilia* carry'd; yet they in their Hearts praised God for their Deliverance from *Muley Arab*, whose surprizing Death, and the manner of it, they looked on as an Earnest of God's Favour, and were the more encourag'd to confide in his merciful Providence. The good Widow was offer'd her Liberty to return to her home; but she chose to attend the Ladies: They had in this decay'd Palace the Liberty of walking in the Gardens, lying together, and hoped soon to find an Opportunity to escape, resolving to fly to *Attabala's*, if it were possible to find the way: but alas, it was more than sixty Miles thence, and almost impossible for them to reach it without falling into new Misfortunes: the Widow advis'd them rather to make to the Sea-side, and endeavour to get a Passage to *Spain* or *France*, promising to go her self to *Attabala's*, which she could do safely. This Counsel they approv'd of, and tho they were very unwilling to part with her, yet they at last consented to her going; she easily obtain'd leave of the Governess of the Seraglio, and chief Eunuch; and so left them, setting out for her own home, where she doubted not to find News of *Antonio*, and the Lords. And here we shall leave the Ladies for a time, and relate what happen'd to Don *Lopez*, the

the Count *de Hautville*, and the rest of *Attabala*'s Guests, since *Antonio* parted from the Ladies, and the good *Seraja*'s House.

CHAP. XI.

ANtonio soon reached *Attabala*'s House, and found the two Lords, Monsieur *de Chateau-Roial*, *Clarinda*, *Eleonora*, and *Anna*, at Dinner: He ask'd for *Attabala*, who coming to him, he desired to know if two Gentlemen were not there, whose names were Don *Lopez*, and Count *de Hautville*. 'I come, said he, from their Ladies, *Emilia* and *Teresa*, who are now on the 'Road, coming to them.' *Attabala* ran into the Parlor, and told this good News: All the Company rose from the Table. *Antonio* was call'd in; but what Words can express the Transport he and *Anna* were in, when she knew him to be her Lover *Carolus Antonio Barbarini*, the generous *Angelina*'s Son, that noble *Venetian* Lady who had bred her up? they flew to one anothers Arms. He gaz'd upon her, wept for Joy, at length swooned upon her Bosom; Joy so disorder'd his Soul, that every Faculty stood still, and his Heart and Pulse forgot to move. Don *Lopez* held him up, and all the Company

pany ſtood looking on ſurpriz'd. At laſt awaking, as it were from a long Sleep, he lifted his Eyes, and cry'd, ' *Anna*, thou ' dearest thing on Earth, behold the Man ' that has follow'd you to this barbarous ' Place, and for your ſake ventur'd to brave ' both Death and Slavery: we'll part no ' more whilſt we do live; I'll periſh by your ' Side, or carry you ſafe to *Venice* again. ' And now, Gentlemen, ſaid he, arm your ' ſelves, and ſet out this Moment to meet ' your Wives; as we are on the way I'll ' tell you more: We muſt not delay one ' Moment to go to them; here is a Box of ' Jewels of great value which they gave me ' for you, and I will give to *Anna*'s care till ' we return.' At theſe Words *Eleonora* caſting her Eyes upon Don *Lopez*, cry'd, ' Ah! ' faithleſs *Spaniard*, you then are marry'd, ' and another claims your Heart; you have ' deceived me cruelly.' He was too much in haſte to anſwer more than in theſe few Words, ' Forgive me, Madam, I dared not ' tell you truth, nor did I know whether ' *Tereſa* were ſtill living; had ſhe been dead, ' the charming *Eleonora* had a juſter Title ' to my Heart than any Woman: yet you ' ſhall be happy, I will eſteem, reſpect and ' love you next *Tereſa*, keep you ſtill ' near me, and make your Intereſt always ' mine.' They haſten'd him to depart, and the three Gentlemen, *Attabala*, and *Antonio* ſet

set out well arm'd, to meet the Ladies. They came to the Wood, hollow'd, call'd, and ran to every corner of it, but in vain: At last they went quite to *Seraja*'s House, and finding all in disorder, concluded they were fallen into *Muley Arab*'s Hands; in which opinion they were confirm'd by the Report of some Passengers whom they inquired of. Nothing could be more afflicted than the Count and Don *Lopez*; they were even inconsolable, and Monsieur *de Chateau-Roial* and *Antonio* had much ado to prevail with them to return home. They would have pursued the Moorish Prince, but *Antonio* told them the Attendants he had with him were so numerous, and well-arm'd, that it would be the Action of Madmen to attempt an Encounter with them. The Lords seem'd quite abandon'd to Grief, and returning home, appear'd so cast down, that at last the charming *Clarinda* spake to them in this manner: 'My Lords, are you Men 'and Christians? have you been both de-'liver'd from perishing in the merciless Seas 'by God's Providence, from a desolate 'Island, where he supply'd you not only 'with Bread, but with Friends, and a 'Ship to carry you thence in safety, and 'land you at the Port you desired? Has he 'preserv'd your Lives from the Pirates 'Sword, and freed you miraculously from 'Chains and Slavery? preserv'd your

'Wives

'Wives from the vicious Governor? and 'have you now forgot his Mercies, and 'doubt his Power? Is there one of us here 'who are not living Monuments of the 'Almighty's Goodness, and shall we des-'pair? Suffer not then your Reason to be 'silenced by Passion; but call to mind the 'great things God has already done for 'you, and put your Confidence in him, 'who will never leave nor forsake us, whilst 'we trust in and love him. He will give 'his Angels charge of the virtuous Women 'you so mourn for, and restore them safely 'to you if he thinks fit: if not, by your 'submission to his divine Pleasure, endea-'vour to obtain his Favour, an happy end 'in this World, and eternal Joy and Re-'pose in the next, where your Wives will 'be restor'd to you; and all your Sufferings 'here converted into Joy and Glory.' Here she ended her admirable Discourse, and the Count *de Hautville* return'd her this Answer: 'Madam, your Advice is good, 'and I will endeavour to take it. Come 'my Friend, said he to Don *Lopez*, shake 'off your Weakness, and let us leave all to 'God; this Life is short, and full of disap-'pointments, let us behave our selves like 'Men and Christians. He that made us 'and our Wives, will preserve them.' Here fair *Anna* interupted them, saying, 'My 'Lords, look upon this young Gentleman

'and

'and me, and learn to trust in Providence. 'I have not yet had time to ask him how 'he came here, nor by what Miracle con-'ducted to this Place.' 'Charming *Anna*, 'said *Antonio*, I will with pleasure satisfy 'both you and the Company; but first 'my Advice is, that *Attabala* should go to '*Seraja*'s House, and see if any Person be 'there, and leave word in the Village 'which she and the Ladies, if they escape, 'will probably go to, to inquire after me: 'and let *Attabala* leave word with *Johanna* '*Benduker*, her dear Friend, that her Slave '*Antonio* waits for her and her Friends at 'the Place they were coming to, when he 'left them. *Attabala* may likewise inquire 'after the Prince, and what else he can. 'In the mean time let us continue quiet; 'for should we remove hence before we 'hear from them, they would never be a-'ble to find us, nor can we be so safe else-'where.' They all approved of this Advice, and *Attabala* went to *Seraja*'s that Afternoon. And now the Company sitting together, *Anna* fetching the Box of Jewels, gave them to the Lords, saying, 'Here 'is the rich Treasure given to my charge, 'which I deliver to you, to whom it be-'longs: Upon my word it would sell for 'a Sum great enough to provide for us all 'handsomely.' The Lords were amaz'd at the number and richness of the Diamonds,

and

and *Antonio* told them how the Ladies came by them. Don *Lopez* said, 'Since Providence gave them us, they shall serve us all, and provide for all our Necessities: since God has made us Companions in Adversity, we will mutually strive to make one another happy.' Now *Anna* proposed the hearing *Antonio*'s Story since he and she parted, and he related it in the manner following.

'GEntlemen and Ladies, said he, my Name and Birth I find fair *Anna* has already inform'd you of, and how our Affections grew with our Years, and the manner in which she was ravisht from me. I must then begin my Narrative from the most unfortunate Hour of my Life. The Day that we were parted, I was with my dear Mother *Angelina*, at our House in the City, to which we were retir'd for safety, when the dismal News was brought, that the *Turks* had landed and ravaged all the Coast, and enter'd the Monasteries, and carry'd away a great number of the Nuns and Inhabitants round about, destroying and plundering the most sacred Places; and that *Anna* was amongst those the Infidels had carry'd away Captives. This News fill'd all the City with Grief, and nothing but Sighs and Lamentations were heard

in

'in the Streets, Ladies of the first Quality ran about distracted, tearing their Hair, and wringing their Hands, for the loss of their Daughters, and Death of their Sons, kill'd by the cruel Infidels: Every Family had lost one or more out of it, and every Tongue was imploy'd in aggravating the publick Calamity. But tho my Grief was not so clamorous, yet I believe none more severely felt the loss of those they lov'd, than I when I heard *Anna* was gone, my Soul was shock'd, and all my Faculties fail'd me, I could neither eat nor sleep. In few Days I resolved to follow her, and rather chuse to die in Slavery, than live free, and without her. I conceal'd my desperate Design from my Mother, who was highly afflicted at *Anna*'s Loss and my Melancholy, and pretended I would go to travel only to *Rome*, *Spain*, and *France*. She was very unwilling to let me go, telling me with Tears, "My dear Child, said she, God "has been pleased to take your noble Father from me, and my sweet *Anna*, whom "next you I lov'd, you are all that are left "me, in you are all my Hopes placed; do "not leave me then alone." Touched to the Soul with her tender Expressions, I delay'd to go, and confin'd my self to her presence. But seeing me every Day decay and pine away, she resolv'd to send

'me abroad, in hopes to divert me; and 'commanded me to go. I yielded, and 'all things being prepared, as Habit, Hor-'ses, and two Servants, with Bills for Mo-'ney at the Places I paſtthro, I took leave 'of my dear Mother and Friends; and 'with her Bleſſing departed, promiſing to 'return ſoon. Now my Reaſon for going 'to *Spain* was, becauſe had I gone from '*Venice*, which was then at war with 'the *Turks*, I ſhould have been liable to 'be taken, and made a Priſoner of war; 'but if I went from *Spain* or *France*, in a 'Veſſel belonging to either of thoſe Na-'tions, I might be ſafe, and have the Pro-'tection of their Conſuls at *Conſtantinople*, 'by whom I might procure *Anna*'s Free-'dom, paying her Ranſom. And I reſol-'ved, tho ſhe had been raviſh'd by the '*Turks*, and ſold or preſented to the Serag-'lio of ſome Villain, for that her Beauty 'would doubtleſs occaſion her to be, yet 'I would take her to my Arms, with as 'much Joy and Affection, as if ſhe had 'been ever mine: Yet this her tender 'Years made me hope to prevent. In fine, 'I poſted thro *Italy*, and arriving at *Barcelona* 'in *Spain*, I ſent back my Servants with a 'Letter to my Mother of my true Intention, 'got a Letter to the *Spaniſh* Conſul at *Con-'ſtantinople*, from a great *Spaniſh* Merchant, 'to whom I declared my Deſign, and who

'had

'had Money in his Hands for my use re-
'mitted to him from *Venice*; and with his
'Assistance got Passage in a *Spanish* Ship,
'with the Fleet arrived safe at *Constan-*
'*tinople*, and was well receiv'd by the *Spa-*
'*nish* Consul, who soon got me Information
'that *Anna* was bought by a *Barbary* Cap-
'tain, who was bound to *Algiers*, to which
'he used to carry Slaves, and rich Goods.
'I presently resolv'd to go thither, from
'which he endeavour'd to dissuade me all
'he was able, but in vain. I left some
'Money in his Hands, and the next Ship
'that was going to *Algiers*, I went on
'board as a Passenger, paying for my
'Passage before-hand; but the villanous
'*Mahometan*, so soon as he came into the
'Port, chain'd and sold me at the com-
'mon Market for a Slave. I was bought
'by an old *Jewish* Merchant; and in one
'Year, keeping his Accounts, for he put
'me to no Drudgery or servile Employ-
'ments, became his chief Favourite. I
'endeavour'd all I was able to learn News
'of *Anna*, but could get none. And now
'another Misfortune befel me; my Mas-
'ter's Wife, a handsome *Portugueze* Woman,
'whom he had marry'd, and extreamly
'doated upon, cast an amorous Eye upon
'me, and gave me several Invitations to be
'great with her: but I constantly avoided
'her, and seem'd to be ignorant of her

‘ meaning: This so highly provok'd her,
‘ that one Day, when I was alone in the
‘ Counting-House, and my Master abroad,
‘ she came in, and shutting the Door, said,
“ *Antonio*, must I be forced to tell you I
“ love you to Distraction? Are you blind
“ to your own Interest, and determin'd to
“ refuse me? Am not I fair, and cannot I
“ reward you? See here.” At these Words
‘ she threw down a great Purse full of Gold:
“ Take this, said she, and take to your
“ Arms a Woman who loves, and can
“ make you happy.” At these Words she
‘ clasp'd me round the Neck, and almost
‘ stifled me with Kisses; I put her gently
‘ from me, in great Confusion. At this
‘ Moment my Master enter'd the Room;
‘ some officious Slave who sought my Ruin,
‘ had observ'd my Mistress and me, and
‘ given him Intimation of her love to me;
‘ and he had thus contriv'd to surprize us,
‘ having only pretended to go forth, and
‘ staid conceal'd in the House: She swoon-
‘ ed, I stood confounded, tho guiltless:
‘ He took me by the Hair, beat and kickt
me unmercifully, and swore he would poi-
‘ son her, and sell me the next Day. He
‘ had so bruised me I could scarce crawl to
‘ a Hole under the Stairs, and there I laid
‘ me down, expecting to rise no more. I
‘ too late repented my Rashness in leaving
‘ *Venice*; yet would have died contented,
‘ had

'had I but once ſeen my dear *Anna* ſafe
'and free. In the Evening of this un-
'pleaſant Day, the good *Tomaſo*, *Seraja's*
'Husband, came to the Houſe with em-
'broider'd Caps and Belts, as uſual; he
'ſtaid in an outer Room, and as Providence
'decreed, eſpy'd me in this ſad Condition,
'my Face was bloody, and my Clothes all
'torn: he ſeem'd much ſurpriz'd, having
'always ſeen me well dreſt, and careſs'd by
'my Maſter; he ask'd me what was the
'matter; I told him the Truth: he ſaid,
'he would willingly buy me. I had catch'd
'up the Purſe of Gold when my Maſter en-
'ter'd the Counting-houſe, I put ſome of it
'into his Hand to purchaſe me, when my
'Maſter call'd him into the Counting-houſe,
'to pay for the Embroidery: He ask'd him
'for me, to give me ſome thing, as he
'pretended, and ſometimes uſed to do,
'when my Maſter paid him; my Maſter
'exclaim'd againſt me: The good *Tomaſo*
'perſuaded him that his Wife and I might
'be innocent, at leaſt that I was very
'young, and might be ſeduced. In ſhort,
'he asked to buy me, and my *Jew* Maſter,
'glad to be rid of me, ſold me for a Trifle.
'With him I went, and he hired a Horſe
'for me to get home to his Houſe, where I
'was maintain'd, and look'd after as if I had
'been their own Child. In ſhort time the
'good Man died, and ſince that I have

'converted *Seraja* to the Christian Faith, 'and assisted her in all I was able; and get-'ting acquainted with many great Bassa's, 'and Merchants Servants, still desirous to 'find my dear *Anna*, I continually inquir'd 'for her, and never could learn any thing 'but this: *Lorenza* the Governor's Christian 'Slave told me, his Master had bought a 'Girl, much resembling her I describ'd; 'but he had sent her into the Country, 'and I could not see her. This kept my 'Hopes alive, but till this fortunate Morn-'ing I was never assur'd of my Happiness; 'but now I regret nothing I have suffer'd, 'and trust in God we shall be happy toge-'ther, and return in safety to our dear 'Mother, whom I long to see again.'

