

Count Albertus

Penelope Aubin

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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF the Young Count ALBERTUS,
The Son of Count Lewis Augustus, by the Lady Lucy.

To her G the D. of

Madam,

It was with the utmost Satisfaction that I received the Honour of your G 's Letter, in which you seem pleased with the unfortunate Lady *Lucy's* Story, and to intimate, that you would be glad to know what befel her illustrious Son, who had been so miraculously preserved from Death, and of whose Adventures you have had some slight Account, but only such as could raise, not satisfy your Curiosity. This was enough to excite me to use the utmost Diligence to get Knowledge of this brave Man's Life, Actions, and Death; and though his Life was not very long, yet it was passed with such Honour, and his End was so pious and heroick, that it well deserves to be transmitted to Posterity. And having now gotten a perfect Account of all Particulars, I have composed this short Narrative, and presumed to send it to your G , hoping it will contribute something to your Diversion, in your leisure Hours, and coming in the Dress of your native Country, be more agreeable. I beg that you would pardon my Presumption, and excuse the many Defects you will find in perusing of it, in Consideration of the Affection and Respect which I have ever had for your G ; the which no Time or Change of Fortune can diminish, and which must rather augment to the last Hour of my Life; for I shall ever be with the utmost Sincerity, and most profound Veneration,

Your G 's
Most Devoted
Humble Servant,

Penelope Aubin.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES Of the Young Count *ALBERTUS*.

Prologue

The young Count *Albertus* having buried his noble Father and Mother, passed some Years very happily with his virtuous Wife, the beautiful *Catharine*, the brave *Alonzo's* Sister, who was endowed with every Qualification that could recommend a Woman to the World, or make a Husband blessed; for she was prudent, wise, good-humoured, generous and chaste, and nothing was wanting to complete their Felicity but Children; of which this noble Couple never had any. They had been married four Years and three Months when this Lady fell sick of a Fever, which in nine Days (all Medicines proving ineffectual) ended her Life, and left the Count her Husband quite over-whelmed with Grief; and he fell into so deep a Melancholy, that he quitted his Place at Court, and took Leave of his Friends, having committed the Care of his Estate to his Sisters, and settled all his Affairs. He set out for *France*, resolving to make the Tour of *Europe*, to divert his Grief with seeing other Countries: So he first visited *Paris*, and passed the Winter there, (it being Autumn when he set out from *Heidleberg*) and there saw the Court, and all that was rare and worth a Stranger's Curiosity, visiting *Versailles*, *Fountainebleau*, *Marli*, and all the King's Palaces and Gardens, with those of most of the Nobility; and in this Manner became acquainted with and much esteemed by People of the first Rank. But above all, he frequented the Company of learned Men, and coveted the Friendship of such of the Clergy who were most eminent for their Piety; and by continually conversing with them, doubtless conceived a Liking to their Way of Life, and resolved upon embracing it, as the Sequel shewed: But it was some Years before he renounced the World; in which Time he met with some extraordinary Adventures, which, as is supposed, confirmed him in his Dislike to the World, and determined his Choice of a religious Life; in which he behaved himself as became a good Pastor and a Saint, and fully answered the Prediction the good Father *Joseph* had received from the Voice that raised him from Sleep, to save the Life of the Lady *Lucy*, and her unborn Infant.

And now I shall proceed to relate all that happened to this Lord before he became a Monk, and then to speak of his perillous Voyages, the strange Adventures he met withal in travelling over the greater Part of the World; of his various Sufferings, and glorious End, when he quitted this World for his Saviour's sake, and sealed the Truths he had taught with his Blood. In all which I shall endeavour not to tire, but to give a brief and exact Account of the Matters of Fact, so that the Reader may be pleased and agreeably entertained.

CHAP. I.

During Count *Albertus's* Stay at *Paris*, he contracted a mighty Friendship with a young Gentleman, one of the most accomplished and most learned for his Age in all that City: He was but twenty five Years old, the Son of a Country Gentleman, who, though he had but a small Estate, yet had given him the best Education that was possible; his Name was Monsieur *de Lorme*, a Native of *Languedoc*. He lived in *Paris* as a private Gentleman, but his Lodgings were magnificently furnished, and his Dress was such as would have better become a Duke than a private Person; he kept a Valet de Chambre and two Footmen, was lavish in his Expences, and yet never in Debt; he kept the best of Company, and so behaved himself, that every body loved him; he never gamed nor committed any Debauch, was sober and polite, had a very lovely Person, and was neither vain nor proud. All the World wondered how he lived at this rate, since he had no Employ in the Government, nor any Estate, his Father's being scarce sufficient to support his Family genteelly; for he had two Daughters, who were esteemed Beauties, highly bred like the Son, but remained unmarried, because they had no Portions, and were too ambitious to marry Tradesmen, and had too much Virtue to be Mistresses to Noblemen. Count *Albertus* meeting with this young Gentleman in Company, they took a fancy to one another and became extremely intimate, so that they were daily together; yet it was long before the Count took the Liberty to ask him, one Day when they were in private, how he supported himself after such a Manner? He seemed confused at this Question, and made no direct Answer, but turned the Discourse: On which the Count asked his Pardon, and said no more: Yet his Curiosity was augmented, and he began to suspect that there was some great Mystery in this Man's way of Life, and that he supported

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himself by some unlawful Means. He therefore resolved to observe his Actions more narrowly, and having a great Affection for him, to draw him off from any evil Course of Life that he might perhaps be involved in: In order to this, he often went to his Lodgings, sometimes very early in the Morning, at other late at Night, thinking to discover what Company he kept, or how he was employed. One Evening, going there as usual, he found him sitting very pensive in an easy Chair: 'My Friend, *said he*, you could never have come at a more seasonable Time; for I am very much embarrassed, having two Amours upon my Hands at the same Hour.' At these Words he rose, and shutting the Door, returned to his Seat, and continued his Discourse in these Words; 'Dear *Albertus*, *said he*, you have, I doubt not, long wondered how I live, so handsomly, having no great Fortune of my own; and now I must divulge the Secret to you. I have the good Fortune to be loved by two Ladies of great Quality, the one a married, the other a single Lady; they are both beautiful, and every way charming; but the single one has my Heart. I courted her secretly; her Station being so far above mine, that I can never hope to have her lawfully: I ran a thousand Risques to get her, and at length obtained my Suit: She yielded to my Desires, having bound me by a thousand Oaths and Vows to be faithful and secret to her; and we have mutually promised never to marry but one another. She has a vast Fortune, the Revenues of which she has at her Dispose; but the Principal is so secured in her Relations Hands, that she is not the Mistress of it; nor can she ever marry without their Consent, unless she escapes from *France*, and then her Fortune will never be surrendered to her. Her Name shall ever be a Secret; therefore I shall call her *Violante*. We have already had one Child, which is at Nurse at a Village near a Country Seat of one of her Guardians, to which she often resorts. 'Twas there where I found Opportunities of seeing her; and I will another Time relate to you the Particulars of this Affair. She supplies me largely with Money out of her Income; and if I had not engaged myself in another Intrigue with a married Lady, I had been tolerably happy. But the charming *Silvia*, for so I shall name my other Mistress, saw me often at Court, and condescended to invite me to her Embraces by a Billet-doux; and who could refuse the Offer, where such Beauty and Interest joined to obtain Affection? I fell into the Snare, and have for three Months past been indulged in the Enjoyment of two of the fairest and richest Ladies in *France*: But as the most delicious Meats cloy the soonest, so these Pleasures begin to tire me. *Silvia* is rash, violent, and impatient of any Disappointment, fond of me to a Folly; and should she discover that I am false to her, and get the least Knowledge of my Engagement with *Violante*, I doubt not but that she would sacrifice us both to her Revenge. Just before you entered I received a Note from *Violante*, That she is indisposed, and expects me to come and pass the Night with her in the Country; her Waiting-woman and Page are our Confidants, and by them I am introduced into her Apartment at any Hour; and the Nurse's House is my Retreat, where I lye concealed to wait my *Violante's* Commands. You see that I cannot refuse going to her this Night, since she is indisposed: Now what distracts me is, that I have also received another Note from *Silvia*; who sends me Word, that her Lord goes a hunting with the Mareschal his Brother to-morrow, and is gone to lye at his Seat this Night; and therefore she comes to pass it with me. She always comes late, and goes away before Day; and I must beg you this once to supply my Place: You need only go to Bed before she comes, and pretend that you could not get rid of some Company any other Way, and that you are indisposed. I know that you are virtuous, and will not make any Advantage of such an Opportunity; but if you do, it will not offend me, so long as she does not discover the Cheat: Our Voices and Persons are not unlike, and by speaking low she must be deceived.'

Albertus made some Difficulty of accepting this Offer at first; but at last yielded to it, after having read him a Lecture of the Shame and Miseries such a Course of Life must bring upon him; at which he seemed to be moved, and said he wished he could handsomly get rid of his Amour with *Silvia*; but feared that it was impossible, by reason of her violent Temper, and great Passion for him. Well, (*said Lord Albertus*,) I'll try to deliver you out of this Straight, on Condition that you will mend. They passed the Evening together, till the Dusk came: Then *Monsieur de Lorme* took Horse, and went to his loved Mistress; leaving *Lord Albertus* in his Chamber; and his own Valet de Chambre, whom he could trust with any Secret, to wait *Silvia's* coming, to give her the Key of his Chamber, and to tell her that he was gone to Bed very ill. All things thus disposed, *Lord Albertus* went to Bed, determined to play the Priest rather than the Lover, and to preach the lewd fair One into Virtue and Repentance: A hard Task, doubtless, but yet such a one, as such an excellent Man as he was ready to undertake, and hoped to effect. He had not lain long, but he heard the wanton *Silvia* open the Door; winged with Love, and amorous Desires, she flew to the Bed-side, seized his Hand, which he reached out of Bed to receive her, and printed melting Kisses on his Lips, which he received with some Disorder; which she did not seem to perceive, but eagerly demanded how he did: He answered in a very low and faint Voice, that he was very ill, and prest her to

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make haste to Bed: She soon threw off her Clothes, and locking the Door entered the Bed; where he received her not with open Arms, as his Friend was used to do; but after three or four deep-fetch'd Sighs, said, My dear *Silvia*, you are doubtless surprized to find me thus transformed, from a warm passionate Lover to a cold Anchorite; but I have had such a Dream, or rather Vision, the last Night, that it has quite shocked my Soul, and filled me with such dreadful Notions of that unlawful Commerce that has been between us, and such a Horror for what may be the Consequences of it, that I can no more think of continuing it: Alas, I was no sooner blessed with a kind of Slumber, which I fell into whilst I lay ruminating on your Charms, but I fancied you in my Arms; and that I heard a great Noise at the Chamber-Door, which being forced open by a Man with a Light in his Hand, I soon perceived it was your injured Husband; who flew to the Bed-side with a Fury suiting the Occasion, his Sword being drawn, he cried, Secure the Door, to some who attended him below: Methought I strove to reach my Sword to defend us, but he prevented me by a Stab which he gave me thro' my right Arm; and whilst I was seized by two Men in Vizards, you were dragg'd out of Bed by the Hair of the Head by your enraged Lord, who, after a thousand cruel Reproaches, stabb'd you to the Heart; I heard, methought, your dying Words, so moving, so repentant, that my Soul shook to hear them; nay more, I fancied that you expired at his Feet; then I awoke, all bathed in a cold, Death-like Sweat, and recollecting all the Circumstances of this dreadful Vision, well considered of it, and have passed the Day alone, meditating on the State our Souls are in: And, oh! my dear *Silvia*, if you would now but enter into this great Work, and think of securing our future Happiness, by converting our criminal Converse into a noble, virtuous Friendship, how happy might we be? As for my own Part, I am fully resolved to make my Peace with Heaven; and though I love you excessively, yet after this Night I will not let you run more such Risques, for fear my Dream should come to pass: Oh, could you but be sensible what my Thoughts were, when I saw you dying, you would tremble as I did. The amorous *Silvia* heard him with great Impatience, laughing and ridiculing all he said; nay, she called him Dreamer, and Hypochondriac, kissed and embraced him, but in vain: At length she grew angry, and said he was false and inconstant, and had surely got a new Mistress, and made this fabulous Story, only to break with her: To all which he made no other Answer but to persist in his Resolutions of Virtue, and continued to preach her into the same; at which she laughed and raved, by turns: And thus they passed the Night, till the Valet de Chambre gave Notice at the Door, that the Day approached; at which she rose, put on her Clothes, and in a very ill Humour left *Albertus* to take some Rest; throwing herself into the Chair which waited for her, which carried the disappointed Lady to her own Home. Lord *Albertus* smiled to himself, at the Conquest he had gained over such a Temptation, and at the Service he imagined that he had done his Friend, in ridding him of his wanton Mistress: So, blessing God, he committed himself into the Arms of sweet Repose, and slept till the Morning; when Monsieur *De Lorme* being returned from the Country, waked him by entering the Chamber. Lord *Albertus* related to him all that had passed between him and *Silvia*, at which he laughed, and said he must certainly send her a Letter to excuse himself, and make Friends, for he feared her revengeful Temper. Lord *Albertus* did all he could to persuade him to continue the Design he had so well begun, and to break with her; but in vain, for he feared and loved her too much to part with her, besides his Interest joined to make him vicious; and alas, when Men are once so far engaged in a lewd Course of Life, 'tis very rare that they are reclaimed, till Age, Want, and Misery make them grow Converts to Virtue: He gave *Albertus* an Account that he had found *Violante* much indisposed, that she had made her Will, and was very desirous to be secretly married to him. Lord *Albertus* offered him to bring a Priest, that should perform that Ceremony as privately as they desired, and that in Case of her Death, he would use all his Interest to reconcile her Family to him and the Child. He seemed over-joy'd at this Proposal; and it was resolved to be put in Practice forthwith. After Breakfast they parted, and Monsieur *De Lorme* sent a very amorous Letter to *Silvia*; who failed not to come again at Night, her Lord not returning to *Paris* till the next Day; yet although she dissembled her Anger for the last Night's Disappointment, she from that Hour began to harbour some Suspicions of him, that he had some other Mistress, and resolved to have him watched so narrowly, that it should be impossible for him to avoid being discovered; but he redoubled his Caresses to her, and they parted mutually pleased in all Appearance. Lord *Albertus*, according to his Promise, found a Cordelier, to whom he related the Affair between *Violante* and Monsieur *De Lorme*, and prevailed upon him to run the Risque of marrying them; and some Nights after, Lord *Albertus*, with his Friend, and the good Monk, went together to the indisposed *Violante*, for she still continued sick, who was before prepared to receive them: And there, in her Chamber, Monsieur *De Lorme* and she were married, to the great Satisfaction of them all. Returning back to *Paris*, Lord *Albertus* said all he could possibly to persuade his Friend to live a new Life, and to quit the

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Conversation of all other Women but his Wife, which he promised to do, but was not so fortunate as to perform; for *Violante's* Illness continuing, occasioned him to go more frequently to her, and this obliged him to have less frequent Meetings with *Silvia*, which more confirmed her jealous Suspicions of him; so she set her Page to dodge him, who soon discovered the fatal Secret of his going to *Violante's* Country Seat, and of the Nurse's House, and the innocent Child's being there, but not of his being married; and now *Silvia's* Rage was such, that she lost all Patience, yet knew not what Revenge to take, and she was long debating that in her distracted Mind, at length she resolved to take the first Opportunity of her Lord's Absence to follow him to *Violante's*, and take Revenge upon her Rival; and it was not long before Fortune gratified her Wishes, for her Lord went from Home on some Business, and left her at Liberty to watch her Lover. One Night, when having sent a Note that she would pass the Night with him, and received an Excuse that he was engaged to go out of Town that Evening with some Friends, she put on a Man's riding Habit, and took Horse, being attended with none but her Page, and went to the Village and stopt at the Nurse's Door, pretending that she was a Gentleman belated, and desired that she and her Page might be lodged there that Night: The Nurse at first excused it, saying she had no Accommodations for such fine People; but at last, being tempted with Money, and overcome with Importunities, she yielded to let them have her Chamber; and they said they should be gone as soon as it was Day, so she put their Horses into an old Stable, and they went up into her Chamber. This was before Monsieur *De Lorme* arrived, which was always late: He came in soon after, and they heard all his Talk with the Nurse, and heard him caress the Child, and talk of the sick Lady, but he did not mention her Name: But he stayed not long before he went away to *Violante*; then *Silvia* and her Page, the Nurse being laid down to sleep, left the House, stealing away the Child, which *Silvia* gave to her Page to take Care of; they mounted their Horses, went to *Violante's*, and watching there, saw Monsieur *De Lorme* passing up and down the Chamber with a dark Lanthorn in his hand. This was enough to satisfy *Silvia's* Curiosity sufficiently, and fearing to be discovered, she contented herself with having got the Child, believing by that Means to force her Lover to be her Slave for the future, for fear of being discovered to her Rival's Guardians: Thus resolved, and triumphing in her Success, she returned to *Paris*, and there sent her Page with the Child to his Mother's, having kissed and hugged it a thousand times; it was a lovely Boy, of thirteen Months old. No Words can express the trouble Monsieur *De Lorme* was in, when he returned to the Nurse's in the Morning, whom he found in the utmost Distraction for the Child; from her he learned the Story of the Gentleman and his Servant's being there, and from their Description began to suspect, that *Silvia* was the Author of this Mischief, and that she had discovered the fatal Secret; nor did he doubt but that she would be *Violante's* Ruin: So he returned to *Paris* in the greatest Dilemma that ever Man was in, and immediately sent for Lord *Albertus*, to whom he told all that had happened to him, and he was of the same Opinion with Monsieur *De Lorme* concerning *Silvia*, and reproached him with his Fault in continuing his Intrigue with her, but too late; he advised him to take no Notice to her of any thing, but to carry it very kindly as heretofore, to see if she would speak any thing of it herself; and then to turn it off, by saying it was only a Friend's Child which he took Care of, and no Intrigue of his own, at least only with a mean Person, not worth her Notice. This was resolved upon, and that very Evening she came to visit him, but not to pass the Night, her Lord being returned home: He received her as usual, but she rallied, and seemed not so kind as before; asked him how he had passed the last Night, where he had been, and such odd Questions; to which he gave proper Answers. After some Time, they parted, with many endearing Expressions on both Sides, and he was an hundred times going to ask for his Child, for whom he was in the utmost Pain, but durst not. Some Days passed in this Manner, when a Letter came from *Violante*, to inform him, that her Guardians had received a Letter from an unknown Hand, to acquaint them that she had had a Child, and the Place where it was nursed, that her Lover visited her by Night, but made no Mention of his Name; in fine, that she was just going to be carried away, she knew not whither, when her Page gave her timely Notice; so that she had escaped to a neighbouring Convent, where she had taken Sanctuary, and waited his coming to her; but she beg'd that it might be very secretly, for fear of exposing himself to her Guardians, who were as yet Strangers to that Part of the Secret. His Trouble was inexpressible at the Receipt of this Letter, and just as he held it in his Hand, came in the cruel, enraged *Silvia*, secretly triumphing that her Revenge had so far succeeded; she seemed very gay and merry, took no Notice of the Letter which he put into his Pocket in great Confusion as she entered, nay she caressed him in an extraordinary Manner, which he returned but faintly: He had sent for Lord *Albertus*, and wished for his coming every Moment, but Fate had decreed that he should come too late to serve him; for this Lady's Husband had for a long Time been jealous of her, but could never make a full Discovery of her Falshood, till she stole the Child, which she was

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extremely fond of, and visited daily, in her Chair, when she went to Church in the Morning, which she seldom omitted; her Lord had employed one of his Domesticks to watch her, and imagined the Child was hers, she never having had any by him, and now he waited only to discover the hated Man who had thus dishonoured him: And this was no hard Matter to do, for Monsieur *De Lorme's* Lodgings were not far off, thither she was dodged, and soon followed by her enraged Lord: Her Lover and she were seated on the Bed, when he entered the Room, his Servants having secured the Doors below; he was masked, armed with Sword and Pistols, and said no more but, Have I found you, Strumpet? thou shalt die to repair my lost Honour. At these Words, he discharged a Pistol at her Breast, and mortally wounded her, and then, before Monsieur *De Lorme* could rise to defend himself, he ran him quite through the Body, and so left them dying on the Bed, weltering in their Blood; locking the Door, he retreated to his Coach, which having six Horses soon carried him out of *Paris*, and he got to *Calais* and crossed over to *England*, before any Pursuit was made after him; and soon after returned to *France*, such Interest being made for him, that he was not prosecuted: The Fact could not possibly be proved upon him, being masked, and his Servants were not present to see it. But now to return to the dying Lovers: Lord *Albertus*, who was engaged with some Company when the Messenger came from Monsieur *De Lorme*, which prevented his coming sooner, now came, and entering the Chamber saw this tragick Scene; *Silvia* was near expiring, but Monsieur *De Lorme* was not; she made a shift to tell where she had placed the Child, and how she got Possession of it, so bewailing her Crimes, she expired before a Priest could come to assist her in her last dreadful Moments of Life: Thus the Divine Providence, as a just Punishment for her enormous Crime, snatched her away in a Moment unprepared for Death; but Monsieur *De Lorme* lived till the next Morning, and had Time to fit himself for his Change; in order to which, Lord *Albertus* and the good Cordelier attended, and assisted him in all they were able. The Lady's Body being put into a Chair was carried to her own Home, so secretly, that nothing of the Adventure was known, but the Family gave out she died suddenly, and she was privately interred in the Vault of the Family. Monsieur *De Lorme* was reported to be dead of a Wound he received in a Rencontre he had in the Street with some Thieves the Night before. And thus the Honour of the Family was preserved, till Time brought the Truth to Light.

