

The Noble Slaves

Penelope Aubin

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Containing, *The Noble Slaves; or, The Lives and Adventures of two Lords and two Ladies. The Life and amorous Adventures of Lucinda, an English Lady. The strange Adventures of the Count de Vinevil, and his Family.*

PREFACE.

We present the Publick with a Collection of Novels, written by the late ingenious Mrs. PENELOPE AUBIN, and published by her, at different times, singly, and with no small Success.

Amusements of this Kind have always been highly approved of in the most polite Nations, both of Europe and Asia: For such is the Nature of the human Mind, that it cannot be satisfied without Variety; and religious Subjects themselves, though the noblest Entertainments of all others, will sometimes lose their Force and Efficacy, even on serious Minds, when too strictly imposed or pursued, and if nothing be admitted to diversify and amuse. Much more may Subjects of Diversion be needful to regale the gay and sprightly Fancies of the Youth of both Sexes, the Vivacity of whose Tempers, so natural to their Time of Life, require somewhat to allure, to amuse, and to entertain; and who cannot be long kept to any one Subject, though ever so noble or important in itself.

As these Kinds of Writings, then, are principally of Use to divert and entertain the Minds of young Persons, the following Rules ought to be inviolably observed in them. First, A Purity of Style and Manners, that nothing may be contained in them that has the least Tendency to pollute or corrupt the unexperienced Minds, for whose Diversion they are intended. Secondly, That the Subjects should be such as naturally recommend all the Duties of social Life, and inforce an universal Benevolence to Mankind. Thirdly, That when a guilty Character is introduced, it should in the Conclusion appear to be signally punished or distressed, that others may be deterred from the Pursuits of those Follies, or Mistakes, which have been the Occasion of its Misfortunes. Fourthly, That Virtue or Innocence, on the contrary, be not finally permitted to suffer; but that a Prospect at least should be opened, either here or hereafter, for its Reward, in order to encourage every one who reads it to Imitation. And, lastly, that the whole have, at least, an Air of Probability, that the Example may have the greater Force upon the Minds it is intended to inform.

If these, among others that might be enumerated, may be said to be the indispensable Requisites of a good Novel, we must confess, with Concern, that they have been too seldom observed by those who have undertaken this Species of Writing, insomuch that it has brought a Disreputation on the very Name. And we are still more sorry to have Reason to say, That those of the Sex, who have generally wrote on these Subjects, have been far from preserving that Purity of Style and Manners, which is the greatest Glory of a fine Writer on any Subject; but, like the fallen Angels, having lost their own Innocence, seem, as one would think by their Writings, to make it their Study to corrupt the Minds of others, and render them as depraved, as miserable, and as lost as themselves.

Our Design is not to attempt to establish this Collection at the Expence of others, or, indeed, on any other Footing, than that of its own Merit: We will not therefore point out the particular Pieces of others, which we think dangerous to be perused by unguarded Youth, and, of Consequence, unfit to be recommended by such as would instil into their Minds the Principles of Virtue and Honour, and that at a Time when they are most susceptible of such Impressions as may be attended with either happy or pernicious Effects on their future Lives and Morals.

We shall only therefore observe, that Mrs. AUBIN had a far happier Manner of Thinking and Acting. She disdained to paint the guilty Scenes of Folly and Vanity in such Colours as might conceal their natural Deformity, and make the most unlovely and pernicious Vices amiable. She had no contemptible Share of Learning, surpassing what is usual in her Sex: She had excellent natural Talents, which were improved by Reading and Observation, as well as by Conversation with Persons as much distinguished by their Rank as for their good Understanding. She was Mistress of a polite and unaffected Style, and aimed not at the unnatural Flights, and hyperbolical Flourishes, that catch the weaker and more glittering Fancies of some of her Sex, and give their Performances too romantick an Air for Probability; and yet, at the same Time, it is lifted up above that tiresome and heavy Kind of narrative Prolixity, which affords no Entertainment to a brilliant Imagination. In short, she has the Felicity to hit and preserve that happy Medium between both Extremes, in this Particular, in which so few of her Sex, or our own, have succeeded; and which, at the same Time that it gives an Air of Probability to her Stories, equally delights and informs the youthful Mind. Her Relations are interspersed with a very entertaining Variety of Incidents, which flow naturally from her Subjects, and keep the Mind attentive and delighted; so that the longest of them cannot tire: And she mingles every where, as Occasions offer, very instructive Observations and Reflections, all tending to that one uniform End which was the principal Scope of her Writings; the mending

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of the Hearts of her Readers; the Encouragement of Religion and Virtue; and the discountenancing of Impiety and Vice. And so well has she observed the Rules above set down for constituting a good Novel, that her Heroes and Heroines are generally made successful or unsuccessful, happy or unhappy, according to their Merit: Or, if an innocent Person suffers, it is but for a Time, and then she draws from their Afflictions such Arguments as become a good Christian and wise Moralist. And, on the contrary, as she generally inflicts an exemplary Punishment on the premeditatedly guilty; so she raises from it such a Doctrine as may caution others to avoid the Crimes and Mistakes which have subjected them to the Calamities under which they labour.

And here it may not be amiss to transcribe a few Lines from different Places of these Volumes, in Confirmation of the Justice we do our Author, and which will best shew the End she constantly had in View in all her Writings; and how safely they may be recommended to the Perusal of Youth, without the least Apprehension of inculcating upon their Minds, those impure and polluted Images which too generally abound in Pieces of this Nature.

To instance then a few Things, in the Preface to her Novel called The Noble Slaves, she tells us, That her only Aim is to encourage Virtue, to expose Vice, imprint noble Principles in the ductile Souls of our Youth, and by setting great Examples before their Eyes, excite them to Imitation. That her only Desire is to please the Good and Virtuous, and is particularly studious of promoting the Instruction and Delight of her own Sex. She censures freely the Infidels of the Times; recommends Trust in God, as the best Security in all Dangers. And concludes that Piece with this Observation, Since Religion is no Jest, Death and a future State certain; let us strive to improve the noble Sentiments such Histories as these will inspire in us; avoid the loose Writings which debauch the Mind: And since our Heroes and Heroines have done nothing here but what is *possible*, let us resolve to act like them, make Virtue the Rule of all our Actions, and eternal Happiness our only Aim.

In the entertaining History of the Count de Vinevil, she professes to try to allure young Minds to Virtue, by Methods where Delight and Instruction may go together, in an Age where more grave Pieces are too generally dispised or neglected. She tells us, That it is a Story in which Divine Providence is shewn to manifest itself in every Transaction; where Virtue is tried with Misfortunes, and rewarded with Blessings; where Men behave like Christians, and Women are really virtuous and imitable. Would Men, *she says*, trust in Providence, and act according to Reason and common Justice, they need not to fear any Thing; but whilst they defy God, and wrong others, they must be Cowards and Self-destroyers, and their Ends infamous. She heartily wishes Prosperity to her Country; and that our Nobility would distinguish themselves by the same shining Qualities which gave Being to their Distinction.

The Story of the Lady Lucy she thus prefaces, with Regard to a vicious Character in one of her own Sex, and which is well worthy the Consideration of every Lady. —Let me, *says she*, give this Word of Advice to the vicious Woman: Let her Station be ever so great and high in the World; nay, let her Crimes be ever so well concealed from human Eyes; yet, like *Henrietta*, she will be unfortunate in the End, and her Death, like hers, will be accompanied with Terrors, and a bitter Repentance shall attend her to the Grave: While the Virtuous shall look Dangers in the Face unmoved, and putting their whole Trust in the Divine Providence, shall be delivered, even by miraculous Means; or, dying with Comfort, be freed from the Miseries of this Life, and go to taste eternal Repose.

The Life of Charlotta du Pont she dedicates to the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, with whom she had an Intimacy, as we there see, and may farther reasonably infer from the Tenor of both their Writings, for the Promotion of the Cause of Religion and Virtue, and from that Affinity and Kindred of Souls, which will always make the Worthy find out one another, and create stronger Ties of Union and Friendship than those of Blood.

In the same exemplary Manner does she end that beautiful Story, as also every other contained in these Volumes; besides interspersing occasionally, as we have hinted, such Reflections, in the Progress of the Relations, as are worthy of the Design she had principally in View: And therefore, we hope we may safely conclude with recommending this Collection to the Perusal of all such as desire to be agreeably entertained, and instructed at the same Time.

TO THE Right Honourable THE Lady COLERAIN.

Madam,

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

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

For these Reasons, Madam, I presume to dedicate this Book to you; and relying on your Goodness, hope you will pardon my Presumption when I tell you, that I do it with the ambitious Desire of being admitted into the Number of those who have the Happiness to call themselves your Friends; of which none has a more profound Respect for my Lord and you, than

*Your Ladyship's
most sincere Friend
and devoted Servant,*

Penelope Aubin.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

In our Nation, where the Subjects are born free, where Liberty and Property is so preserved to us by Laws, that no Prince can enslave us, the Notion of Slavery is a perfect Stranger. We cannot think without Horror of the Miseries that attend those, who, in Countries where the Monarchs are absolute, and standing Armies awe the People, are made Slaves to others. The Turks and Moors have been ever famous for these Cruelties; and therefore when we Christians fall into the Hands of Infidels, or Mahometans, we must expect to be treated as those heroick Persons, who are the Subject of the Book I here present to you. There the Monarch gives a loose to his Passions, and thinks it no Crime to keep as many Women for his Use, as his lustful Appetite excites him to like; and his Favourites, Ministers of State, and Governors, who always follow their Master's Example, imitate his way of living. This caused our beautiful Heroines to suffer such Trials: The Grand Seignior knowing that Money is able to procure all earthly Things, uses his Grandees like the Cat's Paw, to beggar his People, and then sacrifices them to appease the Populace's Fury, and fills his own Coffers with their Wealth. This is Turkish Policy, which makes the Prince great, and the People wretched, a Condition we are secured from ever falling into; our excellent Constitution will always keep us rich and free, and it must be our own Faults if we are enslaved, or impoverished.

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

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

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

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

Penelope Aubin.

CHAP. I.

A *French West-India* Captain just returned from the Coast of *Barbary*, having brought thence some Ladies and Gentlemen, who had been Captives in those Parts, the History of whose Adventures there are most surprizing, I thought it well worth presenting to the Publick. It contains such variety of Accidents and strange Deliverances, that I am positive it cannot fail to divert the most splenetick Reader, silence the Profane, and delight the Ingenious; and must be welcome at a time when we have so much occasion for something new, to make us forget our own Misfortunes. The Providence of God, which Men so seldom confide in, is in this History highly vindicated; his Power manifests itself in every Passage: and if we are not bettered by the Examples of the virtuous *Teresa* and the brave *Don Lopez*, it is our own faults.

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

He left *Spain* in the Year 1708, and arrived safe at *Mexico* with all his Effects and Family. There he soon increased his Fortune greatly, and the fair *Teresa* improved in Stature and Beauty, so that in two Years time she was admired by all the Men, and envied by all the Women. She was moderately fair, but her Eyes were black and shining, and inspired Love with every Glance. Her Mouth and Features were so sweet, so charming, that her Smiles still healed the Wounds her Eyes did give. Her Shape, her Air, her Voice, were all divine. Her Soul was noble, full of solid Sense and Honour. She was affable, pious, witty, chaste, and free from Pride. Her Father was so fond of her, he thought his Happiness consisted wholly in her Life and Welfare; prized her above his Wealth, and resolved to sacrifice all he had got, rather than not place her nobly in the World.

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

At break of Day they saw an old *Indian* Man come down towards them drest in Beasts Skins, a Hat of Canes, and Sandals of Wood upon his Feet: He went to a Tree, dragged a Canoe of a strange Fashion, that stood against it, down to the Sea, and was entering into it when he perceived *Teresa* and the *Moor*: He presently made up to them, and by strange Gestures expressed his Surprize, seeming to admire her Habit and Beauty; the *Black* who was skilled in them, by Signs informed him of their Distress. The *Indian* who proved a *Japanese*, cast on Shore there, with his Wife and three Children, in the *Chinese* Language invited them to his Home: The *Moor* understood him, and informing his Lady, they went with him. They found his Wife and Children in a poor Cottage, or Hut; she was dressed in Beasts Skins, and the Children were naked: The Hut was built of Boughs of Trees, and Hurdles made with Canes to fill the Spaces; the Roof was thatched with Plashes and Leaves, yet so that the Rains could not enter: The *Indians* were humane, and treated her the best they were able, bringing out dried Fish, and Eggs, which the Woman roasted in the Embers of a Fire they had made to warm them. There was only one Room where they must all eat and lie; Rushes and dried Leaves, with no Coverlid but Beasts Skins, were their Beds; *Indian* Corn, dried in the Sun, their Bread; Water their Drink. This was a hard Trial for so young a Creature as the fair *Teresa*, who had been bred with such Delicacy and Indulgence: But her Virtues exceeded her Years and Strength; she eat thankfully what was set before her, was wholly resigned to the Will of Heaven, and murmured not at

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Providence. Here she and the *Moor* continued eight Days. The poor *Indian* who was a Christian, converted with his Family by the Missionaries in *Japan*, and shipwrecked here as he was going with Goods for the Merchants to *China*, with a small Bark which he was then Owner of; he and the *Moor* went daily out to fish, hoping to get sight of some Ship, or Bark, that would carry them to *Japan*, or *Mexico*. Mean time the Lady not being able to converse with the poor *Indian* Woman, whose Language she was a Stranger to, walked out as far as her weak Legs would carry her, to view the Island, which seemed of no small Extent: Here she found Fruits of divers Kinds, pleasant and good, especially Grapes, which, though wild, were of excellent Taste; these she eat and brought Home; where pressing out the Juice, she mixt it with Water, making a pleasant Drink of it. This raised a Curiosity in the *Black* to range about the Island, hoping to discover something worth his Labour. He found Nests of young Birds, and Rice, Olives, Honey in the hollow Trees; and every Day brought Home something acceptable, and of great Use in their melancholy Condition. But Providence was determined to deprive *Teresa* of this Comfort also; for one Morning she walked out with *Domingo* (for so was her faithful Slave called) to divert her self with the Sight of some pleasant Walks he had discovered in a woody Place about two Miles from the House; which being arrived at, they ventured into the thickest part of it: There *Domingo* espied a Tree with Fruit he had never seen before, not unlike an *European* Pear; he boldly ventured to gather, and taste it, though *Teresa* warned him to forbear tasting it till they had shewn it to the *Indian*: He eat two of them, putting more in his Pocket; and in few Minutes after found himself sick, and began to vomit. They hastened to return Home; but before they could reach half way, he fell down, and embracing his Lady's Knees, cried, 'Farewel my dear Mistress; may God, to the Knowledge of whom your dear Father brought me, keep you, and deliver you hence; comfort you when I am gone, and have Mercy upon the Soul of your poor Slave. Remember me, charming *Teresa*; my Soul adored you, but Christianity restrained me from asking what my amorous Soul languished to possess. I brought you to the Wood with Thoughts my Soul now sinks at. I was born free as you, and thought I might with Honour ask your Love, since Heaven had singled me out to save your Life, and live your only Companion and Defender; but God has thought fit to disappoint me. May no other rob you of that Treasure which I no longer can protect. Angels guard you. Give me one Kiss, and send my Soul to rest.' Here he grasped her Hand, and strove to rise, but fell back and expired. The fair *Teresa* remained so afflicted and surprized, that she was not able to stand; her tender Soul was so shocked, she was even ready to follow him; the Generosity and Love he had shewn, the desolate Condition she was left in, distracted her: yet she could not but applaud the Goodness of God, who had so wonderfully prevented her Ruin; for though he had a Soul fair as his Face was black, yet *Domingo*, her Father's Slave, was not fit to enter her Bed.

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

These sad Thoughts overwhelmed her for some time; one while she turned her Eyes to the insensible *Domingo*, then to the distant Sea, and *Mexico*: At length she cast them up to Heaven, and cried, 'My God, pity my Youth and Innocence; Death would be now a Favour to me. What shall I do in this sad Place! How spend those wretched Hours thou hast allotted me to live! Who shall close my Eyes, or lay me decently in my Grave? But why do I reflect on that? Who shall improve by any good that I can do, whilst living, or teach me to sustain the Miseries of Life as I ought? Oh! thou who madest and canst not hate me, increase my Faith and Patience; or free my Soul from this Extremity of Grief by Death. But alas! do I instruct my God? Do I point out to him the way to help me? Am I fit to die, and not resigned to him? Forgive me, gracious Heaven: I rest satisfied: This lonely Place shall henceforth be my *Patmos*: Here free from Temptations that delude Mankind I will live; the Woods shall be my Oratory: I will only eat to live, count Things the most distasteful, wholesom and good, and live to die.' Here she attempted to rise, but was not able. She remained here some Hours. At last, the poor *Indian* Woman came to seek her, and after having expressed in her Language much Concern for *Domingo*, led her Home.

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

One Morning as she was at her Devotion, she was interrupted by the Voice of a Woman, who was making sad Lamentation in the *French* Tongue, for the Death of some Person. *Teresa* rose from off her Knees, and following the Sound of the Voice, came to the farther side of the Wood, where she perceived a dark Valley betwixt two small Hills, which were so covered with Trees as rendred the Valley very obscure; here sat a Woman with her

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Hair dishevelled, her Habit rich, but altogether negligent, upon the Ground: upon a Scarlet Cloak lay a Man, whose Habit spoke him no common Person, a Death-like Paleness reigned in his Face, and he appeared as one just Dead. The Woman wrung her Hands, tore her Hair, and shewed all the Symptoms of a Person in Despair. *Teresa*, who spoke *French*, after some time addressed her self to her in this manner: 'Madam, behold here a Person, who is, perhaps, wretched as your self, yet not quite unable to help you; tell me your Grief, and if I cannot repair your Loss I may yet comfort you.' The Woman looking up, discovered the most lovely Face imaginable. 'Speak not, *said she*, to me of Comfort; since the too charming *Hautville* is no more, I am inconsolable. See here a Man, who has left his Country, Fortune, and Friends to follow me; and being cast on this cursed Shore by an unskilful Pilot, has perished at my Feet for want of Food. We have been five sad Days in this inhospitable Place, where the Bruises he had received against the cruel Sands upon his Breast, bringing me upon his Back to Shore, made him unable to go farther. I gathered Fruit and Honey; but alas! he wanted other Food, refused to eat enough to support Life, and is now departed, leaving me the most unhappy Wretch on Earth.' Here she renewed her Transport of Sorrow, kissed his pale Lips, and beat her Breast against the Ground; which *Teresa*, who wanted Strength to hold her, beheld with utmost Compassion. At last the Gentleman fetched a deep Sigh, and opened his Eyes. 'Fond Woman, *said Teresa*, sit not thus to weep, but rise and follow me; the God which Grief makes you forget, sends you Help by me: Make haste, I will give you Food and Wine, which, though but poor, will sustain Life.' At these Words *Teresa* ran back to the Hut as fast as her Weakness would permit, and made the *Indian* Woman follow her with Food to the Wood, where they found the Lady and Gentleman, both almost senseless; but pouring some of the Grape Juice down their Throats, which was strong, though not purified like Wine, they revived, and having got a little Food into their Stomachs, made shift to rise, and walk a little Way, but could not reach the Hut till Evening. *Teresa* staid by them all the Day, overjoyed that she had Company; and after having eat and drank a second Time, the Gentleman repaid her Courtesy with this handsome Acknowledgment. 'Blest Angel, for such you have been to me, and my dear *Emilia*, how came you here? Such Beauty and such Youth, and Innocence, as appears in your Face, might surely have secured you from the Miseries of Life. What cruel Accident brought you to this desert Isle?' Here *Teresa* recounted her Misfortunes, and in return, desired to know theirs, if his Strength would permit. The Count *de Hautville* readily consented to gratify her, and began the fair *Emilia's* and his own History, in this Manner.