All the Company admired the strange Adventures these two young Lovers had met with, and they all resolv'd to go away together from *Barbary*, the first Opportunity after *Teresa* and *Emilia* were found; for now such an intire Friendship was contracted betwixt these unfortunate Persons, that not one of them would consent to abandon the rest, till all could be happy together. Villany and base Designs often unite Men for a time, but end generally in their Ruin, and Hatred to one another; but when Religion, and vertuous noble Designs are the Basis of Mens Friendships, they are lasting and successful.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Attabala return'd home at Night, and related what he had learn'd of *Muley Arab's* carrying away the Ladies; he had left the Message with *Johama Benducar.* And now they were oblig'd to remain in suspence for some Days, in which the Lords past their time very unpleasantly; and *Eleonora* secretly rejoiced that her Rival was more wretched than her self: She now behaved her self with much Reservedness to Don *Lopez*, who treated her with great Respect and Tenderness.

At last *Seraja* arrived, and gave them an Account of the Ladies wonderful Deliverance, by the tragick end of the Prince and Princess; as likewise of their being removed to the old Seraglio, from whence she said it would be no hard matter for them to escape. This News transported the Lords, and fill'd them with new Hopes of Happiness: They entertain'd *Seraja* with the Story of *Antonio's* good Fortune, at which she much rejoiced. They made her promise to go with them to *Venice*, and to live with *Anna*, who call'd her Mother, and caress'd her extreamly for being so

kind to her Lover. *Seraja* lay there that Night, and the next Morning they consulted what to do. They at last resolv'd, that the two Lords should accompany *Seraja* back, that she should go into the Seraglio, and acquaint the Ladies where they staid to receive them, they designing to lie at some Village near: So putting on their *Grecian* Disguise, like Merchants, they sat out with her, having bought a Horse for her to ride upon, which *Antonio* got at the Village where he and *Seraja* had liv'd. They took some Money sufficient for the Journey, and left the Company, with many good Wishes attending them. Monsieur *de Chateau-Roial* and *Antonio* would have gone with them, but it was fear'd it would render them suspected to be seen travelling so many together. It was but threescore Miles they had to go, and in two Days time they reach'd the nearest Town to the Seraglio. Here *Seraja* advis'd them to stay, and lodge, till she return'd to them from the Ladies: they did so. Entring the Town they went to an Inn, pretending they came to buy Goods, and took a Lodging. *Seraja* enter'd the Seraglio, but was told the Ladies were not there, but gone. She enquir'd whither: They told her *Ismale* the *Moorish* Lord had beg'd them of the King, and fetch'd them thence the Night before. The Governess said, ' *Se-*

' *raja,*

'*raja*, they are fortunate, he is a generous 'Lord, and will use them nobly; here 'are many young Virgins in this Place 'would rejoice to be so prefer'd.' The Widow hid her Concern as much as possible, and took leave, returning to the expecting Lords with this sad News, which they took heavily, and return'd to *Attabala's* House, more sorrowful than ever.

And now it is necessary we should inquire what befel these unfortunate Ladies, whose unhappy Beauties occasion'd them such great Misfortunes. *Ismale* having been charm'd with their Persons when he saw them at *Seraja's*, study'd how to obtain them, and ask'd the Emperor for them. He readily bestow'd them upon this Favourite, who made haste to fetch them from the Seraglio, fearing their being seen by some Person more favour'd, and greater than himself, who might prove a troublesome Rival. When he came there, and told his Business, you may imagine how surpriz'd the Ladies were; but he expecting such Treatment, immediately put them into a close Coach, and carry'd them to his Palace, where he lock'd them into a Chamber, which was in the upper Floor of the House, out of which a Door open'd upon a lovely Terrass Walk made on the Top of the House, to take the Evening Air upon. Here the two wretched Ladies

walk'd awhile ruminating on their sad Condition, and considering what to do. At last *Emilia*, whose presence of Mind was always extraordinary, and was at this time doubtless inspir'd by Providence, looking down into the Garden below, said thus: 'My dear Friend, shall we fear 'to tempt Death, by venturing some way 'or other down this Place, into the Gar-'den, from whence God may find us some 'means to escape; or shall we stay here 'and meet our Ruin?' *Teresa* thought a Moment, and then running into the Chamber, look'd about to see if she could find any Cord or String to help them: It was just the close of the Day; they found no Strings but took the Window-curtains, and Sheets, ty'd them fast together; and fastning one end to the Rails on the House top, *Emilia* slid down first as low as she could, which was some Yards from the Ground, which she ventur'd to leap down; *Teresa* follow'd, and both escaped without much Hurt. Recovering their Legs, they ran down the Garden, and finding a Door open, went out, not knowing where to go. They wander'd thro some Fields, and at last coming to a Wood, sought a Place to hide themselves till Morning, resolving at break of Day to be gone farther off. Here they sat trembling, full of dreadful Apprehensions of being taken again, or devour'd

of

of wild Beasts. They knew not what part of the Country they were now in, nor how far from honest *Seraja's* House, where they had so long liv'd secure: At last they resolv'd, if possible, to climb up into some low Tree, which with some difficulty they did, and sat there in much fear. Mean time *Ismale*, who had been engag'd by some Company that waited to speak with him at his coming home, which occasion'd him to leave *Emilia* and *Teresa* so soon, having in some time got quit of his Visitors, went up to the Chamber, ordering Supper to be brought thither, designing to enjoy himself in their Company all that Night: But when he found the Room in such disorder, and the Ladies gone, his Surprize can't be exprest: He soon discover'd how they had escaped, and calling for his Servants bid them light Flambeaus, and search the Gardens and Fields adjacent, and if possible bring them back. The amaz'd Slaves ran up and down the Fields, and some of them entring the Wood searched here and there, but saw them not. What concern the poor Ladies were in is easily guest. At last the Servants return'd home; *Ismale* fretted and raged, but in vain, and then went to sleep in an old Mistress's Arms, at which the Servants rejoiced, and went to rest.

The

The Ladies paſt the Night in Prayer, and ſo ſoon as Day broke, came down from the Tree almoſt faint, and haſted over a high Hill, from whence they ſaw a lovely River at ſome diſtance: They haſted to it, and in a Boat that lay there to ferry Paſſengers over, paſt ſafely to the other ſide; and asking where they were, the poor Man told them the River they had paſt over was call'd *Omirary*, a River that parts the Kingdoms of *Fez* and *Morocco*; that they were not far from Mount *Atlas*, which if they paſt over, they would come into *Numidia*, a Country inhabited by *Mahometans* and *Pagans*, govern'd by no King, but ruled by ſome chief Men, Heads of Tribes, choſen by the reſt. 'They 'are a People, ſaid he, inclin'd to thieving, 'Turks and *Pagans* in Religion, dwelling 'in Tents, living chiefly on Dates, feed-'ing their Goats with the Stones, which 'make them very fat, and yield good ſtore 'of Milk; a Country but ill inhabited.' The Ladies thank'd the poor Man, and went on towards the Mountains, not knowing which way to go, ready to faint for want of Food and Reſt. They had no Money, their Habits were fine, ſuch as are given in the Seraglio's to the Women of Condition; the Day was far ſpent, they had no Food. At laſt they came to the foot of a great Ridge of Mountains; there, unable to go farther, they ſat down: *Tereſa*, who was

of

of the weakeſt Conſtitution, laid her Head on *Emilia*'s Boſom, and ſighing, ſaid, 'Surely 'now, my dear Friend, my unfortunate 'Life draws to a Period; if God ſends us 'no help ſoon, we muſt periſh here: Our 'Husbands know not where to find us, nor 'are we able to go to them. For my part, 'I have only this ſatisfaction, that having 'done my duty to God, and my dear Lord, 'I have no reaſon to fear Death. You, my 'dear Friend, will, I hope, not only ſur-'vive me; but, by ſome Providence pre-'ſerved, live to be happy with your Lord. 'Tell Don *Lopez* I died only his, virtuous 'and chaſte as when he took me to his 'Arms, and hope to ſee him with Joy in 'the other World.' *Emilia* wept over her, and ſtrove to comfort her.

Now Night drew on, and Darkneſs ren-der'd the Place more dreadful. About Mid-night *Emilia* ſaw a Light at ſome diſtance, in a Houſe, as ſhe thought; and looking ſtedfaſtly, ſhe ſaw a Man kneeling at the Door, with a Candle in one Hand, and a Book in the other, as if at Prayer: She ſhew'd him to *Tereſa*. 'My Dear (ſaid ſhe) 'let us try to get to that Place, perhaps he 'is ſome Chriſtian; but if not, we muſt 'venture: to ſtay here is certain death, 'and therefore 'tis better to ask help of In-'fidels.' *Tereſa* attempted to riſe, but could not ſtand, the cold and faſting had ſo debilitated

debilitated her Limbs, they were uſeleſs *Emilia* was unwilling to leave her, but at laſt was forced to it: She haſted to the Place, and approaching near, ſaw a Man of a middle Age, tall, well ſhaped, and would have been very handſome, had not Abſtinence, Sickneſs and Hardſhips alter'd his Face: He had a coarſe Frize Coat, like a *Turkiſh* Derviſe or Hermit, a Fur Cap, ſhort Boots like an *Arabian*. He was ſo intent at his Devotions, he ſaw her not, tho now very near him: She liſten'd, and hearing him pray in the *Latin* Tongue, was encourag'd to ſpeak to him. She threw her ſelf on her Knees before him, ſaying, 'Generous 'Chriſtian, help two unfortunate Women, 'almoſt dead with Want and Travelling, 'fled from a vile *Mahometan*'s Houſe who 'would have ruin'd us: My Companion 'lies yonder on the cold Ground; give us 'Shelter in your Houſe, and a little Food 'or Drink, to ſave our Lives.' The Hermit being riſen, view'd her with Amazement: 'Lovely Creature, ſaid he, you may com-'mand my Life; who would refuſe to re-'ceive ſuch a Gueſt? Let us haſte to your 'Companion, and fear not to live with a 'Man, in whom you ſhall find a Protector 'and Friend.' He fetch'd a Lanthorn, and putting a Candle into it, went with her, carrying a Bottle of Rum in his Hand. *Emilia*'s care for *Tereſa* was ſuch, that ſhe ſtaid not

not to drink; but forgetting her own weakness, ran to her, whom they found almost senseless. *Emilia* gave her some of the Cordial, and with their help she was got into the House.