Monsieur *De Lorme*, before he died, wrote a very tender Letter to *Violante*; on the Receipt of it from Lord *Albertus's* Hands, who carried it to her, she sent for her Guardians to the Convent, declared her Marriage, gave the Child into their Hands, renounced the World, and became a Religious; leading a most holy Life till her Death, which was two Years after Monsieur *De Lorme*; all that Time she languished of a Consumption, which doubtless Grief brought upon her: The Child lived, and was carefully bred up by her Guardians. And this tragick Accident confirmed Lord *Albertus* in his Dislike to the World, and much conduced to his renouncing of it.

CHAP. II.

Lord *Albertus* had also another Acquaintance, the Count *D'Olone*, a fine young Gentleman, but one of the most inconstant Tempers that ever Man was of; he was very handsom, very accomplished, and very rich, which gave him the Means of gaining a great many fine Ladies; and it was his ambitious Nature to strive to conquer wherever he found Resistance, and to bear no Rival in any Woman's Favour which he had once possessed, though he himself was grown to neglect her: This occasioned him often to return to the Mistress he had quitted, and renew his fond Caresses, till he had driven away his Rival, so that his whole Life was taken up in amorous Intrigues. At last, it was his Fortune to cast his Eyes upon a Citizen's Daughter at *Paris*, who was a perfect Beauty, and had a vast deal of Wit, together with a good Fortune: He soon made his Addresses to her, and tried all his accustomed Arts to gain her, not for a Wife, for she was not of a Birth suitable to his, and he was a professed Enemy to Marriage, but for a Mistress; but he found more Difficulty than he expected, for the fair *Olympia* was sensible of her own Merit, had a numerous Train of Adorers, and thought herself good enough to be Wife to a Man of his Quality: Her Resistance pleased him, and augmented his Passion for her, so that he redoubled his Assiduity. Love and Glory now inflamed his Soul, and he could not suffer the Thought, that any of his Rivals should gain her, and rob him of the matchless Maid: Never before had he found Beauty, Wit, and Virtue so strongly united. *Olympia* now reigned sole Mistress of his Heart, and he must either possess her, or die; his whole Days and Nights were employed in her Service, the most magnificent Presents were sought for, and given to the charming *Olympia*,

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and she was carried to every Diversion; nay, he was so jealous lest any Rival should get a Moment's Audience in his Absence, that he could scarce leave her an Hour. Poor *Olympia* vainly flattered herself, that he would at last marry her, and unawares grew fond of him, and her other Lovers now were treated with a kind of Disdain, which soon let the happy Count into the pleasing Secret that he was beloved; and a Man so well skilled in the Art of Love, failed not soon to make an Advantage of her Weakness, he redoubled his Attacks to gain her Heart, and carried her often to a Country Seat which he had about three Leagues from *Paris*, there he used to give her magnificent Treats; and thus she grew to put an intire Confidence in him, and had no Apprehensions of any Danger in his Company: (Thus foolish Women are betray'd by their own Vanity, and Confidence in that designing, faithless Sex, who study only their own Satisfaction, and despise whatever they possess.) The Count now resolved to ruin the unwary Maid, and having one Evening carried her, as usual, to his Country Seat, with a young Woman who waited on her, for she never went alone with him thither; he first regaled them magnificently, and then took them into the Gardens to walk, where in a fine banquetting House, where the Painting made it altogether delightful, and the murmuring Fountains near it, where artificial Organ-Pipes, and Flutes played by the Water, with warbling Swans and Syrens in the Basons, rendered this Place one of the most sweet and enchanting Retreats in Nature; here they sat down, and here he treated them with some of the most delicious Fruits and Wines *France* could furnish, passing the Time in amorous Chat, till he had gained his Ends, for he had unperceived, put a stupifying Draught in some Wine that he had given *Olympia* and her Attendant, so that they both fell asleep, and he took her gently in his Arms, and carried her to his own Bed, where she lay in a profound Sleep till the next Morning; her Servant was also put to Bed, and waked not to look after the ruined *Olympia*, who in vain lamented her Misfortune, while her Lover strove to comfort and appease her. But Love is a powerful Advocate, and the Day was passed in amorous toying. *Olympia's* Father and Mother were dead, she was Mistress of herself and Fortune: They returned to *Paris*, Grief wore off, and our pleased Lovers secretly enjoyed their stolen Pleasures; the Count's Passion seemed daily to increase for her, and her Fondness for him, yet the World did not guess that things were gone so far, nor did he desire they should: She prest him often to marry her, but he always turned the Discourse with Raillery. She was still visited by Lovers, some of whom were really in Love with her Person and Sense; others, who were her Equals, sought to possess both her and her Fortune, Love and Interest uniting to engage their Affections; she received them all very civilly, and the Count's Character of being the most inconstant Man living, was so well known, and her Virtue and Reputation so well established in the Opinion of the World, that they all concluded, that the Count would be at last weary of following her, and pursue some other: In this Hope they continued their Addresses to her, which made her, and her happy Lover Diversion, and continued his Affection for her: Thus they lived happy for some Months, Jealousy blowing the Flames of Love; but at last the Rival Lovers grew weary, and gave over the Pursuit, too plainly perceiving that the Count was preferred before them; and he, thus secured of his Conquest, grew less warm, and began to treat her with less Fondness, till at length his Visits were short, and he could stay whole Days and Nights away. The wretched *Olympia* now too late began to see her Misfortune, and used all Means to keep her ungrateful Lover; she wept, and reproached, embraced, and caressed him, used all the tender Arts Love could inspire, but in vain; he still loved her, 'tis true, but not with that Ardour as when he feared losing her; no more Rivals appearing, he grew dull and remiss; he was no longer in Pain when he was absent from his Mistress, nor much transported when he came to her. This surprized her more than if he had quite abandoned her, and his Indifference distracted her: Things were in this State between our Lovers, when one of her first Admirers, who still retained his Passion for her, perceiving the Count to slacken his Visits to her, returned to court her, and was not ill received; for now she was sensible of her Misfortune, and would have been glad to find a Husband to hide her Shame, and establish her in the World; for though she loved the Count beyond Expression, yet she perceived his Passion decayed, nor had she any Hopes that he would ever marry her: But he soon grew alarmed at the frequent Visits of this Rival to her, and renewed his Fondness, and Protestations of eternal Fidelity and Affection; nor would he leave her a Moment: So that in a few Days his Rival finding himself thus supplanted, left her for good, and went and married another. The Count thus quit of his Rival, grew cold and negligent as before: This amazed *Olympia*, who thus reasoned with herself; 'Is it Love or Ambition that possesses my Lover's Soul, and must I still be obliged to permit the Addresses of some other Lover to recover his Love, and by Jealousy secure his Affection? I find I must either resolve to always entertain a Rival to him, or else do something very extraordinary, to convince him that I merit all his Thoughts and Attention; 'tis resolved, I will declare my Thoughts to him, and, if possible, shame him into Constancy.' Thus determined, the

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Count came that Evening, and *Olympia* made him such tender Reproaches, that he asked Pardon, and promised to offend no more, protesting that he loved her at all times with the utmost Ardour, but seemed less passionate sometimes, because no Occasion presenting to take her Love and Company from him, he had no Opportunity to shew it in so extraordinary a Manner, but that for the future, since she liked best to see him passionate and fond, he would put no Constraint upon himself to govern his Passion: In fine, the Quarrel ended in Embraces, and for some Time they lived easy; but her extreme Fondness soon cloyed the inconstant Lover, and he came but seldom to see her, and made many Pretences to go out of Town, and stay'd sometimes a Week in the Country. This drove the faithful *Olympia* almost to Despair; she writ many Letters to him full of bitter Reproaches, and such tender moving Professions of her Affection to him, that he could not find any Excuse for his Baseness, or refuse to see her; and when he came, she fell upon his Neck, and bathed his blushing Cheeks with Tears: This quite confounded him, so that at last he resolved to get rid of her altogether, in a noble Way. He had a Kinsman, as nobly born and bred as himself, and one who had indeed more good Sense than himself, and as fine a Person, but in point of Fortune much his Inferior, so that he had a great Dependance on the Count; his Name was Monsieur *de Tourville*, he lived with the Count, and expected to be his Heir, believing he would never marry: This Gentleman he pitched on to make a Husband to *Olympia*, if he could but bring it about: So he made Friends with her, and renewed his Visits as at first, sometimes bringing his Kinsman with him to Breakfast or Supper, or to play at Cards, often leaving him and her alone, pretending Business for an Hour or two: By this Means they soon became intimate, and *Olympia's* Beauty ensnared the unwary Youth, so that he began to long for her Company, was restless elsewhere, grew pensive, and shunn'd Company, the true Symptoms of that fond Passion, Love. The Count soon perceived the Change, and secretly rejoic'd to see his Plot succeed so well: And now Monsieur *de Tourville* began to give *Olympia* some Knowledge of his Passion, and by a hundred Gallantries made known that he would make her his Wife; so well he loved, and so little suspected her Virtue with his Kinsman, who, he thought, honourably loved her, as himself; telling her, that if she was pre-*ingaged* to him, he would desist, and die in Silence. To which she still gave but little answer; at last he revealed his Mind to the Count, who seem'd much pleased, and professed a noble Friendship for the Lady, but declared that he had no Engagements with her; nay more, he offered to settle some Part of his Fortune on his Kinsman, to facilitate the Match, and to present him to her himself, as his Choice for her. He did so; but no Tongue or Pen can express *Olympia's* Surprise, and Disorder at this Proposal: The Count gave her no Time to reflect, but pressed the Matter so home to her, and with such seeming Satisfaction, that she at last, urged by Despair and Rage, accepted the Offer. The transported Lover fell at her Feet, blessed his Kinsman, and in all his Actions so fully shewed a Man truly in Love, that she could not make any doubt of his Sincerity. Mean Time the Count, triumphing, yielded up the fair One, and idly fancied he should feel no Regret at parting with her: He left the Lover with her, and went to prepare for the Wedding, which was to be performed at his House. 'Twas late e're Monsieur *de Tourville* left his Mistress's Lodgings, but she was no sooner left alone, than she abandoned herself to Grief, for she, alas, loved the faithless Count, and felt all the racking Tortures Love and Despair occasion in the Breasts of desponding Lovers; and being seated on her conscious Bed, where he so often had clasped her in his Arms, and swore so many solemn Oaths and Vows, never to part with her, she wrung her Hands and beat her Breast, called on his perjured Name, and wept a Flood of Tears, then flying to her Closet, she took Pen, Ink, and Paper, and writ the following Lines to him.

To the faithless, ungrateful D'Olone.

'Good Heavens, is it possible, that you, cruel, ungrateful *Antonio*, can thus sacrifice the wretched, undone *Olympia* to another? Must I be torn from you by your own cruel Hands? and must my Shame be discovered, and my Life accurst by your Means alone, you who ruined and undid me by your hellish Arts? Ah, why must I still love thee, and doat upon the Man who studies only my Destruction? 'Tis in vain to pretend that your Designs are for my Good, and that you would procure for me (since you like me no longer) a nobler Husband; no, Villain, dear perjured *Antonio*, I know thee too well, thou dost now hate and despise me, yet believe me, thy Soul will shake when I give my Hand to another. And then when I can be no longer thine, thou wilt grow mad, and Remorse and Love will rend thy tortured Brain; but hear me, by the bright Powers above, who are Witness to thy perjured Vows, I swear, that I will not only wed, but be faithful to the injured, honest Gentleman that marries me,

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and never see thee more alone, although thy Life depended on one Moment's Conversation with me. Oh! e're it is too late, save both thyself and me from utter Ruin and Despair, or I shall be mad at last, and act some monstrous Deed. Farewel, think on the miserable

'Olympia.'

This done, she went not to Bed, but passed the Night in Tears: Next Morning she sent this Letter by her Waiting-Maid to the Count, who was rising with his Kinsman; so that he never read it, but only took and put it into his Pocket. In few Hours after, he and his Kinsman went to *Olympia's*, whom they found in Bed, much indisposed; but the Count soon took Leave, rallied her Sickness, and leaving the Lover with her, went to prepare for the Wedding-Feast against the next Day. And now *Olympia* grew calm and resigned, wiped away her Tears, and resolved to conquer the fond Passion that had undone her, and to transmit all her Esteem to him, who was going to make her happy. So she rose, and entertained him kindly: In fine, she got up early the next Morning, and was dressed as a Bride, and readily went into the Count's Coach, with a young Lady her Bridegroom's Sister, who came along with the Count and her Brother to fetch her to the Count's, in whose Chapel she was married to Monsieur *de Tourville*, in the Presence of several of his Friends, whom he had invited. But whilst she stood before the Altar, the Count beheld her with such Disorder, as Words cannot express; for she appeared now more beautiful than ever to his Eyes, all his Love revived; and when he heard the fatal Words fall from her Tongue, which gave her to another, the cold Sweat trickled down his pale Cheeks, and his Limbs all shivered; and had he not drop'd down in a Swoon, he had certainly stopp'd the Ceremony, and exposed himself and her.

This the justly incensed *Olympia* saw, and saw with Pleasure; nay, she shewed not the least Concern, but the Ceremony being ended, received the usual Compliments of all the Company with Smiles. Mean Time the Count was carried away to his Chamber, and laid upon his Bed, more dead than alive. Soon after the Bride and Bridegroom, attended with all the Company, returned to the Hall. And Monsieur *de Tourville*, who was much concerned at his Kinsman's sudden Illness, ran up to his Chamber, raised him from his Bed, and persuaded him to come down, being something recovered; but he now beheld Monsieur *de Tourville* with Hatred, as an odious Rival, and could not support the Thoughts of his enjoying *Olympia*; yet he faintly welcomed the Company, and entertained them nobly: But Death seemed painted in his Face, and his Eyes, which sparkled with Rage and Despair, were continually fixed upon *Olympia*, in whose Face appeared so little Concern, that he was almost out of his Senses, and scarce knew how to govern himself.

The Entertainment was splendid, and the Conversation very pleasant, suiting the Occasion; though all the Company remarked his Concern, and in particular the Bridegroom, who triumphed in himself, that he had gotten Possession of the fair One and her Fortune; neither did he in the least suppose that any criminal Conversation had passed between his Bride and the Count; but imagined, that he really loved her, and fool'd himself in parting with her. Dinner being ended, dancing was proposed, Musick and Mirth filled the House, and no body was sad but the distracted Lover, who retired to his Closet, and there walked up and down torn by a thousand racking Thoughts. He now called to Mind all the happy Minutes they had passed together, and how he betrayed her Innocence, how faithful and tender she had been to him, and how ill he had used her, by so often slighting of her: In fine, the vile Deed he had done to force her to marry another, and the base Injury he did, in giving a Woman he had himself seduced, to his noble Kinsman. Thus Remorse, Despair, and Love divided his tortured Soul, and made him long in Doubt what to resolve, to remedy the Ills he had done: At last, grown faint with Passion and excessive Thinking, he sat pensive down upon a Couch, and there, with folded Arms and deep fetched Sighs, bewailed his Folly; then resolved that *Olympia* should never be enjoyed by another, but that he would prevent the Bridegroom for that Night, and send him far from thence next Day: In order to which, he went down, and appeared more gay, danced and entertained the Company very handsomly, and at Supper took Care to ply the Bridegroom with Wine. When they rose from Table, they fell again to Dancing; so that it was three o'Clock in the Morning before it was proposed to put the Bride to Bed; by which Time the Bridegroom was dead drunk; besides the Count had put a stupifying Draught into a Glass of Wine, that quite benumb'd his Senses. The Bride was put to Bed, and next the senseless Bridegroom was laid by her Side. And now all the Company retiring to Rest, the Count, who had

To the faithless, ungrateful D'Olone.

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contrived to lay the new married Couple in a Chamber joining to his own, into which he could enter by a Closet where there was a private Door behind the Arras—Hangings, entered the Chamber in his Night—Gown and Shirt, his drawn Sword in his Hand, and stealing to the Bed—side lift up the Bed—Clothes, and stole into Bed, clasping *Olympia*, whom Grief had thrown into a Slumber, fast in his Arms; on which she waked in a Surprize, thinking it had been her Bridegroom, but was soon undeceived, when in a soft Voice he told her, 'No, my dear *Olympia*, start not, nor fly the Embraces of thy well known *Antonio*, who comes to rescue thee from his hated Rival's Arms; 'tis I who could not bear to think another should possess thee.' At these Words she fell in Tears, and pleaded the Danger, and the Crime, but all in vain; he vowed and swore, that Death should be his Rival's Portion, if she waked him: And thus they past the Night. When Day brake, fearing he should wake, though stupified with Opium, he stole back to his Chamber, put on his Clothes, and called the Servants up; then causing the Musick to play under the Windows, with Drums and Trumpets, roused the Company, and went strait to the Bridal—Chamber, and called the sleepy stupified Bridegroom up, who was in the utmost Confusion in his own Thoughts, being sensible how drunk he went to Bed, a Thing he was not used to do. Breakfast was served up, and the Bride came forth, who wisely hid her Grief at what had passed. And now to accomplish all, the Count, who had an Uncle at *Rome*, an Ecclesiastick immensely rich, whose Heir he was designed to be, had forged a Letter, which he pretended to have just received, being called forth from the Company by a Servant, as he had ordered. This Letter was to inform him, that his Uncle was at the Point of Death, and that he must either come himself, or send some trusty Friend to take Care of his Affairs there with all Speed, or else he would be greatly wronged. The Count seemed much concerned, and in a great Trouble what to do, pretending that it was impossible for him to go himself, by reason of his Command in the Army, having a Regiment: In fine, after many Apologies, he intreated his Kinsman to go for him, who could no ways refuse him, though very unwilling to leave his Bride; but his Dependance on the Count was very great, and that, joined with the late Obligation he had laid upon him, in facilitating his Marriage with *Olympia*, and giving him an Addition to his Fortune, was such, that he was forced to yield to his Request. So he charged him with Letters to all his Friends at *Rome*, particularly to a Cardinal, who was his intimate Friend, desiring him to entertain, and if possible prevent his Return, by giving him some handsom Employ there, for Reasons he would give him by another Opportunity. This done, he presented a Purse of Gold to his Kinsman, and sent him away, attended only by one Servant. And now he began to recover his usual Gaiety, which all the Company took Notice of, nor was Monsieur *de Tourville* insensible, for he could not but make Reflections on the Count's Conduct; but he thought *Olympia* virtuous, and that he was mad in Love with her; yet he feared lest she would not be long so, having observed how little Concern she shewed at his leaving her. In fine, his Soul was racked with a thousand Doubts and Fears, yet he wisely pursued his Journey, resolving not to lose his Kinsman's Friendship for a Woman, but to secure his Fortune, and to make *Rome* his Abode, if his Reception there was good. And now the Count entertained the Company in his stead, and the greatest Part of the Night was spent in Dancing and Mirth, till *Olympia* retired to Bed; then the Company withdrew, and the amorous Count flew to her Arms. And thus they lived for some Time; during which, Monsieur *de Tourville* reached *Rome*, presented his Letter to the Cardinal, who received him very kindly, and soon got him a good Post. As for the Count's Uncle, he was very well in Health, and Monsieur *de Tourville* easily guest the Trick his Kinsman had put upon him, and sent several Letters to *Olympia* to come to him; but always received Answers full of Excuses, sometimes she was indisposed, at others she could not think of such a Journey, unless he came to fetch her. At last, being now pretty well established in the World, and inwardly vexed at his Kinsman's Baseness to him, he resolved to fetch her; mean Time the Count having no Rival to fear, grew cool in his Affection to *Olympia* as usual, and began to neglect her. This opened her Eyes to see her own Folly, and she began to think seriously of the Misery of such a way of Life. 'Alas, said she, expostulating with herself, what a Wretch am I, to love the Man that ruined me, and then was so base as to force me to marry another; yet even then I might have been happy, had I renounced all farther Converse with him, and been faithful to my Husband. I will no longer pursue my Ruin, I will quit the cruel, unkind *Antonio* for ever, let the Event be ever so fatal to us both, I will fly to *Rome* and leave him. 'Tis resolved, and if my injured Husband won't receive me, a Convent shall; there I'll make my Peace with Heaven, and hide my Shame.' These were often her Thoughts when alone, and at last she put them in Practice; for she one Morning rose before Day, having packed up what Habit and Money she thought she should want; and taking only her Maid along with her, she took Coach for *Italy*; leaving a Letter for the Count, which was carried to him the next Morning after she left her Home, and upon opening it he found these Words:

To the faithless, ungrateful D'Olone.

To the faithless, inconstant Antonio.

'Must I again reproach you, cruel *Antonio*, with Coldness and Unkindness, you were not content to ruin me, but must sacrifice me to another; nor did your Cruelty end there, you could not leave me to sit down in Peace with him, where I might at least have died with Honour, if Reason and Gratitude could not have conquered that fatal Affection that I still have for you: No, you must double my Torments, and my Shame, convince the World how little you esteemed me, by giving me to another, and yet fool me, with Shews of the most tender Affection and Despair, that e'er Deceiver used to ruin a fond believing Woman. But now I am at last awaked from this fatal Lethargy, and resolved to end our unhappy Friendship; I will never see *France* nor you again, I am going to *Rome* to my wronged Husband, and if he won't receive me, I will throw myself into a Convent, and try to finish my unhappy Life in Peace. Remember me no more, but in your Prayers for Pardon and Mercy for us both; and I will try, if possible, to do the same by you. Adieu for ever, most beloved, and most ungrateful of Mankind.