CHAP. II.

'Madam, we are Natives of *France*, born both in one Province, *Poictou* is our Country; I was the Son of the Marquis *de Ventadore*, a Man whose Fortune and Quality rendered him vain, and me unhappy. This Lady was the Daughter of a Gentleman, who, though not equal to my Father in Fortune, was as nobly descended. He was the younger Son of a General, and related to the Duke *de Vendome*. *Emilia* was his only Child, whose Beauty and Virtues made her worthy a Prince's Bed. I saw, and loved her from her Infancy; our Affection was increased by Years, and grew up with us. When I was fourteen, my Father carried me to *Paris*, shewed me the Court, and all the celebrated Beauties that shine there, where Art is used to improve each Charm, and Jewels and Habit join with Nature to subdue the Heart; but *Emilia* was possessed of mine before. I viewed them all unmoved, was impatient to return to *Poictou*; and then my Father first began to mistrust my being pre-engaged to some Person there. He carried me back with him, and set a Watch upon my Actions. Soon after my return Home *Emilia's* Father died, and she was taken by an old Aunt to be educated. The Fortune left *Emilia* was about two thousand Pounds, the Estate was entailed, and could not descend to a Daughter, so a Kinsman enjoys it. This Lady was a sordid, malicious old Maid, who pretended to Devotion and Sanctity, but was really a vile Hypocrite: She used her with great Severity, and gave my Father Intelligence of my frequent Visits and Presents to *Emilia*, hoping to gain his Favour and a Reward, which she did not fail of. He urged me often to address my self to one Lady or other, and finding me firm to my first Choice, resolved to rid her out of my way: In order to which, he sends for a Captain who was going to the *French Canada* for to trade, and offers him three hundred Crowns to carry her away with him. The Villain accepts the Offer, visits the Aunt, acquaints himself with *Emilia*, at last invites them to *Rochel*, where his Ship lay, to a Treat on board: She takes my Father's Coach, which she pretended to borrow, and with the innocent *Emilia* goes to the cursed Entertainment, where they gave her Wine with an Infusion of Opium, which soon bereft her of all Sense; then the hellish Fiend left her on Board, and set out for *Paris*, where soon after my Father went. There they contrived a Story together to blind the World, pretending *Emilia* was retired into a Monastery near *Paris*; which when I heard, who was sufficiently alarmed before with her Absence, I posted to *Paris*, searched every Place to find her, and quickly learned the fatal Truth: And now, having vented my Passion, I consulted my Reason, and resolved to sooth my Father into giving me some Fortune, and then to follow her. Providence, who never fails to punish such enormous Crimes, in a short Time gave me the Means of executing this Design. An Uncle of my deceased Mother died, and left me a handsome Estate, being a Bachelor, and my Godfather; I immediately sold it, secretly put the Money into the *India Company's* Hands, taking Bills; and one Morning left a Letter for my Father on my Table, and attended with one Servant only went Post for *Rochel*, where a Ship lay ready to sail with me to *Canada*, the Company having had an Account of the other Ship's safe Arrival at *Quebeck*. The Letter contained Words much to this Purpose.'

My Honoured Lord and Father,

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

*Most obedient Son and humble Servant,
Francis Edward, Count de Hautville.*

I left *France* before those my Father sent after me could overtake me, and in six Weeks arrived at *Quebeck*, where I soon learned where the Villain Captain lodged, who had robbed me of *Emilia*. I addressed my self to the Governor, and Merchants on whom my Bills were drawn, who all promised to assist me. I obtained an Order from the Governor to secure him, and search his Lodgings; but could hear nothing of her. He denied the Fact, pleaded Ignorance, so I was forced to let him go, and use my Sword to do my self Justice. I got what Money I could of the Merchants, discounting the Bills, secured a Ship to carry me off, and then one Evening dogged him out of the Town with my Servant. So soon as he was at the Fields, I came up to him; and demanded Satisfaction. We drew, fought, and it was my fortune to wound, and disarm him; he begged his Life, and confessed that he had left *Emilia*

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at *Panama*, designing so soon as he had dispatched his Affairs at *Quebeck*, to return thither and make her his Mistress, which he had in vain attempted when he had her at Sea; she having threatned him with Death if he offered to force her: But now being left in a Widow Woman's Care, where he had placed her, destitute of Money and Friends, he doubted not of her complying with his Desires at his return to her, since she could not subsist in a strange Country without him. I was so provoked at this, that I could scarce refrain killing him in the Place; however, I governed my self, my Servant and I led him to Town, and put him into a Surgeon's Hands: Then I went directly to the Governor's, and acquainted him with what had past, desiring he would go and hear the Villain confess the Truth himself. He went with me, and now all the Place rung of him, so that had he lived he must never have returned to *Quebeck* again: But in few Days after I left it, he died of his Wounds; of which a Merchant sent me Word to *Panama*, to which Place I went with Horses which I hired, and there found the Widow's House, but not *Emilia*. The Woman informed me that some Days after the Captain left her, she heard of a *French* Captain's Arrival, who was come to trade, and bound to *New Mexico*, and with him she was departed thence. I presently embarked in a small Vessel I hired, and went thither, and found her on Board the honest Gentleman's Ship, who had treated her with extraordinary Civility, and designed to carry her Home to *France* with him. What Joy and Transport we both felt at this Meeting, you may imagine. I there married my charming *Emilia*, and resolved to return with her Home. The Captain was not long before he had dispatched his Affairs here, and then set sail for *Japan*, where he was obliged to deliver Goods; but we had not long passed the Straights of *California*, before a Hurricane rose, and our Pilot being unskilful, we ran foul of one of those Islands that lie near Cape *Orientes*; there our Vessel struck, and split to Pieces, every one shifted for their selves, my dear *Emilia* was my only Care. I threw my Cloak into the Boat, threw her and my self into it, and fortunately got clear of the Ship before she split, taking only the Captain with us, whom I called to me. We had but eight Hands aboard of Sailors, and they doubtless all perished in the Sea. The poor Captain, Monsieur *de Bonfoy*, holding the Rudder to steer the Boat, was by a Wave washed overboard and drowned. We were left to the Mercy of the Winds and Seas, but by Providence preserved; for the Boat oversetting, I took *Emilia* on my Back, and seeing my self near this Island, made towards it: But my Strength was not sufficient, had not God caused the Waves to cast me on this Shore. We were both so spent we lay almost senseless for some time: At last we made shift to creep to the Wood, being wet, cold, faint, and hungry; I being bruised, and my Limbs nummed with lying on the Ground, could not rise, or walk farther; so my dear *Emilia* strove to supply my Wants and her own, and finding my Cloak on the Sands, brought and dried it, in which we wrapped our selves, and found much Comfort: But when God sent you to our Relief, Nature was no longer able to support us, and we were near dying for want of Food.'

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

CHAP. III.

The next Morning the poor *Indian* went a Fishing; the Number of his Guests being now increased, it was necessary to use more Diligence than usual to get Food for them. The *Indian* Woman prepared all at Home, whilst her Guests walked out in search of Fruits and Roots, of which they failed not to bring back some, especially Grapes, which were of great Use to them. Thus they continued to live, though very poorly, for some Days.

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

Mean time the Ladies walked on farther, and at some distance *Teresa* perceived a Man floating upon a Chest, which the Waves at length threw on the Shore: His Habit was *Spanish*, very rich; his Shape incomparable; his Hands were clinched on the Chest, and when she took hold on him, she thought him dead. *Emilia* and *Teresa* pitying him, strove to lift him up: But how great was *Teresa's* Surprise, when discovering his Face, she knew him to be the brave *Don Lopez!* a young Gentleman, only Son to the Governor of *Mexico*; a Youth of great Hopes, Quality, and Fortune; who had adored her from the Moment he first saw her, and one who had made an Impression in her Heart, which she had carefully concealed, but could not efface. *My God*, she passionately cried, *can I see him perish thus without Regret? Must Don Lopez charm the undone Teresa no more, nor my Ears hear that pleasing Voice? Help me, Emilia, to save, if possible, the Man I esteem above the World.*

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

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

They were in some time both recovered; then he clasped her in his Arms, saying, 'Charming Maid, I have sought you every where, resolving to find you, or die in the Attempt. I no sooner heard of your Disaster, but I procured a Ship, have visited all the Coast of *Peru* and *Canada*. Missing you there, I determined to go to *Japan*, it being the nearest Coast to which you could be drove. I feared, indeed, that the cruel Waves had swallowed you; but not being able to live at *Mexico* without you, I rather chose to range the World, and court Death amongst *Pagans* and *Mahometans*. I designed to visit the *Holy Land*, and retire to some Desert, and to spend my Days in Fasting, Prayers and Contemplation: But indulgent Heaven kindly drove me here, and would not let me perish. Now I am happier than Eastern Kings. This Place is as Paradise, where *Teresa's* Presence makes all Things lovely. Say, my good Angel, did you wish me living when you thought me dead? Am I welcome?' *Teresa* much confused, conscious of the Discovery she had made of her Passion for him, answered, 'Don Lopez, I have shewn too much Concern for you, not to explain the Sentiments I have for you: My Thoughts of you are too well discovered by my Actions.' Here he bowed, saying, 'I thank thee, gracious Heaven, my Vows are heard: If I return in Safety with her to my Home, I will build a Church, and consecrate it to the Honour of our God.' The Count and *Emilia* joined in congratulating these transported Lovers; and now store of Salt Meat, Bisket, Brandy, Wine, and Sugar, which was cast on Shore, being secured, they prepared such a Dinner, as the poor *Indians* had not tasted of some Years.

Don Lopez remembered to ask what was become of the Coffers he was brought to Shore upon, which was not once thought of before, saying, *It had much Treasure in it.* 'When I found (said he) how great the Storm was, I caused it to be brought up upon Deck. The Ship, though small, being not loaded, and a good Sailer, held out a

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long time: At last the Lightning fired the Shrouds: We got the Boat out strait, and had but just time to throw that Chest and our selves into it, before the Ship was all on fire. We saw this Island, and made for it; but the Waves rose so high, the Boat upset near the Shore: We leaped into the Sea, and I threw my self across the Chest, the Wind driving to the Island. At last losing my Breath, I fainted, so the Water entered my Mouth, and God's Providence brought me ashore.' They went forthwith, and found the Chest where they left it; but the Tide flowing, had they staid much longer they had lost a great Treasure, for Don *Lopez* had put into it much Gold, Plate, Jewels, and Clothes, designing to return no more Home.

And now nothing was wanting to make this Company happy, but a Ship to carry them and the poor *Indians* to *Mexico*; for they were resolved to take them and their Children with them, in Gratitude for the Assistance they had given them. Mean time, to pass away the tedious Hours, they walked daily out, and found beyond the Wood a ruinous Pagan Temple, in which were several strange Images, the chief of which represented a Man whose Head was adorned with the Rays of the Sun: It was rudely cut in black Marble, but the Rays were gilded finely. They concluded it to be the Work of some *Chinese* or *Persians*, who had inhabited that Place in antient times. It was a curious Building, and seemed to be founded upon Vaults. Near this Place were several Pits and Altars where Sacrifices had been killed and offered. Beyond this Place was a high Hill over which the Ladies did not dare to venture; several times they returned to this Temple, and still found something more of Antiquity to admire in it. One Morning the Count *de Hautville* and Don *Lopez* walked out very early to this Place, resolving to go over the Hill; and entering the ruined Temple, to rest before they pursued their walk, they considered it more attentively than ever; and Don *Lopez* observed a Door that went down behind the Altar on which the Image of the Sun was placed: He boldly pulled it open, saying, *In the Name of God let us enter, and see what this Place contains.* They descended by some Stairs, and entered a large Room, where a Lamp was burning before a hideous Image, whose Face was bigger than a Buphalo; his Eyes were two Lights like Torches; his Mouth stood open; his Limbs were proportionably large, made of burnished Brass; on his Breast was a Lion's Head; his Feet were like a Camel's: He had a Bow and Arrow in his Hands, a Mantle of curious Feathers hung over his right Shoulder: He stood upon a Crocodile of Stone, whose Jaws seemed open to devour all that entered: Skulls and Jawbones, with Locks of clotted Hair, hung up against the Walls of this dreadful Vault, and Skeletons of Cats, Wolves, and Screech-owls: Several Grave-stones were in the Floor. As they entered the Bones began to rattle, the Image shook, the Crocodile's Teeth gnashed, and distant Thunder seemed to roar. The Christian Heroes, tho' surprized, went not back, but falling on their Knees, besought God to assist and keep them. As they prayed the Lightning flashed from the Image, the Graves opened, and Voices were heard in the *Chinese* Language, which they understood not. At last the Lion's Mouth opened in the Image's Breast, and a Voice pronounced these Words in *French*: 'Christians, you have conquered: Adored by Pagan *Indians*, long I have been worshipped here, and human Sacrifices offered to this hideous Idol, by which I was honoured. But now my Power is taken from me; the God you serve has silenced me. Depart, through this Room you will find a Way leads under the great Hill, by antient *Persians* made. There are Christians will assist you to depart from this sad Place and Isle. Avoid the *Indian* Shore, and Men. It will be long e'er you will see your native Country, and Friends again. My fatal Hour is come, and I am henceforth dumb.' Here the Image fell in pieces, the Graves shut, the Lamps in its Eyes went out; and by the Light of the Lamp before it they departed, full of Wonder, and past through another Door which led to a long Passage, at the end of which they found themselves on the other side the Hill, in an open Country; there they saw the open Sea, and on the Coast a small Stone Building, which coming nearer to, they found to be a House. At the Door of it stood a venerable Man in a *Persian* Dress: He observed them as one amazed; when they came near, he came to meet them, and speaking *Spanish*, asked whence they came, and who they were: Don *Lopez* informed him. He embraced him, saying, *Welcome Christians, in God's Name; enter, and refresh your selves.* They came in and found a House neat, and well furnished, with Carpets, Porcelane, Quilts, Painting, Screens, and such Furniture as the *Persians* of Distinction use; with three well dressed Slaves, who brought Wine, Sherbet, and Fowl, and boiled Rice. Being seated with much Ceremony, the *Persian* staid not to be intreated, but said, *Eat, Gentlemen, and I will tell you how I came to this Place, and why I dwell here.* They bowed, and respectfully kept silence, much desiring to know who he was, which he thus informed them of.

CHAP. IV.

I was born in *Persia*, my Father was a General in the Emperor's Service. I was made a Captain of his Guard at 20 Years of Age, much esteemed by him, and in great Favour, and knew no greater Happiness than to be Great, or Religion but Mahometism: I had a noble House and a Seraglio, where five Women of great Beauty served my Pleasures, and sweetened all those Hours that I dedicated to my Diversions. It happened that a *Turkish* Captain brought some Slaves to sell at *Ispahan*; amongst which was a *Spanish* Girl, a Virgin of but thirteen Years of Age, fair as Nature ever made: Her Complexion exceeded Art, her Eyes were dark blue, her Hair light brown, her Features soft and charming; she had an Air so innocent, so modest, so engaging, that she attracted the Eyes of all that past along: It was my Fortune to be going to the Palace that way: I saw her, and stopping to admire her Beauty, I presently asked the Price of that sweet Girl; the Captain asked me a hundred Crowns: I paid him down the Money, and sent one of my Slaves home with her. It is impossible to describe to you how uneasy I was to go Home; my Impatience was so great, that I thought each Hour a Year whilst the Emperor detained me. He was going to ride in the *Almaidan*, which would have obliged me to stay with him all Day; I therefore feigned a sudden Indisposition, and begged leave to retire; he consented, and I flew to my charming Slave: The Eunuch that kept my Women had placed her in a Chamber to wait my Commands. I hastily asked for her; they told me Dinner waited: But I neglected eating, and entering the Chamber, found the charming *Maria*, for that was her Name, seated upon a Couch, pale as Death, her Head gently reclining on her lovely Hand, her Face all bathed in Tears. She rose at my coming up to her; I took her in my Arms with a Transport I had never known before, and bid the Eunuch bring in Wine and Meat, and I would eat here. He withdrew: I kissed, embraced, and shewed her all the most tender Marks of Esteem: she trembled, wept, looked down, and sighed as if her Heart would break. Dinner brought in I courted her to eat and drink, but she refused. Unable to delay my Bliss, I took her by the Hand, led her into the Bed Chamber; but then she fell upon her Knees, still silent, not answering one Word, and shewed such Fear and Grief, that I was shocked; my Blood cooled, and I resolved to court her to my Arms, and stay till she would make me happy. I took her up, wiped away her Tears, and asked her in *Spanish*, why she treated me so cruelly? having asked what Nation she was of, when I bought her. "You are, *said she*, an odious Mahometan, and I a Christian: I am your Slave, by Heaven's Permission; but my Soul is free, and cannot consent to such a hateful Deed. Leave me or kill me; for I prefer Death to a disgraceful Life. Force me, and I will hate you, loath you, ruin your Joys, and fly you with Scorn and Coldness: but spare my Virtue. Oh! spare my Shame, and I will adore you, do any thing that you command." In short she melted my Soul; I treated her as if I had been her Slave, and used her so, that she promised if I would turn Christian, she would yield to be my Wife. In few Days the Emperor was informed what a beautiful Virgin I had purchased: He asked me gently, "*Tanganor*, may I not see the fair *Spanish* Girl you have at Home? Pray bring her to me this Day: I have heard much of her." I remained silent, as one Thunder-struck for some time; at last recovering, "My mighty Lord, said I, she is not what Fame reports, but I will fetch her to you." I departed from Court that Moment so distracted, I knew not what Course to take; I acquainted *Maria* with what happened, who appeared as disordered as I: I resolved not to part with her, yet dared not keep her: The Emperor was not to be trifled withal: If he were disobliged, Death and Ruin must follow. Whilst we were debating, my Eunuch entered the Room trembling; "My Lord, *said he*, the Emperor has sent *Bendarius* his chief Eunuch with a Guard to demand the fair Slave." 'E'er he had finished the Eunuch entered, and taking her by the Hand, who was all in Tears, "Weep not, fair Virgin, *said he*, for such I hope you are; an Emperor's Bed courts your Acceptance; you are too fair for any Subject to possess." He gave her no time to reply, but took her away in a Sedan, leaving me in the utmost Distraction and Despair.