And now the Hermit shutting the Door, hasted to kindle up a Fire of Leaves and Sticks, setting before them Bread, Meat, and Wine; of which having eat a little, they began to revive, and the Hermit, who waited on them with much seeming Pleasure and Respect, appearing very courtly in all things, said, 'Ladies, you are highly welcome to a Man who has liv'd many Years in a manner sequestred from the World. I believe we are of one Faith, and Equals in Birth; my homely Cell begins to look pleasant with such Company: May I ask who you are, and beg to know your Misfortune, that I may be the better enabled to serve you.' The Ladies had by this time observ'd the Room, and Man: The House was very poor and mean, containing below two Rooms, and (as they supposed) no more above: The Furniture was suitable; but the Master of the place appear'd to be noble, and of great Birth and Education. *Emilia* answer'd him, 'Sir, I think it is but reasonable that we should first know who you are, and your Adventures, since our want of Strength, and disorder of Mind and Bodies, may well excuse us from so

tedious

'tedious a Task, as the Relation of ours.' He bow'd, saying, 'Madam, forgive my 'Curiosity, which made me forget my Du-'ty, and be too bold in asking so great a 'Favour, as to know you. Rest is fittest 'for you; my poor Bed and Chamber 'waits to receive you. Here is the Key, I 'shall not presume to wait on you to the 'Door; this Place will serve me to wait 'your Commands in to morrow morning, 'when I will freely, and with Pleasure, 'tell you all the Adventures of my Life past.' The Ladies were charm'd with his Behaviour; he presented a Candle and the Key to them, and would not admit their staying below any longer. They went up Stairs, and found a Bed and Chamber, neat as those in Palaces; there were some Chairs, a Carpet on the Floor, with Quilts, Sheets and Coverlids neat and good; in a Closet were many Watches, and Tools of all sorts belonging to the Art of Watch-making: many Pictures of fine Painting without Frames, adorn'd the Walls of the Chamber. They shut the Door, undrest, and having return'd Thanks to God for this signal Mercy, went to Bed, and slept sweetly. At break of Day they waken'd and rose; the Hermit heard them, and prepar'd a Fire: they came down, and he receiv'd them with a chearful Countenance; he was preparing Coffee for their Breakfast: and now they desir'd to hear his Story, which he thus related.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

I AM by Birth a *Venetian*, my Father was a noble Man, and I was his eldest Son; my Name is *Andrea Zantonio Borgomio.* I was related to a Lady, who having marry'd a wealthy Merchant, had one Daughter, with whom I fell passionately in Love; but the Custom of my Country forbidding me to marry with any Woman whose Father was inferior to my own in Quality, I resolved to marry her in secret. The Day was appointed when I was to meet her at a Country-house of her Father's to espouse her; but the Evening before, she being in her Father's Coach with her Mother and Father, attended by three Servants, was forcibly taken out of it, and carry'd away with a black Boy who follow'd her. The Ravisher was a Captain of a Ship, who was an old Man, very rich, and had loved her from her Infancy. She was then about fourteen; he carry'd her aboard his Vessel, set sail with her, and was taken by an *Algerine* Pirat who carry'd her to *Algiers*, as I have since been inform'd; but how she was disposed of, I could

'could never yet learn. It is almost eleven Years since we parted. Her Father 'sent a Messenger to inform me of our 'Misfortune the same Night she was taken away. We soon discover'd by what 'means we lost her, and I that minute 'resolved to hire a Vessel to follow the 'Villain's Ship. Her Mother being my 'Father's Relation, flew to him for Redress, but his Behaviour soon inform'd 'me that he was consenting to the hateful Deed: He treated her very coldly; 'and when I importuned him to procure an 'order from the Senate to arrest the Villain and his Ship, offering to go my self 'to execute it, he look'd upon me, and 'said ironically, "I don't doubt your "Readiness to follow him; you are too "much concern'd about what ought not to "concern you at all, mind your Duty; "your Kinswoman is fitter to be his Wife "than yours, speak no more to me about "her." 'I understood him perfectly, and 'was so enraged, that I almost forgot he 'was my Father. I went out of the 'Room from him immediately, took a 'great Sum of Money with me, and 'attended only with one Servant, went 'directly to the Port, where I hired a 'light Brigantine and went after her. I 'guest he was gone for *Spain* or *France*. 'In few hours we met a Ship bound for '*Venice*, who told us he met Capt. *Al-*

'*phon-*

'*phonso*'s Ship; they saluted one another, '*Alphonso* came aboard him, drank a Bottle of Wine, and said he was bound for '*Spain*, taking some Sweetmeats and Wine 'this Captain had brought from *Legborn*. 'This made us steer our course that 'way. A great Storm rose that Night, 'and shipwreck'd us upon this Coast. 'I know not what is become of the Captain and his Men, but I was saved on 'a piece of the Rudder, and cast on the 'Coast of *Barbary* near *Tunis*. Here I 'was taken up almost dead by a Peasant, 'who was very kind to me. So soon as 'I could walk abroad, I began to enquire 'where I was, what the Manners and 'Customs of the Country were. But I 'was soon taken notice of, and sent for 'by the *Turkish* Governor of *Tunis*, who 'examining me, took a fancy to me, and 'said if I would live with him, he would 'use me kindly; if not, I should be sold 'to somebody else. It was my best way 'I thought to accept of his Offer, by 'which I might have an Opportunity to 'get off for *Spain*. He employ'd me in 'the managing many of his Affairs, sending me with Letters and Presents, to several Ministers of State and Friends: he 'was very gentle, and familiar to me, 'and, in fine, clothed and kept me so, 'that I began to apprehend he had an ill 'Design upon me, and liked me for a use

'the

'the *Mahometans* often keep young Men for.
'As I suspected, it proved; one Evening
'he call'd for me into his Closet, and gave
'me a rich Vest, Turbant, and an intire
'*Turkish* Dress of Sattin embroider'd with
'Silver, with Linen suitable. He bid me
'take it and go and dress me, for I must
'cease to be a Christian and a Servant,
'and live at ease. Then he kist me ea-
'gerly; I turn'd pale, bow'd, took the
'Clothes, and went out trembling, deter-
'mining in my self to fly thence whatever
'was the Consequence. Whilst I dwelt
'with this Basla *Solyman*, for that was his
'Name, he had a Renegado Slave, by
'birth a *Hollander*, who indeed had not
'more Religion than Honesty or Con-
'science. This Man's Name was *Corne-*
'*lius Vandunk*, he was a Watchmaker by
'Profession, and having, as he own'd to me,
'been extravagant, and run in Debt, he
'fled his own Country, and went with a
'Merchant to *Constantinople*, to work there
'with him. His unconstant Temper made
'him uneasy there, so he wanted to be
'gone elsewhere, and went aboard a *French*
'Merchant Ship, which was taken by an
'*Algerine* Pirate. There he was sold to a
'*Jew* Merchant who used him ill; coming
'to *Tunis*, he resolved to free himself by
'renouncing Christianity. He did so, by
'which he ingratiated himself with the

'Basla

'Bassa *Solyman*, and became a Favourite, 'working for him in curious Work: He 'was certainly a great Artist at his Trade, 'and of him I learn'd so much, as to be 'able to put a Watch together, and mend 'one tolerably; I took much delight in it; 'and painting in Water-Colours I was also 'a tolerable Master of. Being now resolved 'upon quitting my Service, I was consi-'dering how I could provide Bread for 'my self, and enjoy my Religion, the thing 'I valued far above my Life. I thought 'now if I had a good Sum of Money with 'me, I might escape to some Place far 'distant from *Tunis*, and retire to an ob-'scure Place where I might work and 'sell what I did make, till I could hear 'something of *Eleonora*, for that was my 'adored Mistress's Name; and having 'learn'd from a Merchant that arrived from '*Algiers*, who came to bring a rich Pre-'sent to *Solyman*, that *Alphonso's* Ship had 'been taken and plunder'd, and the Crew 'and Passengers brought in and disposed 'of there, I was determin'd to stay in '*Barbary*, till I got farther News of her. 'I had some Money by me, but not suf-'ficient for such an Undertaking. I was 'now perfectly acquainted with the Cus-'toms of the Country, and under the re-'ligious Disguise I have now on, I knew 'I could pass undiscover'd and live safe.

'I

'I at last resolved to take some Jewels
'of *Solyman's*, which I had by his Order
'laid up in a Cabinet: This I did, and
'at Midnight departed, having provided
'my self of an excellent *Arabian* Horse out
'of his Stable. I stay'd just without the
'Town till Break of Day, when I set
'Spurs to my Horse, and rid towards *Al-*
'*giers*, where in short time I arrived safe.
'I went to a Merchant's House, with
'whom my Master was acquainted, know-
'ing he could not send after me so far,
'not knowing which way I went, at least
'till I had dispatched my Affairs; and I
'design'd to stay here no longer than till
'I had sold the Jewels, and made a full
'Enquiry after *Eleonora*. With the Assis-
'tance of this Merchant, the Jewels were
'sold in three Day's time; a *Jew* gave
'me five thousand Crowns for them. I
'was inform'd the *Algerine* Pirat had pre-
'sented a Lady that was in *Alphonso*'s Ship
'to some *Turkish* Governor, but it was not
'known who; and that the Captain was
'dead. At last despairing to find her,
'and fearing to be discover'd and taken,
'I left *Algiers*, and went thro *Fez*, which
'being too populous I quitted, and retired
'to this lonely Place, having worn this ho-
'ly Disguise seven Years, which I have
'lived in this Place. I bought this poor
'Cottage of a Merchant for whom I work,
'I

'I pass for a religious Man, a Hermit; the 'People reverence me as I pass. I mend 'Watches for several Merchants in the adjacent Towns and Cities. I sell my little Pictures likewise to *Europeans*, and live comfortably, bringing home what I want. 'I receive no visits but at my Door. I am 'call'd *Ismael* the Holy Hermit. I give 'what Alms I am able to the Poor; sometimes clothe the Naked, and secretly assist Christians who are in distress. I have 'made my self a Rule to live by; I dedicate every third Hour to Devotion in the 'Day, and rise once in the Night to Prayer, 'and am now so reconcil'd to this retired 'kind of Life, that I am indifferent whether I ever return to *Venice* or not, unless I could be so happy as to have *Eleonora* with me, or be assur'd she were dead; 'and then I would mourn her here, and die 'in this Place.'

Here he ended his Relation; *Emilia* said, 'What was the *Black's* Name who 'belong'd to the fair *Eleonora?*' He answer'd, *Attabala.* 'Then *said she*, I shall 'tell you Wonders; blest be our God who 'has brought us here together.' She then began the Relation of their Adventures, and in conclusion told him of the Lords being at *Attabala's* House, which she had learn'd from *Antonio*, but whether the Lady is there or not, *said she*, I cannot tell. The Hermit,

Hermit, for so we must call him till he leaves his Cottage and Habit, was fill'd with Admiration at the things he heard: and they mutually acknowledged God's Goodness in preserving them all in such an extraordinary manner. And now they were very chearful, and fell to considering what was best to be done. They were above a hundred Miles distant from *Attabala*'s House; and the Hermit knew not whom to trust to send thither: At last he proposed that they should stay there whilst he went, tho it was dangerous for him to go so far. The Ladies were very unwilling to be left behind, but it was altogether unfit for them to go. The Hermit said he would buy a good *Arabian* Horse to ride on, and be soon back; to which at last they consented. He gave them Money, show'd them where he kept it hid, and counsell'd them to put on such Habits as he wore. He went and bought them such, with Food and all things necessary; and in five days time, having put all his Affairs in order, pretending to his Customers some extraordinary Business at *Algiers*, departed, having first taken leave of the fair Hermits with much Tenderness and many Blessings; they praying fervently for his safe Return. And here we must leave them till we have learn'd what is become of the Lords and the rest of *Attabala*'s Guests.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE Lords being now at home in *Attabala's* House with *Antonio*, and the charming *Anna*, who wanted nothing but a safe Passage to *Venice* to be completely happy, as likewise the fair *Clarinda* and her Lord Monsieur *de Chateau-Roial*, who were passionately fond of each other, yet determin'd to part, if they could not obtain a Dispensation for them to live together lawfully; and the fair *Eleonora*, who liked Don *Lopez* so well, that she thought no more of her first Lover, Signior *Andrea Zantonio Borgomio*: All the Company began to importune Don *Lopez*, and the Count to think of returning to their Homes: 'Consider, *said they*, the dangerous Consequences that attend our staying here longer; 'if any one of us is discover'd, it will be 'the ruin of the rest.' The good *Seraja* likewise pleaded for their going: 'My 'Lords, *said she*, *Ismale* knows my House, 'you are sensible; and should he have the 'least Intimation of your being here or 'any Strangers, he would doubtless have 'you all taken, and examin'd. You must 'submit to the Will of Heaven; if God 'pleases he can send your Wives to you

'into *Spain* or *France*; but I am sorry to 'tell you, 'tis very unlikely, for being now 'in *Ismale*'s Hands, he will probably keep 'them too safe; Force cannot fetch them 'thence, you are in a strange Country, 'and have none to assist you. It is now 'the Season of the Year for Ships to come, 'and go to *Europe*: let *Attabala* look out 'for a Ship to carry you hence to *Venice*, 'or any part of *Europe*, from whence you 'may go to your several Countrys, and 'stay not here to be made Slaves, and 'the poor Ladies who have escaped 'hither torn from you again.' In fine, all Arguments were used to persuade them to go thence; but none was so prevailing as the generous Regard they had for their Friends, who could now be happy if they were not detain'd there by their respect for them. The Lords begg'd them to go and leave them to Providence, offering to divide all the Money and Jewels amongst them, and desiring to be left with none, but a Servant of *Attabala*'s, and in his House; but *Eleonora* opposed that strenuously, and all the rest refused to hear of leaving them alone. But now an Accident happen'd that in few Days obliged them to come to a Resolution: The incensed *Ismale*, mad to be thus disappointed, and resolving in his Mind that *Seraja* was the only Friend the Ladies had, and that it

was

was moſt probable the would fly to her, reſolves to go to her Houſe with his Slaves, and force her to diſcover where they were. He accordingly comes to the Houſe, enquires for her, but could learn nothing. He levels the Houſe with the Ground and departs, threatning to return again, and ſearch all the adjacent Towns and Villages. He likewiſe offer'd a great Reward to any Perſon that ſhould find and diſcover her or the young Women, or her Slave *Antonie*. No ſooner was he departed but *Johama Benducar*, *Seraja*'s Friend, runs to *Attabala*'s, and warns them to be gone: 'If 'you are diſcover'd, *ſaid ſhe*, as you certain-'ly will, becauſe of the Reward *Iſmale* 'offers, you are ruined.' This News both ſurprized and pleaſed Don *Lopez*, and the Count; they were tranſported that the Ladies had eſcaped *Iſmale*'s Hands, yet fear'd to ſtay his coming: At laſt, *Seraja* perſuaded them to leave *Johama* the Care of the Ladies, if they came; 'For, *ſaid ſhe*, the 'Slave here left, and ſhe will conceal, 'and get them off if they come, with leſs 'Trouble than you can, who will be 'watched and queſtion'd.' *Attabala* haſted to the Sea-ſide, and going off in the honeſt Fiſherman's Boat, went aboard a *Spaniſh* Ship which lay there, and agreed with the Captain to carry them to *Venice*. Returning home, *Attabala* haſten'd them to get off;