'*Olympia*.'

The Count was in Bed when he received this Letter, but no Pen, or Tongue can express the Distraction of his Mind; his Love again revived, and it was Racks and Wheels to think another should possess *Olympia* : He leaped out of Bed, was dressed in a Moment, called for his Coach, and drove to her Lodgings full speed, to see if she was gone, hoping to prevent her; and when he found her absent, behaved himself like a Madman, and abused the Servants, who were all before discharged, and packing up the Goods to be sent after her: Returning Home, he that very Night put his Affairs in Order to leave *France*, and the next Morning took Coach for *Italy*, attended only by three Servants; having got Leave to be absent from his Regiment for six Months; and all his Hopes were now to overtake and bring her back. In five Days he overtook the Stage–Coach in which she was, where she appeared deeply melancholy, and seemed unmoved at the Sight of him: He approached the Coach with such Confusion and Tenderness in his Eyes, that it was easy to see his Concern for her, and intreated her to come into his Coach; pretending, before the Company, that their Meeting was accidental, and that they were Relations: But she modestly refused so long, till at last she was constrained to accept of the Offer, and so she was obliged to enter his Coach, with her Maid, taking their Portmanteau out of the Stage–Coach; at which he was transported, and driving to the next Inn, alighted, and taking her into a Room alone, tried all the Arts, and Force of Love and Eloquence, to persuade her from her Resolution of going to *Rome*; but in vain: They passed that Day and Night there, which he passed most Part of at her Feet; but *Olympia* now was changed, and grown inflexible, no Prayers, no Tears, or Protestations could prevail; Grace and Reason had convinced her of her former Folly, and she was a true Convert to Virtue. These were new Charms to fire his Soul; and he swore never to part with her till Death should free her from him: And being both thus resolved, he carried her to *Rome*, to her Husband, whose Death he was secretly resolved upon, determining to get him dispatched, that he might marry *Olympia*; and it may be easily believed, that Monsieur *de Tourville* received his Wife but very coldly, considering who brought her: for he imagined that her unexpected Visit to him was occasioned by her having got a great Belly, and as a Means to hide her Crime; so he thanked the Count for his Care of her, and ordered an Apartment for her to lye in, for he never designed to let her lye in his: And here she lived like a Recluse, eating alone, and never stirring abroad but to Church; the Count often visited her, but she frequently refused to see him, and was continually in Tears, and in fine, behaved herself in such a Manner, that her Husband began to have favourable Thoughts of her, and sometimes passed an Hour or two in her Apartment, nay used to bring some Company to visit her; and her Beauty and Wit soon gained her Friends and Admirers. Mean Time the Count languished with Love, and Despair, and cursed his own unhappy Conduct that had undone them, and he would gladly have picked a Quarrel with his Kinsman, but that would have been to ruin all his future Designs; for if he died by his Hand, he could never possess *Olympia*, and a Rival was all he wished, that he might use his Sword to get rid of him; and this he wanted not long, for a Gentleman of *Rome*, the Count *Don Joseph de Patino*, a Man in Years, but very handsome, vastly rich, and never married; being very intimate with Monsieur *de Tourville*, soon became so with his Wife, and the most noble and honourable Friendship grew between this unfortunate Lady and him, that ever was betwixt a Man and Woman. It must be considered that she was very much discontented, doubtless, to see herself so slighted by her Husband, and to

Count Albertus

reflect on her own hapless Condition, for she still loved the Count as at first, and laboured to subdue that Passion; and she was very sensible that her Fame was blemished in the Eyes of the World, and that she was continually exposed to the Importunities of the Man she loved: Racked by these various Thoughts, she was glad to find a Man of Honour, and a noble Friend to comfort her, and such was this brave *Italian*, for he was taken with her Charms, but had no ill Design upon her Virtue, and pitied her Misfortune, in having an unkind Husband: He very well saw that the Count was mad in Love with her, but from her Conduct believed that she was virtuous, and grew so fond of her Company, that he came every Day to pass some Hours with her, and frequently carried her abroad in his Coach in the Evenings, to take the Air. Mean Time the Count losing all Opportunities of being alone with *Olympia*, grew almost distracted, and writ the most passionate Letters Man could invent, but got no Answer. *Olympia* so well profited by the excellent Advice and virtuous Lessons that the Count *de Patino* gave her, that she was a perfect votary to Virtue, and resolved to have no more to say to the Man who had been her Ruin: So the Count finding that there was no Way to regain *Olympia*, but by ridding himself of both the Husband and Rival, resolved to set them together by the Ears, and began to shew more Friendship than ever to Monsieur *de Tourville*; for whom he soon got a better Post, and took an Opportunity one Day, when they were alone together, to open himself freely to his Kinsman in this Manner: 'Cousin, says he, you cannot but be sensible how well I love you, my Conduct has shewn it; as for your Wife, I own I had once a Passion for her, and I know the World has censured her Conduct with me, but she does not deserve it, for I always found her deaf to all Intreaties of a criminal Kind, and therefore adored her; but now I must trust you with a Secret: I am a Man unfit for the married State, and therefore gave her to you, my dearest Friend, hoping by that Means to have her Conversation and yours without Scandal to her; this is the Reason of my coming hither with her, but now, to my great Surprize and eternal Grief, I fear we have both found a Rival in her Affection, and such a one as dishonours your Bed; for alas, when you are absent, and I come here to pass an Hour or two, I find them always together, and can too easily perceive how unwelcome I am; in short, 'tis needless for me to enter into farther Particulars of all I have observed betwixt them. Though I would fain persuade myself that she is still virtuous, yet 'tis too likely she will not long continue so, if you do not remove this Rival from her Sight.' With these, and such like Discourses, he inflamed the jealous Husband, who gave but too much Credit to the latter Part of his Discourse, and little to the first, for he very well saw, that the Count was as jealous of *Olympia* as he was, and doubted not but he had been as free with her before he had her, as ever the Count *Joseph* could be now, and therefore wished to be rid of them all three; but though he loved not *Olympia*, yet he could not bear to be pointed at, and for that Reason, the next time he came, he told the Count *Joseph*, that he desired him to desist from visiting his Wife, and commanded her to be seen no more with him: The Count was highly incensed at such a Treatment, and such sharp Words ensued, that the Swords were drawn, and Monsieur *de Tourville* was run through the Body, and so unfortunately died on the Spot; and Count *Joseph* was wounded in the right Arm and Breast, and obliged for his own Security to fly *Rome*, having only Time to say to the distracted *Olympia*, who was fallen from her Chair in a Swoon, and had just recovered her Senses; Farewell, my dear *Olympia*, quit the World, and give the Remainder of your unfortunate Life to God, if you will avoid being the most unhappy of all Women: I will not cease to pray for you, and I thought to have made you my Wife, but Fate has prevented it, since your Husband died by my Hand, tho' in my own Defense, for that Hand can never be joined with yours, but my Fortune you shall command if you have occasion for it. At these Words he left the Room, and going into his Coach, which waited to carry him and *Olympia* abroad, drove to a Convent, where he took Sanctuary, and in three Days died of his Wounds. All this tragick Action was a Secret to the Family, till *Olympia's* Lamentations reaching the Servants Ears, brought them to the Parlour, where they saw their Master lying dead on the Floor, and weltering in his Blood, his Sword lying all bloody by his Side, and they very well knew that Count *Patino* was all that Afternoon with their Lady, and therefore easily guessed who had done this fatal Deed; which *Olympia* soon confirmed, by relating all that had passed between her dead Husband and him, before they fought: The Servants stood all amazed, and fearing to come into Trouble themselves, ran out into the Street and called in the Neighbours; the Officers of Justice soon followed, and seized *Olympia*, whose Reputation was not very good before, upon the Count *D'Olone's* account, and they carried her to Prison, she seeming so overwhelmed with Grief, that she took no manner of notice what they did with her, nor did she make any Defense, or speak one Word in her own Behalf: No body attended her to the Prison but her Waiting-woman, the faithful Confident of all her Actions, and Officers were placed in the House, to take care of the dead Body, and Effects. During this fatal Transaction, the Count *D'Olone* was rid out to take the Air, and returned not to

To the faithless, inconstant Antonio.

Count Albertus

Rome till late at Night, when he called at Monsieur *de Tourville's* as he was going home, and there learned the bad News; though he was, doubtless, glad to hear of the Death of his Rival, yet that Joy was dashed by *Olympia's* being imprisoned, and his Conscience reproached him, as the Cause of the too credulous *Tourville's* Death. He went home in great Disorder, and never closed his Eyes all Night, then he rose very early in the Morning, and went to the Prison to visit *Olympia*, but was refused it, the Magistrates having ordered that no Person should be admitted to speak with her, till she had been again examined, and this put him out of all Patience; so he drove to the Cardinal's his Kinsman, who was not yet out of Bed, and he no sooner approached his Bed-side, but he began to relate his Grief for *Olympia*; and sitting down on the Bed, used many Intreaties to prevail with his Eminence to use his Interest for her: But he chid him severely for keeping Company with that bad Woman, who had now been the Death of one brave Man, and in all Likelihood of two, for Count *Joseph* was said to be given over by the Surgeons; so he reprov'd the Count very sharply, and protested that he would not meddle in the Affair, but sent him away very much dejected: And now he began to see the Folly of all wicked Undertakings, but too late, and his Grief and Despair was almost insupportable. In three Days Count *Joseph* died, much lamented by all that knew him: Before he died he did all that was possible to clear *Olympia's* Innocence; so that Monsieur *de Tourville* being buried by the Count his Kinsman, and all the Effects he left sold, and turned into ready Money, in a Month's Time, *Olympia* was sentenced to be banished *Rome* and *Italy* for ever, and so discharged from her Confinement. The Count who had been very active in her Preservation, received her with the utmost Transports, for he thought now she would be either his Mistress or Wife, with Joy; but found himself deceived, for having modestly thanked him for his Care of her, she declared her Resolutions of leaving the World, in Terms so pious, and so moving, that he stood for some Time like a Man Planet-struck: 'Why are you thus surprized, my Lord, *said she*, is it strange, that after I have met with such Misfortunes, I should grow out of Love with the World? In you I behold the Cause of all my Unhappiness; you have been the evil Genius that hath missed me into all the Paths of Sin and Misery; Religion, Fame, and Duty, oblige me to leave the World, and we are the Cause of one another's Crimes, for you could not suffer me to enjoy neither a Husband, nor a Friend, and now no Way is left but this one, to secure my Peace here and hereafter: Marriage is hateful between such as you and I; my Husband's Blood cries out against you, and I cannot wed his Murderer; for though another's Sword destroyed him, yet you were the subtle Fiend that poisoned his Soul with Jealousy, and spurr'd him on to execute your Revenge.' She would have pursued her Discourse, had not Grief stifled her Words; yet he pleaded all that Love could inspire to no Purpose: In fine, she left him, and entered a Convent of *Benedictine* Nuns, which she gave all her Fortune to, and lived a most exemplary Life for three Years, at the End of which she died of a Fever, and was much regretted, and esteemed to that her Memory is revered: And the Morning she went into the Convent, left *Rome*, and set out for *France* in the utmost Despair; where being arrived, after lying sick at *Turin* for three Months, he sent for Lord *Albertus*, and acquainted him with all that had befallen him since he left *France*, seeming very penitent: So comforted him all he was able, advising him to live virtuously for the future, and they agreed to travel together into *Spain* and *Germany*, and to visit all the Places of Note and Devotion.

CHAP. III.

Lord *Albertus* and the Count *D'Olon*e having thus determined to travel, being provided of all Things necessary for a long Journey, having no Design to return to *France* for some Years, set out for *Spain*; and having visited all the Places of Note in the Way, arrived at *Madrid*, where they resolved to stay for some Months: Here they got many good Acquaintance, and among the rest that of a young Nobleman, the only Son of the Marquis *de Mirandolo*, his Name was Don *Francisco*, Count of *Guapusco*; he was a Person of great Accomplishments, young and handsome, and a great Friendship was soon contracted between him, the Lord *Albertus*, and Count *D'Olon*e: This Lord had a secret Amour with a married Lady in *Madrid*, and used to visit her at a Country Villa where she often retired to in the Summer; there he often passed the Nights with her, her Husband, who was a very rich old Officer, seldom coming to Bed to her, and often staying behind at *Madrid*. One Night, as the Lover was sleeping in his Mistress's Arms, they were waked by a Noise in the Gardens; the Count ran to the Window, and saw four Men masked under the Balcony, to which they had fixed a Ladder: He quickly slipt on his Clothes, and supposing them Thieves; took his Sword and Pistols, and ran to the Balcony Doors, which he heard them trying to break open, but

he presently threw the Doors open, and discharged his Pistols at them, killed the Man that was foremost, and wounded another; both he and they had dark Lanthorns, by the Light of which he discovered that the Man he had killed was his Mistress's Husband, his Vizard dropping off as he fell; the other three fled in Haste, leaving the Ladder behind them: And now being greatly alarmed, hearing all the Servants rising, who were awaked by the Noise of the Pistol's going off, he prepared to fly to some Place of Security, to avoid Discovery; and taking Leave of the Lady, having agreed to write to her, to let her know the Place of his Retreat, he took a dark Lanthorn and descended the Ladder, hasting through the Garden, and so got to his Horse, which his Gentleman held near the Garden Gate in the Grove, and being mounted, instead of going back to *Madrid*, he went twenty Miles farther into the Country, to a Place called *Alcala*, where he entered an Inn, in which he passed the Remainder of the next Day; and, it being Sunday, he went in the Evening to Church, there he saw a Merchant's Daughter, a Maid of fifteen Years of Age, fair as *Venus*, and beautiful as Nature e'er form'd; Virtue and Innocence shone in her angelick Face, and for her Shape, it equalled all the rest: In fine, his Soul was seized with a most violent Passion for her; her Mother, who was antient, was along with her, and he sent his Gentleman to follow them home, who brought him Word back, that her Name was *Anna Eudoxia Calahorra*, that her Father was a rich Merchant of *Seville*, who had left trading, and retired with his Wife, and this his only Daughter and Child, to sit down and enjoy his Wealth; that he was a great Humourist, and extremely covetous, and had refused many advantageous Matches for his Daughter, because he would not part with any Fortune to her during his Life; that he abhorred the Name of *Quality*, having had some Losses by several of the Nobility, so that he had declared, that he would never marry her but to a Tradesman; nor did he much care to part with her at all, but if he did it should be for Money, let the Man be never so old, or disagreeable; and he almost starved his Family, which consisted of only two old Servants, a Man and a Maid, himself, Wife, and Daughter: The House he lived in was his own, little and very neat, and the Furniture was rich, for he had purchased the Spoils of others, and lent no Money but at *30 per Cent*. Usury: Bread, Onions, Poor Jack, Herbs and Roots, were the greatest Part of their Diet, with poor sour Wine and Spring-Water, and he grudged every thing but fine Clothes to his Girl, and that he did not spare, for she wore rich Brocades, Velvets, and Ribbons; her Hair and Stomach dazzled the Eyes with sparkling Jewels, for 'twas his Pride to hear her praised, and be himself treated by the fond Admirers that her Beauty gained her, for he refused not either Treats or Presents, yet took Care to let no Advantage be made of his Daughter's Company, for she went no where alone. All this the Count's Gentleman learned in the Neighborhood, where the old Man was hated; and being now thus fully informed of this young Lady's Circumstances, he resolved to disguise himself like a Merchant, and so to get Acquaintance with her Father, and conceal himself for some Time, till the Search was over for the Death of his former Mistress's Husband: In order to this, he sent his Gentleman away to *Madrid*, to provide Habits for them both, suiting his Design, and to let his Friends know, that he was gone into the Country for his Health, and should not return for some Months; and he writ a Letter more particularly to the Marquis his Father, pretending he was indisposed, and gone to a young Lord's a Relation who lived not far from the Town he staid at. The faithful *Alonzo*, his Gentleman, soon returned with Money and Habits, having called by the Way on the afflicted Widow, who was returned to *Madrid*, with her Husband's Body, about whose Death the World talked variously; some rightly conjecturing that some Gallant had killed him, who was that fatal Night in her Apartment, and the Servants who went with him could give no other Account, but that he had commanded them to follow him, and put on Vizards when they entered the Gardens; yet they owned, that they then imagined he had some Jealousy of their Lady, and feared some Tragedy would ensue, but who the Person was that killed him, they could not tell: And tho' perhaps some one of them knew the Count of *Guapusco*, yet they too much feared his and his Family's Resentments, to disclose the Secret: Yet *Elvira*, the Widow, was looked upon as a vile Woman, and neglected by her Friends and Family, though nothing could be proved upon her, so that after her Husband's Funeral, she retired for some Time to a Convent; but she sent a very passionate Letter to the Count by *Alonzo*, who, like the rest of Mankind, having a new Mistress in View, thought no more of the ruined *Elvira*, but put on his Merchant's Habit, took a private Lodging in the Town, and frequented the Coffee-House where the old covetous *Don Calahorra*, the fair *Eudoxia's* Father, used to come in Search of the young Spendthrifts, who came there to borrow Money of him: The Count soon got acquainted with him, in this Manner; he often gave him a Dish of Chocolate, or Coffee, and denied himself one, pretending to be very near and sparing; and when a young Spark came to pledge a Ring, or any other Jewel, and the old Man had not Money enough about him, then the Count would lend the Money, and take the Pledge; this soon gained him the old Man's Esteem, who often called him Son, and began to enquire

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about his Circumstances and Family; so the Count told him that he was left an Orphan when he was young, by his Father who was a Merchant in *France*, though by Birth a *Spaniard*; and that he had been bred up by an Uncle, who died, and had left him all his Fortune, so that he was now worth a good round Sum of Money, which he was resolved not to hazard at Sea, but to lend out at Usury, on good Security, or to employ it in buying Bargains of rich Merchandize, such as he could easily dispose of to great Advantage. The old Man hug'd and embraced him, nay invited him to his House, the thing he wanted, and there made him dine with his Wife and Daughter; giving him such a Treat as he had never made before for any man living though but a poor one in any other Person's Eyes. The Count soon grew a Favourite with the Mother and Daughter, and was not only permitted to visit them, but looked upon by the Father as a fit Husband for his Daughter: But though the Count loved her to Distraction, yet he dared not pursue the Folly so far, because of the Meanness of *Eudoxia's* Birth, and he knew his Father would never pardon him such a Fault; so he resolved to make a Mistress of her, and as such to keep her: Yet he concealed his Design, and seemed to hearken to the Proposal with Joy; nay he made an hundred little Presents to her, and used all the Arts of Love to gain her Heart, and succeeded but too well; for though she was very ambitious and had liked him a thousand times better, if she had known who he really was, yet she found such Charms in his Person and Conversation, that although she thought him but a Merchant, and covetous as her wretched Father was, yet she loved him, and he soon saw it, and now pretended that he thought himself unsafe in his Lodging, and therefore desired a Chamber in Don *Calahorra's* House; pretending to defer the Marriage, till some Bills and Effects which he expected were arrived from *Barcelona*, where he pretended that he had considerable Dealings. His Request was granted, and here he had more frequent Opportunities of conversing with *Eudoxia*; so he cunningly insinuated himself into the Mother's Favour, by carrying them abroad, and giving them little Collations: In fine, nothing but a fit Opportunity was now wanting to accomplish his evil Design, which he thus effected: He one Day walking with *Eudoxia* in a Garden, her Mother being at some Distance from them, told her, that he was really a Man of Quality, and therefore could not marry her, as her Father designed, because his Family would surely take her from him, and undo them both, if they knew the Meanness of her Birth; but that if she would pack up her Jewels, and fly with him to *France*, he would marry her there, and pretend that she was a Lady of Birth. The poor unexperienced *Eudoxia* fell into the Snare, Love and Ambition prevailing; and the faithless Count provided a Coach and six Horses, against the next Night; and then having packed up all the Money and Jewels she could come at, which amounted to the Value of ten thousand Ducats, went out of her Father's House at Midnight, and entered the Coach, where her Lover waited to receive her: Before Day they reached a Country Villa where the Count had a Country Seat, to which he carried her, and there he soon gained his Ends of the helpless Maid, though not without much Trouble: And now he put off his Merchant's Habit, and appeared himself again. Mean Time the poor old *Calahorra* and his Wife, missing their Daughter and Treasure, ran up and down the Streets like distracted People; their Lodger being also gone, and his Servants, they made no doubt but that he had stolen her, and made all possible Inquiries after them, but to no Purpose; for they were so hated and despised, that no body gave themselves the Trouble to stir about it, but only ridiculed them, saying the young Gentleman had done well, to free the young Woman from such a miserable Way of living; and indeed it was impossible for them to make any Discovery where *Eudoxia* was, because she remained privately in the Count's House, unknown to all his Domesticks, who knew neither whence she came, nor who she was, and Fear kept her silent; so he soon left her to return to Court, but failed not to come frequently to pass the Days and Nights with her: And here she was so waited on, and lived so great, that she soon forgot her Misfortune of being a Mistress, and grew pleased with her Condition. Her Father in few Months died with Grief for the Loss of his Child and Money; which News coming to the Count's Ear, he proposed to *Eudoxia* to send for her Mother to keep her Company, which she was overjoyed at; and accordingly *Alonzo* was sent with a Coach and six to fetch her, with Orders to give an hundred Ducats to each of the poor old Servants, and let the old Lady know no more but that her Daughter was well, and desired her Company. This News was highly agreeable to a fond Mother, to whom *Alonzo* was a very welcome Guest; so she packed up all her Treasure and rich Furniture, and left her home gladly to her old Servants, who immediately married, and set up for Merchants with their two hundred Ducats, and what else she bestowed upon them: So *Alonzo* and the old Lady being arrived at the Count's, nothing could be more tender and moving, than *Eudoxia's* meeting and her's; Joy so bereft them of Speech, that it was long before they could utter one Word, but when the joyful Mother cast her Eyes round, and saw the Magnificence of the Place, and the Count enter the Room so richly drest, she turned pale, and trembling asked if she might call him