I knew my Ruin was decreed, and was too well satisfied of *Maria's* Virtue, to believe that she would yield to the Emperor, without such Reluctance as would inform him she loved me; and then my Death was certain: I therefore resolved to convey into some secret Place what Money, Jewels, and Plate I could; and disguising my self, retire to some Place, where I might lye concealed. *Achmet*, my Eunuch, generously offered to attend, and conduct me to his Mother's House, which was far from *Ispahan*, near Mount *Taurus*. I accepted willingly his Offer, and loading two Horses with what was most valuable, departed that Night, and travelling all Night and the next Day, got clear of all pursuit.

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'So soon as I was arrived at Mount *Taurus*, I blacked my Face and Hands, and changed my Dress for that of a Slave; buried my Treasure, and resolved to continue here till *Achmet* returned to *Ispahan*, and learned what *Maria's* Fate was; charging him to procure a Sight of her, if possible, and to return and tell me; resolving if she had yielded, and was content, to cross the Mountain, and retire to the Deserts, and there spend my Days.

'*Achmet* departed, and it was many Days before he returned; during which you may imagine the anxious Thoughts that possessed my Soul; but just God, how great was my Surprize when I saw him enter the House with *Maria* in his Hand! She had a Vail on, which I throwing up to salute her, saw that she was blind. "My Lord, *said she*, start not at the Sight, my Eyes are sacrificed to Virtue, with the Loss of them I have procured your Happiness; I would have done more, had Christianity permitted, and would have died, but I have cheaply bought my Repose with the Loss of one Sense. Thou glorious Woman, *said I, clasping her in my Arms*, what Words can express my Wonder, and Affection? Thy Virtues shine more than their lovely Eyes did, and shall procure thee an immortal Name." 'I led her into my homely Chamber, refreshed her with Wine, and Food, and there she told me what had befallen her.' "I was, *said she*, brought to a noble Apartment, which you, no doubt, have seen in the Palace: There the Eunuch brought two Female Slaves to me, with a Habit suiting a Queen, and departed. The Maids dressed me, whilst my Soul was tortured with a thousand Apprehensions. I fancied my self preparing to be sacrificed, and almost wished I had not been a Christian. When they had decked me as they pleased, they withdrew; and soon after the Emperor came in, a Man whose Person and Mien was noble and agreeable. He gazed upon me some time, then took a Ring of great Price from his Finger, put it upon mine, and said in *Spanish*, Fair *Maria*, you are worthy a Monarch's Bed: Fame has done you wrong, and *Tanganor* was a Villain to his Prince and you. I'll make you Mistress of Queens, and shew you what a *Persian* Monarch can bestow on her he loves. Come to my Arms, and let your Soul welcome mine." 'Here he embraced, and almost stifled me with Kisses; I gently strove to loose my self, and, falling down at his Feet with Tears, begged to be heard:' 'My mighty Lord, *said I*, look not upon me with Desire, I am unworthy you, I am a wretched Maid, torn from my Friends and Country, by a Villain, a Robber, and by his Means now made a Slave; but I am a Christian, and a Virgin, and e're I will yield to your Desires I will die. *Tanganor* is by promise my Husband, he has vowed to be a Christian, and to marry me; Oh! let your Bounty give me back and make me happy, or resolve to see me die here at your Feet: I will be only his, and never yield to gratify another." "Fond Maid, *said he*, I have heard too much, all that my Slaves possess is mine, and you are, and shall be so; your Virtue charms me more than your Eyes. Now I am resolved never to part with you: Force must I find procure me now what your Consent shall afterwards secure me of." 'Here he took me in his Arms, and carried me to a rich Bed, on which he threw me. My Soul was shocked at this, and so surprized, I soon resolved what to do; "My Eyes shall never see my Shame, *said I*, nor more inflame Mankind: These I offer up to Virtue, and they shall weep no more in ought but Blood." 'At these Words I tore my Eyeballs out, and threw them at him.' "I saw no more, but heard him say, *Ah cruel Maid, what have you done? Tanganor*, you are happy: Had I been so fortunate to be beloved like you, I had been more than mortal. *Maria*, I would give all *Persia* to restore your Sight: By *Mahomet* you are more than Woman, and I will never presume to sue again for what you must deny. Tell me what I shall do to expiate my Crime." "Restore me to my Lord, I beg only that Grace, *said I*, and I will pray for you with my last Breath." He answered, "I will resign you to my Rival; but it is hard. Blind as you are, you charm me, and to keep my Word I must not view your Face again; go, and take care I never see you, nor *Tanganor* more, lest I forget my Promise, and relapse." 'Here he called *Bendarius*, kissed my Hands, on which I felt his falling Tears, and left me. I was carried strait back to your House, where *Achmet* found me sick of a Fever, which recovering I came with him; and now am happy, if you keep your Faith with me. Thus *Maria* finished her sad Story; and after this I need not tell you I adored her, and there sought, and found a Christian Monk who first baptized me, and then married us. I then considered what Course it was best for us to steer; and resolved to retire with her into this Island on this Side where the *Japanese* Vessels often call for fresh Water. I carried her through the great *Mogul's* Dominions down to *Goa*, and there we took Ship for this Island, where my Slaves which I brought with me repaired and fitted up this House. Here I have now lived fifteen Years, and have three Children by my dear *Maria*, who keeps much in her Chamber, because of her being blind. Once a Year we receive Letters from my Friends, and Returns from my Estate of Fruits, Spices, Clothes, and what is wanting. The Emperor never enquired more after me, nor molested my House or Friends; my Brother manages, and lives upon my Estate. And thus, Gentlemen, I have related to you my unfortunate Life; and if I can assist you, command me. The Ship we expect soon, it shall carry you where you please.' They returned him many Thanks, and he desired

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them to bring the Ladies. 'I have, *said he*, a Priest, my Chaplain in the House, whom I brought from *Goa* with me, he shall supply your spiritual Wants, and my dear *Maria* shall with Joy entertain the Ladies. My House is large enough to receive you all, and it will be a great Happiness for us to be all together. I have often wondered there were no Inhabitants to be seen when I have walked over the Hill, but never thought it worth while to search farther.' Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* took leave, being impatient to inform *Teresa* and *Emilia* of the strange Discoveries they had made, and promised to return to the noble *Tanganor's* the next Morning.

CHAP. V.

It was Noon before Don *Lopez* and the Count reached the Cottage, where they found the Ladies, to whom they related all the surprizing Adventures they had met with. 'And now, my charming *Teresa*, (said Don *Lopez*) we may quit this dismal Place; Providence has directed us to a better, where we shall have Company and Entertainment suiting our Desires and Wants. And you, (said he to the poor *Indians*) our generous Hosts, shall be received, and if you like of it, entertained at ease, or return to your own Country in that Ship that will, I hope, carry you to *Japan*, and us to *Mexico*.' An universal Joy now spread itself through this little Family; Dinner was got ready, and nothing spared of what Provisions they had got. The poor *Indian* got out his Canoe in the Evening, to put aboard it what Wine, Brandy, and Salt Meat they had left. They lay down at Night to sleep, but Don *Lopez* slept not at all; his Soul was transported, having nothing in view but the Possession of his dear *Teresa*: He knew a Christian Priest was at *Tanganor's*, and resolved to press her to make him happy. At break of Day they all rose, and set out for *Tanganor's*; the poor *Indian* and her Children followed, loaden with the mean Furniture their Cottage afforded; which they could not consent to leave behind them. Don *Lopez* and the Count emptied the rich Chest that belonged to Don *Lopez*, and fearing to venture it in the Canoe, carried all the Plate, Money, and Clothes that were in it, with them, the Ladies assisting. In some Hours, resting often in the way, they arrived at *Tanganor's*, who received them courteously, with Father *Augustine*, his Chaplain, a Man whose humble Appearance, and affable Behaviour spoke his Virtues; he embraced, and welcomed them with great Tenderness, and taking the Ladies by the Hand, said, 'Come, my Children, I will lead you to a Lady, who though blind, shall welcome you; and one whose Virtues you may be proud to imitate.' *Tanganor* conducting the Gentlemen, they all went to his Lady's Apartment, whom they found sitting in a Chair with her three Children seated on little Stools by her: Her Son who was then about eight Years old, was reading a holy Meditation for the Morning; whilst the two little Girls, *Maria* and *Leonora*, were at work. *Tanganor* informed her of the Ladies being there, whose Story he had told her the Night before. She rose to salute them, saying, 'Ladies, excuse me, if I pay Respect to the Younger first, since I cannot see you. My Soul rejoices at the arrival of such Company; though I cannot see the Light, yet I can relish the Charms of Conversation.' Here *Teresa* and *Emilia* embraced her, admiring her Beauty, which could not be altogether eclipsed by the black Ribbon that covered her Eyelids; her Shape, her Features and Complexion were incomparable. 'Madam, said *Teresa*, I wonder not that an Eastern Monarch adored you; you are still so lovely, that your Lord may justly account himself supremely happy in the Possession of such a Wife. The want of Sight adds to your Charms, and causes us to love and admire you, even before we converse with you.' *Emilia* joined in her Praises; and, in fine, the Lady put an end to the Discourse, by begging them to accept of a Breakfast with her, which was brought in. They passed the Day with much Pleasure: In the Evening, Don *Lopez*, who had privately acquainted Father *Augustine* with his Design, taking *Teresa* by the Hand, led her aside into a Room, where he thus addressed himself to her: 'Charming *Teresa*, God has been pleased to preserve and bring us together, in a wonderful manner; I know that you are not insensible or ignorant of my Passion for you, nay, I even hope that you love me; do not longer, charming Maid, defer to make me happy. Here is a Priest to join us; give to my Arms and Care, that Person that my Soul adores and loves above all earthly Things. It is I must guard and carry you to *Mexico* again. Though you are very young, yet you are of Years to marry. Fate has decreed you mine, keep me no longer languishing; but crown my Hopes, and yield to Heaven's Will, who brought me safely to you.' Here he embraced her tenderly; she blushed and answered, 'Don *Lopez*, you shall be happy. Though with much Confusion I consent to make you Master of *Teresa's* Heart and Hand, do as you please: If we must perish on the Sea, or wander in strange Lands, it is better we should be married, and my Honour so secured, than to be still but Friends. I own your Merit, and confess I love you.' He clasped her in his Arms transported, led her to the Priest, who that joyful Night performed the Ceremony, making Don *Lopez* blessed as Man could be. And now for some Days they past the time in Pleasure; *Tanganor* diverted them with Hunting, Fishing, and shewed them many curious Caves, and Pagan Oratories which yet remained on the Island. At last the Ship arrived from *Japan*, bringing much Goods, as rich Persia Silks, Cotton, Linen, Spices, Fruit, Sugar, Tea, Chocolate, Liquors, live Fowls of several kinds for breed, tame Beasts, and all things wanting. *Tanganor* with these treated and made Presents to his Guests of what they wanted: And the Ship being to return to *Japan*, he proposed to them what to

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do. They resolved to go for *Mexico* with the Ship, which being now unloaded, might easily go thither before it returned to *Japan*; so taking their Leaves, the Count and Don *Lopez*, with their Wives, departed, leaving the poor *Indians*, who chose to live with *Tanganor*. The Wind sitting fair they soon arrived at *Mexico*, where they found the Governor, Don *Lopez's* Father, gone for *Spain*, being recalled, and Don *Sancho de Avilla*, *Teresa's* Father, they found very sick; her Loss having thrown him into a deep Melancholy, and lingring Fever, of which he never perfectly recovered, but in less than a Year's time died, leaving a vast Estate to his Daughter *Teresa*. In short time after, the Governor being gone, his Son Don *Lopez* resolved to go Home to *Spain*, in order to which he sold off all his Effects, and Lands, taking Bills on Merchants at *Barcelona*; and with *Teresa*, the Count *de Hautville*, and *Emilia* who desired to accompany him, designing to go to *France* from *Spain*, went on board a *Spanish Ship* with much Riches, and set sail for *Spain*. They had good Weather and a prosperous Voyage many Days, but when they came near the Entrance of the Straights of *Gibraltar*, the Wind began to blow hard, and drove them on the Coast of *Barbary*. Here two Pirates of *Algiers* came up with them, and soon gave them to understand who they were, by firing at them, and summoning them to surrender; they made all the Defence they were able, but, alas! the Ship was heavy laden, their Hands and Guns few: howsoever, the Captain was very brave, and Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* assisting, they resisted the *Turks*, till such time as the grappling Irons having hold of the Vessel the cruel Infidels boarded it, and entered in such Numbers as obliged the poor Christians to retire into the great Cabin, which the *Turks* broke into Sword in Hand. The Captain was killed before upon the Deck, both the young Lords wounded, the Seamen mostly dead, or dying, so that none were left but the two helpless Ladies, and their wounded Husbands, whom they held bleeding in their Arms, and a poor Boy who stood weeping by. The poor affrighted Ladies fell on their Knees, imploring the Infidels pity: Their Beauty pleaded more than all they could say in their favour. The *Turkish* Captains raised them from the Ground, gazing on their charming Faces; and having given Orders to their Men to plunder the Ship of what was most valuable, and bring her into *Algiers*, they ordered them and their Husbands to be brought on board one of their Ships, where *Achmet Barbarosa* who commanded the biggest received them, ordering the Lords Wounds to be dressed by his Surgeon; and entertained the Ladies with much Civility, and seeming Compassion. *Teresa* was big with Child, and so disordered with the Fright, that Don *Lopez* was in the utmost Concern for her.

In few Hours they landed at *Algiers*, and were conducted to *Barbarosa's* House together, and lodged in an Apartment, where he left them to go to the Governor of *Algiers*, to acquaint him with the rich Prize he had taken, and to offer him what Share he pleased of the Slaves and Plunder. Our unfortunate Travellers thus left alone, Don *Lopez* was the first who broke the melancholy Silence, that till then reigned amongst them. 'Charming *Teresa*, said he, my Joy, my Love, my All, soon shall we be parted; all my Hopes of Happiness are ended; your Youth and Beauty now will cost my Life and your Repose; you will be ravished from me by some powerful Infidel, who will adore your Charms, and force you to his cursed Embraces.' *Teresa*, drowned in Tears, fell on his Neck, and could not speak. Then the Count, whom loss of Blood had rendered faint, and scarce able to speak, looked on *Emilia*; 'My Dear, said he, do you hear this unmoved, what may your wretched Husband hope? Can you consent, and live another's? No, my dear Lord, said she, you know me better; my Soul is prepared for all Events, and I will die rather than live a Vassal to a vile *Mahometan's* unlawful Lust.' 'And so will I, answered the reviving *Teresa*. Fear nothing, brave *Emilia*, we will go together, trusting in that God who is able to preserve our Souls and Bodies. Slaves we are doubtless doomed to be, but our Minds cannot be confined; our Lives we must not end with our own Hands, but may resist all sinful Acts till Life and Sense be lost.'

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

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Streets to the Governor's Palace, and there secured them; their Arms pinioned, they tied them to two Pillars in the Hall, and so retired to the Gate. Mean time the Lords were bound hand and foot, thrown into a Cart, and drove to a Country House of the Governor's, forty Miles from the City; there they were carried into a spacious Room, and chained to the Floor by the Leg; a Mattress and Quilts lay there upon the Boards, on which they might lye down. Here they had Food and Wine brought them, for the *Turks* guessed by the vast Treasure they found in the Ship, and their Habit, that they were Persons of Quality, and therefore feared to lose their Ransoms if they killed or starved them. They refused to eat two Days, but the third, Hunger compelled them to it. Thus they remained some Days, in the most disconsolate Condition that ever Men were in; where we must leave them to enquire what became of *Teresa* and *Emilia*.

The Renegado *Roderigo* giving an account to the Governor of what was past, and of the Ladies Arrival, he soon entered the Hall with Capt. *Barbarosa*, to whom he had promised to give her he least liked; but he beheld them with Admiration, seemed divided in himself, not knowing which to choose. He was a Man of an excellent Shape and Stature, his Mien great and majestick, his Vest and Tunick were made of Cloth of Gold, his Turbant glittered with Jewels, Diamonds, Rubies, and Emeralds, which seemed to emulate each other; in fine, he was not much above thirty, and was one of the most beautiful and accomplished Men of his Nation, which I mention out of respect to those unfortunate Ladies, whose Virtues are to be the more admired in resisting the passionate Solicitations of such a Man. *Teresa's* Youth, and the charming Innocence that blooms in Virgins Faces at fourteen, which she had not lost by being a Wife wonderfully struck him; Grief added to her Charms, her downcast Eyes received new Fires when lifted up. He gazed upon her with such Transport, that had not the Captain who was inflamed with her Beauty reminded him of *Emilia*, he had fixed on *Teresa*; but turning to the other, he was doubly wounded: Her riper Charms, with the heroick Soul that sparkled in her Eyes, a second Time inflamed his Soul, and he could part with neither. '*Barbarosa*, said he, I must have both these lovely Women, name the Price, and make some other Choice, these must be mine.' The Captain murmured, but seeing he was obstinate, he dared not tempt his Fate, but told him they were at his Service. The Governor pleased, strait ordered him two hundred Pieces of Gold; so he departed horribly vexed, and meditating Revenge. Then the Governor ordered the Ladies to be unbound, and placed in two different Chambers, with Slaves to watch and attend them. Here the Trunks of rich Habits they had brought from *Mexico*, were, to their great Surprize, brought and presented to them; nothing being taken from them by the Governor's Order.