they packed up all, leaving with *Attabala's* Servant Money for *Teresa* and *Emilia* to get home; *Johanna* promising to take care of them. But when the Count and Don *Lopez* enter'd the Boat, their Concern appear'd; they both turn'd pale, and the big Drops roll'd down their Cheeks: 'My 'God, *said Don* Lopez, pity me, and pre-'serve *Teresa*, whom I am now forced to 'leave behind me: ye Angels, guard her, 'and conduct her to me safe.' The Count only lifted up his Hands and Eyes, and sigh'd deeply. Thus come on board, they were by the *Spanish* Captain well received. They rewarded the Fisherman, and he departed. And now Joy fill'd every Face, but the two Lords, and they were extreme sad. The Ship lay that Night at an Anchor, and the Wind being contrary, they were obliged to wait its turning. This doubtless Providence order'd; for towards the close of the Day *Attabala's* Servant comes in the Fisher-Boat with the Hermit, who entering the great Cabin with him, saw *Eleonora*, whom he immediately ran to, catching her in his Arms with such Transport, that she had not time to discover who he was; but his Voice soon inform'd her, it was Signior *Andrea Zantonio*. She seem'd equally glad, and if she was not so transported, yet she was doubtless pleased to see the Man she had once loved so well. After

some

ſome paſſionate Expreſſions to her, he turn'd to the Company, ſaying, 'I know not 'which of theſe Gentlemen are the for-'tunate Husbands of the vertuous *Emilia* 'and *Tereſa*, for to them my Buſineſs is.' The Lords ſoon inform'd him; he told them how he had ſaved and left the Ladies ſafe at his Houſe at the Foot of Mount *Athos*. The Lords embraced him, and made him welcome, with repeated Acknowledgments for his generous Treatment of their Wives, whom they were impatient to ſee. *Eleonora* alſo was curious to know his Adventures after they were parted, which he related to her and the Company. Then ſhe preſented *Anna* and *Antonio* to him, telling him who they were. He embraced them tenderly, glad to find ſome of his own Nation there, *Antonio* being his Kinſman. They now deliberated what to do; *Venice* being the neareſt Place, they reſolved to call there firſt. *Antonio* and *Anna*, *Eleonora* and Signior *Andrea Zuccio* our Hermit, fear'd not to be welcome to his Father, if he was yet living, after ſo long an Abſence. He had always reſolved to marry *Eleonora*, who now told him, with much Confuſion, what had paſt between her and the Governor, which force excuſed; ſo that his Paſſion being ſincere as ever, he took her to his Arms with as much Joy as if ſhe had been a Virgin, and the Chap-

lain of the Ship perform'd the Ceremony that Evening; which gave *Antonio* an opportunity of pressing the charming *Anna* to make him likewise happy. Her Youth and Innocence made her hard to be persuaded to yield; but all the Company joining, she gave him her Hand, which he received with Transport; and the next Morning the whole Company meeting in the great Cabin, resolved what to do farther. The two Lords determin'd to go with the Hermit to *Emilia* and *Teresa*; the rest of the Company were to stay aboard; and it being unsafe for the Ship to lie there long, they agreed it should weigh Anchor, and put out to Sea for two or three Days, and then return and stay at an Anchor till they came back with the Ladies, which could not be sooner than five or six Days, because they could not travel so fast with them. The Hermit taking leave of his Bride, who look'd with Confusion upon Don *Lopez*, and was concern'd both for him and her new Husband, not being able to quite stifle the Passion she had conceived for that charming *Spaniard*, parted with them with much Uneasiness. The Lords took a tender Farewel of the whole Company, and so departed, going ashore in the Ship's Boat. They stay'd that Night at *Attabala*'s House, where none remain'd but the faithful *Abra*, a *Turkish* Boy *Attabala*

bala had bred up and made a Christian of in secret, to whom he had given his House and Effects. The next Morning he went and hired Horses for the two Lords, on which they set out for the Hermit's House; and travelling thither, we must leave them, and give an account what befel the Ladies in the Hermit's Absence.

CHAP. XV.

THE second Night after the Hermit's Departure, *Teresa* and *Emilia*, having recommended themselves to God, went to Bed, and composed themselves to rest. About Midnight they were waked with dismal Groans and Lamentations, which seem'd to proceed from some Person near the House. They listen'd awhile, and heard a Woman's Voice, who express'd her Grief in these Words, in the *French* Tongue: 'My God, where shall I 'find shelter? Who shall assist me in this 'barbarous Place? When shall my Sorrows 'end? Why is my wretched Life prolong'd? 'and to what end dost thou preserve me 'yet on this side the Grave, to suffer far-'ther Miseries? Has not thy Vengeance 'yet o'ertaken him that ruined me? and

'can thy Justice suffer me, who am inno-
'cent, to be thus miserable? Must I live
'still to be the Slave of cruel lustful Infi-
'dels? Oh, show me some hospitable Cave
'or Cavern in the Rocks to hide my self,
'and die at Peace in.' Here she sigh'd, her Voice seem'd to decay, and Groans succeeded. *Teresa* and *Emilia*, whose Hearts melted at these moving Sounds, were both fearful to propose what both desired to do, which was to open the Door and take the Stranger in. They were alone, and in a lonely Place, unable to resist whatever Violence were offer'd. It might be some Imposture. At length, Compassion forced *Emilia*, whose Courage was extraordinary, as she had before manifested, to speak thus to *Teresa*: 'Shall we deny that Charity
'to another, which we were saved by in
'this Place? Shall we not relieve a Chris-
'tian and one of our own Sex in Distress?' *Teresa* answer'd, Do what you please. *Emilia* went to the Window, and call'd, but none answer'd. Then she struck a Light, and they went down Stairs, and opening the Door saw at a little distance from it, a Woman fallen down upon her Face. They dragg'd her into the House, and fastening the Door, set her in a Chair, and pour'd some Cordial down her Throat, upon which she revived. She was richly dreſt in an *Arabian* Habit of Silk embroi-
der'd,

der'd, her Hair was hanging loose, very fair, and in great quantity. She had a small Wound in her left Breast, a Necklace of brilliant Diamonds about her Neck, Ear-rings of great value, and her Face and Person delicately handsome. She appear'd to be about five and twenty, and extremely frighted. At last having recover'd her Reason, she looked round her, and then perceiving the charming *Emilia* and *Teresa* in their odd Hermits Dress to be Women speaking words of Comfort, and very earnest to help her, she broke out into these passionate Words, 'Am I with 'Christians? Are Angels provided to 'take care of the unhappy *Charlott?* 'Has my God heard me at last? and 'brought me to a place, where Vertue 'and Charity reside? And am I freed from 'impious Infidels?' Here she kiss'd *Emilia*'s Hands, who was putting Balsam to her Wound. And now the Ladies asked her who she was, and her Misfortunes that brought her there. She willingly inform'd them: 'I will recount to you, *said she*, 'a Story full of Wonders, so moving and 'so strange, that you will be fill'd with 'Admiration.' They made a Fire, and having given her Wine and Meat sat down by her, she desiring them to put out the light for Reasons she would tell them.

'I am, *said she*, a Native of *France*, born 'in *Paris*. My Father was a celebrated 'Painter. He had by my Mother, who 'was the Daughter of a *French* Colonel, 'a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune, 'no Child but me. Our House was fre-'quented by a great many of the Nobility, 'who came to have their Pictures drawn, 'or see my Father's curious Paintings, he 'having a Collection of the choicest Pic-'tures, both antient and modern, of any 'Painter in *Paris*. He was very rich, and 'design'd me a great Fortune. I was 'tolerably handsom, and this caused me to 'be extremely courted, both for a Mistress 'and a Wife; but my Father's Ambition 'was so great, and he thought so well of 'me, that he refused to give me to several 'good Tradesmen and Merchants, hoping 'to match me to some great Officer or 'Count: In fine, a young Nobleman com-'ing to have his Picture drawn by my Fa-'ther, saw and loved me, courted and 'visited me often in private, fearing his 'Father's Displeasure, who was of great 'Quality. I was so foolish to imagine his 'Designs were honourable; and being 'charm'd with his agreeable Person, Be-'haviour, and bewitching Conversation, 'grew insensibly to love him passionately. 'He too well perceiv'd my Weakness, and 'made his Advantage of it. He made

' me many Presents of Value, caress'd my ' Father and Mother highly; so that they ' entertain'd and gave him all the Liber- ' ty imaginable with me, suspecting nothing ' of his base Design, which was to ruin ' me, which he thus effected: He had ' gain'd my Maid to be his Creature, she ' fill'd my Ears with his Praises daily, ' and encreased my Distemper. One Day ' when my Father and Mother were invi- ' ted to dine abroad with some grave ' Company, where it was not proper for ' me to go, my Lover who had information ' of their being absent, comes in a Hack- ' ney-Coach, and after some amorous Dis- ' courses, as gallant and pleasant as usu- ' al, asks me to go abroad with him, tak- ' ing *Phillis* my Maid with me. " We will " go to a Friend's of mine, *said he*, whom " I can trust, and be merry." ' I was ' proud that he would show me to his ' Friends, and thought my self very safe, ' having *Phillis* with me; nay, I thought ' him so noble and sincere, that I had not ' the least distrust of him. I dress my self ' richly, and went into the Coach with ' him, leaving my Parents and Home, ' which I fear I shall never see again; he ' carry'd me ten Miles from *Paris*, there ' we alighted at a House, hired for his fatal ' purpose, as I was too soon sensible; I ' saw none but two Servants, a Man and

' Maid,

'Maid, who received him as their Master.
'The House stood in a Garden, and no
'House within call. Here he gave me
'Wine, and a Dinner, which was ready
'prepared. I began to be much surpri-
'zed, and apprehensive of what follow'd.
'He told me after Dinner he was tired,
'and must lie down upon the Bed: In
'fine, I trembled, and saw too late I was
'betray'd. And to dwell no longer on
'the dismal Subject, here he forced me to
'Bed, and tho I used Prayers, Tears, and
'resisted all I was able, he at length over-
'came me, swearing he would marry me.
'Here he stay'd all Night, and left me the
'next morning in the Hands of my Be-
'trayer, *Phillis*, and his two Servants, who
'watched me as a Prisoner. I knew not
'where to go; I loved the Villain that had
'undone me, was ashamed to be seen, and
'was so well watched, that if I would
'have gone thence I could not. He came
'frequently, kept me nobly, and used me
'tenderly. My poor Father and Mother
'too well guest their Misfortune, and
'mourn'd for me in secret. My Lover
'went no more to visit them. My Fa-
'ther attempted to speak with him, but
'the Servants used him rudely. The Neigh-
'bours laugh'd and ridiculed him, be-
'cause he had disoblig'd many of them,
'whose Sons and Brothers had been re-
'fus'd

'fus'd when they addrest me: In fine,
'he fell sick, and in less than two months
'died, leaving my Mother a rich but dis-
'consolate Widow. I was kept no longer
'so very strictly, being big with Child,
'and my Father dead. I was permitted
'to visit my poor Mother, to whom I re-
'lated my Misfortune; we wept together,
'but could find no Remedy. I was kept
'thus five Years, in which I never ap-
'pear'd abroad, but with a Masque. I
'had three Children. My dear Mother
'often came to me privately, and past
'some days with me, my two Sons died at
'Nurse, my Girl grew, and my Betrayer
'was very fond of me and the Children.
'I still flatter'd my self he would at last
'marry me, but his Father, who had took
'little notice of his keeping a Mistress,
'thought it was time for him to marry,
'and give an Heir to his Family; he pro-
'posed a young Lady of Quality and For-
'tune suitable; and having now glutted
'himself with me, my Lover made no
'difficulty to oblige his Father and him-
'self with a new Dish. He marry'd the
'Lady, who was handsom and a Virgin;
'he grew fond of her, and slighted me. I
'never saw him, but I reproached him
'with my Wrongs, so that he not only
'continued to slight me and came seldom to
'see me, but used me so unkindly that

'we

'we never met but we quarrel'd. This, 'with the Torments of his Conſcience, 'doubtleſs made him reſolve on being rid 'of me. He comes to me in his own 'Coach as uſual, for now he made no ſe-'cret of our Converſe, which made him 'not very eaſy with his Lady; he appears 'very ſad, and treats me with unuſual Ten-'derneſs, ſups, and goes to bed with me, 'and there with all the Marks of Affec-'tion and Penitence, ſays thus to me: "My dear *Charlot*, I have wrong'd you cru-"elly, my Conſcience is wounded, I have "not had a Moment's Quiet ſince I mar-"ry'd, and now I am reſolved to make "you Reparation; I am yours, and not "hers whom I ſinfully marry'd. I am "determined to leave her, and have pro-"vided a Ship to carry and Money "to maintain us in *England*, whither I "mean to fly with you and my dear "Child." 'You may imagine, loving him 'as I did, how eaſily I was perſuaded to 'credit him: In fine, I agreed to all he 'propoſed with Joy, and a few days af-'ter he came, took me and would have 'had the Child but my Mother would not 'be perſuaded to part with it: he car-'ried me to *Calais*, where we went aboard 'a Merchant Ship. I had carry'd only my 'Clothes and Maid, and he pretending 'he had remitted his Money to *England*,

'brought

'brought only two large Portmantuas on 'board. He led me into the Cabin, 'where we supp'd, and lay all Night. 'He left me dressing in the Morning to 'go talk with the Captain, I suspecting 'nothing. In some time I sent *Phillis* to 'call him to breakfast, and she staying 'long, I call'd, but no body came: At last 'I look'd out, and saw the Ship under sail. 'The Captain came, I ask'd for my Lord 'and Maid; he told me they were gone 'on shore in the Boat. I wrung my Hands, 'and wept; he told me it was all in vain, 'he had Orders for what he did. In short 'I fell sick with Grief, kept my Bed, and 'was brought to *Tripoly* before I knew 'where I was. Here I was brought to 'Shore, carry'd to a House, rob'd of my 'Clothes and Jewels. The Portmantuas 'brought aboard by my villanous Lord, 'were empty, as I satisfied my self before: 'In this Place I was sold to an *Arabian* 'Captain, or Chief of a Tribe. He carry'd 'me with him, and what became of the 'Christian Dog that sold me I know not. '*Abenbucer* the brave *Arab* used me kindly, 'lov'd, and prefer'd me before all his Wo-'men; but, alas! what Joy could I take 'in this dismal course of Life? A thousand 'times I've wished to die. I was car-'ried up and down with the rest of his 'Women, in a cover'd Waggon, when we

'mov'd

'mov'd our Habitations, which we did 'twice in the sad Year. I liv'd with him 'three Days since we came near this Mountain. A Brother of *Abenbucer's*, great as 'himself in Power, of a Humour different, 'resolute and revengeful, some time since 'saw and liked me, and studied how to 'take me from his Brother. Yesterday '*Abenbucer* being gone with his Band to 'forage, *Abdelan* comes with his Band of 'Soldiers to the Tent, and takes me a-'way: just as he was going off, *Abenbucer* 'comes by, in short I screem'd, a bloody 'Dispute ensued, in which I was the Vic-'tim to their Rage, being drag'd by the 'Hair from one side to the other; here 'I receiv'd my Wound: at last seeing the 'two Brothers sharply engag'd, I ran from 'them, and escap'd over the Mountain, 'where I wander'd the rest of the Day, 'fearing to be pursued, till Darkness, loss 'of Blood and Weakness oblig'd me to 'stop; at last my Senses fail'd, and had 'not God sent you to assist me, I had 'perhaps perish'd on the cold Ground.