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Son; at these Words, a guilty Blush covered *Eudoxia's* Face, and he only smiled; she was now big with Child: Then the afflicted Mother broke forth into bitter Reproaches, and Lamentations for her Daughter's Ruin, to which she made no Answer but with Tears. The Count did what he could to pacify her; but though she was a mean Person by Birth, she had a true Sense of her Misfortune; so that it was with much Difficulty she was prevailed on to cease her Complaints, and she remained here with her Daughter for some Months, in which Time the Count being to be married to a young Lady of Quality, began to be tired of *Eudoxia*, and proposed to *Alonzo* to marry her; an Offer he gladly embraced, but poor *Eudoxia* swooned at the News. She truly loved the inconstant Count, and coming to Life, fell at his Feet, and intreated him to put an End to her Life and Infamy; but he lifted her up, embraced, and pretended that it was against his Will that he must part with her, and that it was his Father who compelled him to it. Mean Time her Mother, who preferred a married State, before an infamous, seconded him; and thus in few Days the Marriage was performed, and *Alonzo* put into Possession of the charming *Eudoxia*, and her great Fortune, and retired to *Seville* with her Mother and her, to live, as he thought, very happily: But the wretched *Eudoxia* could not bear to live without the Man to whom she had given her Heart, and she was seized with a deep Melancholy, and brought forth a dead Child; after which she languished of a slow Fever for a few Months, and so died. Just before her Death, she writ a Letter to the Count, containing these Words:

'Cruel inconstant *Francisco*, my unkind Lord, read here the last, the dying Words of the ruined *Eudoxia*; the fond, believing Maid, whom you betray'd and forced to your Arms, the Maid whom you so often swore to love eternally. I call the awful Powers above to witness to your Perjuries; and though my Birth did not equal yours, my Soul and Truth excelled you far, for I would have died a thousand Deaths, before I would have broke my Faith with you: Cruel Deceiver, you forced me to be another's, spurned me from you; cursed Hypocrisy, dishonoured, and then gave me to your Vassal's Arms to hide my Shame, and your own Baseness; but know *Eudoxia* scorns to live another's: Grief has destroy'd the guiltless Infant, e're it saw the Day, and I am now in the last Agonies of Death, paying the Debt due to my Folly and your Crimes. May every dying Accent wound your Soul, and pierce your Ears, that the expiring *Eudoxia* breathes to Heaven: May just Remorse, such as attends the guilty Mind of every dying Sinner, still attend your softest Hours of Mirth and Pleasures, till you repent and appease Heaven's Wrath; and then may you be summoned soon, very soon, to everlasting Rest, to meet my Soul in Bliss, that you may never, never more seduce another unexperienced Maid like me, nor load your Soul with damning Crimes, to make you wretched for ever. The Pangs of Death seize me so fast, that I can say no more, but remember you must again meet *Eudoxia*, and that in the other World. Farewell. Angels conduct you to

Eudoxia.'

The Count was at *Madrid* when *Eudoxia* died, and tasting all the Sweets of Joy and Pleasure with his noble Bride: Nothing but Mirth and Joy were thought upon; but when *Alonzo* appeared dressed all in black, and presented a Packet from *Eudoxia's* Mother, in which the dismal Letter was sealed up, he trembled, retired to his Closet, and there read it with all the Grief and Concern a Man could feel, who had once really loved that hapless Woman. His Tenderness was now revived for her, and her Constancy doubly engaged him to adore, and mourn her Death. He let fall a Flood of Tears, and became truly sensible of his Faults, and the Baseness and Cruelty of his own Actions were now set in a true Light before his Eyes; yet he wiped away the falling Drops from his Eyes, and coming forth, embraced *Alonzo*, and told him how much he regretted the fair *Eudoxia's* Death; and recommended himself to her Mother, desiring *Alonzo* to take Care of her, and to be kind as a Son to her, and so dismissed him; who, no doubt, was not much grieved to have got so good a Fortune, and lost a Wife who loved, and had been possessed by another. The Count was, on the other Hand, deeply afflicted, his Sleeps were broken, and *Eudoxia's* Image was ever before his Eyes; nor could he disclose his Grief to any but his Confessor, and to his faithful Friend Lord *Albertus*, whose pious Advice procured him some Comfort, but yet could not restore his Peace of Mind; so he languished thus for some Months, then sickened and died. These tragical Events confirmed Lord *Albertus* in his Resolutions to abandon the World; and he accordingly entered into the Order of the *Benedictine* Monks at *Madrid*, where he was professed, and put on the Habit. And some Jesuits being at that Time appointed to go on the Mission to *China*, he voluntarily offered himself to accompany them thither, having disposed of his Fortune in such a Manner, that he could command any Part of it for his own or pious Uses. And now we are going to be

entertained with very extraordinary Adventures, and the most strange Occurrences imaginable.

CHAP. IV.

The Count *D'Olone* having now contracted the strictest Friendship with Lord *Albertus*, could not think of parting with him; and therefore, finding no Persuasions could prevail upon him to lay aside his intended Voyage to *China*, he at last resolved to bear him Company thither, and to visit that Part of the World, hoping to divert his Melancholy by the Sight of strange Countries and People: So he put all his Affairs in Order for that Purpose, and bought many curious Toys of Gold and Silver, with curious Watches, and Merchandize fit for the Countries they were to visit; resolving to pass for a simple Merchant, and to conceal his Quality. Our noble Monk did likewise furnish himself in the same Manner, with Design to win the Favour of the *Pagan* People, by small Presents; and being skilled in Musick and Painting, he also furnished himself with Musical Instruments, and all Materials for Painting. All Things being ready, and the Wind fair, three Jesuits, being the good Fathers, *Anthony de Carmes*, *Philip de Mancine*, and *Don Joseph de Mendocca*, and the two Lords, with three Domesticks, went on board the good Ship *Nostre Senora de Misericord*, on the 19th Day of *April*, in the Year 1719. the noble *Don Francisco de Cordona* Captain: They had a fair Wind and prosperous Voyage for some Days; but then about Midnight a terrible Storm arose, the Skies were all darken'd with black Clouds, and it thunder'd and lighten'd as if Heaven and Earth were going to be destroyed; the Sails were rent in pieces, and the Ship drove before the Wind, the ablest Mariner being unable to guide it: The Pilot gave Directions in vain; and at Break of Day they found themselves within Sight of the Coast of *Africa*; but the Ship was so torn and leaky, that they expected every Moment to be swallowed up by the merciless Waves. And at length the Sea entered so violently, that they were forced to betake themselves to their Boats: The Captain, the two Lords, the three Jesuits, and some other Passengers, with the Pilot, Surgeon and five Seamen, entered the Pinnace, to the number of twenty three Persons; the rest of the Ship's Crew got into the Yauls, and shifted for themselves; for they had put what Provisions they could on board the Boats, and what Treasure they could in their Pockets and about them, where they could best conceal it. But alas! the Wind blew so hard they could not hope to reach any Shore, but that of *Barbary*; and there they must inevitably fall into the barbarous Infidels Hands, and be made Slaves; so that all their Hopes were, that some Christian Vessel would pass by, and take them up. They were thus driven about all that Day, and part of the next Night; but about Midnight the Pinnace struck against a Rock, and was dash'd in Pieces. Then all abandoned themselves to the merciless Seas, and the extreme Darkness hindered them from seeing one another perish. Lord *Albertus* swam till his Strength failing he fainted, and returning to Life, found himself lying on the Sands near *Tunis*. It was now Break of Day, and he could too well discern where he was: He was scarce able to rise, but at last he made a shift to get upon his Legs; and looking round, saw the Captain's Body lying near him on the Shore, he hastened to help him up, but soon found he was quite dead; he also saw several dead Bodies floating on the Waves, with rich Merchandizes: But alas, he was so weak, that he was unable to make any Attempts to save any thing, and was constrained to sit down again upon the Sands, having nothing to refresh himself withal, after all that he had suffered; but the divine Providence, who designed him for better things, provided some Relief. The Day now appearing, a poor Fisherman and his Son came from an adjacent Hut, to put out their Boat, which was fastened in a Creek behind a Rock, to go out in Search of Treasure from the Shipwreck, as is their Custom; and they soon perceived the fainting *Albertus*, whose Mien and Person, tho' in such melancholy Circumstances, spake him to be no mean Person, and his religious Habit, which is even respected by these Infidels, the more inclined them to help him: So they ran to him, and lifting him up, carried him to their Hut, pulled off his wet Clothes, put him into Bed, and gave him Brandy to drink. He had in his Bosom a Handkerchief full of Gold and Watches, and other Golden Toys of great Value; for these he had bound fast about his Waist, under his Shirt, and made a shift to conceal from them, his Monk's Habit making them believe that he had no Treasure about him. And having made a Fire, they left him, and went to put out their Boat, the Fisherman's Wife staying by him to dry his Clothes. This poor Woman was by Birth a *French* Woman, who had been taken and sold there for a Slave; and to free herself from extreme Misery, had embraced Mahometism, and so was given for a Wife to this poor Fisherman, by the Captain whose Slave she had been in her Youth; for she was now old. She was over-joyed when she found this good Monk could speak *French*, and falling into a Flood of Tears, entertained him with the Relation of all her Life past;

and she told him, that so soon as her Husband returned he would be carried before the Governor, or the *Bey* of *Tunis*, and made a Slave, and a great Ransom put upon his Head, and offered her Service to prevent it. At these Words he thanked her, saying, he was wholly resigned to the Will of God, and had left his Country with no other View but the Conversion of Pagans and Infidels to Christianity, mildly reproving her for having forsook her Religion; at which she fell on the Floor, bewailing her own Weakness. In fine, she persuaded him to accept of the Offer she made him, saying, that if he would retire to a Place she would conduct him to, which was a ruined Mosque in a Wood behind a Rock near that Place, she would procure him a *Turkish* Habit, like a *Santoin* or *Mahometan* Religious, to conceal him from the *Turks*, who pay a great Veneration to those sort of religious Hermits, who amongst them pass for Saints, and do many of them lead very abstemious devout Lives, fasting the greatest Part of the Year, eating only Herbs, Bread, and Roots. They go clad in a coarse long woollen Garment, wear Hair-Cloth next their Skins, go bare-leg'd, with Sandals on their Feet; and have their Head shaved, have long Beards, and seldom go covered even in the parching Heat of Summer, or the most piercing Cold of the hardest Winter. They live on the People's Charity, and are some of them great Hypocrites and Cheats, pretending to have Revelations, and to do Miracles; and they pass unmolested through all the *Turkish* Dominions, and are respected in all Places where Mahometism has prevailed. Lord *Albertus*, who was no Stranger to the Manners and Customs of the *Turks*, approved in himself of what this poor Woman proposed, and accordingly, being assisted by her, got from the Cabin to the old Mosque, and there gave her some Pieces of Gold to go and purchase such a Habit for him; bidding her tell her Husband and Son, when they returned, that he was gone towards the Sea-side to look out for some dear Friend whom he seemed much to lament; and had not returned again, but had left them a piece of Gold on the Table, as she supposed to repay their Courtesy. And now being arrived at the Mosque, the good Woman, seeing him very weak, got some dry Leaves, and made him a kind of Bed, in one Corner of the Mosque, and so left him, to haste to the next Town to buy him Habit and Refreshments. Being thus left alone, he gave Thanks to God for his Deliverance from Death, and besought the Almighty, that his Arrival and Stay in this Place might be for the Good and Conversion of Souls. The poor Woman returned in few Hours, with some hot Food, being boiled Rice Meat, and a Bottle of Rum to mix with the Water he must drink; she also brought a poor Rug to cover him, with Blankets, which she had purchased, and a Lamp with Cotton and Oil, a Mug and a Tinder-box; so he blessed her and sent her away. And now the noble Monk, submitting himself to the Will of Heaven, sat down upon a Stone, and eat cheerfully of what was brought him; then shutting the Door, kindled a Fire and warmed his bruised Limbs, highly content to lead a solitary Life. Night approaching, he lighted up his Lamp; and putting his poor Bed in Order, commending himself to God, laid down to rest. The Wind blew hard, and the troubled Sea roared loud; but yet he slept as profoundly as if he had lain on the softest Down, and been in a Palace. About Midnight he was waked by the Groans of a Person who made dismal Complaints in the *French* Tongue, and seemed in the utmost Distress. *Albertus* soon raised himself from Sleep, and hearkening very attentively thought that he knew the Voice; and taking his Lamp, crept to the Door of the Mosque, and called to know who was near: But who can express his Joy, when he heard the Count *D'Olone*, his dearest Friend, cry out, *Albertus*, is it you? At these Words he hastened to the Place whence the Voice came; but the Wind having extinguished the Lamp, he lost himself amidst the Trees, and could neither find his Friend, nor the Way back, for some Time, till groping about he perceived the Glimmering of the Embers of the Fire, which he had made in the Mosque, which he at last entered; and lighting his Lamp again, hung it up, and went to the Door, calling to his Friend to come to him; but when he entered, how surprized was the good Monk to see his miserable Condition; for his right Leg was broke short at the Instep; and the Bone being splinter'd came through the Flesh. His Face was all Bruises and Blood; yet they embraced one another tenderly, transported that neither Death nor Shipwreck had separated them. So *Albertus* laid him on his poor Bed, and gave him Food and Drink, tore his Shirt to bind up his swollen Leg, and washed it with Rum, all other Help being wanting. And then lying down by him, demanded how he came in this Condition; to which he answered, that being thrown into the Sea, out of the Boat, he laboured by swimming to save his Life and gain the Shore, and finding his Strength begin to fail, he made towards a Rock near the Shore, which he at last gained; and getting up, being almost spent, he was forced to lye down upon the Top of it to rest, it being so dark that he could but just perceive the Sea beneath him; there he fell asleep, and about Break of Day awaking, and going to rise, slipped his Foot, and fell down on the Side next the Shore, the Sea being then ebbing, and so broke his Leg, and bruised his Face and Body in such a piteous manner, that he could scarce crawl to Land, and being got there knew not what to do, or where to go: At last, said he, seeing this ruined

Count Albertus

Place, and the Wood, I tried to reach it, but being got into the Wood, which was nearest to the Place I was cast upon, I could go no farther, but laying myself down at the Foot of a Tree, committed myself to the Divine Providence, expecting some wild Beast would devour me, or some more savage *Turk* drag me thence to a Dungeon to end my Life: At last, Night being come, and extreme Pain and Want of Food constraining me to complain, I cry'd out to Heaven for Relief, and was answered in the kindest manner, by finding you.

They passed the Night in Discourse, and soon after Day-break the good *Jaqueline*, the Fisherman's Wife, he being gone forth in Search of more Treasure, of which he had found a great deal the Day before, came to them, and was much surprized to find the good Father had gotten a Companion; she informed them, that her Husband had found rich Coffers full of Linen, Clothes, and Money, as also Casks of Wine, Meat, and Biscuit, the Spoils of their Ship, offering to bring them some: *Albertus* bid her haste to the next Town, and bring some Ointments and Herbs to foment and dress his Companion's Leg, also another Habit like to his, to conceal him, giving her Money: But she, being resolved to provide for him, shewed a large Purse of Gold, which she had gotten amongst the Things her Husband had found, and beg'd him to receive it; which he accepted of, desiring that she would bring her Husband, if possible, to embrace the Christian Faith, and propose to him to find Means, by buying a bigger Boat, to get away thence to *Spain*, to live better, and at Ease. Then she told them, that both her Son and Husband were Christians already by her Means, though not baptized, and offered to bring them to him that Night. *Albertus* rejoiced at this, and the same Night baptized them. And now our Hermits Lives seem'd comfortable, though lodged in so sad a Place, and in so deplorable a Condition. The Count *D'Olone's* Leg was long in Cure, having no better Surgeon than *Albertus*; yet at last it healed, and he grew able to walk with a Stick: Then, being disguised with their *Santoins* Habits, they crept abroad to the neighbouring Villages, being instructed by *Jaqueline* how to behave themselves, and asking Alms, as she taught them, by silent Gestures, succeeded so well, that they came loaden back with Food and Money, sufficient to support Life, waiting for a fit Opportunity to get off to *Spain* again, or any Christian Country; but Fate had otherwise decreed, for during their Stay in the Mosque some strange Adventures befel them, and one Night, as they were lying on their poor Bed, they heard the Footsteps of a Woman near their Door, and heard her say, in the *Spanish* Tongue, 'Oh Heavens! where shall I go, and what shall I do? the Door of this poor Place is shut against me, what will become of the wretched *Leonora*? 'Tis in vain that I have escaped the enraged *Abeneer's* Hands, since I shall again be taken, and made a Slave: Why do the sacred Laws of Christianity forbid me to use this pointed Dagger, which would free me from my Fears and Misery; hear me, you guardian Angels, who still attend the innocent, and save me by some Miracle.' *Albertus*, who had hearkened with great Attention, gently opened the Door, and saw, by the Light of the Lamp, a Woman of most exquisite Beauty, dressed in a *Turkish* Habit; her Breast was covered with rich Diamonds, nor was her Tiara less adorned, and she seemed not above eighteen; she had a Dagger in her Hand, her Face was pale, and she appeared in the utmost Disorder, he gently bid her enter, and putting to the Door after her asked who she was, and how she came there: She was so faint and frighted she could scarce give an Answer, but she looked upon him very earnestly for a while, then said, Are you a Christian, Sir? Yes, lovely Maid, *said he*, I am, and more, a Priest: Then she fell at his Feet, embracing his Knees, be you then, *said she*, my Guardian and Defender, to save me from Destruction: What Thanks must I repay to Heaven? Here he lifted her up, and then the Count *D'Olone*, who had all this while beheld her with much Admiration, welcomed her, saying, fair Creature, you shall be doubly guarded here, this poor Place has concealed us from Slavery, and will, I hope, hide you from all that would injure you; but say, how came you here at this late Hour; come sit down and tell us how you came into this inhospitable Country: So she sat down, and having something recovered her Spirits, began her Story in these Words.

CHAP. V.