Nothing was more dreadful to these Ladies than this Separation; they both refused to eat or drink, and by Night were so faint, that they were scarce able to stand. About ten o'Clock in the Evening a Supper was brought into *Teresa's* Chamber; and soon after the Governor entered, the Renegado waiting on him, retired to the Door, which he shut, and stood without: The Governor seeing her look pale as Death, sitting unmoved, approached her with much Tenderness, fearing she had taken some fatal Resolution to destroy her self: He kissed her Hands, kneeled at her Feet, and intreated her to rise and eat. He courted her with all the Eloquence Love can inspire, to which she gave no Answer but Sighs and Tears; at last she looked upon him earnestly: 'Governor, said she, you plead in vain; I am deaf to all Intreaties, and can never yield to gratify you. I am married, and with Child by a noble Husband, whom I am bound to love, and for whom I will preserve my Person, nor will I ever consent to your Desires; nor will I ever eat again, till you have freed me from this Place: Resolve therefore to see me die, or generously set me at Liberty. Do not attempt to force me, lest I do some dreadful Deed, and fill your Soul with endless Remorse.' Here she fell at his Feet, and let fall a Shower of Tears, then fainted. This touched his Soul, and made him relent; though a *Mahometan*, he was generous, and compassionate. He took her in his Arms, poured Wine into her Mouth, and with much difficulty brought her to Life again. Then she renewed her Complaints; to which he replied, 'Charming, matchless Woman, where Virtue, Beauty, Wit, and every Grace conspires to captivate my Soul! too happy he who calls you his. Fly not from me to Death; but give me leave to wait upon, and merit your Esteem, by all a Lover can perform. I will never use base Force, but Prayers and Sighs shall thaw your Breast, and *Selim* will be your eternal Slave. To prove I am so, this Night I will leave you to repose, and not presume to urge you farther.' He kissed her Hand, and, opening a Door, withdrew into another Room. Then a Blackamore Maid entered, and folding down the Bed, made Signs to her to undress; which she fearing to do, though in great want of Sleep, refused, and only lay down upon it. The Maid left a Candle burning, and withdrew, shutting the Door after her. Soon after *Teresa* heard *Emilia's* Voice in the next Room, with *Selim*; and hearkening, heard him say, 'Are you then cruel like *Teresa*? You are more experienced and more ripe for Joy: Come, come,

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trifle not with me; I am resolved to possess you, and will not be denied.' She heard a Noise, and then *Emilia* said, 'Villain, I fear you not, I will sacrifice you to preserve my Virtue; die Infidel, and tell your blasphemous Prophet, when you come to Hell, a Christian spilt your Blood.' Then she heard a dismal Groan, and soon after *Emilia* entered the Chamber, with a Look that spoke the Terrors of her Mind, and the strange Deed her Hands had done. She had *Selim's* Habit on, and in her Hand a Woman Slave's. 'Disguise your self in this, *said she*, my dear *Teresa*, and follow me, with this I will free us both or die.' Here she drew forth a bloody Dagger *Selim* wore. *Teresa* trembling put the Habit on, and followed her: They passed through the Chamber *Emilia* came out of, for *Teresa's* Chamber Door was locked, and there she saw *Selim* lying on the Bed, weltering in his Blood. They found another Door; opening which, they descended a pair of Back Stairs, and entered a Garden, in which the Renegado *Roderigo* was diverting himself with one of his Master's fair Slaves: He started, and came boldly up to them, doubtless suspecting something; but *Emilia* stabbing him, prevented any Noise; the Woman he was sporting with, having retired the Moment they appeared. They forced open the Garden Gate, and not knowing where to go, hasted out of the Town, nor stopped till they had reached the Fields. Here they wandered, ready to die for want of Food and Rest. At last unable to go farther, they sat down under a Tree in a Wood, and consulted what to do; they supposed they should be pursued, and if taken, surely put to Death. *Teresa*, whose Courage was not equal to *Emilia's*, was almost ready to despair; and she seemed so dispirited, that *Emilia* used all her Eloquence to comfort her. 'My dear Friend, *said she*, look up to Heaven that never fails to succour the distressed: The God that this Day strengthened my feeble Arm to deliver us, will, I doubt not, send us Help. Death is the worst that can befall us, and that is only what we are born to suffer, and what no human Power can shield us from; nay, what we ought to meet with Joy, since we have an eternal State in view, that shall compensate for all the Miseries we suffer here. Since no Guilt does wound our Consciences, we need not fear to die, or dread all our inhuman Enemies can inflict upon us. Come cheer up, and strive to go yet farther from that hateful City, which we are fled from; perhaps some hospitable Cottage may receive and shelter us.' At these Words *Teresa* cast a dying look upon her. 'Alas, *said she*, my Dear, my Faith is stronger than my Body, tho' not so great as yours; I cannot rise, my trembling Limbs are now unable to bear my Weight; and if no help be sent us soon, then I must lay down the tedious Burden of Life in this sad Place, and leave you.' Here she fainted. At this Instant *Emilia* heard a rustling among the Trees, and looking behind her, saw a young Man of about twenty Years of Age, whose handsome Face and Shape surprized her; he had on the Habit of a Slave; he came down from the Tree they were sitting under; he approached her with much Respect, and in *French*, which he had heard them converse in. He was by Birth a *Venetian*, as the Sequel of this History will inform us, and addressed himself to her in this manner: 'Madam, be not surprized that I have overheard you: I am joyful to tell you, it is in my power to serve you. I am Servant to a Widow Woman who lives not far from this Place, to whose Husband it was my good Fortune to be sold; she by my means has embraced the Christian Faith, tho' we keep it a Secret: She gets her living, and mine, by making Turbants and Embroidery, which I carry home to our Customers, and the Shops. We live very comfortably, and I am certain if you will give me leave to conduct you to her, she will receive you kindly, for she is a Person of great Goodness.' *Emilia* gladly accepted his Offer, and they lifting up *Teresa*, who was scarce alive, led her along to the Widow's House, which was just behind the Wood. The Slave, whose Name was *Antonio*, gave his Mistress a brief Account of their Condition: She embraced and welcomed them, bringing out Meat and Drink; with which being much refreshed, they related to her the Cause and Manner of their Escape from the City; upon which she advised them to change their Clothes, since they would surely discover them: But when *Emilia* came to pull off her Turbant and Vest, she was amazed to see the rich Jewels it was adorned with: In the Pocket of the Vest she found 100 Sultanas of Gold, the Buttons were Diamonds. They blessed God for this Treasure, which would enable them to live here, and procure them means to escape hence together. They immediately cut the Clothes in pieces, which served to make the Caps of the Turbants; and the Jewels they ripped off, and hid in a Box in the Ground, resolving *Antonio* should dispose of a few of them at a time, as they had occasion, to the *Jews*, many of whom the Widow Woman worked for in Embroidery, particularly in rich Belts which they traded with to *Spain* and other parts of *Europe*. The good Widow, whose Name was *Saraja*, brought them mean *Turkish* Habits, such as she wore, saying, 'Ladies, you must now conceal your Quality and Beauty with this homely dressing, and pass for young Maids whom I have bought to assist me in my work.' *Teresa*, who was much joyed at this unexpected good fortune, replied, embracing her, 'I will assist you, *said she*, in working with all my Heart; we both know how to use our Needles.' A Bed was laid for them in *Saraja's* Chamber after the *Turkish* manner, that is, a Carpet was spread upon the

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Floor, on which were laid a Quilt, Blankets, Sheets, and Coverlids: And now had they known what was become of their Lords, they had been tolerably easy. *Antonio* set out for the City the next Morning, to learn what News he could, and returned at Night with this Account: 'I am, *said he*, acquainted with a Christian Boy, who is Slave to the Governor: I walked two or three times before the House to watch his coming out; at last I saw him come sweating up the Street with a Surgeon; I winked upon him as he passed by, he returned the Sign and entered: I waited not long, before he came out again, *Lorenzo*, said I, cannot we drink a Dish of Coffee together this Morning? I am obliged to wait for some Money, one of my Mistress's Customers owes her, and therefore have an Hour to spare; which if you can, we will pass together. Lord, *said he*, our House is all in Confusion; my Master bought two Christian Women Yesterday, one of whom has this Night wounded him cruelly, and left him weltering in his Blood upon the Bed; our Renegado *Roderigo* they have likewise killed, as we suppose, for we found him dead in the Garden, and they are escaped. Hearing some dismal Groans in the Night, I entered the Room, and found my Master in this Condition; so I raised my Fellow Servants, and we have brought him to Life, and the Surgeon has some hopes of his Recovery. We informed him the Women were fled, but he commanded us to make no search after them. He praised their Virtue, and seemed to pity them, saying, he wished their Happiness, and commended their Courage. I asked *Lorenzo* whom these Women belonged to? He said, he did not know. So I suppose none but *Roderigo* knew any thing of your Lords.' Thus ended *Antonio*.

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

CHAP. VI.

The two Lords being chained, as has been before recited, had no Hopes of getting their Liberty: They had writ, the one to *France*, the other to *Spain*, to their Friends, of whom they knew not who might be living: but alas! the Sum demanded was very great; and the time they must wait, before it was possible for them to receive any answer from either of those Places, so long, that there were little hopes of their living to receive it. But these Considerations were nothing grievous to them, in respect of those relating to *Emilia* and *Teresa*; their Ignorance of their Condition, and distracting Apprehensions of their Ruin, almost overcame their Reason and Christianity: They were both sick with Grief, and incapable of comforting one another. But Providence, that saw their Wrongs, at length provided a way for their Deliverance: A fair Virgin, who was a Slave to the Governor, waited on a Mistress of his, whom he having enjoyed slighted, and had sent to this his Country House, where she had now been two years. This Girl, who was then but twelve Years old, often came into the Chamber where these poor Gentlemen were confined, to bring them Tea and Coffee from her Lady; who, having had a Sight of them, admired Don *Lopez*, and therefore ventured to do something to oblige him. This pretty Girl they asked some Questions of; as what Country she was of, what Religion. She told them, she was a *Venetian*, that her Mistress was the same; that they both were brought there by Misfortunes but seemed shy of saying more. One Evening she entered the Room, followed by a Lady, in a *Turkish* Dress exceeding rich; she was about five and twenty, her Shape and Mein was enchanting; her Face so lovely, that it would have charmed the most insensible: A Cloud of Blushes overspread her Face, and her Disorder was such for some Minutes, that she could not speak. The Count and Don *Lopez*, whose Weakness and Chains hindered them from rising, to pay her the Civilities due to her Sex, bowed their Heads and kept Silence also, expecting her to tell the Business that brought her there. At last she spoke to them thus in *French*: 'Is it possible, that the cruel Governor can be so void of Humanity to treat you thus barbarously? Can he see such noble Persons as you appear to be, perish in Chains, and not relent? Though I risque my Life to do it, charming Strangers, I will free you. But, continued she, addressing her self to Don *Lopez*, may I hope to find you grateful? Will you give her a Place in your Heart, who gives you Life and Liberty? Will you preserve her Life, who is determined to save yours? With you I am resolved to live or die. Speak then, for time is precious, and deserve my Love, or Hate.' Don *Lopez* was too well skilled in the fair Sex, not to perfectly understand this Lady's meaning; and since no other Means but this was left to free them, wisely concealed his being pre-engaged. Nay, doubtless he was not altogether insensible of *Eleonora's* Charms, for so was the Lady named; he was a Man, and though he was intirely devoted to *Teresa*, yet as Man he could oblige a hundred more: Life is sweet, and I hope my Reader will not condemn him for what his own Sex must applaud in justification of themselves: For what brave, handsome young Gentleman would refuse a beautiful Lady, who loved him, a Favour? He bowed with a Look full of Love and Gratitude, saying, Liberty, which in itself is the greatest blessing Man can possess, joined with so great a Good as your Favour, who would refuse? Your Charms would even render Confinement supportable; a Dungeon with such a Companion would be pleasant: Shew me the way to Freedom, and it shall be the Study of my Life to make you happy: I will defend you to the last Drop of my Blood.' At these Words he grasped her Knees and sighed. Poor *Eleonora* suffered her self to be deceived, and thought of nothing but being happy with the Man she loved. The Count *de Hautville* was amazed at Don *Lopez's* Proceedings; his Soul was constant and noble, and would have refused a Life offered on so hard Terms as the Breach of his Faith to his lovely *Emilia*. But his Years were more than his Friend's, and his Temper more sedate. The sweet Girl *Anna* fetched Wine and Sweet-Meats to them. *Eleonora* sat down by them, eat, and suffered Don *Lopez* to kiss her Hands, and say a hundred tender things to her. They appointed Midnight for their Escape, when she promised to bring them Files to take off their Fetters, and Disguises to put on to prevent all Discovery. She had provided a Place for them to retire to also, near the Seaside: She had by this Means, when she was first a darling Mistress to the Governor, prevailed with him to free a Slave whom she fancied; it was a young *Black* whom her Father had purchased when a Child, of a Captain, and given her, and being taken with her in the Ship she was taken in, by an *Algerine* Pirate, lived some time with her at the Governor's, his Name was *Attabala*. The Governor at her Request gave him a little House and Garden, which he used in the Summer to repair to for his Pleasure, to fish on the Sea Coast, and take the Evening Air on the Water with his Pleasure Boat. This Place he

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gave to *Attabala* to live in, and take care of, and it being now Winter, there was no fear of his going thither. In this Slave she could confide; to him she had declared her Design the Day before, when he came, as he often did, to see his dear Mistress, bringing her little Presents of Fish and Fruits, as grateful Acknowledgments of the Favour she had done him. From this Place it would be no difficult matter for them to escape to some Christian Ship or Port. Having staid with them two Hours, she retired; and then the Count entered into Talk with *Don Lopez* in this manner: 'My dear Friend, Heaven seems now to smile upon us, a gleam of Hope appears to comfort us; but, tell me, was it well done to dissemble? Are you changed? Is your Wife forgot? And the sacred matrimonial Vows no longer valued? Excuse me if I blame you; let nothing make you buy our Liberty by a Crime; it is better to die here, than live with Heaven's Displeasure.' *Don Lopez* blushing replied, 'Forgive my Weakness; I do not mean to proceed farther than an innocent Deceit, *Teresa* is always present with me: But had I refused this Lady's Offer rudely, we had, perhaps, been here detained and murdered; and then *Teresa* and *Emilia* never can be rescued from the Villain that robbed us of them. Be satisfied therefore, that I have acted prudently, and not designed amiss.' The Count was then contented, and now the joyful Hour approached when Darkness and Sleep had lulled the busy World to rest; *Eleonora* came with *Anna* loaden with Jewels, Gold, and Clothes; they quickly filed their Fetters off, and found the faithful *Attabala* at some Distance from the House, with three Horses, swift *Barbaries*, that run fleet as the Wind; on two of these the Lords mounted, *Don Lopez* taking the Lady, and the Count the Girl behind him; the *Black* riding the other Horse led the way, with which he was perfectly acquainted: In few Hours just at Day-break they reached the House, and being safely lodged, began to taste the Pleasures of Liberty. Next Day the Governor, who was recovered, was informed by the Servants, that remained in the Country House, of the Lords flight: But he had that Night received an Order from the Emperor to repair to *Fez*, to take a Command in the Army, to which he was determined to send him. This took up all his Thoughts, so that he took little Notice of their Escape; and, as they afterwards learned, he never returned to *Algiers*, but died in the Army of a Fever. And now *Don Lopez* had an Opportunity to enquire who *Eleonora* was, and the fatal Accident that brought her to this Place. He treated her with such Respect and Affection, that he could ask nothing of her, but what she was ready to grant. One Morning as the Count and *Anna*, whom *Eleonora* now treated as her Friend, letting her lye with her, as became a Person who was indeed her Equal, were conversing together, *Don Lopez* intreated her to relate the Adventures of her Life. 'Yes, my Lord, *said she*, I will, provided *Anna*, and you Gentlemen, will do the same; for she would never let me know who she is, though a *Venetian* as well as I. *Anna* replied, Madam, whilst I was a Slave I was not willing to be known: Now I shall take Pleasure to entertain you with a Story full of strange Adventures.' Then *Eleonora* began in this manner.

CHAP. VII.

I was born at *Friuli*, a Place situate on the *Adriatick* Sea, in the *Venetian* Dominions; my Father was a wealthy Merchant, in the City of *Aquilegia*; he had no Child but me by my Mother, who was his second Wife, and the Daughter of a noble *Venetian*. He had two Sons by a former Wife, who loved me not, because my Father seemed to prefer me in his Affection before them; all his Ambition was to see me well disposed of during his Life. I was also very apprehensive that my Brothers, if he died before I was married, would clap me up in a Convent, to get my Fortune, and be revenged upon me. The great Portion he offered with me, with that tolerable Person the World thought me, procured me many Admirers, as soon, or indeed before I was of an Age to marry. Amongst these, there was a Kinsman of my Mother, the eldest Son of a *Venetian* Senator, whom the Custom and Laws of that State will not permit to marry out of a noble Family, became much enamoured with me: His Name Seignior *Andrea Zantonia*. He secretly courted me, my Mother and Father giving Encouragement; my Heart soon yielded, and I gave him the Preference above all others. I was now almost fourteen, and it was resolved that we should be privately married at a Country Seat of my Father's. These Proceedings could not be kept so secret, but that the Servants were some of them privy to them. Amongst my Lovers, there was a rich Captain of a Ship, who had cast his Eyes upon me in my Infancy, and was one of the first that entertained me with Discourses of Love; he was in Years, and I treated him with Ill nature, and indeed could not indure him: Yet he persisted, till at length I used him so ill, that he concluded I had made choice of another, and made it his business to find out who was the fortunate Man: In order to which, he gained my Maid, who waited upon me, by Bribes to discover all to him. She informed him from time to time of Seignior *Andrea Zantonio's* courting me, and all that passed. His Business obliged him to be often absent on Voyages to *Spain*, and elsewhere; and he arrived but the Day before my intended Wedding, of which being informed, he resolved to prevent it if possible. He therefore went to Seignior *Andrea's* Father, and acquainted him with the ill News, promising if he would assist him, he would prevent it; which he soon agreed to do, being much enraged at his Son. The Captain desired three or four Men to aid him, which he immediately procured him, sending four Ruffians disguised along with him; with these he lay in Ambuscade, in the way which we were to pass to my Father's Country House, where Seignior *Andrea* was to come to us the next Morning, not thinking it proper to go with us. There were none in the Coach but my Father, Mother, and me; two Men Servants rid before the Coach, and my poor *Black* was behind it: As we past by a Wood, the Captain and his Crew bolted out upon us, with Vizards upon their Faces, and Pistols in their Hands; they stopped the Coach, and tore me out of it, whilst my Mother shrieked, my Father stormed, and one of the Servants going to lay hold of me, was shot dead. They fled with me into the thickest Part of the Wood, where they bound and gagged me. The poor *Black Attabala*, who has now helped to deliver you, being very nimble of foot, pursued me, and running after them, came up crying just as they were binding my Hands. They seized and bound him also; then they placed us before two of them on Horseback, and made for the Sea side; where being soon arrived, we found a Boat ready, into which one of them entered; we were next lifted in by the Seamen that rowed it, and then the four Villains that assisted in taking us, cried, Farewel, and rode off. The Captain taking off his Vizard so soon as we were put from the Shore, discovered to me the Author of my Misfortune. "Madam, *said he*, I have you see done a bold Deed to manifest my Love, and secure you to my self; fear nothing more, you are now in the Hands of a Man that adores you, and it is your own fault if you are not happy." I could not answer, being gagged; but the Disorder of my Mind cannot be expressed. I saw my self in the Hands of a Man whom I hated, and no way left to escape. I was ten times more sensible of the Loss of him I loved, than I could have before imagined. My Soul shivered at the Thoughts of what was to follow. I could no more hope to see my Country and Friends, for thither it was not to be supposed this Villain would ever venture to bring me again, at least not in some Years. I was tortured with a thousand such dismal Apprehensions, when I saw the Ship which laid by to receive us. He took me up in his loathed Arms, and with the Seamen's Assistance, though I struggled, put me on board. *Attabala* and I were presently unbound, and now I began to expostulate with *Alphonso*, for that was the Captain's Name. "What do you propose, *said I*, in taking me thus by force against my Inclination? Do you vainly imagine to be happy with me, whilst I hate and detest you, and view you as the only Cause of my being wretched? Never will I pardon or love you, unless you carry me back to my Father's. I will make you as miserable as my self, and never suffer you to rest whilst I am

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with you. I always disliked you, but now my Aversion is confirmed, and I would prefer the most vile Wretch on Earth before you." "Rage on, *said he*, fond Girl; whilst I possess you, you shall be mine, and only Death can free you from me." 'Here he suddenly kissed and embraced me. "You shall, *said he*, this Night marry me, that I may have a lawful Title to you, and you have nothing to reproach me. I will not be a Ravisher, but having secured your Person, and your Honour, take what will be then my Due." "No, Villain, *I replied*, my Tongue shall never call you Husband; I would sooner suffer hot Pincers to rend it from the Root than speak those Words, or answer to such a Question." "Silence, *said he*, does give Consent, and I shall not want Witnesses to prove our Marriage." 'Here he went out of the Cabin, and left me in the extremest Grief and Despair. Poor *Attabala* comforted me the best he could, offering to risque his Life to kill him; but I regarded nothing he said to me.