The Ladies admired, and wept at the sad Story; and then lighting a Candle, got her to Bed, where they spent the remainder of the Night in Discourse, telling her part of their Adventures. Towards Morning they slept, and rising late, found *Charlo* so ill she could not rise; and now she ex-

preſt her Fears to them: 'Ladies (ſaid ſhe) 'I fear it will not be long before the in-'cenſed Brothers, at leaſt he that ſurvives, 'will come in ſearch of me over the Moun-'tains; 'tis my Advice therefore, that we 'remove to ſome Town of Strength for 'ſome Days, leſt you are diſcover'd and 'ruin'd by protecting me. Your Beauty, 'which far excels mine, will perhaps cauſe 'them to bear you hence with me; you are 'very unſafe here.' This alarm'd the poor Ladies, who finding but too much probability in what ſhe ſaid, were now afraid to remain here; *Emilia* therefore goes to a neighbouring Village, where the Hermit was known, ſays they were his Kinſmen whom he had left in the Houſe, and deſires a Lodging, and ſome Lad of Integrity to ſtay in the Houſe for ſome Days till *Iſmael* their Kinſman return'd, becauſe they had been frighten'd with a Band of Robbers, who were roving on this ſide the Mountain; which was not very frequent, they not often venturing to come on that ſide. The honeſt *Moors* reverencing their Habit, offer'd them a Houſe to live in till the good *Iſmael* came home. *Emilia* gave the Poor of the Place a large Alms, which highly encreaſed their Reſpect for her: And ſo ſhe return'd with a Lad with her, the Son of one of the principal Men of the Village. She had before ſhe went, pack'd up their Money, and

dreſt the ſick Lady in an old Habit of the Hermit's, packing up her rich Habit and Jewels in a Bundle. They led her betwixt them, and left nothing of much value behind them, ordering the Lad to bring the Hermit, and whoever came with him, to them. The Boy did not fear the Robbers, when nothing was left in the Houſe worth their taking: but the fourth Night of his ſtay the poor Lad was murder'd by ſome Robbers, who enter'd the Houſe in the Night, and plunder'd it, and fearing Diſcovery, kill'd him in the Bed as he ſlept; which ſome Days after was diſcover'd by the Thieves being taken, one of whom being put to death, confeſt this Fact, with many others.

The next Morning after the Boy was kill'd, the Hermit and the Lords arrived, and entring the Houſe, were entertain'd with this diſmal Spectacle: The Door was open, the Houſe plunder'd, and the ſtrange Lad lying dead, the Hermit concluded the Ladies were murder'd; and now the Lords Grief cannot be expreſt. The Hermit found all the Money gone, and believing it to no purpoſe to ſtay there longer, perſuaded the Lords to go back: 'My Friends (ſaid he) 'it is in vain to ſtay here and mourn, 'tis 'Heaven's Pleaſure: If the Ship ſails without you, you will perhaps periſh here alſo. 'The virtuous Ladies are, no doubt, hap-

'py and at rest; God has permitted it to 'be so, and we as Mortals must submit: If 'we stay here one Night, it may be our 'Fate to be murder'd also, or carry'd by the 'Robbers into Slavery.' They yielded to his Advice, and return'd in great Affliction to *Amabala*'s House; and the Ship coming again to an Anchor, they went aboard, and set sail for *Venice*, leaving word with *Johanna*, if the Ladies were ever heard of, to send them word, and to assist them, if they came, to get to them; resolving to stay some time at *Venice* before Don *Lopez* and the Count went to *Spain*, where the latter resolved to stay with Don *Lopez* the rest of his days, both determining never to marry again: *Clarinda* and the Count *de Chateau-Roial* having agreed likewise to go with them to *Spain*, and to stay there till Interest could be made for them by their Friends in *France* for a Dispensation from *Rome*, for him and *Clarinda* to be Man and Wife, by discharging him of his Vows; he fearing to be punish'd if he return'd home without Permission, and a Pardon for the Crimes he had committed. They all past their time very agreeably in the Ship, except the two Lords, who sincerely mourn'd the loss of their Ladies; and the Ship arrived safe at *Venice* the Tenth of *March*, 1715.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

THE Ladies waited some Days, in expectation of hearing by the Lad of the Hermit's Arrival: at last the Father of the Boy went to the House, and return'd with the melancholy News of his Son's Death, and the House being plunder'd; and having inquired of some poor Goat-herds who were upon the Mountain, they inform'd him, that they had seen three Men, two of whom appear'd *Grecians*, and the old Hermit, alight at the Cottage Door and go in; but they stay'd not long, but mounted their Horses, and turn'd back by the Way they came. From this Account the Ladies concluded, that they finding the House rifled, a strange Lad dead, and no body left to inform them what was become of them, departed, imagining them dead, or fled thence: they therefore resolved to set out immediately for *Algiers*, and to go to *Attabala*'s House, where they supposed their Lords would wait, in hopes to hear of them, at least till they were better inform'd what was become of them. They took their Money, Clothes, and Jewels; and having given some Alms to the

the Village, and a Present to the Man whose Son was kill'd in their Service, departed the Town in a cover'd Waggon they hired to carry them, it being the most easy and private way for them to travel, leaving a good Name behind them. The poor Villagers having conceiv'd a high Opinion of their Sanctity, accompany'd them on the Road a great way, praying for the good Dervises welfare, as they call'd them; and in four Days time they got safe to *Johama*'s House, where they first stop'd to alight, for they lay in the Waggon all the three Nights on the Road, and went not into any House, only walk'd sometimes in the lonely Places they past thro, to stretch their Limbs. Here they discharged the Waggon, taking their things out, and sent it back: and here *Johama* inform'd them of their Lords being gone for *Venice*, and advis'd them to go early the next Morning to *Attabala*'s House, which she thought more safe than hers. The poor Woman entertain'd them kindly, and they rejoiced at the good *Seraja*'s being gone to *Venice*, hoping to find her well and happy there. *Johama* entertain'd them with the Adventures their Lords had met with, and the fortunate meeting of the Hermit and *Eleonora*, at which they were much pleased. This night they rested sweetly, being in great want of Sleep: The next Morning early they

went

went to *Attabala*'s, there *Abra* made them very welcome; they were oblig'd to stay here till an Opportunity of a Ship could be found to carry them to *Venice*. And now poor *Charlot*, whose Wound was not perfectly cur'd, fell very sick; the disorder of this long Journey threw her into a Fever, of which she was so dangerously ill, that her Life was despair'd of: *Emilia* and *Teresa* us'd all their Endeavours to save her. Whilst she lay in this Condition, *Emilia* walk'd frequently down to the Sea-side with *Jehama*, who came and stay'd with them, to wait upon, and keep them Company, till they got off; and as they were musing one Evening on the Shore, they saw a Man lying upon the Sand, who appear'd so miserable that it mov'd their Compassion and Wonder together. They drew near to him, he was young, but his Face was so pale, and disfigur'd with Dirt and Want, that it appear'd frightful; his Hands were so lean that the Bones and Nerves were visible, the Skin being shrivel'd and wither'd, his Clothes were miserably torn and ragged; he had no Shirt on, only a poor Coat and Breeches, with Shoes and Stockings suitable; he had three Wounds in his Stomach and Breast, which appear'd not to be fresh, but foul and rankled, and not cover'd with any Plasters: *Emilia* was so touched with this dreadful Object,

jest, that she wept. The Man look'd stedfastly upon her, she being in her Hermit's Dress, and that made him silent, believing her a *Turk*. At last he said in *French*, 'Why do you stand staring upon me, am 'not I a Man? What do you see to 'wonder at? If you compassionate my 'miserable Condition, relieve me, or kill 'me, for I am weary of living.' *Emilia* answer'd, 'Are you a Native of *France*, 'and a Christian? I am (said he) one, 'who being cast on this barbarous Shore, 'am reduced to this misery. Follow us '(said she) and we will relieve you.' He look'd eagerly upon her, and scrambling up, made shift to crawl to the House after them: Being enter'd the Door, she desir'd *Johanna* to give him Wine and Meat, which he devour'd with great greediness; and a few minutes after fell into strange Convulsions; they gave him some Cordial-water, and *Abra* ran and brought a Quilt, Coverlid, Sheets and Boulster; and on a Carpet spread and made a Bed: The Lady withdrawing, *Johanna* and he washed his Face and Hands, put him on a Shirt, and lay'd him in Bed: Then they put Balsam to his Wounds. He seem'd almost insensible of all they did to him; but Nature which struggled hard to digest what he had eat, at last threw him into a Sweat, and then he fell into a Slumber; upon which

which they retir'd, leaving him to reſt. *Emilia* going up to *Charlot*'s Chamber, who was now on the mending hand, related to her and *Tereſa*, the ſtrange Adventure ſhe had met with, which drew Tears from their Eyes alſo. The Stranger ſlept all Night, as they ſuppoſed, for *Abra* who lay in the next Room, heard nothing of him, only ſometimes a deep Sigh, or Groan. About eight in the Morning *Emilia* ſent *Johama* to ask how he did: when ſhe enter'd the Room, ſhe was ſurpriz'd at the change of his Countenance, and concluded he was a Perſon of Quality, and very handſome when in Health: he made the moſt grateful Acknowledgments imaginable, begging to know who the charitable Perſon was, to whom he ow'd his Life. She anſwer'd, that ſhe was commanded by that Perſon to ask his Name and Quality, if it were not improper, that they might know how to treat him. 'Alas! (ſaid he) the Gentleman's 'Curioſity will not be much more ſatiſ-'fied, when I tell you that I am the Son 'of a Marſhal of *France*, and that my 'Name is *Victor Amando*, Count of *Frejus*; 'born to a plentiful Fortune, and by one 'unfortunate Action ruin'd. I was going 'to *Rome* in a Ship from *Marſeilles*, and by 'a Storm caſt on this Shore: Here I have 'been robb'd in a Wood, wounded and

'left

'left for dead; and not knowing where 'to go, or who to apply to, being una-'ble to go far, I wander'd about the 'Wood for these ten Days past, eating 'nothing but wild Fruits and Nuts, 'which threw me into a Bloody Flux. 'I at last crept to the Sea-side, and 'there sat down, unable to go farther, 'having no other Design, but to lie 'there and die, which God prevented 'by your generous Master's Hands.' At these Words *Abra* enter'd the Room with a *Grecian* Habit for him which Don *Lopez* had left behind, and waited to dress him: At which *Johama* retir'd, and went to her Ladies with the Account of what he had told her: But who can express the Surprize poor *Charlot* was in when she heard the Stranger's Name, and knew him to be her faithless Lord, who had ruin'd, and basely sent her here? 'My God, 'said she, how wondrous are thy Ways, 'and how miraculous thy Power? Has 'thy Justice then found him out, and 'brought him here to suffer? I thank thee 'my God.' Being very weak she fainted; the Ladies were much amaz'd at her Words, and soon guest who the Stranger was: They reviv'd *Charlot* with Cordials, and beg'd her to compose her self, lest her Fever should return with this great Disorder of Mind, and consider with them, whether

it would be proper for her to ſee him now, or ſtay till they had ſounded his Inclinations, and learn'd whether he were ſingle, and inclin'd to repair the Injury he had done her, by an honourable Marriage. She thought that beſt: ſo *Emilia* and *Tereſa* went into the Parlor, and ſent for him to breakfaſt; they were both in their Hermits Dreſs, as Men. When the Count *de Frejus* enter'd the Room, they gave him a good Morning with great Gravity; he return'd the Complement: they treated him now with Ceremony: He much admir'd at the Beauty of theſe young Men, and ſoon perceiv'd by their Voices and Mein that they were Women diſguis'd. At laſt *Emilia* enter'd into a ſerious Diſcourſe with him, in this manner: 'My 'Lord, I am no Stranger to you, nor the 'Actions of your Life; nor am I ſur-'priz'd at the Misfortunes that you have 'met with, which I hope the Almighty 'will ſanctify to you, and turn to your 'Advantage. Where is the unhappy *Char-'lot* and her Child? Oh! my Lord, how 'could you expect Proſperity to attend 'you, till you had expiated by Repen-'tance the cruel Injury you did that lovely 'Maid?' At theſe Words the Count was even thunder-ſtruck, to hear a Stranger in *Barbary* reproach him for a Crime he thought a Secret to the greateſt part of his