Noble Strangers, and, as I guess by your Language, Countrymen, I am sure that you are too well acquainted with the tragick Stories of the too successful Excursions of the Infidels in the *Morea*, and elsewhere, to need me to relate any Particulars of the Devastations they have made of late Years, and the great Numbers of noble Christians, whom they have taken captive, and made Slaves of: I am one of that unfortunate Number; my Father was a noble *Spaniard*, his Name was Don *Gomez D'Arcos*, he commanded a Man of War for his Catholick

Majesty, and had a Sister, a Lady of great Merit, who was Abbess of a Convent of Nuns at *Natolia*: My Mother dying whilst I was an Infant, so soon as I was ten Years of Age, he carried me to my Aunt to be educated, being his only Child, designing to take me out of the Convent, when I was of Years to be disposed of in Marriage: My Aunt made me her Darling, and bred me up with all imaginable Care, my Father never failing to visit us as often as he could possibly; at last, ten Months ago, he came to fetch me home, making large Presents to the Convent, then he brought me aboard his Ship, and we set sail with a fair Wind, having four Men of War more in Company with us, my Father commanding the Squadron: We fell in with a strong Fleet of the Infidels, a sharp Combat ensued, and my Father's Ship was sunk; and he, prizing nothing equal with me, took me on his Back, plunging into the Sea; but we were presently taken up by the *Turks*, and my Father being grievously wounded, was taken great Care of, because they knew they should have a great Ransom for him. What became of the rest of our Ships and People I do not know, for I was so overwhelmed with Grief, and busied about my dear Father, that I never stirr'd out of the Cabin from him, till we arrived at *Tunis*; we were put aboard the *Turkish* Admiral, commanded by the noble Bassa *Abeneer*, a Man of great Quality, and one of the most beautiful and polish'd amongst the Infidels: The Fight being over, he entered the State-Room, and commanded the Prisoners of Quality to be brought before him, which were many brave Christians, some of them Women, but I did not see them, being called for one of the last: But when I appeared, he calmed his Brow, and, with a smiling Look, bid me, in *Spanish*, to draw near; then he reached out his Hand and pulled me to him, embraced me tenderly, and told me I should be kindly treated; I answered only with Tears and Blushes, too well foreseeing the Miseries his hateful Kindness would bring upon me: At last falling at his Feet, I besought him to be kind to my dear Father, and to permit me to attend him: Which Request he readily granted me, then kissed, and bid me go to him, calling for a lovely Maid, another Captive, like myself, the sweet *Juliana*, who became all my Consolation, and bosom Friend; for she was about nineteen Years of Age, the Daughter of a noble *Venetian*, whom they had taken aboard a Merchant Ship, in which she was going with her Brother to *France*, to pay a Visit to her Grandmother, who resided there, being a Native of *France*, and a Person of Quality; her Brother was killed in the Engagement, so she was detained a Prisoner in the Admiral's Ship, her Beauty making her a valuable Prize in his Eyes. I returned him my Thanks with great Respect, for giving me so agreeable a Companion, and retired with her into the Cabin to my Father, and during our Voyage to *Tunis*, which was not many Days, we were entertained with all imaginable Kindness and Respect, though Grief overwhelmed us, and we more dreaded to reach the Shore than to die. My Father's Wounds were healed, and all his Care was for me: My dear *Leonora*, he often said to me, what will become of you, and how shall I save thee from Ruin? Christianity forbids me to take away thy Life to secure thy Virtue, 'tis Heaven alone can preserve you; fail not to use all lawful Means to avoid this Infidel's Embraces, and if you are forced to his Bed, regard him as a Husband, and a Man whom Heaven has destined thee to belong to, and never stain thy Virtue by being false to him: But if a Ransom be set upon us, I will freely give all I have to procure your Liberty, and stay here a Slave to ransom thee. This called for the tenderest Returns from me; and thus we passed the Time in mutual Sorrow, till being arrived at *Tunis* we were brought ashore, and my Friend and I, being veiled, were led to the Governor's Palace: All the Women were placed in a Room by themselves, and the Men in another, and thus I was parted from my noble Father, to my inexpressible Grief. The Governor and Admiral entering the Room where I was, I had the Affliction to see several fine Women, some whose Faces were not veiled, and others who seemed noble as myself, disposed of; some to the Governor, others to his Favourites, but I and my Friend *Juliana* were set aside for the Admiral, and by the Governor presented to him: We had no Time to dispute, but were hurried away to the Palace-Gate, and there thrust into a Horse Litter, and shut up, and from thence we were conducted to *Abeneer's* Seraglio, which is not far from this Place; we were there placed in a fine Apartment, and 'tis needless to tell you the Beauty and Magnificence of the Place and Furniture, it was richly adorned with the Spoils of the Christians, and the finest *Persian* Carpets, Quilts, Porcelane, and Paintings, were not wanting in every Chamber: Here we were waited on by black Eunuchs, and Mutes, and served with the richest Wines and most delicate Meats; but, alas, our Souls were racked with inexpressible Grief, so that we could take no Pleasure in any thing, every Moment expecting to see the amorous *Abeneer* enter; so we embraced, and lamented one another's hard Fate, with Eyes lift up to Heaven, and Night being come, I was surprized with the Sight of two Mutes, who gave me to understand, that I must leave *Juliana* there, and go with them into another Apartment. I shewed by Signs my Unwillingness to go, but to no Purpose, for they forced me thence, and brought me into another Apartment, where I found the Admiral, seated on a *Persian* Carpet, with a Banquet before him; every thing was magnificent, his

Count Albertus

Dress and Turbant shone with Diamonds and precious Jewels; he rose to meet me with a smiling Countenance, embraced, and invited me to sit down by him; and I answered him with great Civility, desiring to be excused, by reason that I was much indisposed: But he pleaded both as a Lover and a Lord, that I must not refuse him my Company, and that he could not part with me: In fine, he forced me to sit by him, and courted me to eat, and thus we passed some Hours, during which, I suffered all the Terrors of Mind a Maid in my sad Circumstances could do, but yet concealed my Fears; till at last he proceeded to take more Liberties than I knew how to bear, and then I fell at his Feet, and implored his Pity in the most moving Terms: But all in vain, he caught me in his Arms, and bore me to a Chamber, threw me on his Bed, and swore he would that Night sleep in my Arms: I then resisted all that I was able, crying to Heaven for Help; nor was Heaven deaf to my Prayers, for in that dreadful Moment a Woman fairer than my Eyes ever saw before, her Shape and Face, her Stature, all were exquisitely handsome, entered the Chamber like a Fury; her Dress was after the *Turkish* Fashion, prodigious fine, and she had a Myrtle Taper in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other: Ah false *Abeneer*, she cried, in the *Italian* Tongue, have I another Rival? must the undone *Sophia* mourn your cruel Absence, and languish for your Return, and then be debarr'd your Bed and Presence when you come home? No, the Sorceress shall surely die: At these Words she flew to me, who wished for Death, and was indeed half dead already; *Abeneer*, in whose Face Rage and Shame were visible, step'd in between to save me from the frantick *Sophia*; who, more enraged to see his great Concern for me, striving to stab me, wounded him, before he could have Time to wrest the Dagger from her Hand; but when she saw the streaming Blood pour from his Side, she quite forgot me, and cried for Help, then stab'd herself into the Breast, and fell down at his Feet. I stood unmoved to see this tragick Scene, both pitying her, and admiring the Goodness of the Almighty, who had given me such a Deliverance. *Abeneer* only said, take that foolish unkind Woman from my Sight, excessive Love has made her lunatick: Then turning to me, he faintly kissed me, and said, Sweet Maid retire to Rest, my Wound I hope is slight, and soon will heal, but those your Eyes have given will never cure but in your soft Embraces. The Mutes being entered, one of them led me to my Apartment, where I found poor *Juliana* drowned in Tears for me; I ran to her, and embraced her, then gave a Sign to the Mute to withdraw, not daring to shew my Joy before him, but when we were alone I told her all, and we blessed Heaven, and eat with Cheerfulness what had been set before us. *Abeneer* being wounded, our present Fears were over, and we flattered ourselves that Heaven would work our Deliverance in the end. There was a great Confusion in the Seraglio, and some Days passed, in which we could get no News from the Slaves of their Lord: During this Time we had more Liberty to walk the Gardens, which were all moated round, yet from the Terrass Walks we could discover the Sea, not far from us; and this made us resolve to attempt some Way or other to escape, and at last we agreed to venture down from a ruined Part of the Wall, believing that if our Feet slip'd and we fell, the Water would break our Fall; and, for more Ease, we determined to tear our Sheets to pieces, and so to tie them together, and slide down; but then the next Difficulty was, how to get out of the Mote, and where to go, for we had observed that the Water was often very low, ebbing and flowing with the Sea; yet we long debated what to do, before we put our Design in Execution, fearing to be taken again, and used worse: But at last Fate gave us a favourable Opportunity, beyond our Expectation, for as we were sitting in a Summer-house near the Garden Gate, one of the Slaves opened it, to go to a Spring of Water that was in the Wood on the other Side the Mote, leaving the Draw-bridge down, and the Gate open; he was no sooner entered the Wood, but we ran down from the Summer-house, and got over the Bridge, and then we perceived him talking with a Country Maid, who doubtless came there to meet him, for they play'd and toy'd together, and he gave her Fruit which he had brought from the Gardens: This gave us Time to get farther off, and so we got into the Wood on the farther side, where we found a kind of natural Grotto, the Trees growing very closely together, so that it was almost dark: Here we concealed our selves for that Night, not knowing where to go; but alas, our Terror was so great, for fear of wild Beasts, or what is worse, of some *Turks* discovering us, that we passed a dismal Night: At Break of Day we ventured out farther into the Wood, destitute of all Refreshment, there I found this Dagger; thus we wandered about these three Days and Nights, till at last poor *Juliana* could go no farther, and we have fed only on the wild Fruits in the Wood; So she lay down at the Foot of a Tree, and I made towards this ruined Place to seek Relief, having perceived some Light. This, *said she*, is my sad Story, and if you will save the Life of my Friend, you must haste to her Relief: Call, and she will hear your Voices, for I am not able to conduct you to her.

Count Albertus

The pious *Albertus*, taking a Light in his Hand, went forth immediately to seek for *Juliana*, but in vain; and perceiving some Lights in the Wood, and Men on Horseback, he made Haste back, fearing to be discovered. Poor *Leonora* was sadly troubled for the Loss of her Friend, but now her own Preservation was to be thought upon, and her Habit was such as would betray her; so it was concluded that the poor Fisherwoman should the next Day provide her a mean Habit, suiting a Peasant's Daughter, and that she should pass for such a one, and live with the good Woman: So they laid her on one of their poor Blankets on some dry'd Leaves, and she went to rest, and they all committed themselves to the Care of Heaven, and slept till it was broad Day; then our Hermits, returning Thanks to God, went forth, and sent *Jaqueline* the honest Fisherwoman to fetch what they wanted, that is, Food and Clothes for *Leonora*, whilst they walked into the Wood, and along the Sea-shore, to look for her Companion, but in vain: At their Return to their poor Abode, they found *Leonora* risen from her mean Bed, and *Jaquiline* dressing her in the poor Habit she had brought, much better becoming her Daughter than so sweet a Lady; but they were glad to see her so well disguised, and having ripped the Jewels and Gold off her *Turkish* Habit, they burnt it, to prevent all Discovery: And thus they passed some Days in this Manner very comfortably, and hourly expected to be delivered from this sad Place, by Means of the Fisherman and his Son, who went out in their Boat every Day to fish, and look out for some Christian Ship, to bargain with to take them aboard. But now divine Providence had determined to put them to a farther Trial, for a terrible Storm happening, the poor Fisherman and his Son were unfortunately drowned, and their dead Bodies being cast upon the Shore, acquainted them with their sad Fate. Now all their Hopes being thus cut off of Deliverance by their Means, our Hermits began to think of removing to a more convenient Abode; the Count *D'Olone* was grown passionately in Love with *Leonora*, and had so far gained her Affection, that she promised to marry him so soon as they came to a Christian Shore; and *Jaqueline* was glad to leave her poor Hut, and come to live with them: So they resolved not to leave the Seashore, but to remove farther from *Tunis*, near some Country Village; and *Jaqueline* went and hired a poor House near the Sea, taking her Daughter *Fatima*, as she called her, with her, and here she pretended to lodge the two Hermits, and to take in Needle-work for her and her Daughter to earn their Livelihoods by. Lord *Albertus* did here visit the Sick and Dying, and having great Skill in Physick, from reading, often cured the Sick; so that he was greatly revered and beloved by the poor Inhabitants of this Village, and his Fame spread abroad faster than he desired: One Day a *Turkish* Man of Quality, attended by some of his Slaves, came to the poor Cottage and asked for him, desiring him to go along with him, to see a darling Son which he had at home sick of a Fever: Lord *Albertus*, glad to oblige such a Person, went along with him, and entering a fine Chamber where the sick *Mustapha* lay, was surprized to see a young Lady of exquisite Beauty attending upon him, who spake to him in *Italian*; but when he heard him call her his dear *Juliana*, he no longer doubted that she was *Leonora's* lost Friend: He then gave such Medicines as he knew to be proper, which he himself prepared for *Mustapha*, and took Leave, promising to visit him again the next Day; and returning home, acquainted *Leonora* of her Friend's Condition: She was indeed glad to find that she was yet alive, and fallen into the Hands of so noble a Person; but when she reflected that she was a Slave, and to an Infidel, she grieved. Our Hermits were used to do many menial Offices, suitable to their mean Circumstances, such as fetching Water, cutting of Wood, and carrying it home upon their Backs to their poor Abode: And now I must relate one of the strangest Adventures which befel Lord *Albertus*, that ever befel any Man living. One Evening, as he was cutting of Sticks in a Wood about two Miles distant from home, he was strangely surprized with the Noise of deep-fetched Groans, and a hoarse Voice like that of a Man, in a Language he did not understand, which seemed to come from the most inward Part of the Wood: The noble Monk, who was by Nature very couragious, and like a truly good Man, was always prepared for Death, resolved to see what it was, and made up to the Place whence the Sound came; it was the Dusk of the Evening, yet he could plainly discern a Man of gigantick Stature, far above the common Size of Men, his Face spake him a Moor, and his Habit, though very rich, was old and decay'd, it was made after the *Turkish* manner, his Turbant shone with glittering Diamonds, as did also the Scimeter by his Side; he held a lovely Woman by the Arm, one of the fairest of her Sex, not above eighteen; she was dressed all in white Silk, in a *Turkish* Dress; and seemed pale and highly afflicted, holding a Handkerchief in her Hand, with which she wiped away the falling Tears: The Man had a majestick Presence, but seemed to court her with much Passion, whilst she seemed averse; sometimes he raged, but all in the *Moorish* Language, which Lord *Albertus* did not understand. They were set down at the Root of a Tree: The good Monk, his Habit being well known to all the Mahometans, and used to occasion no Surprize, made bold to approach them, in Hopes to make some farther Discovery; but who can express his Surprize, when he saw them

Count Albertus

both start up on their Feet, and immediately sink into the Earth; after which, Chains seemed to rattle, a great deal of Smoke and Flames issued out of the Ground at the Foot of the Tree, then Drums beat as under Ground, after which all was still. Lord *Albertus* was a Man very little inclined to credit Stories of Apparitions, and Spectres, but yet such a Sight very much surprized and shocked him, and he returned to his home very pensive, with his Load of Wood upon his Back, and related to his Friend and *Leonora* what he had seen, and the Count and he resolved to go the next Day in the Morning to view the Place; concluding some Mystery must be in this Matter, and not willing to believe it was any thing supernatural: But *Leonora* was very unwilling to let them go, fearing that their Curiosity might undo them; doubtless, said she, it is some *Moor* of Quality, who has stoln some Lady from his Monarch's Seraglio, and has retired to some subterranean Cave to hide them, fearing Discovery, do not search any farther into it: This certainly was the best Counsel, if they would have followed it, but the two Lords were too eager to know the Truth; and the next Morning went to the Wood, with Daggers under their Frocks: They searched very narrowly all about the Place, and at last discovered a kind of Trap-door in the Ground, covered with Moss which grew upon it; this raised their Curiosity still more, and they pursued their Search more diligently, so they perceived a Hole at the Foot of the Tree, and two or three more at some small Distance, through which they imagined the Flames and Smoke were conveyed: From all this they concluded, that *Leonora* had guessed right, and that the unfortunate Lady *Albertus* had seen, was stoln, and lodged in this sad Place; whilst they were thus discoursing, they heard a Noise under their Feet, and so judged it best to retire: At their return home they gave *Leonora* an Account of what they had seen, and she much intreated them to go there no more, notwithstanding which they returned at Night, Lord *Albertus* having first paid a Visit to his noble Patient *Mustapha*, whom he found much better, to the great Joy of his Father, who greatly caressed his kind Physician, making large Offers of Friendship to him, with Gold; but *Albertus* refused all Rewards but his Friendship; which highly engaged the Infidel to his Service. The Evening being come, Lord *Albertus* and his Friend the Count, led by Curiosity, returned to the Wood, and placed themselves behind a Tree, near the Place where they had found the Trap-door, and they had not waited long, before they heard Musick; soon after which, the Trap-door was opened, and the beautiful Woman he had before seen came forth, attended by two *Moorish* Women, she sat down on the Ground, and one of them presenting a Lute to her, she play'd upon it with much Art, and sung some *Italian* Verses, expressing her Grief in Words to this Purpose:

*To darksome Caves and Shades confin'd,
To hated Infidels a Slave,
To endless Misery design'd,
What Joy, what Comfort can I have?
From the loath'd Abra's Arms in vain
I strive to fly, and break my Chain. In vain my longing Eyes I cast
Towards the Sea, and distant Shore;
In vain reflect on Pleasures past,
Which I must never taste of more.
My lab'ring Soul, with Grief opprest,
Does languish for eternal Rest. Ye awful Powers, whom I adore,
Oh! hear the wretched Anna's Pray'r,
My ravish'd Liberty restore,
And free me from the Ravisher:
Or else by Death that Freedom give,
Depriv'd of which I grieve to live.*

The Lords hearkened very attentively whilst she sung, charmed with the Musick of her Voice, and touched with the Words of the Song; which having ended, she let fall a Shower of Tears, and they resolving to speak to her; came from behind the Tree, and coming up close to her, Lord *Albertus* put forth his Hand to take hold of hers, saying in the *Italian* Tongue, Fair Creature, we pity and will assist you, we are Christians and Strangers, like you, but have a Home to receive you, if you can follow us: She seemed much surprized, yet pleased; and was going to

answer, when the gigantick *Moor* started up from the Trap-door, with his drawn Scimeter in his hand, and seized the Lady, dragging her down with him before she could have Time to answer; the Slaves attending, seeming much frightened, followed, shaking their Heads and whispering to one another. The two Lords stood like Men amazed, looking on one another; then they heard the Drums rattle, saw the Flames and Smoke as before, at which they left the Place, consulting what to do to free this unfortunate Lady, and get Knowledge of all that were concealed in this subterranean Dwelling; concluding that it was the Retreat of this *Moor* and his Slaves, who had doubtless stoln this Christian Woman from some potent Rival: And as they were thus debating, they heard the Feet of a Man coming very fast towards them, and turning their Heads perceived they were pursued by four *Moors* well armed: They knew it was next to impossible to resist them, and still hoped their Habits would conceal them, resolving not to seem as if they feared them: But alas they were mistaken, the *Moors* had Orders to secure them, alive or dead, yet cunningly passed by, and went on their Way; the brave unwary Hermits were thus deceived, and pursued their Way, but the Infidels lay in Ambush for them near their Home, behind a Rock, and bolted out upon them and secured them, binding of their Hands behind them with Cords, tied them both together, and putting them in the midst of them, drove them back to the Wood, threatning to kill them if they made the least Noise or Resistance: And now they too late repented of their Curiosity. Being come to the Trap-door, they were pulled in, and made go down a steep Pair of Stairs, from whence they passed through a long narrow Passage, where a Lamp was burning; at the End of which they went up a Pair of Stone Stairs, a great Height, then they entered by a great Door into a large Room, out of which they passed into a very fine Apartment; there they saw the *Moor* and the Lady seated on a *Persian* Carpet, with two Children, half-*Moors*, all richly dressed, and the two Female Slaves attending; the Rooms were illuminated with fine crystal Branches: Then the *Moor*, with a stern Countenance, demanded in *Italian* who they were, saying, you are no *Turks*, but Christians, I have heard you talk; you have discovered a Secret on which my Life depends, and therefore if you would save your own, be ingenuous, and speak who you are, how you came here, and where you dwell, for your Habit is but a Disguise. Our noble Hermits were doubtless much surprized, both at what had happened to them, and what they saw, but Lord *Albertus*, who had nothing to fear, Life and Death being equal to him, boldly answered thus: Noble *Moor*, or Prince, for such I presume you are from your noble Mien, and Attendants, I am 'tis true a Christian and a Priest, one who have in my Youth loved like you, and been great, but have now renounced the Pleasures and Follies of this Life, to serve my God; your Secret is safe in our Breasts: We are both nobly born, and Strangers to this Place, cast by a Tempest on this Shore, our Habitation is as mean as our present Condition, and if you have any thing to fear in this Place, make use of us to procure you a safe Retreat into *Spain* or *France*, where you shall be kindly treated, and received; you have here many Slaves to help, let but a Ship be procured for us, and Provisions, and we will all fly this inhospitable Place together: We cannot betray you, we are unknown to your great Emperor, or his Ministers; and you, doubtless, want not Treasures to purchase all we can have Occasion for. The subtle *Moor* listened to his Discourse attentively, and then spake to the Count *D'Olone*; and you, Sir, said he, are you likewise a Priest? No, my Lord, said he, but I am a Christian, and shall be glad to serve you, if you will trust us. Well then, said he, know that I am a captive King, made Prisoner almost in my Infancy by *Muly-Abenzagar* the Monarch of this Place; I was bred up in his Court with all the Education that became a Prince of my high Birth, and beloved by him as if I had been his own Son; although my Father was his mortal Foe, and waged War with him to the last Moment of his Life, which he lost in the last fatal Battle, where I was made a Prisoner, together with my two Sisters and my Royal Mother, who soon after died with Grief: I soon had a Command given me in *Muly's* Army, and fought boldly in his Cause; nay I loved him as a Father, and looked on the Loss of my Kingdom, and Captivity, only as the Chance of War: Thus I grew up to Manhood, great in Arms and Favour, nay he often swore he would bestow one of his fairest Daughters on me, and restore my Crown; but Fate decreed we should at last be mortal Foes: The Princess *Amara*, one of his favourite Daughters, was pleased to hold me in great Esteem, this occasioned us to converse very freely together, and we often walked together in the Palace Gardens, which did soon beget Affection, and she loved me, nor did I dislike her, but yet I had no Passion for her: The Emperor saw, and was well pleased at our Friendship, and all things seemed to promise our future Happiness: But alas, in that fatal Moment, when Heaven seemed to smile, the lovely *Anna* was brought a Captive to the Emperor, taken in a rich *Spanish* Vessel, of which they had made a Prize, the richest of the Spoils being presented to him, as usual. She was indeed esteemed a Present only fit for a Monarch's Bed, and pleased *Muly* more than Gold or Diamonds; he beheld her with Transport, treated her kindly, and rewarded the Admiral who brought her with a Jewel of great