It was now Night, and very dark; I heard the Winds blow, and a mighty Disorder and Noise upon the Deck, the Captain stormed and called loudly to the Seamen in Terms I did not understand; he came twice down into the Cabin, kissed me, and said, "Madam, it is a rough Night, but fear nothing:" 'Yet I read a Concern in his Face that spoke our Danger. I cannot say that I was much terrified with the Thoughts of Death, because at that Instant I was apprehensive of something worse. I recommended my self to God, and calmly expected the Event of his good Pleasure. Before Day the Ship had lost her Masts, and most part of her Rigging; she was so shattered that nothing but getting to some Shore, or meeting with some Ship, could save us. We were now drove in sight of *Barbary*, when a Ship coming up our Ship's Crew hailed her. She soon came near, and lay by, hoisting *French* Colours. The Captain sent his Boat aboard, but to their Surprize they were all clapped under Hatchets, it proving a Pirate Ship of *Algiers*. The Captain wondered the Boat staid, but at last seeing the Ship bear up to us, he suspected the Truth. He would have made some Defence, but the Ship was disabled; so he hastily caught up his Sword, and mounting the Deck was there met by a crowd of the Pirates, who had boarded the Ship: He was soon dispatched, and his Men all killed, or taken. I remained with poor *Attabala* in the Cabin all this while, and was so lost in thought, I was scarce apprehensive of my Danger: When the *Algerine* Captain entered the Cabin with his Men, they took me, and conveyed me into the Pirate Ship, rifled ours, and then set her adrift. They put me into the great Cabin with *Attabala*, and in few Hours we came to *Barbary*, landed at *Algiers*, and the next Morning *Ibrahim* the Captain presented me to the Governor. What my Thoughts were, and how I expressed my Sorrows under all these Misfortunes, would be too tedious to tell you: In fine, the Governor treated me kindly, pretended to love me passionately, and forced me to his Bed; after which he denied me nothing, purchased and freed *Attabala* at my Request; and for eight Years, though he had many other new Mistresses, gave me the Preference, and loved me with the same Ardour as at first. He reproached me often that I brought him no Child, which Providence no doubt did not think fit to give us: At last a *French* Lady, of incomparable Beauty, was presented him, and she brought him a Son the first Year of their Acquaintance. This caused him to grow cold to me, which I resenting, we quarrelled; so he sent me away to the Place you found me in. There I mourned my Misfortunes with a Christian Sorrow, and never thought to see the World again. Here I and my dear *Anna* came together; she was purchased by him a Month before I left him, and I begged her of him to keep me Company. Thus have I given you a true Narrative of my Misfortunes; and now *Don Lopez*, if we reach a Christian Shore again, and you prove grateful, I may yet live to be happy.' 'Madam, *said he*, it shall be my study to make you so.' 'Fair *Anna*, *said the Count*, we will refer your Story to the Afternoon, it being now Dinner time; and I doubt not but we shall hear something as extraordinary as what Madam *Eleonora* has related to us.' They rose, and *Don Lopez* led *Eleonora* to the Table; they dined, and then returned to her Chamber, which was a pleasant Room, having the Prospect of the Sea. Here they sat down, whilst *Attabala* made their Coffee, and then they importuned *Anna* to keep her Word; which she with a Sigh consented to do, saying, 'My Story is little worth hearing, and were it not to oblige *Eleonora*, I would beg to be excused.'

CHAP. VIII.

I am the Daughter of an unfortunate Prince, who was once a Lieutenant General in the *Venetian* Army. My Mother was a Lady of great Birth; but the Family being ruined, had no Fortune; my Grandfather, being one of those who headed the *Hugonot* Party against his Sovereign *Lewis XIV.* lost both his Life and Estate. My Mother, then an Infant, was bred up by an *Hugonot* Sister of my Grandfather, who spared no Cost upon her Education, but could give her no Fortune proportionable to her Quality. She had Beauty, Wit, and was certainly a very charming Person. My Father, who was the eldest Son of one of the noblest Families in *France*, saw and loved her; he visited her in secret, often made her large Presents; and knowing his Father and Family would never consent to his marrying her, he resolved if possible to debauch her; but her Virtue made her resist him, though she loved him: So that he was forced to have Recourse to Stratagems to accomplish his Desires. He used to walk with her often in her Aunt's Garden alone, she thinking her self secure from all Attempts there. He had procured a Key to the Garden-gate, pretending it was more convenient for him to come in that way, because it was most private; and therefore her Aunt gave him one she had used to carry in her Pocket, to let her Niece and her in when they thought fit. He sent three of his Servants in the Night, who going in, hid themselves in this Garden. His Page, who conducted them where he ordered, brought back the Key to him. In the Morning the Prince comes himself in a travelling Coach to the Garden-gate; there alighting, he enters the House, calls for my Mother, and pretends he was going in haste on a Journey on some extraordinary Business for the King. After some Talk with Madam her Aunt, he takes her into the Garden, to say some little tender Things to her alone, as she supposed. As they were walking in a close Walk, his Servants disguised started out upon her, and stopping her Mouth, bore her to the Coach, into which he entered, drawing up the Canvasses; and the Coach driving swiftly, he carried her thirty Miles off to a remote old Castle which belonged to his Father, but had not been inhabited by any thing but Servants a long time. When he entered, the Gardiner and his Wife, who had lived there to look after the Furniture and Gardens many Years, made haste to open the Rooms, and asked no Questions. Here he accomplished his ungenerous Design, and here he kept my disconsolate Mother some Years: Her Aunt concealed her Loss, and, as she thought, her own Dishonour, as much as was possible, concluding she was gone with him by her own Consent; she therefore pretended she was retired farther into the Country to some Relations: Yet it reached the Ear of my Grandfather, who only laughed at it, calling it a Piece of Gallantry in his Son to receive a Lady who fled to his Arms. He often pressed my Father to marry, but his Affection to my Mother, and Conscience, which now began to awaken him, made him always decline it. The Lady her Aunt loved her so tenderly, that she soon after the Loss of her, fell sick with Grief, and died. And now the War being broke out between the *Turks* and *Venetians*, my Father resolving to marry my Mother, who was young with Child, and with her charming affable Behaviour and Tears, had entirely gained his Heart, he proposed to the Duke his Father to go to *Venice* a Volunteer, with an Equipage suiting his Quality, to make a Campaign or two. To which his Father readily agreed: All things were got ready, and my Mother, concealed in Men's Clothes, went with him. So soon as they arrived at *Venice*, the Doge presented him with the Command of a Regiment of Horse. Here he acquainted a Bishop with the Engagements that were betwixt my Mother and him, together with the Reasons why it must be a Secret: The good Bishop married them, and placed my Mother with a Widow Lady of great Quality and Worth, who was his own Relation. Here my Mother was brought to Bed of me, and unfortunately died in Child-bed; so that my Father returning from the Army at the End of the Campaign, found my Mother just dead, and me at Nurse. His Grief was very great, and his Fondness of me so extreme, he begged the Bishop and Lady to take all the Care imaginable of me. The next Campaign he was made a Lieutenant General, and was killed, dying in the Bed of Honour, leaving me a helpless Orphan, whose greatest Happiness at that time was, that I was too young to be sensible of my Loss. My Father had deposited into the Lady's Hands a great Sum of Money, as a Provision for me in case of his Death. The generous *Angelina*, for that was her Name, bred me up with as much Care and Tenderness as if I had been her own Child. She had a lovely Youth, her only Son, who was seven Years older than me; for him she declared she designed me, provided we loved one another: His Name was *Carolus Antonio Barbarini*: We lived together, and his Name was one of the first things she taught my Infant Tongue to pronounce. At seven Years of Age I found how dear he was to me, and he being fourteen, began to feel the glowing Passion he had for me warm his Breast. I

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was caressed and loved by all his Family, and had a Prospect of being one of the happiest Women in the World. The *Turks* gaining many unfortunate Victories over the *Venetians*, I was not thought safe at Home, but sent with some young Ladies of *Angelina's* Family to a Monastery. There, with a World of others, I was taken Captive by the cruel Infidels, and carried to *Constantinople*, where my tender Years preserved my Virtue. A Sea Captain bought me, and carrying me to *Algiers*, made a Present of me to the Governor, whom he used to supply with Mistresses, for which he was doubtless well rewarded. This is my unhappy Story. I suppose the Governor reserved me for his Use, when I was older; but God has been pleased to deliver me out of his Hands, for which I bless his Name, and I hope to see *Venice* once again with his Assistance.' Here she finished, and *Eleonora* rising up, embraced her, shedding some Tears. 'Are you then, *says she*, the charming Girl the Noble *Angelina* bred up? Fair *Anna*, forgive my Ignorance that made me treat you as a Servant: My Mother was *Angelina's* Sister; you are dear to me by the Ties of Blood, and far my Better in your noble Father. May Providence restore you to my Kinsman, and bring us safe to *Venice* again.' Here the two Lords related part of their Adventures; *Don Lopez* concealing that part only that related to *Teresa*, whom he mentioned as his Sister: They related the manner of their being cast on the dismal Island, their Escape thence, and unfortunate meeting with the *Algerine* Pirate, with the Ladies being ravished from them for the Governor. At last they declared they would not leave *Barbary* till they were found and rescued. *Attabala* undertook to go to the Governor's, and learn what was become of them, which he faithfully performed in few Days after. He went to enquire after his Master's Health as usual, found none but Servants, who informed him of the Ladies Escape thence, and how the Governor had been wounded by one of them, and that *Roderigo* was likewise killed; in fine, of all they knew, but where the Ladies were retired to, that they could not tell. So *Attabala* returned with this Account; upon which the Lords resolved to disguise themselves, and go together in search of them in all the Villages near the City, to one of which they supposed they must have fled for Shelter. They dressed themselves in the Habit of *Grecian* Merchants, which Habits *Attabala* bought for them at the City, and both speaking *Greek*, they doubted not to pass for such if questioned. Thus metamorphosed they went daily out, and ventured to enquire if any Ladies in *European* Dresses were arrived in that Town or Village which they passed through. Thus they did in every Place they could think of; but finding all their Search in vain, they began to imagine they were hid in some Wood or Cave, and therefore concluded to visit all lonely Woods and Places least frequented: This they did for several Days also, but without Success. One Evening as they were returning Home, they passed by a small Wood, into which it was difficult to find an Entrance: They stopped, and having viewed it well, they perceived some Footsteps and beaten Ways over the Grass. They entered into the thickest part of it by this Path, and there found a dismal Sort of Hut made only with Boughs of Trees, and a Piece of Sail-Cloth; under which, upon some Straw, lay a Woman, whose Face, though very beautiful, expressed the greatest Want and Misery. She had a Canvas Waistcoat and Petticoat on, was barefoot, had a silk Handkerchief tied about her Head, and a Piece of Flannel wrapped about her Shoulders; she was young, fair, and finely limbed, but her Eyes were sunk: She was meagre, pale, sick, and so weak she could not rise. The Lords viewed her with such Compassion, that they were ready to weep. 'In the Name of God, *said the Count de Hautville in French*, what are you? And how came you to be left in this dismal Place?' 'I am not able, *said she*, to tell you; If you are Christians, give me something to eat or drink, for our Saviour's sake.' They had nothing with them; but *Attabala*, who went with them as a Guide, hastened to the next Village, and soon brought some Bread and Wine, with some of which they a little revived her. She drank a good Draught of the Wine, but had not Strength to chew or swallow the Bread. As they were assisting her, a Man came up, whose Face, Shape, and Mien engaged their Attention: He was dressed in a Jacket and Drawers of Canvas, his red Cloth Cap upon his Head with Fur, barefooted, and so pale and lean, that he appeared the very Image of Death; in a ragged Handkerchief he held in his Hands, he had Nuts and wild sour Grapes with a few dirty Bones, such as seemed to have been flung out into the Streets for Dogs. He retired back when he saw the Lords; at which the Woman called to him in a sort of Extasy: 'Come here, my dear Lord, God sends us Friends and Food.' He then bowing, approached them. Their Surprise was such, when they saw him nearer, they could not speak. His Feet bled, his Sinews and Nerves were all open, his Bones stared upon one another; in fine, he was the most miserable Object their Eyes ever saw. They put the Bottle of Wine and Bread into his Hands, at which a Flood of Tears poured from his Eyes; and going to lift the Bottle to his Mouth, he staggered and fell down; at which the Woman shrieked, and fell into strange Convulsions. *Don Lopez* who caught the Bottle when the Man fell, endeavoured with his Friend's Assistance to get some Wine down his Throat; but his Teeth being set fast, it was very difficult.

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Mean time *Attabala* was employed to hold the Woman, who beat her Breast, gnashed her Teeth, rolled her Eyes, and appeared to be in the Agonies of Death. In some time both recovered a little, and Don *Lopez* ordered *Attabala* to run back to the Town and hire Horses to carry them to *Attabala's* House. This was soon done, and the Lords mounting, took the Man and Woman up before them, and so posted Home: Where being arrived, they put them into warm Beds, not being certain they were Man and Wife, *Attabala* having first washed their Feet. This with some burnt Wine, and Bread sopped in it, threw them into a profound Sleep till the next Morning; when *Eleonora*, *Anna*, and the Lords visited them to enquire who they were, and how they did: They first entered the Man's Chamber, who no sooner saw them, but he raised himself up in the Bed, and lifting up his Hands broke out into these passionate Expressions: *To thee, first, my merciful Creator, I return my Thanks; it is to thee I owe this great Deliverance, and all the good Things I have received in my whole Life.* I bless thee for the Miseries I have suffered: *It is most just, my God, that I should be punished with Cold, Hunger and Thirst, who broke my Faith with Thee, and fled thy Altar for a sensual Satisfaction. It was I seduced the virtuous Clarinda from her blessed Retirement, for which she suffers both in Mind and Body; but no more will I offend my God. Now pardon us, and as thou hast delivered us from Death, so grant Peace to our Souls.* Then bowing to the Lords, 'To you blessed Instruments of Heaven's Bounty, *said he*, who have saved the Life of her whose Life is dearer to me than my own, you who saved both from certain Death, I return unfeigned Thanks, and will make all the grateful Returns my present Circumstances will permit.' They embraced, and congratulated him with much Tenderness, and promised to return to him so soon as they had visited the Lady. To her they went, and found her waking. She was very faint, and the Ladies welcoming of her, desired she would drink Chocolate with them, and not spend her Spirits by talking; yet she uttered many affectionate Thanks and Acknowledgments to God and them. The Breakfast was brought in, and soon after the Gentleman being risen and dressed in a Shirt, a Thing he had not on before, Waistcoat, Breeches, Cap, Night-gown, Stockings, and Slippers of one of the Lords, entered the Room, and appeared like what he really was, a Man of Quality, of excellent Parts and Person. *Anna* had likewise supplied the Lady with Shift and Night Clothes; she appeared to be about two and twenty, and the Gentleman upwards of thirty. Being refreshed with eating, the Gentleman handsomly, without asking, addressed himself to the Company thus: 'Gentlemen and Ladies, *said he*, I am positive you are very desirous to know who this Lady and I are, and what strange Misfortunes reduced us to the deplorable Condition you found us in; I will therefore as briefly as I can satisfy your Curiosity, and you must excuse me, if I do not relate every Particular with that Exactness it ought to be done in, since my Strength is but little at present.' They assured him they would rather deny themselves that Pleasure, than trouble him; and begged that he would proceed.

CHAP. IX.