his own Acquaintance. He at last lifted up his Eyes, the big Drops rolling down his Face. 'My God (said he) I own thy Justice.' And falling at the Ladies Feet, 'Bright Angels (said he) for such 'doubtless you are, who pry into the 'Hearts of Men, and know our secret 'Actions, pray for me to the Almighty: 'I have sin'd so greatly that an Age of 'Penance cannot expiate my Crimes. 'Oh! teach me what to do to appease 'Heaven.' The Ladies rais'd him, saying, 'Rise, Sir, we are frail Mortals like your 'self, and living Monuments of the Divine 'Mercy, preserv'd in this inhospitable 'Land by Miracles. But tell us, were '*Charlot* living yet, would you repair her 'Injuries? Witness (said he) that God 'in whom we trust, he who has seen my 'Tears, and heard my Prayers, that I 'would marry her that Hour I were blest 'with her dear Presence; nay I would 'chuse to beg with her, and suffer every 'Ill, nay Death it self, rather than wrong 'her any more, or marry with a Queen: 'Long have I mourn'd my Sin, nor can 'I e'er deserve so great a Blessing, as to 'see her Face again. Are you then sin-'gle? (said *Teresa*) is your Lady dead? 'and may we credit what you say? Oh! 'what a Wretch am I (said he) that can-'not be believ'd.' Here *Charlot*, who had

listen'd, enter'd the Room. 'I would be-
'lieve you, my Lord, (said she) but have
'so suffer'd for my Credulity already, that
'I hardly dare trust you.' He fell at her Feet transported, all he said was confused, he embraced her Knees, gaz'd on her Face, and at length fainted falling down on his Face. Her Tenderness for him reviv'd; she strove to raise him, but thro Weakness and Surprize swooned, falling by him. This Sight was extreamly moving: The Ladies calling, the Servants enter'd, and took them up; in some time they recover'd, were laid together on the Bed the Count had lain on. And now looking tenderly upon her, he said, 'Charming, much in-
'jur'd *Charlot*, can you forgive me? I am
'now single, our dear Child is well, and is
'my Heir; God has cast me on this Shore
'to bring me to my self and you; this
'happy Place has brought me Peace of
'Conscience. Do you but pardon me;
'and consent to marry me, I'll bring you
'home to *France* with Triumph, with God's
'leave.' She gave him her Hand, 'Tell
'me (said she) what has befallen you
'since the fatal Day you left me.' I will, said he. The Ladies being seated, he thus began.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

'THE unhappy Day (ſaid he) when 'I baſely left you, a Day I ever 'muſt repent of, I went ſafe aſhore with 'the treacherous *Phillis*, whom God has 'already puniſh'd, having ſtruck her ſoon 'after with Madneſs, in which ſhe died 'inſenſible, and I fear unrepenting. I 'return'd to *Paris* to my fine Wife, and 'thought my ſelf happy, vainly fancying 'I had ſecur'd my Peace for the future. 'Your Mother inveigh'd againſt me, ſay-'ing, I had trepan'd you: but I diſſem-'bled with her, pretending you had by 'Misfortune fallen over-board, and was 'drown'd to my inexpreſſible Grief which 'I was forc'd to ſtifle for fear of my Fa-'ther, and my Wife's Reproaches. This '*Phillis* juſtify'd to be true; and my great 'Fondneſs of our Child, and the large Pre-'ſents I made your Mother, prevail'd with 'her to credit this Story; ſo I remain'd qui-'et from all Clamours but my Conſcience, 'which hourly reproach'd me: I had no 'reſt, my Soul was on the Rack; I grew 'ſurly and moroſe to all the World; my 'Wife grew to hate me, and we liv'd

'miſerably. A thouſand times I wiſh'd 'for you again: At laſt I diſcover'd that 'ſhe did me juſtice, in diſhonouring my 'Bed with one of my Pages: I expoſed 'her to the World; we parted, and in a 'ſhort time after ſhe died in Childbed 'of a Child, which I did not believe 'mine: And that dying with her, put an 'end to all Diſputes. And now being 'little eſteem'd by my Friends, and con-'ſcious to my ſelf of my Wickedneſs and 'Shame, I left *France* in that curſed Veſ-'ſel which brought you here, being forc'd 'to be civil and keep a Correſpondence 'with the Villain who commanded it. We 'were bound to *Italy*, where I deſign'd 'to ſee *Rome*, and pay my Devotions at 'all the holy Places there. I ask'd him 'when he came in ſight of this Coaſt, 'if he thought it was poſſible to find you, 'reſolving to purchaſe your Freedom with 'all I was worth; but he told me it was 'in vain to attempt it: Soon after this 'Diſcourſe a Tempeſt aroſe that tore our 'Ship in pieces, and caſt me on this 'Shore; the Captain periſh'd in my ſight. 'I was half dead when I reach'd the 'Shore; and was ſcarce able to walk: I 'ſaw a ſmall Coffer on the Sands, and 'taking hold of it, I made ſhift to drag 'it to the Wood: Conſidering I was in 'a ſtrange Place, I thought it muſt contain

'ſomething

'something that would be useful to me, 'having neither Clothes, Food, nor Money. I sat down, and rested that Night, 'having nothing to eat to refresh me. 'At break of Day I found my Limbs 'stiff, and a great Faintness over all my 'Body; I broke open the Coffer, and 'found Money, Clothes, and many rich 'things in it, by which I judg'd it be-'long'd to the Villain Captain. As I was 'looking into it, three *Moors* appear'd who 'coming up to me, one struck me over 'the Head with a Sabre, which stun'd 'me quite; they gave me three Stabs in 'the Stomach and Breast with a Knife; 'and emptying the Chest, fled, leaving me 'for dead. It was long before I came to my 'self; but when I did, you may guess my 'Condition: I bled much, I sought for 'some Dust to stench the Blood, and that 'perform'd it; but being unable to walk 'far, and not knowing where to go, I 'remain'd there destitute of Food and 'Help. Here I examin'd my self as I 'ought, prepar'd to die, and, I hope, 'made my Peace with God, whose Mer-'cy has been signally manifested in my 'Deliverance, and our wonderful meeting.'

The Ladies admir'd, and blest God for their good Fortune, and his Conversion; and wish'd nothing more than to see them marry'd, which they could not accomplish

till a Christian Ship arriv'd, which was in less than a Month's time; when a *French* Ship came to them, sent from *Venice*, to inquire after them; which no sooner arrived, but *Abra* went aboard in the Fisher-boat: Monsieur *Robinet* the Captain welcom'd him. When the Ship was ready to depart, he gave notice, and they came aboard, bringing their Money, Clothes, and Jewels; and taking leave, with much Affection, of the good *Johama*, whom *Emilia* and *Teresa* offer'd to take with them, but *Abra* and she had agreed to marry, so she chose to stay in *Barbary*. The Captain entertain'd them nobly, as became the Generosity and good Breeding of a *Frenchman*, and a Christian. They related to him all their Adventures, excepting the Occasion of *Charlot*'s Misfortunes, which they conceal'd in respect to the Count *de Frejus*. And here he and *Charlot* were marry'd by the Chaplin, a good *Carmelite*, who made them an excellent Discourse upon the Subject of the Deliverances they had all met with in that barbarous Place, from whence God had been now pleased to free them. They were bound for *Venice*, where they expected to find their Lords.

It will now be proper that I should inform you what Reception the Lords and the rest of

of our Travellers met with at *Venice*. *Antonio* and his fair Bride invited all the Company, at their landing, to go home with them to his Mother, the noble *Angelina*'s. At their Arrival, the Servants seeing their Lord and the beautiful *Anna*, were so transported, they scarce knew what they did: They wept for Joy, and so great a Noise was made in the House, that *Angelina*, who had been long sick in her Chamber, imagin'd the House was on fire, and crept out to the Stairs-head, to see what was the matter: But when she saw her Son and *Anna* coming up to her, she was scarce able to express her Joy. They threw themselves at her Feet; she blest and raised them, clasping them in her Arms and weeping on their Bosoms. They inform'd her, that they had brought other Persons of Worth and Quality with them, whom they would recommend to her Favour. She composed her self a little, and her Son led her down, where she receiv'd them with Demonstrations of Respect: But when she saw her Niece and Signior *Andrea Zantonio*, she was amazed: 'Just Heavens (said 'she) Kinsman! who thought to have seen 'you together? God hath decreed it so, 'Madam, (said he;) and therefore Seas 'and Barbarians could not prevent it.' *Angelina* call'd for Supper, saluting *Clarinda*, welcoming the Lords, the Count *de Cha-*

tem-Roial, and the good *Seraja* at Supper, which was ſplendid, as the Company and Occaſion merited. Great part of the Company's Adventures were related, and *Angelina* informed Signior *Andrea*, that his Father was dead, very much afflicted for his Son's Loſs: ' But my Brother and Siſter, ' Niece, (ſaid ſhe to *Eleonora*) are well, ' and to morrow we will go and ſee them.' Beds were made for all the Company, and no Excuſe would paſs but the Lords, *Clarinda*, and her Lord, muſt all ſtay there while they continued at *Venice*. The next Day the whole City rang of this ſtrange Story, and all the Noblemen and Ladies, who were Friends or related to *Angelina*, crouded thither to ſee, and welcome *Antonio* and his charming Lady to *Venice*. A Meſſenger was diſpatch'd early in the Morning to *Eleonora*'s Father's, who by Noon arrived at *Angelina*'s, with her Mother. Poor *Attabala* was likewiſe much careſs'd for his faithful Service to his Lady. In fine, a Month was paſt in nothing but Feaſts, Balls, and Entertainments, to welcome theſe noble *Venetians* home; in all which the *Spaniſh* and *French* Lords ſhared. Yet Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* were deeply melancholy: They had related the Story of their Misfortunes, and *Emilia*'s and *Teresa*'s Loſs; and a *French* Ship lying in the Harbour, *Angelina* propoſed to them to

ſend

ſend for the Captain, and agree with him to caſt Anchor and call at *Attabala*'s Houſe, to which they ſhould direct him, and make enquiry after theſe unfortunate Ladies. They did ſo; and this was the Ship that *Abra* went aboard of at his coming to an Anchor. And in this Veſſel they came ſafe to *Venice*, but not before the Lords had left it; for Don *Lopez* deſirous to ſee his Father and native Country again, having little hopes of *Tereſa*'s being found, or eſcaping if alive; growing uneaſy at the multitude of Company he was obliged to be engaged in every Day, and wanting to be alone with his Friend, whoſe melancholy Humour ſuited beſt with him at that time; he therefore propoſed to the Count *de Hautville* to go thence ſoon: However, they were detain'd two Months longer; in which time Monſieur *de Chateau-Roial* fell ſick of a Fever. And tho all poſſible means were uſed to ſave him, yet all prov'd ineffectual, and the Phyſicians gave him over. He behaved himſelf in this his laſt Scene of Life ſo like a Chriſtian and a Hero, that it charmed all that attended him. At laſt the pangs of Death being on him, he took a ſolemn leave of every one there preſent, but particularly of the two Lords who had preſerved him and *Clarinda* from periſhing. He at laſt having received the laſt Sacraments, concluded all with taking leave of the diſcon-

ſolate

ſolate *Clarinda*, who had not for many Days gone into a Bed, or left his Bed-ſide: He graſped her Hand, and fixing his dying Eyes upon her, ſaid, 'My dear *Clarinda*, 'the Hour is now come when we muſt be 'parted, tho not for a long time; God 'does not think fit to continue us longer 'together. I have unfortunately occaſion'd 'you many Misfortunes, we have known 'little Satisfaction in the Enjoyment of one 'another; now human Paſſions will ceaſe 'to fire my Soul, and my Reaſon will go-'vern. Believe me, ſenſual Pleaſures are 'bitter in Reflection, and in Death afford 'no Conſolation; I hope my Peace is made 'above. I am glad to leave the World, 'and can adviſe you but two things: 'The firſt is, To be contented with our 'Separation, ſubmit to God, and acquieſce 'in all things he decrees: nor murmur at 'Misfortunes, which are the holy Fires 'that muſt purge our Souls of Vice, and 'make us fit for Glory. And next, I beg 'that you will quit the World, and in a 'Convent ſpend the remainder of your 'Life, where you may be no more in dan-'ger of being again unhappy. Nor give 'that lovely Perſon to another, who may 'involve you in worldly Cares. Alas! my 'Dear, Life is well ſpent in learning how 'to die; live ſo that we may meet again 'to part no more. Yes, my dear Lord

'(ſaid

'(ſaid ſhe) I will obey you, and never ven-
'ture into the World again.' Here his A-
gonies encreaſing, his Confeſſor began the
Prayers, and in few Hours he depart-
ed. *Clarinda*, after he was handſomely in-
ter'd in the *Benedictine*'s Church near the
Altar, was invited into the Convent of Nuns
adjoining; to which ſhe went, attended
by *Angelina*, *Antonio*, *Anna*, *Eleonora*, Sig-
nor *Andrea*, the two Lords, *Seraja*, and
all *Angelina*'s Relations and Friends, who
lov'd her much, and left her there to en-
joy uninterupted Peace, where no worldly
Cares can enter to diſturb her.

After this *Seraja* chuſing to ſtay at *An-
gelina*'s, the Lords took leave, and went
for *Spain* in a *Spaniſh* Veſſel. They arri-
ved ſafe at *Barcelona*, from whence they
went to *Madrid*; and there at his Seat
near that City found Don *Lopez*'s Father,
Don *Manuel de Mendoza*, who was aſtoniſh-
ed to ſee him. He and the Count *de
Hautville* entertain'd him with a faithful
Account of all the ſtrange Adventures they
had met with, which fill'd him, and all
his Friends to whom their Story was re-
lated, with Admiration. But no part of
their Hiſtory was more wonder'd at than
that of *Tanganor* and *Maria*; the heroick
Action ſhe did, in pulling out out her
Eyes to ſave her Virtue, charm'd all that
heard it related.