Value; then gave the Princess *Amara* Charge of her: And thus the fair *Anna*, being placed with her, soon became acquainted with me. The Emperor was at this Time somewhat indisposed, which made him defer the Enjoyment of her till his Recovery, when the Princess *Amara's* Marriage with me was to be solemnized: But who could see the beautiful Captive, and not adore her? *Amara* seemed disagreeable in my Eyes when she stood by, and I soon grew so passionately in Love with her, that I found I could not live without her: And now all my Study was how to conceal my Thoughts from the Princess, and get the fair Captive out of *Muly's* Hands, and secure her to myself; this was indeed a Work of great Difficulty, and first I strove to gain *Anna's* Esteem by many little Presents, and speaking often to the Princess in her Favour, who was indeed very fond of her; yet I did all this with much Caution: Then when I at any time found her alone in Tears, as she often was, I seemed to commiserate her Misfortunes, inquired into her Country and Circumstances, and sometimes hinted my Inclination to procure her the Means to regain her Liberty: This, added to the Fears she was continually in of being sacrificed to the Emperor, who daily sent for her, though he was sick, and made her sit on the Couch by him, and shewed more Affection for her than for all the rest of his Slaves; which made her more inclined to give Ear to my Offers, whilst I carefully concealed from her the Passion that glowed in my Breast, under the Names of Friendship, and Royal Pity. Having thus gained my Ends on her, my next Care was to provide such a Retreat as might secure both my rich Prize and myself from the Emperor's Fury, and *Amara's* Resentments; in order to which, I employ'd two of my faithful Slaves, the two now with me, to search near the Sea-Coast for some Place fit to conceal us in, till we could find some Means to escape to a Christian Country; and, after much searching, they at last found this ruined Fortress, which has for some Ages past been left unrepaired and disregarded, and quite uninhabited, the Gates being so long shut, that the Locks, Bolts, and Hinges are so spoiled with Rust, that 'tis impossible to get them opened without warlike Engines; my Slaves discovered the subterranean Way by which you entered, and boldly ventured into it with lighted Torches, cutting away with their Scimiters the Weeds with which it was stopped up, by which Means they discovered the Stairs, and going up entered the Fortress, and finding the Place and Apartments fit and convenient for my Purpose, came with Joy to inform me of it: I in a few Days after pretended to go a Hunting, taking only a few of my Slaves with me, part of whom I left at some Miles distance from this Place, and came to it attended by only the two which I trusted, who shewed me the Way and Place, which I very well liked; and returning back to the Emperor's Palace, resolved to conceal my true Design from the sweet Captive, who I was positive would never consent to my Desires but by Force; so I put a Letter into her Hand, to inform her, that now I had secured a Ship to carry her to *Spain*, as she desired, and offered to convey her away that very Night, if she would consent: The innocent Maid gladly accepted my Offer, little imagining that I did not really love the Princess *Amara*, or had any ill Designs on her, so well had I dissembled. One of my faithful Slaves conducted her, being veiled, out of the Garden, and put her into a close Litter drawn by two Mules, driving her away to a Wood some few Miles distant from the Palace, where they stopped to wait for me: It was just the Close of the Day when they set out, and I soon followed, pretending to the Emperor and *Amara*, that I was only going to a Country Seat which I had, and designed to hunt for a Day or two, and so return. Having left the Palace, I sent one of my Slaves before, only retaining my other faithful one, who was in the Secret, and we soon came up with the Litter, where I found the trembling fair One, almost distracted between Fear and Hope: I did all that was possible to dissipate her Fears, assuring her that she should be safe, and that I would conduct her soon into the Ship, and that the Captain was a Christian in his Heart, though he had professed Mahometism to obtain his Liberty, and that he would carry her with Safety to the Port she desired; so we soon reached this Wood, and then I took her in my Arms out of the Litter, and set her down at the Entrance of our new Abode, which one of the Slaves led the Way to with a lighted Torch: But 'tis impossible to express the Agony she was in at this Sight; she would have fell at my Feet, but I held her too fast; she shrieked and wept, but all in vain: My other Slave shut the Trap-door behind us, and she fainting in my Arms, I carried her with Ease up into this Apartment, which my Slaves had by my Order furnished as you see, and laid in Store of Provisions and Wine: So, transported with being thus secured of the Possession of what I loved above Life or Liberty, I laid her senseless on the Bed, and there kept her the Remainder of the Night in my Arms. 'Tis needless to mention her Grief, or my Joy; we have continued here in Safety for above five Years, during which my dear *Anna* has brought me three Children, two of which you see here before you, the other is dead. The Emperor searched for us many Months in vain; doubly enraged with the Loss of the fair Slave and the Princess *Amara*, who, poor unfortunate Lady, was so distracted with Love and Despair, that she poisoned herself a few Days after I left her. I would have long since attempted to

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get away from this sad Place with my dear *Anna*, if I had not feared Discovery; but my Enemies are so watchful, that I see no Possibility of doing it, without running the greatest Dangers; therefore if she could be contented, I would rest satisfied to live thus retired all the Days of my Life, blessed with her sweet Company. Sometimes we venture abroad in Disguises when we know the Court is absent; and we want no Necessaries, because my Slaves go forth and buy whatever we want. This, said he, Christians, is my Story; and if you will be faithful and secret, and procure us some Means to get hence with Safety, I promise to embrace the Christian Faith, on Condition that my dear *Anna* will marry me, and to let my Children be baptized also; and I have Treasure sufficient to provide for us all.

CHAP. VI.

The princely *Moor* having thus ended his Discourse, the two Lords much applauded his Design of being a Christian, and protested that they would keep the Secret he had intrusted them withal most religiously. Then Lord *Albertus* turning to the Lady, said, Well, Madam, why are you thus afflicted? Weep no more; see Heaven here sends you Christian Friends, your Life shall be no longer wretched; we can provide you a Companion, a Lady nobly born, as we believe you are; rejoice that the Almighty has by your Means drawn this Royal Infidel to be a Christian, you must now resolve to make him your lawful Husband, since Providence has given you to him: We will haste back to our poor Cottage, and fetch the lovely *Leonora* to be a Witness to your Union, and at a leisure Hour desire to know your Story. The now courteous *Abra* embraced them, and used the kindest Intreaties imaginable to the beautiful *Anna*; who at last gave him her Hand, and with a deep Sigh said, forgive my Breach of Faith, my dear *Alonzo*, Fate forces me to do this Deed, and destines the wretched *Anna* to another's Arms. The jealous *Moor* heard these Words with some Disorder, and said, I now, too late, perceive from whence your Coldness for me proceeds; but let that hated Rival take Care always to avoid my Sight, for by the Powers above he surely dies if I can ever find him out. Alas, said *Anna* weeping, he is doubtless dead, or must be always so to me; for since the fatal Day that I was made a Prisoner, I never saw his Face: Then it was that I left him bleeding on the Deck, so wounded that he could not rise to bid me once farewell; to him my infant Vows and Faith were given, Equals in Birth and Fortune; by our fond Parents join'd, but Heaven did not say *Amen*: Believe me, my Royal Lord, all our Intentions and Designs were noble, and since I must be ever yours, no kind, no sad Remembrance of my former Love shall make me to omit the Duty and Respect I owe to you. He clasped her in his Arms, wiped away the falling Tears, and bid his Slaves bring Supper in, telling the Lords they should not part that Night, but stay till the Day-break secured them from Insults: The Count *D'Olon*e with great Unwillingness consented, fearing to fright his *Leonora* with his Absence. They passed their Supper very agreeably, and the *Moor* related all the Stratagems he had made use of to frighten the Peasants, that came to cut Wood in the Place for Firing, particularly of making Flames and Smoke issue out of the Holes near the Tree, which his Slaves did with burning Tow in them; after which they beat a Drum, sometimes groaning like departed Spirits: But, said he, I was more apprehensive of you than all others, having often before observed you, and heard you converse, by which I believed you Renegado Christians, sent for Spies; but, blessed be God, I find you otherwise. The fair *Anna's* Conversation charmed them more than all the rest, for she now grew more free, and somewhat chearful, being comforted with their Company, a Pleasure she had long been a Stranger to; nor could the Lords cease to admire the Behaviour of the Slaves to their Lord and the Children, whom they regarded as sovereign Princes. Supper being ended, they retired to Beds according to the *Turkish* Fashion; that is, Quilts spread on *Persian* Carpets on the Floor, with fine linen Sheets and Coverings, which are all rolled up together in the Morning and carried away to other Rooms: But our Hermits never closed their Eyes all Night, not thinking themselves altogether secure in a Place where an Infidel was so absolute Master, doubting much of the Sincerity of his Conversion: But their Fears did happily prove groundless, and Day appearing, the Slaves came to call them to Breakfast, the Coffee being ready. The noble *Moor* and his Lady, Breakfast being ended, intreated their speedy Return, and presented them with a rich Jewel for *Leonora*: Many Civilities passed when they took Leave, and in their Way Home, they could not but praise and admire the divine Providence, that had now shewed them so safe a Retreat, and such Means to assist their Flight from this miserable Place, where cruel Slavery attends every wretched Christian, who will not renounce his Saviour, and adore the false Prophet *Mahomet*: And when they came to their poor Abode, they found

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the disconsolate *Leonora* all drowned in Tears, with honest *Jaqueline* lamenting for them, they having concluded them dead; but their Joy was inexpressible when they saw them: The good Lords gave *Leonora* an Account of all that had happened to them, and told her she must go back along with them. She at first seemed fearful of going, and advised them not to put so much Confidence in the *Moor*: But Lord *Albertus* so reasoned with her, how much it was their Duty to assist in so holy a Work, as the Conversion of this Infidel would be, and how easy it would have been for him, to have either murdered, or detained them Prisoners if he had pleased; but see, said he, he first trusts us with such Secrets as his Life and Happiness depends upon the concealing of, and then sets us at Liberty; which shews a noble, generous Nature, and speaks him a brave honest Man: *Leonora* at last yielded to go, so they left *Jaqueline* to look to their home, and set out for the old Fortress, saying they would return at Night; and they had buried *Leonora's* Jewels, and what Treasure they had left, to secure it: Being arrived at the Trap-door, and giving the Sign agreed on, which was three blows with our Hermits Staves, which they used to walk withal, the Slave appointed opened it, and with a lighted Torch conducted them to the Apartment, where the noble *Moor* and his Lady received them very obligingly; the Ladies embraced one another, both equally glad to meet a Christian Companion in a Country of Infidels. And now *Abra* pressed *Anna* to keep her Promise, which she at last consented to do, and the next Morning was appointed for that Ceremony, he being to be first baptized. The Day was passed in a tender Conversation between the two Ladies, and a very pious one between the *Moorish* Prince and the two Lords; *Albertus* instructing him in the most difficult Points of the Christian Religion, to which they found he was no Stranger, so well had the wise *Anna* informed him of the Christian Faith: In the Evening he was baptized, with his two Children; he by the Name of *Bartholomew*, it being the Festival of that holy Apostle; his little Son by that of *Philip*, and his little Daughter by her Mother's: A Feast, such as could be procured in such a Circumstance, was provided, and the Count *D'Olone* so pressed *Leonora* to augment the Pleasures of the next Day, by marrying him, that she yielded to it, in Complaisance to all the Company, who joined with him in his Request. The next Morning, according to Agreement, the two Marriages were solemnized; and certainly there never was any thing more extraordinary, than to have Persons of so great Quality espoused, and keep their Nuptials in such melancholy Circumstances, and in so strange and ruinous a Place. The Slaves were also baptized; and now an universal Satisfaction seemed to reign in every Breast.

In the Evening Lord *Albertus* returned to his Cottage, to inform poor *Jaqueline* of the whole Secret, who could now be more useful than ever to them, to buy and procure whatever they wanted, except a Ship; and that he knew not how to procure, but by the Means of his kind Patient whom he had cured of his Fever, who he hoped to persuade into taking the Air often on the Sea, with his favourite Slave *Juliana*; and by that Means to draw them out to Sea on the *Spanish* Coast, and so get them near the Shore to be taken by the *Spanish* Vessels, or unable to get off; but this Time must bring about: But in order to it, he made a Visit the next Morning to young *Mustapha*, to whom he presented some curious little Pictures of the blessed Virgin and some Saints, which he had drawn at his leisure Hours: He also play'd on some Instruments of Musick which he found there: All this so charmed the young *Turk* and his beautiful Slave, whom he had always near him, that he embraced the good Monk, or in Appearance Dervise, calling him Father, and asking what Reward he should give him to teach him some of the Arts that he was Master of, and how he might obtain more of his Company: To all which Lord *Albertus* answered with great Civility, that he was ready to instruct him in all he pleased to know, and that in travelling to *Mecca* in his Youth, he had met and conversed with many Christians, of whom he had learned many curious Arts, as also the Mathematicks, and Navigation, and should be glad to teach them to him. *Mustapha* was a Youth of a great Genius and ready Wit, and joyfully embraced his Offer: So he promised to visit him every Day, and took Leave. From his Cottage the noble Monk went back to the old Fortress, and in the Way met with a very odd Accident; he saw a Man lying at the Foot of a Tree, so spent with Sickness and Travelling, that he could not rise; he was dressed in the Habit of a Slave, and loaded with Irons; his Beard reached to his Waist, and the Image of Death was painted in his meagre Face, yet it was easy to see that he was an *European*, and a Gentleman; his Feet were extremely swoln, and the Irons had eaten into his Legs: Lord *Albertus* was moved to Pity at such a melancholy Sight, and stop'd to speak to him; and fearing to betray himself not to be what he appeared, that is, a *Turk*, he spoke in the *Morisco* Language to him; saying, in the Name of our great Prophet, what art thou, poor Slave, and how didst thou come to be in this deplorable Condition? doubtless, thou hast served some cruel Master, and hast preferred Death to a wretched Life, by venturing to fly from him. Yes, said the almost expiring Slave, I have done

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so, gentle Dervise, and only wish to die alone, and spend the few Moments that are left of my unhappy Life in conversing with my God, and not with Infidels; I detest your Prophet, your Nation, and your Cruelties: I have here suffered all that wretched Man can endure in the most barbarous Land, and now am going to my dear Redeemer, as I hope, and to eternal Rest: 'Tis three Days since I have tasted any Food, or had one soft refreshing Slumber, but now Life ebbs apace, and all my Sufferings, Fears, and Wants will end: Here he fainted. Compassion melted good *Albertus's* gentle Soul, the Tears fell from his Eyes, to see his fellow Christian's Sufferings, and he quickly drew a small Bottle out of his Pocket, which he had filled with Wine, and generally carried with him when he went abroad, to be ready on any such Occasion, or in case himself were faint; he poured some of this into the dying Slave's Mouth, which a little recovered him, so that he was able to repeat his Draught: So soon as he came a little back to his Senses, Lord *Albertus*, to remove his Fears, said, Fellow Christian, receive Comfort, and do not abandon yourself to Despair, God sends you help by my Hand: Not far from this Place I have a poor Cottage, where you may be safe and recover your Strength, get free from your Fetters, and I hope get some Means not only to live, but regain your Freedom: I myself am a Christian, though thus disguised; nay more, a Priest, and shall be glad either to save or serve you in your Passage out of this Life. At these Words, the poor Slave lift up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, rejoicing; and said, Blessed be the Almighty, the all-pitying God, who has looked on my Distress, and sent me what I only wanted, a Christian Friend, and more, a ghostly Father, to assist me in my greatest Need; alas, as for removing hence, it is not possible for me to do, unless some farther Help was near to bear me to your Home; besides I think Death is gently stealing on me, and my Life draws to an End. Just as he spake, Lord *Albertus* perceived one of the Slaves who was coming from the Fortress to go to the Cottage for Food, as usual, *Jaqueline* providing what was wanted; he called him to him presently, and sent him to the next Village to hire a Horse, to carry this poor Wretch to his Cottage: Mean Time he gave him more Wine, and took his Confession. The Slave soon returned, and they together helped him upon the Horse, and the Slave throwing his Coat over him, to hide his Slave's Dress and Irons, got up behind him, and soon brought him to the Cottage; where they gave him Food, filed off his festering Fetters, and put him to Bed: Then the good Monk inquired his Name and Country; but who can conceive the Greatness of his Surprize and Satisfaction, when he found that he was the brave Don *Gomez D' Arcos*, *Leonora's* Father, who had been made a Slave, and cruelly treated by the *Turkish* Admiral, after she had made her Escape. Lord *Albertus* embraced him tenderly, and told him of his Daughter's being safe, and in his Care. This was a Cordial that revived him, even more than Food and Rest could do; and they blessed God with all their Souls: Then *Jaqueline* being ordered to attend him, Lord *Albertus* and the Slave set out for the Fortress, not to return till the next Morning; and being arrived there, Lord *Albertus* acquainted *Leonora* with the agreeable News of her Father's being at their Cottage, at which she rejoiced extremely; and it was concluded he should be removed to the Fortress as soon as possible, to prevent any Discovery; for fear the *Turks* should find him: And in the Evening the two Slaves went and hired a Litter to bring the good old Lord, who willingly went along with them; and they carried him in their Arms into the Apartment in the Fortress, where *Leonora* received him with open Arms, and his new Son-in-Law, the Count *D'Olone*, embrac'd him tenderly. He could not but admire to see so noble a Company in so strange a Place, and blessed the gracious God that had preserved and brought them all there together. Supper was served, and Don *Gomez*, being now much revived and recovered, entertained them with a moving Account of his Sufferings. My dear Children and noble Friends, *said he*, since the Relation of past Dangers and Pains are delightful, and serve to give a sweeter Relish to the present Satisfaction and Deliverances which we now enjoy, I will tell you what this poor aged Body of mine has endured, since you, my dear Child, escaped from the amorous enraged *Abeneer's* Seraglio; till then he treated me kindly, made me remain in his Palace, and often conversed with me; enquiring about the State and Laws of our Country, the Government of the Christian Nations, the Strength of our Fleets, and such Discourses, in which he seemed to take much Pleasure; I still returning such Answers as became a Man of my Years and Experience: But the Morning after your Flight, he called for me, and with a Countenance full of Indignation said, Christian, the ungrateful Slave your Daughter has fled from me, doubtless you are privy to her Flight, and know where she is concealed; fetch her back to me immediately, or by our great Prophet's Soul I'll force yours out with such exquisite Tortures, that you shall curse the Hour of your Birth; here, Slaves, I commit him to your Charge, let not the old Dotard escape, as you prize your own Lives. At these Words two Slaves seized me: The News of your Escape, my dear Child, was Musick in my Ears; but my Soul shook for Fear that you should again fall into the Infidel's Hands, and be worse treated than before: Therefore I thought it wisest not to incense *Abeneer* any

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farther, and therefore I said to him, my Lord, I am indeed ignorant where my Daughter is, nor was I privy to her Flight, but if you will give me Leave, I'll try to find her, and restore her to you; for since the Fate of War has made her yours, I had much rather she should remain so, than to have her exposed to farther Miseries, and be a Slave to one less noble. Nay, says he, she has inticed the other handsom Slave along with her: Find them out, and I'll reward you; but if you find them not, I'll be revenged on you, and every one that has had a Hand in their Escape, or helps to conceal them. Having said this, he turned his Back, and ordered the Slaves to attend and watch me wherever I went: So I pretended to go in Search of you, by which Means I drew them to follow me into a Wood; I was myself disarmed, for they had taken away my Sword when they seized me; but finding myself alone with them, I all of a sudden snatched a Poniard from one of the Slave's Side, and stabb'd him to the Heart: I would have secured the other also, but Fear lent him Wings to fly from me, and he escaped, although I pursued him to the Wood's Side; but then perceiving some *Turks* on the Road to whom he stop'd to speak, I thought it was best to retreat into the Wood, to try to hide myself in case I was pursued; and being greatly terrified (though I resolved to fight even to Death) with the Fear of being retaken, and not killed, I resolved rather to venture into the inmost Part of the Wood, amongst the wild Beasts, than to fall into the Hands of the merciless Infidels again. I made all the Haste I was able, and entering amongst the thickest part of the Trees, I thought that I perceived a Light like a Lamp, and approaching nearer, I discerned a kind of Cave, in which there sat a venerable old Man a reading; his Beard reached down to his Girdle, white as Silver, his Head was bald, his Habit very mean, only a coarse woollen Garment down to his Ancles, tied with a Cord at the Waist; he had nothing but wooden Sandals on his Feet, such as himself had made, and there lay sleeping by him an old Lion: He seemed so attentive on what he was reading that he did not perceive me, though I came up so near that I was just before his Door, just as he laid down his Book, crossed his Breast, and rising waked the Lion, whom he gently stroked, and then went farther into his Cave, opened a Door, and fetched out a Piece of broiled Flesh, as I supposed by its Colour, of which he threw a Part to the Beast, and was going to eat some himself; but when he perceived me, he started, and seemed somewhat surprized: But I soon ended his Fears by speaking to him in the *Spanish* Tongue, to which he readily answered. I told him I was a Christian, fled from the cruel *Turks*, by whom I feared being pursued, and sought a Shelter from their Fury. When I spake the Lion roared hideously, but he gently chid him, and kindly bid me come in: I did so, and was amazed to see the Place, for he brought me into the inner Room, where there lay the Skeleton of a Woman, in a kind of Coffin curiously wrought with Cane and Rushes; there was also a kind of Bed laid on Hurdles, made likewise of Rushes; the Coverings were Beasts Skins dried in the Sun, and the Furs turned inward, to preserve this poor Hermit from the Cold: The only Seat was a Log of Wood; he had an earthen Platter and Pitcher, with a kind of Cupboard, to preserve his Oil for his Lamp, and his Food. He had a Bow, and Quiver of Arrows, with some Gins to catch wild Beasts in; with a Knife, and Tinder-box. He perceived that I was faint, and gave me some Water to drink, for he had nothing better: Mean Time the Lion went forth. Now, said he, my Purveyor is gone abroad to provide us a Supper, for I get little else to eat, but what he brings; so he asked me about my Country, and how I came to this barbarous Place, and I related all my Misfortunes to him, and was overjoyed to be his Guest: Then I begg'd to know his Story, which he as willingly told me, as I had told him mine; beginning in these Words.

CHAP. VII.