'This Lady and I, *said he*, were both born in *France*, in the same Province; *Dauphiny* gave us Birth. My Father (whom it is necessary I should mention first, because I am but ten Years older than she, which occasioned my Misfortune, in being destined to the Church, before she was grown up to inspire my Soul with that fatal Passion that has undone us) was the King's Lieutenant for that Province, and Marquis of *Harcourt*. I was his third Son, and therefore designed for the Church, in which I could not miss of Preferment, being descended of so great a Family; nor did I want the Qualifications requisite to render me capable of that noble Profession. I was not inclined to any Vice; nor, I thank God, wanted Sense to learn, and retain, all that was taught me. In fine, I was very dear to my Father, and much esteemed by my Friends and Family. I passed through my Study, and was ordained a Secular Priest at twenty. I was soon dignified with being made a Canon of the royal Cathedral of *Cambray*. My Brothers were greatly preferred in the Army, and we were all very great and very happy: But Providence did not think fit I should continue so. I got an Ague and Fever, which rendered me very weak; the Physicians advised me to the Country Air. Upon which I retired to a Village, where my Father had a little Summer Seat. In this Town was a Monastery of *Benedictine* Nuns; this Place I visited, having two young Ladies my Relations there. Here I saw the charming *Clarinda*, who was then about fifteen; she was Daughter to the Count *de Villeroy*, who having ten Children, four Sons and six Daughters, sent three of his youngest Daughters to this Monastery, of which the Lady Abbess was his Sister. He gave a thousand Pounds Sterling with them, and all possible Persuasions and Means were used to persuade them to embrace this holy way of Living, as is customary in *France*, because great Fortunes and Families should not be impaired and ruined, by portioning many Children; therefore they commonly dedicate some of them to the Church, which prevents their impoverishing Estates, and too greatly increasing the Family. Thus they were enabled to give such great Portions with their eldest Daughter, and making Settlements on the second Sons, as may marry them into noble and rich Families suitable to their own. But though this be an excellent Piece of Policy, yet it often causes the Children to be very unhappy, and the Church crowded with those, whose Inclinations do not suit the Habits they wear, but tend to the World, and sigh after the Pleasures of it; nay, too often do, as I have done, forget the sacred Vows they have made, and follow the Dictates of their Passions. *Clarinda* was fair as an Angel, witty, free, affable, and in all Things so engaging, that I soon lost my Heart to her; I struggled with the growing Passion, sometimes resolved to see her Face no more, but Love overcame all my Resolutions, and I at last resolved to possess her or die. I soon found Means to reveal my Passion to her, and she in short time yielded to fly with me to any part of the World, for in *France* we could not stay. I had a great deal of Money by me, and now I thought only of amassing such a Sum, as might provide handsomely for us in *Holland* or *England*, to one of which Places we were determined to go: In order to this, I made bold with some very rich Jewels, which were laid up in a Reliquary, of which I kept the Keys; to prevent Discovery I employed a *Hugonot* Jeweller to set false Stones in the Room of the true, which I picked out before he saw them, pretending to him that I was desirous to repair and beautify those sacred Things; and that Time having reduced them to this Condition, I could not bestow Diamonds and Rubies, and was willing to make them decent, at my own Expence: And indeed I thought there was but little use for Diamonds, to adorn dry Bones and Relicks, which we were not certain belonged to those holy Persons whose they were pretended to be; and that the Money bestowed on the Poor would have been much better employed. Though in me this was Sacrilege, and a great Crime, yet having given the Reins to my Passion, I ran headlong to Destruction. All things being ready, I provided a Boat to carry us down the River *Rhosne* to *Arles*, from whence I doubted not to get Passage to *England*, in some Ship from *Marseilles* that was going Home through the *Straits*. *Clarinda* failed not to be ready at the appointed Hour, which was Midnight. I brought a Ladder of Ropes, which throwing over the Wall of the Garden, which was not very high she mounted, and turning it over on the other Side descended. I received her with open Arms, and all the Transport a Man may be supposed to feel, who has rigorously lived to his Duty, denied himself all the Pleasures of Sense, and gives a loose to his Desires. The sad Prisoner, who has lived long confined in a dark loathsome Vault, feels not a greater Joy at the Sight of Day and Liberty than I did then. I hasted with her to the Boat, into which I had already conveyed Habits for us both, with all Things necessary. The Jewels I had hid about me in a Purse, and my Pockets were stuffed with Gold, besides all I had put into the Trunk I had

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got aboard with our Clothes and Linen. As soon as we were come Aboard, and alone in the Cabin, we dressed both in Gentlemen's Habits. I threw our others into the River. And now it is needless to tell you that I enjoyed the Maid I so much languished for, promising to marry her so soon as we were arrived in a Place of Safety. When we came to *Marseilles*, which we soon did, we discharged the Bark, and went ashore with our Things and lodged at an Inn. And now grown distractedly fond of *Clarinda*, I longed to perform my Promise of marrying her; and in few Days after, having purchased some Woman's Apparel for her, we stepped out one Morning early, and going to a Country Village two Miles from *Marseilles*, were lawfully joined by the Parish Priest: And now had I not been before engaged to live single, I had been one of the happiest Men on Earth. We waited not long before an *English Ship* arrived homeward bound. I agreed for our Passage; we went Aboard, and soon after set Sail. And now my fears were all over, I fancied my self going to a Country where I should rather be applauded than condemned for what I had done, where I should be free in all respects; and though I never had a thought to change my Religion, yet I fancied I should be extreme happy in a Place where I should live free from all Constraint: But God, whom I had offended, soon convinced me of my Folly. An *Algerine Pirate* met us, and after a sharp Dispute took the Ship, and made us all Prisoners, carrying us into *Tunis*, where he sold us for Slaves. It was *Clarinda's* Fortune and mine to be bought by a Merchant's Widow, who sent her Steward to Market to buy a Man and a Maid Servant. When he brought us Home the Lady viewed us, seemed pleased with his Choice of us. She asked me many Questions, as what Nation I was of, what I could do, who *Clarinda* was, and such like; to which I answered, that she was my Sister, that we were born in *France*; that I could write, cast Accompt, play upon several Sorts of Musick, but neither of us had been bred to work: I said my Sister could work finely at her Needle. She told me it was our own Faults if we lived uneasy, and that she would use us kindly. In short she liked my Person, and in few Days gave me to understand what she expected. She was old, and very disagreeable; yet having given the Reins to Passion, the fear of being parted from, or of *Clarinda's* being ill used, made me resolve to oblige the lustful Hag, which I accordingly did. And now I was treated as the Master of all, I sat at Table with her, and *Clarinda* with us; I was denied nothing, but managed her Affairs and Fortune as I pleased. I had still left of my own the Purse of Jewels, which I had hung about my Neck with a String; and when the Pirates took us, they staid not to strip us of our Shirts, so they found not what was concealed next my Skin. This I always kept about me; but I wanted two Things which are the greatest Blessings of Life, Liberty and a good Conscience. I continued to please *Admela* the Widow some time; but one fatal Evening she being walked into the Garden, I stole to *Clarinda's* Room, where she was working, as I often did undiscovered, and taking the Privilege of a Husband to enjoy my virtuous Wife, was by a malicious Slave watched, and betrayed: He envied my good Fortune in being beloved by his Mistress. He was an *Irishman*, a Sort of People who never want a good Opinion of themselves, and are generally successful with the Women. He thought he had now a good Opportunity to ruin me, and insinuate himself into her Favour. He gave her an account of what he had seen; and when I came into the Garden some time after, and gave her my Hand, she looked upon me with such Rage and Disorder in her Face, that I quickly apprehended what was to follow. I entertained her as usual with pleasant Talk; we supped, and I went into her Chamber, when her Servants withdrew, as I was accustomed to do; but when we were alone, she explained her self in this manner. "*Malherb*, said she, for under that Name I concealed my self, *Clarinda* is more than a Sister to you, and I have nursed a Viper in my Bosom, that steals your Affection from me. You adore her, and doubtless care not for me. I thought to have provided nobly for her and you; but since she makes me wretched I will remove her from my Sight, and yours for ever." Here she wept. What different Passions rent my divided Soul at this dreadful Moment Words cannot express. I stood for some Minutes immoveable as a Statue: At last I endeavoured to pacify her, begging her not to credit what a Villain said, who conspired my Ruin, envying my good Fortune. At last I gained so far upon her, that she received me to her Arms; and then I made her promise to put the Villain away that abused us, which the next Morning she performed, ordering him to be sent to a Country House she had near the Sea side, twenty Miles distant, to look after the Gardens. He uttered a hundred Curses and Imprecations against me; but they did not hurt me, or serve him. And now I was obliged to caress *Admela* in an extraordinary manner, and be more circumspect than ever with *Clarinda*, on whom she kept a watchful Eye. We continued thus some time; but *Admela* observed the tender Regard we had for each other so well, that she was convinced I had imposed upon her: And being very cunning, she took no notice to me; but taking *Clarinda* with her into the Garden one Morning, when I was gone out to receive some Money of the Merchants for her, she had her seized, and put bound into a Cart; where being covered over with some Sacks, she was drove to the Country House, where the

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Irish Villain was, and there locked into a Chamber, where they chained her by the Leg, and only one old Hag, who had been *Admela's* Nurse, left with her. Here she remained a long time: At my return Home I missed her, and asking where she was, none answered; at last my Devil—mistress told me she was where I should never see her more. I raged and stormed in vain; nay, I used Tears and Prayers, but Jealousy had rendered her Soul obdurate and inflexible; in fine, none would inform me what was become of her. From this Hour I resolved to shun *Admela's* lustful Arms and Bed; at last she threatened me with *Clarinda's* Death if I treated her so ill. Thus I lived two whole Years in perpetual Torment, and Anxiety of Mind; my Health decayed, and I was no longer the same Man. *Admela* grieved, and being old, fell into a lingring Illness that at last ended her Days, but not my Sorrows. And now having got much Riches of the Widow's into my Power, I resolved to find out where *Clarinda* was, though I spent it all; but all my Designs were vain. *Mustapha*, a *Mahometan* Captain that was Nephew to *Admela's* Husband and his Heir, comes Home, and seizing upon all, cast me into Prison where I lay three Months, and then was turned out to be used as a Slave, with a Clog chained to my Leg, to prevent my escaping. I was forced to carry Burdens as a Porter about the City to earn a Morsel of Bread. Whilst these Things passed, my dear *Clarinda* remained a Prisoner very sick; the *Irish* Villain, and old Woman lived rarely, and grew great Friends; they feasted and lay together, he meditating how to revenge himself upon me, and having always viewed *Clarinda* with Desire, prevailed on *Dimas*, the old Hag, to let him sometimes visit her. He always brought her something, as Fruit, Coffee or Wine, to revive her poor decayed Spirits; and though Grief had much altered her Face, yet her Beauty charmed the Villain. One Day when *Dimas* was gone to *Tunis* for Money for their Salary, which *Admela* allowed them, he thus addressed *Clarinda*: "Madam, said he, I am touched to the very Soul with a tender Sense of your Sufferings. I adore and love you equal with him you are parted from; grant me the Enjoyment of your Person, and I will free you. *Malherb* is dead, the revengeful *Admela* poisoned him three Days after you were brought here. *Dimas* has Orders to poison you, but I keep her from it. I am an *European* and a Christian; give yourself to me, and I will procure a safe Passage for us to *Ireland*, where I will marry you." 'At these Words she lift up her Eyes, and with a Flood of Tears replied; "Is my dear Husband dead then? Can I no more hope to see him? Then why do I live?" 'At these Words she swooned. *Macdonald*, for that was the Villain's Name, held her up in his Arms, till she recovering, poured forth the most passionate Expressions of Grief. He then departed, fearing to hear her Reproaches and Subtlety, considering, that after the first Efforts of her Passion was over, Reason would take place, and she would reflect upon the Misery of her present Condition, and the Impossibility of being freed from it by any other means but by him; and so concluded, she would at last comply and fly with him, which was the Thing he designed to compass, by this invented Story of my Death. *Dimas* returning, wondered to find her so afflicted, and asked her the Reason of her Grief; but *Clarinda* feared to tell her, and discover what had passed betwixt her and *Mackdonald*, and so gave her no Answer. And now Heaven kindly inspired her with a Thought, that this Story might not be true: "Why, said she, am I kept here if he is dead? *Admela* has no need to fear me if the Man we love is dead; if she would have taken my Life away, she might have done it long since; no, doubtless, this Villain tells me this to make me despair of any help but his. My God, continued she, who can bring Good out of Evil, direct me what to do," "Thus she passed the sleepless Night, and at last resolved to dissemble with *Mackdonald*, and if possible, get her Liberty without injuring her Virtue. The next time he came to her alone, when *Dimas*, who was jealous of him, was absent, she pretended to hearken to his Proposals, and told him, if he would contrive a way for them to escape, she would gladly go with him. He seemed transported; and the next Night, whilst *Dimas* slept, whom he had given a large Potion of Opium to, in some Coffee they had drank together, he rises, and packing up what Money and Clothes he could get in the House, he came into *Clarinda's* Chamber, filed off her Fetters, and they hasted to a neighbouring Wood, where they sat down, fearing to lose themselves, it being a very dark Night; resolving to stay till the Day break, and then he proposed to go down to the Sea side, in hopes to find some Ship's Boat to go off to Sea in; if not, he had made an Acquaintance with a poor Fisherman, of whom he used to buy Fish, in whose Cottage he doubted not they might safely stay. And now the Villain began rudely to press her to yield to him." " *Mackdonald*, that you are a Villain, said she, I am sensible; I have used you to obtain my Liberty, I never design to gratify you; therefore desist, or expect to die by my Hand, or kill me, for I prefer Death a thousand times before a Life of Infamy. If my Husband still lives, I may be happy; if he be dead, I have no more business with the World, and shall gladly die: But this be assured of, I will resist to Death." ' *Mackdonald's* Surprise was very great, yet he persisted in his wicked Design, and when he found Persuasions would not do, proceeded to use Force, saying, ' *Clarinda*, it is in vain you strive; the happy *Malherb*

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ruined me, and I will revenge my self by robbing him of you." 'At these Words, she caught a Bayonet from his Side, which he had armed himself withal, and stabbed him, before he suspected her Design. And now guess but the Terrors of her Mind, alone in a dismal Wood, she knew not where to go, a dying Man lying by her. She withdrew some little distance from the Place, and there falling upon her Knees begged of God to deliver her from the Miseries of Life by a speedy Death. At last Day breaking, she looked round her, and rising walked through the Wood in a Path way which led to a Hill. This she ascended with much Pain, being very weak. In a shady Valley on the other Side the Hill, she saw an antient Man of a venerable Aspect, his Beard reached to his Waist, his Habit was a coarse gray Cloth, very old, his Feet were bare; he had a little Pitcher in his Hand, and was going to fill it with Water at a small Spring that rose at the Bottom of the Hill. She approached him trembling, and fell at his Feet, crossing her Breast. He lifted her up, saying in *French*, "God save you, Woman; what would you have?" "A Place to conceal my self, Father, *said she*; I am a Christian, fled from those that sought to ruin me; I am faint, sick, and friendless: Oh, assist me in what you can: If not, I must perish, for I cannot go much farther." 'He led her down the Valley, and brought her to a poor Cottage, there he gave her some Bread and boiled Roots, which was what he lived on; and here she recounted to him how she was with her Husband taken and made Slaves, with the Cause of her Confinement at the Country House; how she escaped thence, and had killed, as she supposed, the Villain that would have forced her. Then the old Man, she having finished her Story, began thus: "Daughter, I am a Man who have long since retired from the World; I am a Priest, born in *France*, I was Chaplain to an *India* Ship; and being desirous to see the World, chose that way to travel, in hopes to be useful to the Ignorant. We were taken by the *Algerines*, as you have been, and I was seven Years a Slave to a Merchant at *Fez*, where I learned to live hard; he at last freed me, and being well acquainted with the Place and People, I resolved to live here the Remainder of my Days. I never eat Flesh, nor drink Wine, but content my self with Bread and Roots, to which you are welcome. I get my living by practising Physick amongst these poor Barbarians, and so have frequent Opportunities of baptizing Infants, unperceived by them, and sometimes converting poor Souls to the Christian Faith. Sometimes I paint small Pictures of holy Persons, for which they give me Bread and Roots. Thus have I lived these forty Years, daily visiting the Sick in the adjacent Towns and Villages. And now, Daughter, if you can content your self to work, I will procure you a Cottage and Business, for with me it would be indecent for you to stay. You say you have killed a Man, a Thing you ought to mourn for all the Days of your Life. Alas! could you find no way to touch his Soul, but to cut him off in that dreadful Moment when he was least prepared for his eternal State? Why did you not rather call earnestly to God to deliver you? Are you certain he is dead? No Father, *said she*, but I believe so." 'He rose hastily, saying, "Stay here and I will go, and see if God has mercifully spared him to repent." 'He run to a Cupboard, took out a Bottle of Cordial, and with his Staff in his Hand departed, going as nimbly as if he had been young, though he was so old and feeble. This Sight filled her Soul with an unusual strain of Devotion: ' "My God, *said she*, What a lively Devotion glowed in the Face of that good Man! How vigorously he performs his Duty, and how careless have I been of mine? How have I distrusted God, how lamented for a mortal Man, and how little for his and my Sins? I will henceforth resolve courageously to support all Adversity. Why did I imbrue my Hands in Blood, and rashly ruin the Soul of him whose Hands gave me Liberty but some few Hours before? I should have strove, and reasoned with him; God would have strengthened me no doubt, and touched his Heart. Well might the *Psalmist* cry out to be delivered from the Guilt of shedding innocent Blood." 'Here she melted into Tears, and truly repented her Rashness. Not long after, as she sat pensive, the good Father *Clementine* returned, for that was his Name, and with much Joy told her, *Mackdonald* was sitting under a Tree when he came, so weak with the Loss of Blood, he could not rise.' "I viewed his Wound, *said he*, after giving him some Cordial; it is in his Thigh, deep, but not mortal. I mentioned nothing of you to him, but admonished him seriously to prepare for Death, not letting him know that I thought his Wound not dangerous. He viewed me earnestly, and at last said, *Are you a Christian Priest?* I assured him I was, he seemed overjoyed, made his Confession to me, expressing great Sorrow for his Sins. I went to a poor Man's House, and we have got him thither. There have I left him in Bed; at Night I have promised to return: He says your Husband is living at *Tunis*." 'Poor *Clarinda* blessed God and him for this good News; he conducted her to a Widow Woman's House where she was to live till News could be got of me; there she helped to embroider Belts with this good Woman, who maintained herself with that Work. It was a great way from *Tunis* to this Place, and it was some time before somebody could be found to go thither with her, which the good *Clementine* could not do himself, because he could not leave his sick Patient. Poor *Mackdonald* died, before her Departure, of a Fever, occasioned by his great

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Loss of Blood, and was very penitent. The Clothes and Money he had were by the good Priest taken care of; who having paid the Countryman for Lodging and Diet for *Mackdonald*, gave the rest to *Clarinda*. She took leave of the generous Father with Tears, promising to return to him soon with me; he said he would provide for us to live. The good Widow loved her much, and invited her to live there again: The Woman's Son went with her, they came safe to *Tunis*, lodged at a poor Woman's who was kin to the Widow. Here they learned the News of *Admela's* Death, my Imprisonment and poor Condition. *Clarinda* got the young Man to enquire me out; at last he found and brought me to her, but when she saw me in so miserable a Plight, a Clog chained to my Leg, my beggarly Habit and altered Face, no Words can express her Concern; yet our Souls leaped for Joy. We kissed, embraced, and wept; so moving was the Scene, the poor Countryman and Woman of the House could not refrain from Tears. She told me what a Retreat was provided us; but I feared being pursued, and thought it was better for me to stay at *Tunis*. We took a Lodging in this Woman's House, she promising to procure Needle-work for *Clarinda*, to help maintain us. In few Days the honest Countryman went Home, carrying a Letter from us to the good Father, full of our Acknowledgments. And thus we lived for ten Months, in which time *Clarinda* found her self with Child. We lived very poorly; and no hopes of Freedom appearing, at last I resolved, she importuning me, to file off my Fetter and steal away to the Widow's House, where she could lie in more conveniently, and with *Clementine* the pious Priest's Assistance, be better supplied with Necessaries. We had little Money, no Guide, and travelled on Foot mostly in the Night, fearing to be observed and questioned in the Day. We soon lost our way, and wandering about, came to the Wood where you found us. Here poor *Clarinda* fell into the Pains of Child-birth, and was delivered of a dead Child, which was doubtless lost for want of help. I did all I was able to assist and comfort her, but she was now in so weak a Condition as rendered her unable to go from this dismal Place. All I could do was to wander in the neighbouring Villages to seek for Food to sustain our Lives. In this Condition God sent you to us; and now if he assists us to get safe to *France* again, *Clarinda* and I are determined to do penance for our past Sins, and if a Dispensation cannot be granted, part for ever: I will return to serve my God at the Altar, and she to her peaceful Convent, to wash away our Stains and Oversights with Tears, to obtain a happy Death, and rise again to everlasting Peace and Glory.' Thus he ended his moving Relation, which drew Tears from every Eye. The Lords and Ladies caressed them both in an extraordinary manner, and the Praises of the good Father *Clementine* were confirmed by every Tongue. And now the Count *de Hautville* called for Wine to refresh the Gentleman, whose Name they now knew to be Monsieur *de Chateau-Royal*. Soon after, Dinner being ready, they repaired to the Parlour, and the Ladies charmed with *Clarinda*, strove to entertain her as well as they were able, and to recover her Health, she being very weak, and much indisposed. We must now take leave of them for some time, and return to *Emilia* and *Teresa*, whom we left at the Widow's.