And

And now Don *Lopez* was worſe fatigued than ever, being oblig'd to receive Viſits from all his, till then, unknown Relations, and all the *Spaniſh* Nobility that heard of him; ſo that he had ſcarce an Hour to himſelf, or to give to his Friend alone. At laſt he retir'd to a Seat of his Father's in the Country, where he paſt a few Days to the Satisfaction of his Mind, but the Prejudice of his Body; for here he and the Count talk'd, and thought of nothing but *Emilia* and *Tereſa*, and that Melancholy, which Company and Noiſe before diverted, ſeiz'd their Spirits; ſo that in few Days they both grew alter'd, forgot to eat or ſleep as Nature requir'd; and nothing but leaving the World, and retiring to a Convent was thought of.

One Morning about ten a clock, a Coach ſtop'd at the Gate, with an elderly Lady in it, who much deſir'd to ſpeak with Don *Lopez*. The Servants brought her in, and Don *Lopez* being inform'd of her being there, readily came to her, hoping to hear ſomething of the Ladies, but it prov'd otherwiſe: 'My Lord, (ſaid 'ſhe) I have heard with Amazement 'your Adventures, and your noble *Vene-* '*tian* Friends; it is the Subject of all 'Peoples Diſcourſe in this Province: But 'there is one Story in particular, in which 'I am nearly concern'd, which relates to

'a

'a Lady whose Name was *Maria*, lost 'from her Country, and me her afflicted 'Mother long since. I beg to hear from 'your own Mouth what I have heard 'from others, that being inform'd of each 'particular Circumstance, I may be able 'to judge whether the Lady you have seen 'be my dear Child or not.' Don *Lopez* sitting down by her, related all the Story of *Tanganor*, and his Lady, and then beg'd to know how this excellent Lady come into the Hands of the *Turks*. The Lady much transported, being now positive that it was her Daughter he had seen, wiping away the Tears, which Joy had fill'd her Eyes withal, proceeded to satisfy his Request in this manner: 'My Lord, my Husband, Don '*Fernado Valada*, was a Merchant at *Bar-* '*celona*; it had pleased God to give us a 'very handsome Fortune, but it was many 'Years before he blest us with a Child, 'which was the only thing we wanted in 'the World, to make us compleatly happy. 'At last I proved with Child, and was 'deliver'd of this lovely Girl, which we 'bred up with the utmost Care and Ten- 'derness. When she was turn'd of twelve 'Years old, my Husband having a Ship 'very richly laden return'd from *Goa*, 'which lay at Anchor in the Road, 'invited a great many of his Relations 'and Friends on board, to give them a

Treat:

'Treat: I was at that time unfortunately
'indispos'd, and therefore sent my Daugh-
'ter with her Father to supply my Place.
'It was *Autumn*, and late at Night before
'the Company broke up: The Pinnace
'carrying part of them ashore, and returning
'to fetch my Husband, *Maria*, and the
'rest, it grew dark, the Wind rose, and
'my Husband was afraid to let her ven-
'ture to go so late, and apprehending a
'Storm, thought it best to stay aboard
'till Morning: but alas! the Storm en-
'creased, and about two a Clock the Ship
'was drove to Sea, having lost her An-
'chors, and running before the Wind, was
'drove on the Coast of *Barbary*: there the
'Ship was beset with three *Algerine* Pirates,
'and after a sharp Fight, in which my
'dear Husband was kill'd, the Ship was
'taken and carry'd into *Algiers*. A *Turkish*
'Captain, who was come there to pur-
'chase fair Slaves for his villanous Mas-
'ters to make sale of, bought my dear
'Child; but where he carry'd, or how
'dispos'd of her, I could never be inform'd
'till now. What I tell you, I got infor-
'mation of by Means of a Fryar, who
'was Chaplain to my Husband's Ship,
'and being a very sickly Man, and un-
'fit for Slavery, the Pirate Captain dis-
'missed him, and put him on board a *French*
'Ship they made Prize of, in their way
'to

'to *Algiers*; and having plunder'd it, put 'on board it all the wounded and disa-'bled Persons, and some Provisions, and 'bid them go home. But alas! they were 'unable to manage the Ship, and had not 'God sent an *English* Ship, who met them 'at Sea, they had perish'd: The *English* 'Captain putting some Hands aboard, 'brought the Ship to *Barcelona*, to which 'Place he was bound. Thus, my Lord, '(said she) I have inform'd you of what 'you desir'd to know; and now I beg 'only one Favour more of you, which is 'to direct me how I may send to my 'dear *Maria*, whose Virtues have now 'made her ten times dearer to me than 'she was by the Ties of Nature.' Don *Lopez* told her the only way was to send by some *East-India* Ship, as he would direct. After many Thanks she took leave, and having a Brother who was a Captain of a Merchant Ship, got him to go to that Island, and had the Satisfaction of having a Message from *Maria*'s own Mouth, with a Letter from *Tanganor*, promising to come to *Spain* the next Year, so soon as he had got another Return from *Persia*. In the mean time he sent her his eldest Daughter, the lovely *Leonora*, whom she receiv'd with the greatest Joy imaginable. This was a Year after she was with Don *Lopez*, whom we shall now leave at his Country Seat, and return to enquire after the Ladies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THREE Months after Don *Lopez*, and the Count *de Hautville*'s Departure from *Venice*, the charming *Emilia* and *Teresa* arriv'd, with the Count *de Frejus*, and his Lady the now happy *Charlot*, and were by Monsieur *Robinet* conducted to *Angelina*'s House; where they were receiv'd with great Joy and Civility: And here they put on Habits suiting their Sex and Quality, and were obliged to stay some Days both to refresh themselves, and in compliance with the Importunities of their Friends, Signior *Antonio Bargomio* and the engaging *Anna*, and Signior *Andrea* and *Eleonora* his Lady, who mutually strove to divert and treat them; rivaling each other in the Magnificence of their Feasts and Balls: and all their Relations visited and invited them to Entertainments; so that a Month was past before they could handsomely take leave. They forgot not to pay a Visit to *Clarinda*, whom they dearly lov'd and honour'd, lamenting Monsieur *de Chateau-Roial*'s Death, whom they much pity'd whilst living; fearing no Dispensation would be granted him to live with

Clarinda.

Clarinda. And now Monsieur *Robinet*, who obligingly stay'd for them, prepar'd for their Departure, taking aboard Wine and fresh Provisions of all Kinds, to accommodate them in the way. And now taking leave, tho with some Uneasiness, being much prest to stay longer, they went on board, accompany'd by all their generous Friends, who waited on them to the Ship. The good *Seraja*, who was overjoy'd at their Arrival, gladly went with them, being amaz'd and charm'd with the Treatment, and fine things she met with, and saw in *Europe*. Abundance of fine Presents were made to *Emilia* and *Teresa* by the *Venetian* Ladies, of rich *Venetian* Brocades and some Jewels, to be the Monitors to remind them of their absent Friends; rich Wines, Lace, perfum'd Gloves, Sweetmeats, and all sorts of things useful and ornamental. Nor did *Emilia* and *Teresa* omit to make such Returns as became them to do, promising the noble *Angelina* and *Anna* never to neglect an Opportunity of writing to them, and to keep their Friendship alive with frequent Converse of Letters. And thus embracing one another they parted, and the Ship setting sail, arrived at *Barcelona*. The Captain took a Lodging for the three Ladies and the Count *de Frejus* at their Landing, and then making inquiry for Signior Don *Ma-*

nuel

nuel de Mendoza, Don *Lopez*'s Father, was soon inform'd where he was; and going the next Morning to his Seat, which he rid to in few Hours, he inform'd that noble Lord who was arriv'd in his Ship. He receiv'd the News with much Joy, and curious to see his Daughter in Law and *Emilia*, of whom he had heard so much; as likewise desirous to bring the Lady, and good News to his Son himself; he order'd his Coach and six to be got ready against the next Morning; when he set out with the Captain for *Barcelona*, where he found the expecting *Emilia* and *Teresa*, whom he tenderly embrac'd, and welcom'd the Count *de Frejus* and his Lady, admiring the Ladies Youth and Beauty, especially *Teresa*'s, which he had expected to see much changed. He carry'd them to his Seat the next Day, having entertain'd them at a Relation's House the Day of his Arrival at *Barcelona*, and the Night of his stay there: Then he paid Captain *Robinet* nobly, making him promise to call on him at his next Return from *France*. He treated his Daughter and Company in such a manner at his Seat, that even amaz'd them; and then set out for the Country Seat, where those they most long'd to see were. When the Coach came near the Gate, he beg'd the Ladies to abide in it, till he went in and prepar'd his Son, and

and the Count to see them; 'lest (said 'he) the Surprize of seeing you on a sud-'den may hurt them.' They consented. 'Ladies (said he) I assure you your Hus-'bands are much changed for the worse, 'that is, they are pale, lean, and dispi-'rited; but you will be the best Cordial 'to revive them.' He quitted the Coach, and attended with two Servants only, enter'd the Gate, and asking for his Son, was inform'd the Count and he were in the Gardens. Thither he went, and found them sitting together in a deep Discourse: They started at his coming up to them, like Men lost in Thought. 'Gentlemen '(said he) why do you pass Life thus in 'Solitude, unactive, and lost to the World? 'Son, I blush to think the loss of a Wo-'man (tho a Wife) should rob you of 'your Reason, make you forget your Duty 'to your Prince and Country. Come, 'wake, shake off this Lethargy, rouse at 'the Call of Glory and Honour, and let 'your Ancestors Souls no longer mourn, 'to see you waste your Youth in pining 'for a Woman, which should be imploy'd 'in doing Deeds worthy your Birth, and 'to perpetuate your Name. Alas! my ho-'nour'd Lord (said he) you cannot com-'prehend what I have lost: Consider the 'amazing Proofs *Teresa* gave me of her 'Virtue, and the sad Condition I have

'left

'left her in. See here, my Friend, a 'Man brave as the World can shew, he 'droops like me, for such another Woman. 'Why should we be censur'd if we leave 'the World, and live retir'd? Are not 'our Convents fill'd with such, and don't 'they merit our Esteem. My Son (reply'd 'the old Lord) they leave the World by 'choice, you only because you are disgus-'ted; suppose your Wives are dead, must 'you rebel and murmur against Providence? 'Ha! (said the Count *de Hautville* starting) 'Dead! what are you going to prepare 'us for? if they are so, tell us at once, 'our Resolutions are already made, a 'Cloister shall secure us from all future 'Mischief; we will not make a second 'Choice. Let Glory and the idle Ambi-'tion that deludes Mankind tempt them 'to venture in a Crowd, and end Life in 'a Tumult; we will study how to die, 'and wait our Maker's Pleasure, till he 'rids us of a tedious Life, and calls us 'to eternal Rest.' Here the cold Sweat trickled down his Face, and the old Lord admiring their Constancy and Affection, took him by the Hand, and said, 'Come 'Friends, revive, God has heard you; I 'have some good News to tell you; I 'have heard from your Wives, they are 'not far off, follow me.' Here turning about, he went to the Gate, they following

ing in ſuch diſorder they ſcarce knew what they did: But when they ſaw the Ladies, they forgot all Ceremony, and ruſhing into the Coach, regardleſs of *Charlot* the Stranger, they fell on their Knees before their Wives, embracing them, who were ſo tranſported the Tears flow'd from their Eyes, and they mutually bleſt God, and ſaid ſo many paſſionate things, that the old Lord, *Charlot* and the Count *de Frejus* wept. In ſome time they began to remember who waited, and Don *Lopez* recovering himſelf, beg'd Pardon of his Father. 'My Son (ſaid he) it is a lauda-'ble Error; you have a Wife worthy the 'Affection you bear her, ſhe merits all 'your care, and God has bleſt me beyond 'my Deſert in ſuch Children.' The Ladies alighting, enter'd the Houſe. And now a univerſal Joy ſpread it ſelf thro all the Family, and ten Days were paſt in nothing but Balls and Entertainments.

They departed thence for *Madrid*, where Fame had ſpread the News of their Adventures before their Arrival; and there they ſaw the Splendor of their glorious Monarch King *Philip*'s Court, where the *French* Gallantry has taken place of the *Spaniſh* Gravity, and Wiſdom and good Manners ſeem to walk hand in hand; where ſolid Senſe and Generoſity, Greatneſs and Goodneſs, appear united;

united; where Men are Statesmen and Courtiers together.

For six Months they past the time agreeably, and then the Count *de Hautville* having receiv'd News from *France*, that his Father was dead long since, and the Title and Estate his due; tho his supposed Death had consign'd it to another, who was ready to resign it to him with Pleasure; communicated this News to the Company: But *Teresa* and *Emilia* knew not how to think of parting, they were both with child. At last it was resolved the Count *de Hautville*, now Marquis *de Ventadore*, should go to *France*, settle his Affairs, and return to them; *Teresa* begging *Emilia* might lie in with her.

The Count *de Frejus* and the Marquis, with *Charlot*, who long'd to see her Mother and Child, went together to *France* over the *Alps*, *Emilia* making her Lord promise never more to go upon the faithless Seas. They arrived safe in *France*, where they were greatly welcomed, and *Charlot*'s lovely Daughter received by her Parents with great Transport.

The Marquis *de Ventadore* quickly return'd to *Spain*, and was not long after blest with a Son, which *Emilia* brought him on the 10th of *August*, 1719. and the charming *Teresa* made her transported Lord Father to a Son and Daughter on the 13th of *September*

ber the ſame Year: The two Lords ſtood Godfathers to each others Sons, and Don *Lopez*'s Father and *Emilia* to *Tereſa*'s Daughter, who bare *Tereſa*'s Name; and Don *Lopez* in performance of his Vow, built a Church, and dedicated it to St. *Tereſa*.