I am, *said he*, a Native of *England*, I was born in that famous and opulent City, *London*; my Father was a *Spanish* Merchant, trading in Wines to *Spain*, *Portugal*, and the *Levant*: He was very rich, and I was his only Child. He gave me a very liberal Education, and sent me to the University of *Oxford*; and at my Return to *London*, having finished my Studies, he sent me to travel, designing to breed me a Gentleman, and to no Trade or Profession. I had a natural Inclination to Travelling; and having spent some Time in *France*, I resolved to make the Tour of *Europe*; and having writ to my Father, and obtained his Leave, I went into *Spain*, where I resided for two Years; my Father's Correspondents making me very welcome, and by this Means I learned the *Spanish* Language perfectly: Here I became acquainted with a young *Italian* Nobleman, whose Name was the Count *de Mancini*, and he did me the Honour to contract a great Friendship with me, and invited me to go with him to *Rome*: He often talked of a beautiful Sister which he had there, and so boasted of her Perfections, that I was doubly fired with an

extreme Curiosity both to see her, and that famed City, and readily consented to wait on him thither; so I went along with him in his Coach, and we had a very pleasant Journey: But when we came to *Rome* to his House, or rather Palace, where the fair *Beatrix* received us, I thought myself in an earthly Paradise; her Face was beautiful as an Angel, her Shape and Mien divine; her Modesty and Virtue shone in their full Lustre: Old as I am, my Blood grows warm, and my Heart leaps at the Remembrance of her; sure Heaven never made a more perfect Woman, both for Soul and Body; complete in Beauty and Sense. Our Supper was magnificent beyond all I had ever seen before; and being conducted to an Apartment by the Count where I was to lye, I passed the greatest Part of the Night in admiring the rich Furniture and curious Paintings, but above all the Picture of the fair *Beatrix*, which in my Eyes excelled all the others; there my Eyes were fixed, and though I was much tired with my Journey, yet all Thoughts of Sleep were vanished, and her lovely Idea filled my Soul: And when the Count entered my Chamber in the Morning, and asked how I had slept, I told him I had never passed a Night so agreeably waking; he smiled, and I believe guessed my Meaning, for as I was rising, he asked me how I liked his Sister's Picture? and then embracing me, said, may the Original please you better, and may she love you as I do, that we may be as closely united by that Alliance, as we are already by Friendship. I was so transported at the generous Deportment of my Friend, that I even wanted Words to thank him; but clasping him fast in my Arms, I said, Brother and Friend, if it were possible that the divine *Beatrix* could condescend to make me that happy Man, believe me it should be my whole Study to make grateful Returns to her and you: My Soul adores her, and there is nothing I desire more on Earth, than to be never separated from her and you. We went down to Breakfast, where she received us; her Conversation charmed me: In fine, I was so fortunate that she not only suffered my Addresses, but at last granted my Request, on Condition that I should become a Roman Catholick. And now Fortune seemed to smile upon me, and I thought myself secure of Happiness: I was received into the Church with great Pomp, and in a few Days was married to my dear *Beatrix*, to the Vexation of a Crowd of Rivals, more noble and wealthy than myself. Of this I soon gave an Account to my Father in *England*, and now I was become Master of a great Fortune, and my new Brother, my Bride and I, took all the Diversions *Rome* afforded, and visited every Church and Villa, where Pleasure or Curiosity could lead us. Thus we passed three Years, in the greatest Felicity, in which we had two Sons, both which lived but a few Months: But no earthly Blessings are to be depended upon: My loved Brother-in-Law fell sick of a Fever and died, leaving me the greatest Part of his Fortune; and although I had behaved myself in such a Manner, as might rather have gained me Friends than Enemies, yet being a Stranger, and not nobly born, my *Beatrix's* Family and my revengeful Rivals did not heartily respect me; and finding my noble Brother gone, they soon began to slight me; and I was secretly advertised, by a sincere Friend, that some Designs were forming to bring me into the Court of the Inquisition, to undo me. This indeed made me think of leaving *Italy*, and to return to my native Country, where the excellent Laws secure the Subjects Lives and Liberties. I acquainted my dear *Beatrix* with my Design, and there needed no other Argument to induce her to consent to it, but the Preservation of my Life and Liberty: So we agreed to turn all our Fortune into Money and Merchandize, and to hire a Ship to carry us and our Wealth to *England*. In order to this I secretly employ'd my Confessor, a very good Ecclesiastick, to propose the purchasing of my Estate and Houses, or rather Palaces, for such they indeed were, both that in the City and my other in the Country, which was not five Miles from *Rome*, to my Wife's Relations; and they soon embraced the Offer, and in few Days the Price was agreed upon: The Conveyances were drawn, the Money paid, and then I immediately put all Things in Order for our Departure, getting Bills for Part of my Money, and the rest I laid out in Plate, and Jewels, and rich Merchandize, with which we left *Rome*, and went to *Leghorn*; there we hired and loaded a Vessel for *England*, and going aboard, set sail with a very fair Wind, flattering ourselves that we should get safe to that happy Isle; but God had otherwise decreed, for the fifth Day of our being at Sea, the Wind began to rise, and by Night such a Storm blew, that our Sails were all torn in Pieces, our Masts broke, and our Rudder split, so that we were left to the Mercy of the Winds and Waves, and had nothing but the divine Providence to trust to: But I was, alas, insensible of my own Danger, all my Concern was for my dear *Beatrix*, who appeared much more calm and resigned than all the rest of the Company; she was big with Child, a Condition that made her more unfit for Danger, and doubly claimed all my Care and Tenderness. The Seamen's Clamours and the boisterous Winds did almost deafen us, so that I could scarce understand her soft endearing Words; but I held her in my Arms, resolving never to part with her, even in Death; and at Break of Day we found ourselves on this barbarous Coast, and our Fears of present Death were converted into those of what we dreaded worse, the cruellest Servitude: For the Infidels were looking out upon the

Shore for Plunder, and soon spy'd us. The Tempest was still so violent no Boats could venture out to Sea; but it soon drove us to Land, the Vessel splitting on the Sands, so that we were forced to leap ashore or be drowned, for the Water entered the Ship, and tore it all to pieces. I had saved some rich Jewels about my Wife and me, with Design, if possible, to conceal them, to pay our Ransom, in case we should fall into the Infidels Hands, as we did; for we were no sooner upon the Sands but they came down to help us, as they pretended by the Signs they made us; and my dear *Beatrix* and I were conducted by a Fisherman to his Cabin, where he made a Fire to dry us, gave us Rum to drink, and Bread; often viewing our Habit, and discoursing about us to his Wife and two Sons, which though we could not understand, yet we too well guessed, that they supposed us Persons of Quality, and were glad to have secured us. We sat down in this poor Place, being very sick and faint: Then the old *Turk* and one of his Sons went out and left us: Soon after a Band of Soldiers came in, and gave us to understand, that we must go before the Governor or Bassa of *Tunis*, for there we were cast on Shore. But what Pen or Tongue can express the Agony I was in, when I saw my dear *Beatrix*, who till then had never shed a Tear, turn her angelick Face towards me, and melt into a Torrent of Tears: Alas, now, said she, we shall be parted, and meet no more till after Death: Then she fainted, and I went to catch her in my trembling Arms, but the rude Soldiers pushed me from her, and their haughty Captain, who had gazed with eager Eyes upon her Beauty, lifted her up with such Concern, as raised a thousand Scorpions in my Breast; recovering from her Trance, a Vail was flung over her Head, and we were drag'd along to the Bassa's, and with some of our Ship's Crew, who had been saved and brought there before us, put into a common Hall, under a Guard, and left till Notice being given to the Bassa, he called for us into his Presence; he no sooner looked upon us but he singled out my Wife and me, bidding us stand by: Then the poor Sailors were dismissed to be sold for Slaves, and he by an Interpreter demanded my Name and Quality. I said I was a Merchant, a Native of *England*, who had been at *Leghorn* to buy Silks and Wines, and that *Beatrix* was my Wife, and I hoped that as our Nation and his were at Peace, he would release us, and let us have Liberty to go home when an Opportunity presented. He smiled, and said he was informed my Wife was an *Italian*, (this he had doubtless learned by the Sailors) and that for that Reason she must not be released; but as for me, I might go where I pleased, on Condition that she were left behind. At these Words I knew not how to govern my Passion, and she fell into swooning Fits again. I fell upon my Knees, implored his Pity, and pleaded the Injustice of his Proceeding, offered more than I knew how to pay, but all in vain; for Love had made him deaf to all that I could say, and my dear *Beatrix* was carried away in his Slave's Arms, whilst I raged and stormed to no Purpose: So he left me raving to be seized by his Slaves, who having loaded me with Irons, carried me out into the outer Court, and threw me into a Cart, and drove me into the Country, where I was many Days fed with Bread and Water, and laid under the Stairs of a Summer-house in a Garden, on a little Straw. Grief and this cruel Usage soon threw me into a violent Fever, on seeing which they removed me to a better Lodging, and used some Means to recover me; at last it was the Will of Heaven that I should live, and I regained my Health, so that I was able to walk about: Then they put on me a Chain, and Clog on one Leg, and put me to work in the Gardens; and by this Means I grew conversant with one of the Women Slaves, a *Moor*, who used to come to me to gather Fruit for the Women of the Seraglio, which joined to this Country House to which the Gardens belonged; of her I learned that this House and Seraglio were the Governor's, and that he used to pass his Summer here: This gave me some slight Hopes of getting some Knowledge of my dear *Beatrix*, yet I dared not to ask after her, till one Evening, *Mandate* the *Moorish* Slave coming to me, and I having perceived that she had taken a Fancy to my Person, I toyed a little with her, and demanded what fine *European* Beauties our Lord had in his Seraglios; she told me he had many, some of which she described, but he has one, said she, whom he seems more to doat upon than all the rest, an *Italian* Lady, who was great with Child when she was brought to him; she has been delivered of a dead Child, and has lain sick ever since, yet he daily visits and adores her, and it will not be many Days before he will be here, for he designs to bring her hither for the Air, and we believe he will, as usual, pass the Summer Season here. This News was Musick in my Ears, and I again kissed and hugged the ugly Creature, and dismissed her; and now I counted every tedious Day and Hour till the Bassa came, watching to have one momentary View of my dear *Beatrix*: At last the Slave informed me that she was the Night before brought to the Seraglio in a Litter, very weak, and lodged in an Apartment near a Terrass Walk that looked down into the lower Gardens where I worked: After this, my Eyes were continually gazing up to the Windows of that Apartment, and it was several Days before I was blessed with the Sight of my Dearest; but one Morning early, I perceived her at her Devotions, lifting up her Hands and watery Eyes to Heaven: She was very pale, and having no Thoughts of my being still alive, as I afterwards learned, cast

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not her Eyes to the Earth to search for any pleasing Object; and though I had no Hopes ever to have her nearer to me, or to possess her endearing Conversation any more, yet I found a sensible Pleasure in only looking on her, even at so great a Distance; and I watched the Windows after this continually, and often saw her; but one Evening I perceived the Bassa walking on the Terrass Walk, and soon after a Woman appeared, led between two Slaves, she was veiled, but upon her Approach the Bassa rose from his Seat, and ran to her, throwing up her Vail he embraced her, and led her to his Seat; then I discovered it was my Wife, and surely Racks and Wheels are trifling Pains to what I felt, stung by the Scorpion Jealousy; I crept close under the Wall, threw myself flat on the Ground on my Belly, as if asleep, fearing to be seen, and there heard their Conversation: He used all the Rhetorick of a passionate Lover in the *Italian* Tongue, to persuade her to love him, but in vain, she reasoned so wisely, and so virtuously, pleading her Religion and Duty, which forbid her ever to yield to his Desires, that if my Love could have possibly admitted of any Increase, I should have loved her more than ever: Yet I was still more sensible of my Loss, and though my Passion for her was not augmented, my Grief was greatly. He was very gallant, and said he would not force her, but stay till Time and his Intreaties should prevail on her to yield to his Desires. She told him, Death was all she coveted, since I was dead, and that she would never have a second Choice. He kissed her Hands, sighed, and treated her with the utmost Kindness, but she appeared very sad and disconsolate: I was transported to hear that he had not enjoyed her, yet in the greatest Perplexity how to free her and myself from Slavery. They stay'd not long, but he led her back to her Apartment, and the next Morning by Day-break I came into the Gardens, and placed myself in View opposite to her Windows, then I began to sing a *French* Song, which I had often used to sing with her when we were happy, and I had soon the Satisfaction to see her come to her Window, then I made her a Sign, which she answered with her Hand, and then she withdrew, as I suppose, for fear of being observed, and discovered by her attending Slaves. My Soul seemed now more at Ease, and I flatter'd myself, that Heaven which had brought us so near together, would soon find us the Means to escape. In the Evening I saw her leaning on the Slaves, walking on the Terrass, and I watched her very narrowly, hoping she would drop some Note over the Wall to me: Nor were my Expectations frustrated, for she came close to the Wall, which was Breast high, and leaning on it, let fall a silk Purse, which fell among the Herbs on the Bank beneath. I well marked the Place, but did not dare to go towards it till she was gone to her Apartment; for I learned from the *Moorish* Slave *Mandate*, that the Bassa was ignorant of my being there, having I suppose forgot to ask after me; and that he had told her I was dead, and perhaps believed me so, having ordered me to be so cruelly treated, at least he feared me not, having my dear *Beatrix* wholly in his Power; and I feared his seeing me, although my Slave's Habit and Misery had so changed me, that scarce any of my most intimate Friends would have known me: I therefore carefully avoided him, and waited till none of the Slaves were in Sight, then I flew to the Bank and took up the Purse, which I easily found, and trembling with Haste, untied the Strings, and found fifty Chequins in Gold, a rich Diamond Ring, and a Letter which contained these Words.

To my dear Antonio (for that is my Christian Name, my Sir-Name being Tindal.)

'Dearest, 'tis with the utmost Transport that my Ears and Eyes convince me that you are still alive, for I have long mourned you as dead. And though the miserable Circumstances we are in are such as would even cut off all Hope of our ever being free and happy together again; yet since there is a Possibility of it, seeing we are both alive, I trust in the Almighty that he will deliver us. The amorous Bassa giving me daily Presents, has furnished me the Means to help you with what this Purse contains: I hope it will procure your Liberty, and if you could find a secure Retreat for us, where we might be concealed in some disguised Dresses, till we could get off in some Christian Ship, and give me Notice where to come to you so soon as my Health is recovered, I would venture to attempt an Escape hence: If I die in the Attempt, Death is preferable to being a Slave with Infamy. May Angels guide you to find out such a Place as fits our Design, and be assured that I will be yours, and only yours till Death,

'BEATRIX.'

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I read this Letter with Transport, and fancied it would not be difficult to effect all she desired; and now all my Thoughts were employ'd on finding a Place fit for our Purpose; but alas, I forgot that I was loaded with a Chain and Clog, and that made it impossible for me to walk far; and that I was so watched by the other Slaves that I could never hope to escape unless I could get my Chain off and fly to some Wood, and there I should be in Danger to starve or be devoured by the wild Beasts: And now I was under a strong Temptation to renounce my Religion and turn Mahometan to gain my Freedom, and I did so, Heaven forgive me for it, for I went to the Chief-Priest, declared my Design, and was kindly received and entertained; nay, he sent me to the Emperor to *Fez*, and there I was loaden with Presents and greatly honoured, and sent back to *Tunis* to my hated Rival the Governor, with Orders to him to give me some honourable Post in the Fleet or Army: And tho' he inwardly burned with Rage, yet he was forced to dissemble, and gave me a Commission to command a Band of Soldiers, and now I was indeed free, but alas much more miserable than before, for my Conscience was wounded and continually reproached me with my Apostacy; and in the next place my dear *Beatrix* was now intirely shut up from me, for the Bassa suspecting my Design, and believing I turned Mahometan for no other End but to be revenged of him, kept her close in his Seraglio in the Country; yet however I at last found an Expedient, for I feigned myself sick, and kept my Chamber. I had bought a Slave, whom I found very faithful, and a Christian, he was a *Spaniard* by Birth, and a Gentleman, the Lieutenant of a Ship which had fallen into the *Barbarians* Hands, his Name was *Francisco de Almedo*; I used him kindly, and he used to dress and wait on me. I one Day asked him if he would serve me to obtain his Freedom, he swore he would, even to the Hazard of his Life, and even though I still kept him my Slave. I then embraced him, and bid him pretend that I was still in Bed unable to see Company, and so carry Food to my Bed-side for three or four Days, whilst I was absent, and not let the other Slaves know that I was not there; and at my Return I would set him free, and reward him nobly. He undertook to do it, and in the Night I took Horse and set out for the Country, leaving the Bassa in his Palace behind me. I soon reached the Seraglio, I knew perfectly well all the Place, and leaving my Horse fasten'd to a Tree near the Garden Gate, I climbed the Wall at a Part of it where I knew it was easy; it was a very Moon-light Night, and I was well armed, and my Face was covered with a black Vizard; so I mounted the Wall of the Terrass-Walk, and ran to the Apartment where my dear *Beatrix* was used to be kept. I soon climbed up to the Window where I had seen her stand, and breaking the Lettice got in: I made the least Noise imaginable, fearing to fright her; a Lamp was burning by the Bed-side, and she was in a profound Sleep, with a Handkerchief in her Hand, wet with the Tears she had shed, when waking. I approached her, trembling with Joy and Fear, and taking off my Mask, whispered gently, My dear *Beatrix*, look up my Charmer, and see thy *Antonio* come to deliver thee. At these Words she started, and for a Minute gazed upon me, in doubt whether it was a Dream, or real: But when I laid my Lips to her's, and clasp'd her in my Arms, she pressed me close to her innocent Bosom, and wept for Joy. Then I asked her if any Person was near to over-hear us. She bid me fasten the Door gently within-side, and tell her my Design: I did so, and bid her rise quickly and go with me. She answered me, if I had provided a Retreat for us. I told her no, but I should find one: She seemed to view my Habit with much Surprize, and would have asked Questions, but I hastened her to be gone. So having put on her Clothes, and taking what Gold and Jewels she had in her Cabinet, which were considerable, I got down first from the Window, which was but low, and helped her down; and from thence we descended from the Terrass-Wall into the lower Gardens, then I forced the Lock of the Garden Gate: Then I wrap'd her up in my Cloak, and set her upon the Horse before me; so setting Spurs to his Sides, we made haste toward the Sea-side; it was a very fine *Arabian* Horse, which Horses go very fleet, and by Day-break we were got many Leagues from the Seraglio; and being near this Wood, and my dear *Beatrix* being tired, and ready to faint through Weakness, I thought it best to turn in amongst the Trees to rest a little both ourselves and our Horse: So we alighted, and set ourselves down on the Grass under a Tree, by which I tied my Horse; then I pulled some dried Grapes and Figs out of my Pocket, with a Bottle of Wine, and gave her to eat and drink: And now we began to consult what was best to be done for her Safety; and I proposed to dress her in Man's Clothes as a Slave, and so to keep her with me till we could get an Opportunity to get away in some Christian Ship. But when she heard that I had turned Mahometan, though but in Appearance, she let fall a Shower of Tears, all her Courage forsook her, and she cried, Ah! my *Antonio*, my Hopes are at an end, Misery must attend us. Whilst we were thus busied in talking, we minded not that a venerable old Man was behind us, he was employ'd in picking up Sticks to make a Fire; but fearing to be discovered as well as we, as we came soon after to know, he stop'd; and placing himself behind a Tree, stood and overheard all we said; then coming forth, he saluted us in the