CHAP. X.

Teresa was a Month after her Arrival at *Seraja's* delivered of a dead Son, and lay some time sick; but recovering, and both the Ladies working with their Needles all Day, gained a great deal of Money, whilst *Antonio* went frequently Abroad, to make Inquiry after Don *Lopez*, and the Count *de Hautville*. At last going to the City with work, he met *Lorenzo*, who told him how the Lords were escaped with a Lady and Girl from the Country House; but he knew not whither, and that the Governor was gone for the Army, from which he had sent him two Days before on Business. This was all *Antonio* could learn, and enough to fill the Ladies with new Hopes of seeing them again. Sometimes they imagined they were got to some Ship, and returned Home; yet it seemed not very probable they would leave *Barbary* without having found them: Then they concluded they lay somewhere concealed, and would not fail to enquire them out. This, with the Knowledge of the Governor's being gone for the Army, made them more venturous than before, and they walked out sometimes into the adjacent Towns, and often in the open Fields, in hopes of meeting their Husbands. But it so happened, that *Muley Arab*, youngest Son to the Emperor of *Fez* and *Morocco*, who was used to hunt often near this Place, it being now Winter, riding by one Evening with few Attendants, saw these unfortunate Ladies, attended by *Antonio*, walking Home to the Widow's. Their Beauty surprized him, though their Habit was mean; he ordered one of his Slaves to follow them, which he did, and returned to the Prince, who the next Morning sent one of his chief Favourites to the House. He talked with the Woman in the *Turkish* Language, asking her who these Women were. She told them they were poor Maids, Captives, whom she had bought to work with her in Embroidery. He presently demanded what Price she would part with them at, saying he would purchase them. At these Words the poor Woman was confounded. She replied, trembling, 'I love them so dearly I cannot part with them.' Then, *said he*, 'You shall go along with them; my Master the Prince of *Fez* will provide nobly both for you and them; he will be here this Night.' He instantly departed, and left the Widow and Ladies, to whom she explained what the *Mahometan* had said, in the utmost Distraction: Whither to fly they knew not, and to stay there was certain Ruin. They therefore resolved immediately to pack up their Money, Clothes, and Jewels, and be gone towards the Sea side. Whilst they were doing this, *Antonio* enters the House quite out of Breath. He had been out that Morning with some Goods to a Merchant's near *Attabala's* House, and returning, saw the two Lords and *Attabala* walking in a Field near it. He concluded it was them by the Description *Emilia* and *Teresa* had given of them, and therefore hastened to bring the good News, having never rested in the way, though it was ten Miles from the good Widow *Seraja's*. 'Ladies, *said he*, I have fortunately found your Husbands; now we shall be happy, and only *Antonio* will remain wretched.' *Teresa* and *Emilia* transported, replied, 'Blessed be our God who ever helps us when distressed, let us go hence, with them we shall be secured; and though you our good Angel have not yet informed us who you are, yet I doubt not but we, or our Husbands, may be instrumental to make you happy also.' Here they informed him of *Muley Arab's* Message, and the Necessity of their removing thence: 'I will then, *said he*, return to the House where they are, and give your Lords notice of your coming: Mean time delay not to haste to us, we will meet you on the way; but if you meet any Company on the Road, conceal your selves behind some Trees, or stay in the great Wood till we come to you.' *Teresa* put the Box of Jewels into *Antonio's* Hands, saying, 'Take you these into your Care, and give them to our Lords to secure, before they come to us: We will follow your Directions, and be soon with you.' He drank something to refresh him, and departed; it was not long e'er they followed, making what haste they were able to get to the Place appointed; but alas, Fate has otherwise decreed. The Moorish Lord returning to his Prince, related to him the Disorder *Seraja* was in at his Proposal, and advised him to be quick in securing the Women. 'My Lord, *said he*, they are the fairest Creatures my Eyes ever saw, and, if I mistake not, Christians, and of noble Birth.' The Prince more inflamed with this Relation gave Orders to some of his Attendants to follow him, and mounting a swift *Arabian* Horse, set out for the Widow's, *Ismale* the Moorish Lord leading the way. They found the House empty; and all Things being left in disorder, shewed the Inhabitants were fled in the utmost Haste and Confusion. The Prince raged, commanding his Vassals to divide themselves into Parties, and pursue them with all Diligence. The cunning *Ismale* advised him to make for the Sea Coast; 'They are doubtless, *said he*, fled thither, in hopes to get off in some Ship or Boat to some of the *European* Forts or Consuls, to *Tripoli* or *Ceuta*.' *Muley Arab* followed his Counsel, and soon overtook the unfortunate Travellers, who being loaded, unused to walk fast, and

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afraid of every Passenger they met, were not got half way to *Attabala's*. The *Moors* seized upon them; and it was needless to ask who they were, for their charming Faces betrayed them. The Prince viewed them with Transport, descended from his Horse; and speaking to the affrighted Widow, who spoke his Language, bid her tell them, they should not fear, he was passionately in love with them, would make them great, they should live in his Palace, and smile in his Arms. To all which she answered not, but with low Cursies, and downcast Eyes: At last she too well explained his Meaning to the almost despairing Ladies, whose Prospect of approaching Happiness rendered this cruel Disappointment insupportable: Nor was their Terror less that their Lords should come up to them at this fatal Juncture, and be exposed to the cruel Infidel's Fury. This is the uncertain Condition of Man's Life, that we scarce know what to wish for, or to fear. These poor Ladies but a few Moments before impatiently longed to see their dear Husbands, and now they dread their Presence worse than Death. Thus the Fruition of our Wishes is oft our Punishment; and we ought to desire nothing earnestly, but leave all to Providence. *Emilia*, *Teresa* and the Widow, were placed in the Middle of the Band of *Moors*, and led by three of them, who quitted their Horses, to take care of these unfortunate Ladies. It was with much difficulty they got them to the next Village, where the Prince ordered they should stay to rest, till one of his Coaches came to carry them to his Summer Palace, which was not many Miles distant. Here he entered the House of a Bassa, who was much overjoyed at this fortunate Opportunity of obliging his Prince. Here the Ladies and Widow were conducted to a Chamber, where two Eunuchs waiting on them, hindered their conversing together; for they dared not discover their Thoughts to each other, for fear of being understood, and betraying their Lords. They sat looking dejectedly, Tears and Sighs only expressed the State of their Minds: Wine, Sherbets, Sweet-meats, Cold-meats, and the most delicious Things that please the Taste, were presented to them; but they respectfully refused to eat or drink. *Muley Arab* was magnificently treated by the Bassa, and his Coach being come, departed, the Bassa waiting on him, with many of his Slaves, to guard the Coach into which he was entered, with the two Ladies, out of respect to whom the rich Curtains of the Coach were drawn. *Seraja* was presented with a Horse to ride on, which a Slave leading, she went next the Coach; for the Prince used her very kindly, designing to make her assist him in gaining the Ladies Affections. And now he had an Opportunity of viewing the charming *Teresa* and *Emilia* at leisure: The first having lain in but some Months before, and been long sick, looked pale and thin; but her Youth, and the innocent Sweetness that bloomed in her Face, rivalled *Emilia's* majestick Charms, where the Heroine appeared, and every Look drew Admiration and Respect. *Muley Arab* gazed, and burned; his Eyes sparkled with Desire, and he languished to possess both: He was divided in his Choice, yet gave *Teresa* the Preference; he longed to speak his Passion; and having learned the *Spanish* Tongue, addressed himself in that to them, asking, if either understood it. *Teresa* replied, 'I do, my Lord.' He was transported that she understood him, and began to speak the most tender and passionate Things to her that Love could dictate; for the *Moorish* Nobility, and indeed the whole Nation, are much inclined to Love, very amorous and gallant. At length casting down her lovely Eyes, with a modest Blush, a Look, where Virtue, Fear, and Resolution were all blended together, 'Prince, *said she*, being so greatly born, as you are, and so generous in your Deportment to us Strangers, I presume to implore your Pity, and promise my self Success, since you appear so humane and princely in your Speech and Mien; we are both Christians of noble Birth, already disposed of to two Gentlemen, who were unfortunately brought to this Place by Pirates, and made Slaves. None ought to have the Honour of sleeping in your Arms but Virgins, whose Hearts and Persons have not been sullied with another's Embraces, or Love. We are already pre-engaged, and cannot oblige you without Horror and Dislike, or meet your Love with mutual Warmth and Satisfaction; nay, we must rather choose to merit your utmost Displeasure and die, than yield to gratify your lawless Love.' While she spoke, the Prince listned as if he had heard some *Syren* sing, and grew more mad in Love. Her Wisdom charmed him, every Look, each Motion fired his Blood, and he thought every Moment was an Hour till he reached home. He answered with a Bow, and said, 'If Man can make you happy, *Muley Arab* will: By *Mahomet* I swear, you shall command my very Soul, and I will make you blessed as Woman can be.' This he spoke to make her easy, and in mysterious Words concealed his Meaning, which was never to part with her; nor did he think *Emilia* less worthy of his Favour, though he did not love her equal with the other.

They at last arrived at his Palace, where he took *Teresa* by the Hand, the *Moorish* Lord *Ismale* leading *Emilia*. They were conducted to a noble Apartment on the Top of the House, where the Prince took leave of them, leaving a Female Slave to attend them. *Teresa* begged him to permit *Seraja* to come to them, which he immediately granted: So saluting both with Passion, he retired, the Reason of which was this: He had received from the

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Emperor his Father's Hands, six Months before, a Wife, who was the Daughter of an *Arabian* Prince, who had assisted him in reducing a powerful Rebel and his Party, who had rebelled against him, and dethroned him, had not *Abdela* the brave *Arab* come to his Assistance. This Lady was very handsome, and of a haughty Disposition, very proud and revengeful; she loved him passionately, and was so jealous of all Women that he but seemed to like, that she had poisoned several of those fair unfortunate Creatures she found in his Seraglio's, whom he had purchased or received as Presents. He therefore dreading she would serve these Ladies so, if he omitted to visit her immediately upon his return Home, left them, and going to her Apartment, appeared very pleasant and obliging, sat down to Dinner with her, a particular Favour in that Nation; and after Dinner proposed to her to return that Night to *Fez*, to the Royal Palace, because he should go forth very early the next Morning to hunt, and should disturb her, and designed to return to *Fez* in the Evening: To this she willingly consented. And now he thought he had secured himself one happy Night, in which he purposed to enjoy the two loveliest Women in the World: But the Prayers and Tears of the virtuous *Teresa* and *Emilia* had reached Heaven; God who disappoints the wicked, and preserves in a wonderful manner those that fear and love him, had otherwise decreed. *Ximene* the haughty Princess was quickly informed by a Slave whom she favoured, that the Prince had brought Home two *European* Women, fair as Angels, in the Pursuit of whom he had spent that Day; that his Hunting was but a Pretence to procure her Absence. In fine, this officious Woman told her all that could excite both her Curiosity and Revenge; which she was spurred on to do by a secret Reason, which was, that she had been in her Youth vitiated by the Prince, and afterwards neglected: This made her distracted whenever she saw him fond of any other, and study to make him wretched, which she could no other way bring about but to continually incense *Ximene* against him, who always rewarded her for these cruel malicious Services. The Prince, who had been those unlucky Moments absent, whilst the treacherous *Dalinda* had whispered this fatal Secret to her Lady, returned to give her his Hand to the Coach, which was then ready with her Attendants to set out for *Fez*, but found her much disordered: I am not well, *said she*, and I cannot go to Night. At these Words she pretended to faint, and fell down on her Bed. The Prince was sufficiently vexed at this cross Accident, but did not suspect his secret Designs were betrayed to her. He seemed much concerned (as no doubt he was) kissed, embraced, and used all possible Means to please her. She seemed to recover, said she would lye alone that Night; though she had a secret Design, and not Sickness, made her choose to do so. In some time he asked her to take the Air in the Gardens; but she refused, and chose to let him go alone, for that was what she wanted. He longed to consult *Ismale*, having perceived a Change in *Ximene's* Face and Humour, that made him fear somebody had told her of the Ladies. Whilst the Prince and his Favourite walked in the Garden, *Ximene* conjures the Slave to shew her *Teresa* and *Emilia*: She leads her Lady to the Room; *Ximene* only passed through it, and returning to her Chamber, was so surprized at their Beauty, and fired with Jealousy, that she resolved to poison them that Night, and commanded *Dalinda* to make a *China* Bowl of delicate Sherbet mixed with a deadly Poison, which she always kept ready prepared for such wicked Purposes. *Dalinda* failed not to execute her Mistress's Orders, and having mixed the deadly Potion, left the Bowl upon a Table in the next Room, designing to carry it up to the Ladies as a Present from the Prince, whilst *Ximene* detained him with her, which she resolved to do that Night, knowing the Ladies would not live till the next Morning after drinking that fatal Draught. No sooner had *Dalinda* left the Room, but the Prince returning from the Garden enters it, and being very dry takes up the Bowl, concluding it was Sherbet made for the Princess; and going into her Chamber drinks to her. She, not imagining *Dalinda* had been so indiscreet to leave the poisoned Sherbet there, refused not to pledge him, taking a good Draught of it. She seemed very obliging to the Prince, to engage him to stay with her, asking him to drink Tea with her. They sat down together, and *Dalinda* being called for, soon missed the Bowl, and perceived the fatal Error, yet dared not speak. In less than an Hour the Prince and Princess began to fall into strange Convulsions; which *Dalinda* perceiving, and fearing to be tortured and put to Death, for being the fatal Cause of their's, packed up what she could, as Jewels and Gold, and fled to the Woods, where she was seen to enter, but never came forth again, being (doubtless) that Night devoured by the wild Beasts, of which *Barbary* is very full. A great Distraction reigned in the Palace; the Physicians were called, and used all their Endeavours to save them, but in vain. *Dalinda* was believed the Author of this Mischief, but none could guess the Reason why. Before five in the Morning *Muley Arab* and *Ximene* expired, she confessing what she designed, and acknowledging God's Justice in her end. And now the Slaves and Favourites of the dead Prince walked like silent Ghosts, looking upon one another. A Messenger was sent to acquaint the Emperor with this dismal News of his Son's Death, whom he was very fond of: *Ismale* the *Moorish* Lord bare the fatal Message, and

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soon returned with a Troop of Soldiers, who by the Emperor's Order discharged such of the Attendants as he thought fit; took all the Women in his Seraglio, and conducted them in Coaches, being all veiled, to an old Seraglio where the Wives and Concubines of the deceased Princes are kept, some all their Lives, and others are disposed of to the Favourites of the Emperor, or Prince who succeeds the Prince to whom they belonged. To this dismal Place was *Teresa* and *Emilia* carried; yet they in their Hearts praised God for their Deliverance from *Muley Arab*, whose surprizing Death, and the manner of it, they looked on as an Earnest of God's Favour, and were the more encouraged to confide in his merciful Providence. The good Widow was offered her Liberty to return to her Home; but she chose to attend the Ladies: They had in this decayed Palace the Liberty of walking in the Gardens, lying together, and hoped soon to find an Opportunity to escape, resolving to fly to *Attabala's*, if it were possible to find the way: But alas, it was more than sixty Miles thence, and almost impossible for them to reach it without falling into new Misfortunes: The Widow advised them rather to make to the Sea side, and endeavour to get a Passage to *Spain* or *France*, promising to go her self to *Attabala's*, which she could do safely. This Counsel they approved of, and tho' they were very unwilling to part with her, yet they at last consented to her going; she easily obtained leave of the Governess of the Seraglio, and chief Eunuch, and so left them, setting out for her own Home, where she doubted not to find News of *Antonio*, and the Lords. And here we shall leave the Ladies for a time, and relate what happened to Don *Lopez*, the Count *de Hautville*, and the rest of *Attabala's* Guests, since *Antonio* parted from the Ladies, and the good *Seraja's* House.

CHAP. XI.