And now one would ſuppoſe, that having paſt ſeven Years in an almoſt continued Scene of Misfortunes, and thus fortunately arrived in their native Country, the happy Don *Lopez* and his charming Wife might expect to paſs the remainder of their Days in Peace. 'Tis true, the fair *Tereſa* was but Nineteen, and that fatal Beauty that had occaſioned her ſo much Sorrow, was rather improved than diminiſhed: But her known Virtue would have awed any bold Admirer from once daring to diſcloſe his Flame, and ſecured her from all attempts of Love, one would have imagined. But alas! it was otherwiſe decreed: A young Nobleman of *Spain*, Son of a Duke, and Favourite of his young Prince, the Prince of *Aſturias*, whom he was bred up with, Nephew to Don *Manuel* Father of Don *Lopez*, coming frequently to viſit him and *Tereſa*, who was now up again, and ſeem'd to riſe like the glorious Sun to bleſs the World, with new Charms in her Face and Fire in her Eyes, Content adding Smiles to her natural Sweetneſs; the unfortunate Don *Fernando de Medina* gazed away his Liberty, and grew ſo mad in Love, that he forgot all Ties of

Blood, Honour, and Christianity; and resolved to possess her, or die in the Attempt. He knew her Virtue render'd all means but Force impracticable, despairing to gain her any other way; and therefore subtly contriv'd how to effect it, without her being aware of it, or her Husband able to find out where she was, who had stolen her. In order to this, he hires four desperate *Catalonian* Gentlemen, Sons of Fortune, who had been imploy'd before in such, or as bad Undertakings: These he promised a great Reward to. One of these hir'd a House next a Wood, about five Miles from *Fernando*'s Country-seat, and placed in it two old Hags, proper for such a wicked Design. Here they made a Chamber strong as a Prison, furnish'd it with a Bed, and all necessary things. Thus prepared he goes to his Kinsman's, invites him and the Marquis to a Hunting-match, with the Ladies. They willingly consented to go, and the next Morning went to his House, where after being magnificently treated, they went into the Field; and the Ladies loving the Sport, excellently mounted, pursued the frighted Stag, till the heat of the Day made them retire to this fatal Wood, where Don *Fernando* had prepared a Treat for them. Here they din'd in a Tent pitch'd for that purpose: and then he proposed to the Lords, to leave the Ladies there to repose, whilst they hunted

hunted another Deer, and so return to conduct them home in the Evening. Two Servants were left to attend the Ladies. About an Hour after their Lords were gone, the four Villains who lay in Ambush, with Vizards on their Faces, and Pistols in their Hands, rushed into the Tent, and seizing upon *Teresa*, carry'd her away before the Servants, who were fallen asleep upon the Grass behind the Tent, awaked with the Alarm of *Emilia*'s Crys. *Fernando* kept the Lords some Hours, and then returning to the Tent, they found *Emilia* almost distracted with Grief, and the Servants standing mute as Statues: The cunning *Fernando* shew'd a mighty Concern for his Kinsman's Misfortune. Don *Lopez* raved, and storm'd like a Man in despair, but all in vain. They searched all the Wood, and passing by the lonely House, saw one of the old Hags, who stood at the Door on purpose. The Lords enquir'd of her, if she had seen any Man with a Lady pass by that Way: She told them, Yes; about two Hours before, she saw four Men ride by, with a Lady bound Hand and Foot before one of them, and supposing them Thieves, shut the Door. They turn'd to that Road (said she) shewing a contrary Way, to that they had really taken: *Emilia* and the Lords went on that Road the Woman directed, but to no purpose. At last Night approaching,

they went home. Don *Lopez* was inconſolable, and the diſſembling *Fernando*, who inwardly triumphed at the good Succeſs of his curſed Plot, ſtay'd with him all Night. Next Morning he took leave, pretending he would make it his Endeavour to find *Tereſa*, and bring the Villains to Juſtice: but alas! he burn'd to poſſeſs her, and flew with the utmoſt Speed to the Place, where he knew ſhe was. And now I muſt inform my Reader, that the Villains did not carry her directly to the Houſe by the Wood; but rid twenty Miles farther thro unfrequented Places, having put her, bound Hand and Foot, into a Horſe-litter, which they had placed juſt beyond the Houſe. Here they ſtop'd till it was dark; then lighting Torches they had brought in the Litter, they return'd by the ſame Ways to the Houſe, and left her in the horrid Room where the old Hags attended to watch her. Here they laid her bound upon the Bed, ungagg'd her, and ſtrove to pacify her, but in vain: She wept and lamented her Misfortune, in Terms ſo moving it would have melted the Hearts of *Barbarians*: but theſe vile relentleſs Women derided her, asking, what ſhe fear'd from a Man who paſſionately loved her. Thus poor *Tereſa* paſt the remainder of the ſleepleſs Night and Morning, taking no Suſtenance, but refuſing to eat or drink, they fear'd to unbind her.

her. About Noon the base *Fernando* arrived so disguised, it was almost impossible to know him; he put a Vizard upon his Face before he enter'd the Chamber, then shutting the Door, he came to the Bedside, and used all his Rhetorick to persuade her to yield fairly to him. Then he proceeded to Threats, yet she remain'd inflexible, used Prayers and Tears to dissuade him from so horrid a Crime: 'Heaven (said she) will find you out, and 'pour its Vengeance on your Head; my 'Lord will discover you, or some Thunder-bolt dispatch you, and bring your 'Soul to the dreadful Tribunal, where 'your Sentence will be given.' He seem'd deaf to all she said, rudely kissing and embracing her. At last summoning all her Reason, she changed her Behaviour: 'Well 'then (said she) since Love makes you 'deaf to all Entreaties to dissuade you 'from this dreadful Deed, unbind me, give 'me something to drink, and let me find 'some Humanity in the Treatment you 'gve me; if I must be yours, shew that 'you love me.' *Fernando* transported at her seeming so consenting, readily call'd for Wine, unbound her Hands and Feet. Having first lock'd the Door, she drank, and watching an Opportunity, threw a Glass of Wine in his Eyes, then flew to the Door, broke the Lock, and attempting to run down the Stairs, her Foot slipt, and

ſhe fell down, and unfortunately broke her right Leg ſhort at the Inſtep, ſo that ſhe could not riſe. By this time he had recover'd himſelf, and hearing her groan, ran down Stairs, where he found the old Hags ſtanding as amaz'd. He took her up in his Arms, carry'd her up to the Bed, and ſeeing the Blood running on the Floor, ſoon diſcover'd what had happen'd; ſhe ſwooned, and the Shin-bone was ſhiver'd, ſo that it had cut thro the Skin and Sinews, and appear'd. This Sight daſh'd his amorous Fires, and awaken'd his Care to preſerve her. He ran down, took his Horſe, and went to a Village for a Surgeon; who came, and was doubtleſs ſurpriz'd to ſee ſo fine a Woman in ſuch a diſmal Place. But *Fernando* had told him, it was his Wife, who was lunatick, and had broke looſe, and endeavour'd to eſcape, and ſo came by this ſad Accident; pretending himſelf to be a Gentleman who belong'd to the Court, and could not keep her in his own Apartment there. The Surgeon dreſt her, not regarding her Complaints; and *Fernando*, who was oblig'd to unmask, leſt the Surgeon ſhould ſuſpect ſomething, took care to hide his Face from *Tereſa*. No ſooner was the Surgeon gone, but he put on his Vizard, and approaching the Bed-ſide, ſaid many kind and tender things, to which ſhe gave no Anſwer: Exceſſive Pain, and the Fright, with the Fatigues

of

of the foregoing Night, having made her almoſt unable to complain. At laſt he left her, it being neceſſary for him to appear in ſight, to prevent his being ſuſpected of the Villany he was guilty of. One of the old Hags watch'd by her that Night, and in the Morning when the honeſt Surgeon return'd, he found her light-headed, with a ſtrong Fever which had ſeized her, in which ſhe talk'd of Don *Lopez*, *Emilia*, her Child, and of being ſtole. This made him begin to ſuſpect ſomething. She remaining dangerouſly ill for ſome Days, in which time *Fernando* came often to ſee her, he was much concern'd, and took care to let nothing be wanting but a Phyſician, whom he durſt not ſend for, for fear of diſcovery. In this time great Inquiry being made after *Tereſa*, the Surgeon heard of it, and immediately took horſe, and went to the Lords, informing them of what he knew. Don *Lopez* and the Marquis deſir'd much to know who the Villain was, but that the Surgeon was ignorant of. They took Horſe immediately, attended by five Servants well-arm'd, and conducted by the Surgeon, went to the Houſe; it being Midnight before they reach'd it, the Door was made faſt, a Horſe being ty'd near it, and a Light in the Chamber: They conſulted what to do, fearing if they knock'd, it might alarm the old Hags, and the Raviſher, who might by ſome

ſome back Door or Window eſcape; ſo they concluded to wait till he came down to take horſe. They did ſo, and towards day-break one of the old Hags open'd the Door. The Lords, who were diſmounted, and ſtood ready, ruſhed in, and running up Stairs, found *Fernando* in the Room masked. Don *Lopez* ſtay'd not a Moment to deliberate, but ſhot him thro the Head: he fell dead at his Feet, not uttering one Word.

Thus he periſhed in a moment, unprepared for Death, and got a juſt Reward for his Villany. *Tereſa*, who was almoſt dying, and delirious, looked up, and knew her Lord; ſhe ſtrove to riſe to reach him, but fell back: He laid his Cheek to hers, and ſtrove to ſtifle his tumultuous Joy, and huſh her to Repoſe. The Hags were ſeized, and ſome of the Servants diſpatch'd for a Horſe-litter, in which *Tereſa* was carry'd home to her Lord's, and the vile Women ſent to Priſon. *Fernando*'s Body being known, was ſent home: and tho Don *Lopez* had receiv'd ſo great an Injury, yet he fear'd a Trial, or private Injury, from *Fernando*'s Family, Revenge being very natural to the *Spaniards*; he therefore abſconded, reſolving to retire to *France* with the Marquis *de Ventadore*. And now able Phyſicians being ſent for, in ſome Days *Tereſa* got rid of her Fever, and began to recover: At laſt ſhe got up again, but went lame, and never

expects

expects to do otherwise whilst she lives: She rewarded the honest Surgeon nobly.

Don *Lopez* got safe to *France* first, and the Marquis, with the Ladies, Children, and Servants, follow'd; Don *Lopez*'s Father having taken care to make a noble Provision for his Son to live in *France*. They travell'd gently, and arriv'd safely at *Poitou*, where they are all happily seated together.

And now it is fit that we make some Reflections for our own Improvement, on the wonderful Providence of God, in the Preservation and signal Deliverances of these excellent Persons in this Narrative.

A great number of Christian Slaves are at this time expected to return to *Europe*, redeem'd from the Hands of those cruel Infidels, amongst whom our noble Slaves suffer'd so much, and lived so long; and no doubt but amongst these, if we enquire, we shall find some whose Misfortunes, if not their Virtues, equal these Lords and Ladies. It is in Adversity that Men are known: He is only worthy the Name of a Christian who can despise Death, and support even Slavery and Chains with Patience; whom neither Tortures or Interest can shake, or make renounce his God and Faith. How frequent is it for us, who boast so much of Religion, to sacrifice our Consciences to Interest? How impatient are Men for small Injuries or Disappointments?

The

The Gentlemen in this Story well deſerve our Imitation; the Ladies, I fear, will ſcarce find any here who will pull out their Eyes, break their Legs, ſtarve, and chuſe to die, to preſerve their Virtues. The Heathens, indeed, ſhew'd many Examples of ſuch heroick Females; but ſince the firſt Ages of Chriſtianity, we have had very few: The Nuns of *Glaſtenbury*, who parted with their Noſes and Lips to preſerve their Chaſtity, are, I think, the laſt the *Engliſh* Nation can boaſt of. 'Tis well in this Age if the fair Sex ſtand the Trial of ſoft Perſuaſions; a little Force will generally do to gain the proudeſt Maid. But I forget that to give good Advice, and not to cenſure, is at preſent my Buſineſs; I ſhall therefore ſum up all in few words.

Since Religion is no Jeſt, Death and a future State certain; let us ſtrive to improve the noble Sentiments ſuch Hiſtories as theſe will inſpire in us; avoid the looſe Writings which debauch the Mind; and ſince our Heroes and Heroines have done nothing here but what is poſſible, let us reſolve to act like them, make Virtue the Rule of all our Actions, and eternal Happineſs our only Aim.

BRITISH MUSEUM 10 MY 72

F I N I S.

BOOKS Printed for E. Bell, J. Darby, A. Bettesworth, F. Fayram, J. Pemberton, J. Hooke, C. Rivington, F. Clay, J. Batley, *and* E. Symon.

DOMAT's Civil Law in its natural Order, 2 vol.
Tyrrel's Bibliotheca Politica, *both Large and Small Paper.*
Gomberville's Doctrine of Morality, with Cuts.
Tournefort's Voyage to the *Levant*, 2 vol. with Cuts.
Lady's Travels into *Spain*, 7th Edit.
Boileau's Works in *English*, 3 vol.
Bruyere's Characters, 2 vol.
St. *Evremont's* Works in *English*, 3 vol.
Cooke of Forrest Trees, 2d Edit.
History of the *English* Martyrs in Q. *Mary's* Reign.
Dionis's Midwifery.
Littlebury's Translation of *Herodotus*, 2 vol. 2d Edit.
Bailey's English Dictionary.
Bp. *Patrick's* Sermons on Contentment, *&c.*
Misson's Travels over *England.*
Turretin on Fundamentals.
Zouch on the Punishment of Ambassadors.
History of the Nobility.
Wycherley's Plays, 2 vol.
Select Novels, 2 vol.
Hawney's Compleat Measurer, 2d Edit.
Dacier's Plato in *English*, 2 vol. 2d Edit.
Munday's Spelling-Book.
Secret History of *Whitehall*, 2 vol. 2d Edit.
Atalantis, 4 vol.
Life of the Count *de Vinevil.*
——of Madam *de Beaumont.*
——and amorous Adventures of *Lucinda.*
Rowe's Works, 3 vol.
—— *Callipedia* alone.
Devout Christian's Companion, 2 parts, 4th Edit.
Fifth Vol. of Tatlers, with *Bickerstaff's* Prophecies, *&c.*
Strother's Pharmacopeia.
Boileau's Lutrin, and Art of Poetry, separate.
Osborne's Works, 2 vol.