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Italian Tongue, saying, God save you, Christians, fear me not, I can furnish you a very poor but safe Retreat; and, if the Lady will accept of it, some Refreshment. We viewed him with Surprise, for he was very antient, and looked much as I do now. We thanked him, and he led us to this Cave, and entering into it said, Here I have served my God these forty Years, having no other Companion but the wild Beasts, yet this is better than Slavery: I frequent the neighbouring Villages to sell some Baskets which I make with Rushes, and some wooden Toys, which I employ my idle Hours in; with these I purchase Bread and Oil for my Lamp. I am a Native of *Italy*, and a Cordelier, I was going on the Mission to *Japan* in a Ship that was taken, and so brought in here: I was a Slave many Years; I have been whipped, and so beaten, and endured such Hardships that it would melt the Souls of Christians but to hear me relate my Sufferings; I have had the Nails of my Toes pull'd off with Pincers, been burned with red-hot Irons: In fine, I did suffer for ten long Years innumerable Miseries, till at last I resolved rather to live amongst Beasts than Men; so I fled to the Woods, and filing off my Fetters, remained for a while concealed all the Day, and so crept to the Villages in the Night, where I picked up the dirty Bones and stinking Scraps which were thrown out into the Streets for the Dogs, nay, I was glad to feed often on the putrified Carcasses of the wild Beasts which I found in the Woods who had died with Distempers, or been wounded by the Hunters. Oh! how often, *said he*, have I reflected on the profuse Manner in which Christians live in *Europe*, and how unconcerned great and rich Men sit down to their Tables to feast on the costliest Delicacies, whilst thousands of poor Christians perish in loathsome Prisons and the Streets for want of Bread; and what is still more terrible, are left in Slavery in the cruel Hands of Infidels who delight in torturing and tormenting their poor Fellow-Creatures, particularly such who will not forsake their Saviour for the Impostor *Mahomet*. At last I found this Cave with two young Lions in it newly whelped, and the old Lion sorely wounded so that she could not rise. I ventured in boldly, perceiving she had a poisoned Arrow sticking in her Side; I boldly pulled it out, and she licked my Hands, so I laid down by her to warm myself: In fine, I fed her daily with what I got and could not eat; but wanting Milk, one of her young Cubs died, and next herself. The other Cub was a Female, and I bred her up with Difficulty and made her tame, and she has lived with me ever since, and I spay'd her very young, fearing to have more; so she goes abroad, catches and brings her Prey home. On this and Roots I chiefly live, and finding she grows old, I am looking out for to find a young one to succeed her when she dies. Having thus told us his Story whilst we sat to rest, he brought us Bread and Meat, the Flesh of a Kid boiled, which his Lion had caught, and he had dressed; we could not but admire his way of Life, and were glad to accept of such a safe Retreat for a few Days to hide my *Beatrix* in, till I could provide a better; so I left her there whilst I rid back to a Town where I bought her a Slave's Habit, with which I returned to the Cave; and having dressed herself in it, we went to a Village where he directed us, and there I placed her at a poor Widow Woman's House as a sick Slave to recover her Health; and being beautiful, the Woman no doubt supposed her a favourite Slave whom I kept for my Pleasure, as it is usual with the *Turks* to do. Having placed her there, I went back to *Tunis*, slipt into my Apartment, and there found my faithful Slave *Francisco*, who rejoiced at my safe Return. All my Thoughts were now bent upon getting away from this barbarous Country, and I continually went to visit and pass whole Nights and Days with my dear *Beatrix*. Mean Time the Bassa having the News of her Escape from the Seraglio, was like an enraged Lion, yet could not discover where she was, nor who had been privy to her Escape; yet he suspected me above all others, and set Spies upon me, which I soon perceived, and finding it would be impossible for me to avoid being discovered, or to get away, if I did not put an end to his Suspicions by entirely disappearing, I at last resolved on a Stratagem which could not but succeed; so I pretended to be very sick, and so retired, being carried in a Horse-litter to my Country Seat, which was some Leagues from *Tunis*, there my Slave *Francisco* assisting, I feigned dying, and was in Appearance buried. This News was soon spread abroad, and my Command was given to another; and to prevent all Suspicion, he gave it out that I died of a pestilential Fever, so that my own Slaves did not dare to approach my dead Body, but bore me to my Grave, as they thought, without viewing it, and indeed it was only a wooden Statue which we had dressed up in my stead. Nor did I trust even *Francisco* with the Place of my Retreat, but only set him free, and left him enough to make him happy in any Christian Country. And now I fancied myself very safe with my dear *Beatrix*, and being disguised in a poor Fisher's Habit, I bought a Boat to go a Fishing, hoping to meet some Christian Ship to carry us off, and our good Friend the Cordelier. But to blast all my Hopes, my beloved *Beatrix* fell sick of a Fever, and in eight Days died: This struck my Soul with such a profound Melancholy, that I laid aside all Thoughts of Liberty and Happiness, and resolved to quit the World and retire to the old Hermit's Cave with her dead Body, which was a Treasure I knew not how to part withal; and I accordingly

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bought a large Chest, filled it partly with unslacked Lime, and put the Body into it, and hired a Horse-Litter to carry it near the Wood; there I made it to be set down, and sent the Litter away: Then I went up and acquainted the good Cordelier, who soon came and helped me to carry it into his Cave, and applauded my Design. We buried the Treasure I had with me, and we lived together five Years; during which Time the Lion died, and I found another young one which we bred tame also; then my good Companion died, and 'tis now thirty odd Years that I have lived alone in the Manner you see, and often relieved poor distressed Christians, like you, and now this kind of Life is grown habitual to me, and I often venture out early in the Morning to some neighbouring Villages, where I comfort the weary Slaves, assist the Dying with ghostly Counsel, purchase what I want, and return home at Evening; but I never discover my Abode to any body. Thus the good Hermit ended his strange Relation, and I was very glad to abide with him for some Days, till the Fury of the Search was over after me; but I could not forbear often to go forth with the Bow and Arrows to shoot Birds and Beasts, and to venture even to the utmost Bounds of the Wood; so that the ninth Day the *Turks* lying in wait for me, caught me, coming upon me at unawares, and they tied me with Cords to a Horse's Tail, and so dragged me along to the cruel Governor's, before whom I was brought. He loaded me with Injuries, and then commanded me to be loaded with Irons, and to receive the Bastinado; and they accordingly hanged me up by the Heels, and gave me fifty Blows on the Soles of my Feet; then I was cast into a loathsome Dungeon and fed with nothing but Bread and stinking Water. After this I was put amongst the other Slaves to draw Water, and treated with the greatest Inhumanity, being often lashed and almost starved, reviled and tasked above my Strength: So that at Length I was no longer able to support such Treatment, being even ready to die; so I took up a desperate Resolution to escape, or die in the Attempt.

I took an Opportunity one Evening when I was sent to draw Water to take my Flight, and leaving my Pitcher by the Well-side, it being Evening, I went as fast as ever I was able towards the Wood where the Hermit my old Friend lived: I travelled all Night, but being loaden with my Chains, could not reach half way, and all the Day long I was forced to hide myself behind some Hedge or Tree for Fear of being seen; and having no Food with me, I fed on the wild Roots and Fruits which I found in the Woods. Thus I travelled three Nights and Days till I reached the Place where the noble *Albertus* found me. This, my dear Children, and generous Friends, is a true Narrative of my Sufferings, since my *Leonora* escaped, whom I concluded dead and devoured by wild Beasts, or got aboard some Christian Ship and gone hence. You can easily conceive my Joy to find you, my dear Child, so safely lodged, and so well disposed of; and I beseech the Almighty to give us the Means to leave this inhospitable Place, and bring us in Safety to our native Countries again. All the Company joined with him in these Wishes, and much admired his Story of the Hermit: Nay, Lord *Albertus's* Curiosity to see him was such, that he resolved to make him a Visit before he left the Country. After this they retired to Rest, and the next Morning he set out for the Cottage in order to go to his Pupil *Mustapha* to effect his intended Design: And he so well succeeded, that in few Days he persuaded him to purchase a small Vessel, but a good Sailer, to take their Pleasure and Diversion in, that he might teach him perfectly the Art of Navigation after the *European* Manner. There needed not many Hands to manage this Ship, seven or eight were sufficient; and Lord *Albertus* said he could provide a rare old Pilot, meaning Don *Gomez*, and our *Mustapha* provided four Mariners, all *Turks*, and now Provisions were sent aboard, and the brave *Gomez* being recovered and put in a Sailor's Dress came aboard, and *Mustapha* came in the Evening with his beautiful Slave *Juliana*, and they past the whole Night on board very agreeably, the cunning Pilot using his utmost Dexterity in working the Ship, to shew his new Lord how well he understood his artful Business. Mean Time Lord *Albertus* entertained them with such Relations of the Politenes of *France*, *Spain*, and other Christian Kingdoms, as might both divert and raise young *Mustapha's* Curiosity; so they went ashore again at Day-break, and then the Ship was committed to the new Pilot's Care, who staid aboard with the Sailors. In a few Days after Lord *Albertus* proposed to *Mustapha* the same Diversion, and asked his Leave to bring some of his own Friends aboard, some *Turks* of Quality whom he had cured of Indispositions, and his Request was readily granted; so that nothing now remained but to put all things in order for to leave *Barbary*; and it was resolved that the three Ladies should be disguised in Men's Habit like so many young Slaves, such as the noble *Turks* keep for their Pleasure, Boys being there in as much Esteem as Women, and that they should attend the noble Moor with the two faithful Slaves, and the Women Slaves belonging to him, and *Anna* his fair Wife; that *Jaqueline* should wait on the two Children as their Nurse; and the Count *D'Olone* was to put on a *Turkish* Habit, and pass for the noble *Abra's* Friend, and that they should conceal about them all the Gold and Jewels they all had saved, and so come on board

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the Ship with Poniards and Pistols concealed under their Vests in case of Need, and be there before *Mustapha* came on board. Lord *Albertus* provided also store of Sherbet and Rum, with some Wine, which although the *Alcoran* forbids the Mahometans to drink, yet they will drink very freely of in private. All things being thus got ready, nothing remained but to gratify the Count *D'Olone's* and Lord *Albertus's* Curiosity of seeing the old *English* Hermit, which they did in the Manner following.

CHAP. VIII.

The two Lords rose at Day-break, and set out for the Wood, where being arrived they found the venerable old Man at his Morning Devotions, with his Lion lying at his Feet, waiting to be fed; he immediately rose from off his Knees, to go and embrace the noble Strangers, and so soon as they named Don *Gomez D'Arcos*, demanded how he did. So they sat down, and Lord *Albertus* related to him all the Story of his being taken, and Sufferings with the *Turks*; as also his Escape, and the deplorable Condition he found him in, with his Daughter *Leonora's* History: In fine, he entertained the attentive Hermit with an Account of himself, his Friend, and the noble *Abra*; a Story so full of Wonders, that he could not forbear to often break out into Ejaculations of Praise to the all-merciful God, who thus miraculously had and does preserve those who trust in him, and often gives Deliverance to poor Christians out of the Hands of *Turks* and Infidels. Then they invited him to leave his desolate miserable Habitation, and to go along with them to the Fortress, in order to return to *Spain* or *Italy*, there to taste the Sweets of Christian Conversation and Liberty. But he seemed unwilling to leave his Cave and Company, the sacred Remains of his dear *Beatrix* and Vassal Lion. Thus we see how possible it is for a Man to grow enamoured of the most unpleasant things, and how easy it is for us to habituate ourselves to Fasting, Cold, Solitude, and the greatest Austerities which Religion and Penitence can enjoin us to suffer for our Enormities, or Vices; at which the voluptuous Sinner trembles, or laughs, as impossible for Humanity to support. Thus deprived of all the Comforts of human Life, our Hermit, fearful to launch out into the World again, although worn out with Age, and fond of what we Worldlings esteem Misery, chooses to live with wild Beasts and dead Bones, to eat gross Meats and unsavoury Herbs and Roots, to converse with his Creator and his own Soul only, and to fly the endearing Company of his fellow Mortals, lest he should begin to love this World again, and grow neglectful of the next. What a wise, but a hard Lesson is this, for us of this Age to learn, who shrink at the slightest Disappointments, who are Strangers to Self-denial, and can scarce find Dainties to please and gratify our depraved Appetites, or soft Beds and downy Pillows, splendid Apartments and well situated Habitations, to repose our indulged feeble Bodies in, and court our wandering Senses to soft Slumbers; when want of Labour hinders from sound healthful Sleeps: But the prudent Hermit is contented with that Way of Life which Providence had now placed him in, and reflecting on the past Misfortunes of his Life, prefers this poor Retreat to *European* Palaces? He gave our noble Lords pious Advice, embraced them tenderly, and conducted them to the Wood-side, and there he took Leave, promising his Prayers should ever attend them. Thus they left him, much admiring his resolute Piety and Wisdom, and returned to the Fortress, where they surprized their Friends with an Account of what had passed, for they had all concluded that the Hermit would rejoice at the Offer of Liberty and Safety. And now nothing remained but to execute their Design of escaping themselves; and the appointed Morning being come, they went all aboard, as it had been before agreed, and soon after *Mustapha* came with the fair *Juliana*; he saluted the noble *Moor* and *Turk*, whose handsom Slaves he beheld with youthful Desires. Sherbets and Wines were served, with store of Sweetmeats, and the Anchor was weighed, the Sails unfurled, and a fresh fair Gale blowing, they sailed before the Wind, and were soon got out to Sea, before *Mustapha* was aware; to delude whom, the Slaves danced and sung. But when Lord *Albertus* and his Friends found they were out of Danger of the Infidels, they smiled upon one another; and Night coming on, and *Mustapha* dead drunk with Wine, they secured him on a Bed, and mounting on the Deck, gave Wine to the Mariners below. In fine, they reached the *Spanish* Shore by Day-break, and cast Anchor in the Port of *Barcelona*. The Infidels were much surprized to see themselves betray'd, but it was too late, for the *Spaniards* in their Boats soon came aboard, and the noble Lords and Ladies were congratulated as became the Occasion. The News soon spread ashore, and in all the Ships lying in the Port; and *Mustapha* was so treated and caressed, that he seemed not much displeas'd. They were all carried ashore, and conducted to the Governor's House, with a Crowd of the rejoicing Populace attending; and there the Ladies retired to the Governess's

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Apartment, and put on Women's Habits, such as became their Sex, and her Generosity to give them: So the Ship and *Turkish* Mariners were secured, and here this noble Company were entertained and visited with the utmost Magnificence and Civility for the Space of a Month; during which the young *Turk Mustapha* was converted, and baptized, and married to the fair *Juliana*. All the Nobility strove who should shew themselves most generous and obliging to these noble Strangers; and the Ladies, *Leonora* and *Anna*, writ to their Relations, who soon came or sent to congratulate them on their Return to *Spain* and Liberty. After some Time spent at *Barcelona*, they all took Leave of the Governor, with many Acknowledgments for the Civilities they had received of him, his Lady, and all the Nobility and Merchants there; and having agreed before not to part, these noble Travellers, having converted the Jewels which they had saved and brought along with them, into Money, which the two Lords, the noble *Moor*, *Don Gomez D'Arcos*, and *Mustapha*, divided equally amongst them, they all set out for *France*, Lord *Albertus* and the Count *D'Olonne* being desirous to return to *Paris*, and to make *France* their Place of Abode: The faithful *Jaqueline* and Slaves attending them, they soon arrived there in Safety; and the Count *D'Olonne* bought a fine Country Seat for himself and his beloved *Leonora* in *Normandy*, to which he invited his Friends to pass the Summer, and particularly Lord *Albertus*, whom he esteemed as himself; intreating him not to venture any more abroad to visit strange Countries, but to content himself with doing God what service he could in that Nation: You may here, said he, my noble Friend, find Objects enough to exercise your Patience and Piety upon, such as ignorant Peasants to instruct, debauched Noblemen to reprehend, sick and dying Persons to exhort and attend; in fine, expose not your Life to Seas and sultry Climates, to Infidels and Barbarians any more. The Lord *Albertus* seemed to hearken to his Advice; and preferring Solitude and Retirement to crowded Courts and Cities, took up his Residence altogether at Lord *D'Olonne's* Country Seat, where he continued for three Years; but Providence had decreed that he should end his Life elsewhere, and obtain a Crown of Martyrdom. The Count *D'Olonne* fell sick and died; his widowed Lady retired to a Convent, giving her Estate to the Church and her two Friends *Juliana* and *Anna*, to be equally divided: And four Jesuits being ordered on the Mission, and going in one of the Ships of the Squadron sent by the *India* Company from *France*, to *China* and *Japan*, Lord *Albertus* obtained Leave to accompany them, being very desirous to share their Labours, and bear a Part in their Sufferings, to propagate the Christian Faith. Thus the divine Wisdom does often direct us by secret Inspirations to the glorious Ends designed for those who follow its Dictates, and obey the divine Call: And he who loves his Saviour's Honour, and Mankind's Good before his own, shall not fail of a happy End.

In the Year 1723, the 17th of *February*, the noble Monk, Lord *Albertus*, went on board the good Ship the *Enterprenant*, bound from *Port Lewis* to *China*; they set sail the 18th with a fair Wind, having four Ships more in Company; and having a prosperous Voyage, they arrived safely in *China* the 10th of *August* following. He landed at *Nimpo*, a considerable City and Haven in *Chekiam*, a Province in *China*; there being the four Jesuits in Company, viz. Father *Fonteney*, *Fountain*, *Gerbillon*, and *de Visdelon*. *China* is a very ceremonious Country, and they were all forced to appear before the chief Mandarin, who examined them strictly as to their Business there, and viewed all the Goods belonging to them; which were only Clothes, Mathematical Instruments, Books, Pictures, Images of Saints, and such like, with some curious *European* Toys, and Watches. In fine, they passed through all the usual Formalities, and were then permitted to go to *Pekin* their capital City, to the rest of the good Fathers Missionaries; and there Lord *Albertus* remained for some Months, to learn the Customs and Language of *China*, which, though it contains but three hundred and thirty Words, and all of them but of one Syllable, yet is extreme difficult to be learned; because every one of these Words being pronounced in different Accents, hath different Meanings, and each Word is to be spoke in five different Tones, which swells the Number to one thousand six hundred and sixty five Words; then speaking quick or slow, roughly or smoothly, does again change the Sense; which renders their Language very harmonious, and they seem to speak musically; but this renders it also extremely hard for Foreigners to learn or understand, and a great Memory is absolutely necessary to attain it. So soon as Lord *Albertus* had made himself enough Master of the Tongue to be understood, he set out from *Pekin* with Father *Jacob*, another Missionary, who had been five Years in *China*, and was going to visit the Province of *Xensi*, which lyes on the Confines of *China* next *Tartary*; which is separated from that great Empire, only by that famous Wall so much spoken of in History. Here he came to a Town called *Cumchem*, and was received by the few Christians who lived there with great Joy: Here he preached, exhorted, confessed, and baptized all who were willing, or could be drawn to embrace the Christian Faith, and performed all the Duties of an Apostle and

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Christian Pastor. There was at this Time, as there is almost continually, Wars betwixt the *Tartars* and *Chinese*; who make Excursions frequently upon one another; and one Night, a Party of the *Tartars* enter'd the Town where the good Father was, and having plundered it, carried away many of the Inhabitants, amongst whom the brave *Albertus* was made a Prisoner. They were all pinion'd, and some of them tied to the Victor's Horses Tails, and so driven before, or dragg'd after them to the *Tartars* Camp; and from thence sent farther into *Tartary*, treated as captive Slaves, and disposed of as such. Lord *Albertus* appearing sickly, was looked upon as unfit for Drudgery, and being known by his Habit to be a Christian Priest, was examined about his Knowledge in the Sciences, and finding him to be learned in the Mathematicks, Astrology, and Navigation, one of the *Tartarian* Cans or Generals sent him to his Palace at *Turquestan* to educate his Favourite Son, and here he lived for two Years, in which Time he converted his Pupil *Ousanquea*, and his two Sisters *Timene* and *Panerata*, baptized and perfectly instructed them in the Christian Faith, and by their Means procured for his Use, in private, an old Mosque in a Wood, where he secretly instructed many *Tartars*, and received them into the Church: But at last this Truth coming to light, the Infidels grew enraged, and seized upon the pious Monk one Day as he was performing Divine Service in his poor Oratory in the Mosque, his Pupil and the young Ladies being present: He was dragg'd away by the People, his Pupils following and entreating them in Behalf of their Tutor, but in vain, their Nobility nor Intreaties bore any Weight, but rather enraged the Populace the more, because it discovered that they were also Christians. An Account of this Tumult was soon brought to the Magistrates Ears; and the *Tartarian* General, who was just returned home, it being the Season when the Army was gone into Winter Quarters, hearing that his Son and Daughters were turned Christians, flew to the Place where our Christian Hero was, attended with a Troop of Soldiers; there he no sooner saw the venerable Monk but he loaded him with Reproaches, and next proceeded to revile his own Son and Daughters; but they all continued firm in their Faith, and answered with the greatest Bravery, confessing their Saviour and renouncing the false Prophet *Mahomet* and his abominable Doctrines; whilst Lord *Albertus* stood with the greatest Meekness and Fervour, lifting up his Hands and Voice to Heaven, rendring Thanks to God who did thus manifest his Power amidst those Enemies of Truth, and had vouch-safed him the Favour to suffer this for his sake. He likewise encouraged his Pupils, crying aloud, Oh! my dear Children in Christ, fear not to stand up for the Truth, but like me lay down your Lives to obtain an eternal Weight of Glory. This more incensed the Infidels against him, who laid on him with Stones and Clubs, so that at last he surrendered his Soul into the Hands of him that gave it, and died praising God, with such Faith and Constancy, that even his Murderers were filled with Admiration: But his Pupils fell upon the dying Saint, pouring out Tears and Lamentations, and were dragg'd thence to Prison; where they in few Days after did likewise expire, being poisoned by the Villany of one of the *Tartarian* Bonzes or Priests, who being ordered by the Can their Father to attend them, in order to bring them back to Mahometism; and being unable to answer them in Dispute, or effect his Design, and fearing to fall under the Can's Displeasure, because the Villain had attempted to debauch one of the young Ladies in the Prison, they being lodged in different Apartments; he secretly threw Poison into some Water which a Slave had brought for them to drink, and so these innocent Martyrs all three died, and the guilty Wretch being put to the Torture, confest the Fact, and was recompensed with an ignominious Death. Thus this great and good Man, whose Birth and Infancy was attended with such wonderful Circumstances, who was indeed miraculously preserved alive, and whose whole Life had been in a manner a Series of Misfortunes and Deliverances. After having travelled over the greater Part of the Universe, and been surprized and exposed to the most imminent Dangers amongst Barbarians, and again restored in Safety to a Christian Country where he might have lived and died in Peace: Yet could he not restrain that ardent Zeal for God's Glory which filled his Soul, but must again launch out and run the Hazards of a long and dangerous Voyage to convert Infidels and Pagans to Christianity, and gain that Crown of Martyrdom which so few in this unthinking Age do court or endeavour to obtain, sealing the Truth of the Doctrine he had taught with his Blood. An Account of his Death, and the Manner of it was brought into *China* by some of the Christians who had been taken Slaves along with him into *Tartary*, and redeemed some Time after by being exchanged, and thence an Account was transmitted by the Missionaries at *China* to *Spain* to the Bishop of *Toledo*, who published it with a Design to do a just Honour to the Memory of so excellent a Man, and with Intent to excite others to follow so holy and brave an Example. But I forgot that I am speaking in a Nation and to a People who are the greatest Part of them more fond of Pleasure than Martyrdom, and care not to be reminded of Death; yet I hope there is a great Number of good Christians amongst us who are truly zealous for God and Religion, and would not scruple to lose their Lives and Fortunes in a good Cause: These

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I honour, and to these I dedicate this History, hoping they will excuse any Oversights which I have committed in the writing of it, and admit me into the Number of their Friends.