Antonio soon reached *Attabala's* House, and found the two Lords, *Monsieur de Chateau-Roial*, *Clarinda*, *Eleonora*, and *Anna*, at Dinner: He asked for *Attabala*, who coming to him, he desired to know if two Gentlemen were not there, whose Names were *Don Lopez*, and *Count de Hautville*. 'I come, *said he*, from their Ladies, *Emilia* and *Teresa*, who are now on the Road, coming to them.' *Attabala* ran into the Parlour, and told this good News: All the Company rose from the Table. *Antonio* was called in; but what Words can express the Transport he and *Anna* were in, when she knew him to be her Lover *Carolus Antonio Barbarini*, the generous *Angelina's* Son, that noble *Venetian* Lady who had bred her up? They flew to one another's Arms. He gazed upon her, wept for Joy, at length swooned upon her Bosom; Joy so disordered his Soul, that every Faculty stood still, and his Heart and Pulse forgot to move. *Don Lopez* held him up, and all the Company stood looking on surprized. At last awaking, as it were from a long Sleep, he lifted up his Eyes, and cried, '*Anna*, thou dearest Thing on Earth, behold the Man that has followed you to this barbarous Place, and for your Sake ventured to brave both Death and Slavery: We will part no more whilst we do live; I will perish by your Side, or carry you safe to *Venice* again. And now, Gentlemen, *said he*, arm your selves, and set out this Moment to meet your Wives; as we are on the way I will tell you more: We must not delay one Moment to go to them; here is a Box of Jewels of great Value which they gave me for you, and I will give to *Anna's* care till we return.' At these Words *Eleonora* casting her Eyes upon *Don Lopez*, cried, 'Ah! faithless *Spaniard*, you then are married, and another claims your Heart; you have deceived me cruelly.' He was too much in haste to answer more than in these few Words, 'Forgive me, Madam, I dared not tell you truth, nor did I know whether *Teresa* were still living; had she been dead, the charming *Eleonora* had a juster Title to my Heart than any Woman: Yet you shall be happy, I will esteem, respect and love you next *Teresa*, keep you still near me, and make your Interest always mine.' They hastened him to depart, and the three Gentlemen, *Attabala*, and *Antonio* set out well armed, to meet the Ladies. They came to the Wood, hollowed, called, and ran to every Corner of it, but in vain: At last they went quite to *Seraja's* House, and finding all in Disorder, concluded they were fallen into *Muley Arab's* Hands; in which opinion they were confirmed by the Report of some Passengers whom they inquired of. Nothing could be more afflicted than the Count and *Don Lopez*; they were even inconsolable, and *Monsieur de Chateau-Roial* and *Antonio* had much ado to prevail with them to return Home. They would have pursued the *Moorish* Prince, but *Antonio* told them the Attendants he had with him were so numerous, and well armed, that it would be the Action of Madmen to attempt an Encounter with them. The Lords seemed quite abandoned to Grief, and returning Home, appeared so cast down, that at last the charming *Clarinda* spake to them in this manner: 'My Lords, are you Men and Christians? Have you been both delivered from perishing in the merciless Seas by God's Providence, from a desolate Island, where he supplied you not only with Bread, but with Friends, and a Ship to carry you thence in Safety, and land you at the Port you desired? Has he preserved your Lives from the Pirates Sword, and freed you miraculously from Chains and Slavery? Preserved your Wives from the vicious Governor? And have you now forgot his Mercies, and doubt his Power? Is there one of us here who are not living Monuments of the Almighty's Goodness, and shall we despair? Suffer not then your Reason to be silenced by Passion; but call to mind the great things God has already done for you, and put your Confidence in him, who will never leave nor forsake us, whilst we trust in and love him. He will give his Angels charge of the virtuous Women you so mourn for, and restore them safely to you if he thinks fit; if not, by your Submission to his Divine Pleasure, endeavour to obtain his Favour, an happy End in this World, and eternal Joy and Repose in the next, where your Wives will be restored to you; and all your Sufferings here converted into Joy and Glory.' Here she ended her admirable Discourse, and the Count *de Hautville* returned her this Answer: 'Madam, your Advice is good, and I will endeavour to take it. Come, my Friend, *said he* to *Don Lopez*, shake off your Weakness, and let us leave all to God; this Life is short, and full of Disappointments, let us behave our selves like Men and Christians. He that made us and our Wives, will preserve them.' Here fair *Anna* interrupted them, saying, 'My Lords, look upon this young Gentleman and me, and learn to trust in Providence. I have not yet had time to ask him how he came here, nor by what Miracle conducted to this Place.' 'Charming *Anna*, *said Antonio*, I will with Pleasure satisfy both you and the Company; but first my Advice is, that *Attabala* should go to *Seraja's* House, and see if any Person be there, and leave Word in the Village which she and the Ladies, if they

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escape, will probably go to, to enquire after me: And let *Attabala* leave Word with *Johanna Benduker*, her dear Friend, that her Slave *Antonio* waits for her and her Friends at the Place they were coming to, when he left them. *Attabala* may likewise enquire after the Prince, and what else he can. In the mean time let us continue quiet; for should we remove hence before we hear from them, they would never be able to find us, nor can we be so safe elsewhere.' They all approved of this Advice, and *Attabala* went to *Seraja's* that Afternoon. And now the Company sitting together, *Anna* fetching the Box of Jewels, gave them to the Lords, saying, 'Here is the rich Treasure given to my Charge, which I deliver to you, to whom it belongs: Upon my Word it would fell for a Sum great enough to provide for us all handsomely.' The Lords were amazed at the Number and Richness of the Diamonds, and *Antonio* told them how the Ladies came by them. Don *Lopez* said, 'Since Providence gave them thus, they shall serve us all, and provide for all our Necessities: Since God has made us Companions in Adversity, we will mutually strive to make one another happy.' Now *Anna* proposed the hearing *Antonio's* Story since he and she parted, and he related it in the manner following.

'Gentlemen and Ladies, *said he*, my Name and Birth I find fair *Anna* has already informed you of, and how our Affections grew with our Years, and the manner in which she was ravished from me. I must then begin my Narrative from the most unfortunate Hour of my Life. The Day that we were parted, I was with my dear Mother *Angelina*, at our House in the City, to which we were retired for Safety, when the dismal News was brought, that the *Turks* had landed and ravaged all the Coast, and entered the Monasteries, and carried away a great Number of the Nuns and Inhabitants round about, destroying and plundering the most sacred Places; and that *Anna* was amongst those the Infidels had carried away Captives. This News filled all the City with Grief, and nothing but Sighs and Lamentations were heard in the Streets, Ladies of the first Quality ran about distracted, tearing their Hair, and wringing their Hands, for the Loss of their Daughters, and Death of their Sons, killed by the cruel Infidels: Every Family had lost one or more out of it, and every Tongue was employed in aggravating the publick Calamity. But though my Grief was not so clamorous, yet I believe none more severely felt the Loss of those they loved, than I, when I heard *Anna* was gone, my Soul was shocked, and all my Faculties failed me, I could neither eat nor sleep. In few Days I resolved to follow her, and rather choose to die in Slavery, than live free, and without her. I concealed my desperate Design from my Mother, who was highly afflicted at *Anna's* Loss and my Melancholy, and pretended I would go to travel only to *Rome, Spain, and France*. She was very unwilling to let me go, telling me with Tears, "My dear Child, *said she*, God has been pleased to take your noble Father from me, and my sweet *Anna*, whom next you I loved, you are all that are left me, in you are all my Hopes placed; do not leave me then alone." Touched to the Soul with her tender Expressions, I delayed to go, and confined my self to her Presence. But seeing me every Day decay and pine away, she resolved to send me Abroad, in hopes to divert me; and commanded me to go. I yielded, and all Things being prepared, as Habit, Horses, and two Servants, with Bills for Money at the Places I passed through, I took leave of my dear Mother and Friends; and with her Blessing departed, promising to return soon. Now my Reason for going to *Spain* was, because had I gone from *Venice*, which was then at war with the *Turks*, I should have been liable to be taken, and made a Prisoner of War; but if I went from *Spain* or *France*, in a Vessel belonging to either of those Nations, I might be safe, and have the Protection of their Consuls at *Constantinople*, by whom I might procure *Anna's* Freedom, paying her Ransom. And I resolved, though she had been ravished by the *Turks*, and sold or presented to the Seraglio of some Villain, for that her Beauty would doubtless occasion her to be, yet I would take her to my Arms, with as much Joy and Affection, as if she had been ever mine: Yet this her tender Years made me hope to prevent. In fine, I posted through *Italy*, and arriving at *Barcelona* in *Spain*, I sent back my Servants with a Letter to my Mother of my true Intention, got a Letter to the *Spanish* Consul at *Constantinople*, from a great *Spanish* Merchant, to whom I declared my Design, and who had Money in his Hands for my use remitted to him from *Venice*; and with his Assistance got Passage in a *Spanish* Ship, with the Fleet arrived safe at *Constantinople*, and was well received by the *Spanish* Consul, who soon got me Information that *Anna* was bought by a *Barbary* Captain, who was bound to *Algiers*, to which he used to carry Slaves, and rich Goods. I presently resolved to go thither, from which he endeavoured to dissuade me all he was able, but in vain. I left some Money in his Hands, and the next Ship that was going to *Algiers*, I went on Board as a Passenger, paying for my Passage before-hand; but the villainous *Mahometan*, so soon as he came into the Port, chained and sold me at the common Market for a Slave. I was bought by an old *Jewish* Merchant; and in one Year, keeping his Accounts, for he put me to no Drudgery or servile Employments, became his chief Favourite. I endeavoured all I was able to learn News of *Anna*, but could

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get none. And now another Misfortune befel me; my Master's Wife, a handsome *Portugueze* Woman, whom he had married, and extremely doated upon, cast an amorous Eye upon me, and gave me several Invitations to be great with her: But I constantly avoided her, and seemed to be ignorant of her meaning: This so highly provoked her, that one Day, when I was alone in the Counting-House, and my Master Abroad, she came in, and shutting the Door, said, "*Antonio*, must I be forced to tell you I love you to Distraction? Are you blind to your own Interest, and determined to refuse me? Am not I fair, and cannot I reward you? See here." 'At these Words she threw down a great Purse full of Gold:' "Take this, *said she*, and take to your Arms a Woman who loves, and can make you happy." 'At these Words she clasped me round the Neck, and almost stifled me with Kisses; I put her gently from me, in great Confusion. At this Moment my Master entered the Room; some officious Slave who sought my Ruin, had observed my Mistress and me, and given him Intimation of her Love to me; and he had thus contrived to surprize us, having only pretended to go forth, and staid concealed in the House: She swooned, I stood confounded, tho' guiltless: He took me by the Hair, beat and kicked me unmercifully, and swore he would poison her, and sell me the next Day. He had so bruised me I could scarce crawl to a Hole under the Stairs, and there I laid me down, expecting to rise no more. I too late repented my Rashness in leaving *Venice*; yet would have died contented, had I but once seen my dear *Anna* safe and free. In the evening of this unpleasant Day, the good *Tamosa*, *Seraja's* Husband, came to the House with embroidered Caps and Belts, as usual; he staid in an outer Room, and as Providence decreed, espied me in this sad Condition, my Face was bloody, and my Clothes all torn: He seemed much surprized, having always seen me well dressed, and caressed by my Master; he asked me what was the matter; I told him the Truth: He said he would willingly buy me. I had catched up the Purse of Gold when my Master entered the Counting-House, I put some of it into his Hand to purchase me, when my Master called him into the Counting-House, to pay for the Embroidery: He asked him for me, to give me something, as he pretended, and sometimes used to do, when my Master paid him; my Master exclaimed against me: The good *Tomaso* persuaded him that his Wife and I might be innocent, at least that I was very young, and might be seduced. In short, he asked to buy me, and my *Jew* Master, glad to be rid of me, sold me for a Trifle. With him I went, and he hired a Horse for me to get Home to his House, where I was maintained, and looked after as if I had been their own Child. In short time the good Man died, and since that I have converted *Seraja* to the Christian Faith, and assisted her in all I was able; and getting acquainted with many great Bassas, and Merchants Servants, still desirous to find my dear *Anna*, I continually enquired for her, and never could learn any thing but this: *Lorenza* the Governor's Christian Slave told me, his Master had bought a Girl, much resembling her I described; but he had sent her into the Country, and I could not see her. This kept my Hopes alive, but till this fortunate Morning I was never assured of my Happiness; but now I regret nothing I have suffered, and trust in God we shall be happy together, and return in Safety to our dear Mother, whom I long to see again.'

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

CHAP. XII.

Attabala returned Home at Night, and related what he had learned of *Muley Arab's* carrying away the Ladies; he had left the Message with *Johanna Benduker*. And now they were obliged to remain in suspense for some Days, in which the Lords passed their Time very unpleasantly; and *Eleonora* secretly rejoiced that her Rival was more wretched than her self: She now behaved her self with much Reservedness to *Don Lopez*, who treated her with great Respect and Tenderness.

At last *Seraja* arrived, and gave them an Account of the Ladies wonderful Deliverance, by the tragick End of the Prince and Princess; as likewise of their being removed to the old Seraglio, from whence she said it would be no hard matter for them to escape. This News transported the Lords, and filled them with new Hopes of Happiness: They entertained *Seraja* with the Story of *Antonio's* good Fortune, at which she much rejoiced. They made her promise to go with them to *Venice*, and to live with *Anna*, who called her Mother, and caressed her extremely for being so kind to her Lover. *Seraja* lay there that Night, and the next Morning they consulted what to do. They at last resolved, that the two Lords should accompany *Seraja* back, that she should go into the Seraglio, and acquaint the Ladies where they staid to receive them, they designing to lye at some Village near: So putting on their *Grecian* Disguise, like Merchants, they sat out with her, having bought a Horse for her to ride upon, which *Antonio* got at the Village where he and *Seraja* had lived. They took some Money sufficient for the Journey, and left the Company, with many good Wishes attending them. *Monsieur de Chateau-Royal* and *Antonio* would have gone with them, but it was feared it would render them suspected to be seen travelling so many together. It was but threescore Miles they had to go, and in two Days time they reached the nearest Town to the Seraglio. Here *Seraja* advised them to stay, and lodge, till she returned to them from the Ladies: They did so. Entering the Town they went to an Inn, pretending they came to buy Goods, and took a Lodging. *Seraja* entered the Seraglio, but was told the Ladies were not there, but gone. She enquired whither: They told her *Ismale* the *Moorish* Lord had begged them of the King, and fetched them thence the Night before. The Governess said, '*Seraja*, they are fortunate, he is a generous Lord, and will use them nobly; here are many young Virgins in this Place would rejoice to be so preferred.' The Widow hid her Concern as much as possible, and took leave, returning to the expecting Lords with this sad News, which they took heavily, and returned to *Attabala's* House, more sorrowful than ever.

And now it is necessary we should enquire what befel these unfortunate Ladies, whose unhappy Beauties occasioned them such great Misfortunes. *Ismale* having been charmed with their Persons when he saw them at *Seraja's*, studied how to obtain them, and asked the Emperor for them. He readily bestowed them upon this Favourite, who made haste to fetch them from the Seraglio, fearing their being seen by some Person more favoured, and greater than himself, who might prove a troublesome Rival. When he came there, and told his Business, you may imagine how surprized the Ladies were; but he expecting such Treatment immediately put them into a close Coach, and carried them to his Palace, where he locked them into a Chamber, which was in the upper Floor of the House, out of which a Door opened upon a lovely Terras Walk made on the Top of the House, to take the Evening Air upon. Here the two wretched Ladies walked a while ruminating on their sad Condition, and considering what to do. At last *Emilia*, whose Presence of Mind was always extraordinary, and was at this time doubtless inspired by Providence, looking down into the Garden below, said thus: 'My dear Friend, shall we fear to tempt Death, by venturing some way or other down this Place, into the Garden, from whence God may find us some means to escape; or shall we stay here and meet our Ruin?' *Teresa* thought a Moment, and then running into the Chamber, looked about to see if she could find any Cord or String to help them: It was just the Close of the Day; they found no Strings but took the Window Curtains, and Sheets, tied them fast together, and fastning one End to the Rails on the House top, *Emilia* slid down first as low as she could, which was some Yards from the Ground, which she ventured to leap down; *Teresa* followed, and both escaped without much Hurt. Recovering their Legs, they ran down the Garden, and finding a Door open, went out, not knowing where to go. They wandered through some Fields, and at last coming to a Wood, sought a Place to hide themselves till Morning, resolving at break of Day to be gone farther off. Here they sat trembling, full of dreadful Apprehensions of being taken again, or devoured of wild Beasts. They knew not what part of the Country they were now in, nor

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how far from honest *Seraja's* House, where they had so long lived secure: At last they resolved, if possible, to climb up into some low Tree, which with some difficulty they did, and sat there in much fear. Mean time *Ismale*, who had been engaged by some Company who waited to speak with him at his coming Home, which occasioned him to leave *Emilia* and *Teresa* so soon, having in some time got quit of his Visitors, went up to the Chamber, ordering Supper to be brought thither, designing to enjoy himself in their Company all that Night: But when he found the Room in such Disorder, and the Ladies gone, his Surprise cannot be expressed: He soon discovered how they had escaped, and calling for his Servants bid them light Flambeaus, and search the Gardens and Fields adjacent, and if possible bring them back. The amazed Slaves ran up and down the Fields, and some of them entering the Wood searched here and there, but saw them not. What concern the poor Ladies were in is easily guessed. At last the Servants returned Home; *Ismale* fretted and raged, but in vain, and then went to sleep in an old Mistress's Arms, at which the Servants rejoiced, and went to rest.

The Ladies passed the Night in Prayer, and so soon as Day broke came down from the Tree almost faint, and hasted over a high Hill, from whence they saw a lovely River at some distance: They hasted to it, and in a Boat that lay there to ferry Passengers over, passed safely to the other Side; and asking where they were, the poor Man told them the River they had passed over was called *Omirary*, a River that parts the Kingdoms of *Fez* and *Morocco*; that they were not far from Mount *Atlas*, which if they passed over, they would come into *Numidia*, a Country inhabited by *Mahometans* and *Pagans*, governed by no King, but ruled by some chief Men, Heads of Tribes, chosen by the rest. 'They are a People, *said he*, inclined to thieving, *Turks* and *Pagans* in Religion, dwelling in Tents, living chiefly on Dates, feeding their Goats with the Stones, which make them very fat, and yield good store of Milk; a Country but ill inhabited.' The Ladies thanked the poor Man, and went on towards the Mountains, not knowing which way to go, ready to faint for want of Food and Rest. They had no Money, their Habits were fine, such as are given in the *Seraglios* to the Women of Condition; the Day was far spent, they had no Food. At last they came to the Foot of a great Ridge of Mountains; there, unable to go farther, they sat down: *Teresa*, who was of the weakest Constitution, laid her Head on *Emilia's* Bosom, and sighing, said 'Surely now, my dear Friend, my unfortunate Life draws to a Period, if God sends us no help soon, we must perish here: Our Husbands know not where to find us, nor are we able to go to them. For my part, I have only this Satisfaction, that having done my Duty to God, and my dear Lord, I have no Reason to fear Death. You, my dear Friend, will, I hope, not only survive me; but, by some Providence preserved, live to be happy with your Lord. Tell Don *Lopez* I died only his, virtuous and chaste, as when he took me to his Arms, and hope to see him with Joy in the other World.' *Emilia* wept over her, and strove to comfort her.

Now Night drew on, and Darkness rendered the Place more dreadful. About Midnight *Emilia* saw a Light at some Distance, in a House, as she thought; and looking steadfastly, she saw a Man kneeling at the Door, with a Candle in one Hand, and a Book in the other, as if at Prayer: She shewed him to *Teresa*. 'My Dear (*said she*) let us try to get to that Place, perhaps he is some Christian; but if not, we must venture: To stay here is certain Death, and therefore it is better to ask help of Infidels.' *Teresa* attempted to rise, but could not stand, the cold and fasting had so debilitated her Limbs, they were useless. *Emilia* was unwilling to leave her, but at last was forced to it: She hasted to the Place, and approaching near, saw a Man of a middle Age, tall, well shaped, and would have been very handsome, had not Abstinence, Sickness and Hardships altered his Face: He had a coarse Frize Coat, like a *Turkish* Dervise or Hermit, a Fur Cap, short Boots like an *Arabian*. He was so intent at his Devotions, he saw her not, tho' now very near him: She listened, and hearing him pray in the *Latin* Tongue, was encouraged to speak to him. She threw her self on her Knees before him, saying, 'Generous Christian, help two unfortunate Women, almost dead with Want and Travelling, fled from a vile *Mahometan's* House who would have ruined us: My Companion lyes yonder on the cold Ground; give us Shelter in your House, and a little Food or Drink to save our Lives.' The Hermit being risen viewed her with Amazement: 'Lovely Creature, *said he*, you may command my Life; who would refuse to receive such a Guest? Let us haste to your Companion, and fear not to live with a Man, in whom you shall find a Protector and Friend.' He fetched a Lanthorn, and putting a Candle into it, went with her, carrying a Bottle of Rum in his Hand. *Emilia's* care for *Teresa* was such, that she staid not to drink; but forgetting her own Weakness, ran to her, whom they found almost senseless. *Emilia* gave her some of the Cordial, and with their Help she was got into the House.

And now the Hermit shutting the Door, hasted to kindle up a Fire of Leaves and Sticks, setting before them Bread, Meat, and Wine; of which having eat a little, they began to revive, and the Hermit, who waited on them

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with much seeming Pleasure and Respect, appearing very courtly in all Things, said, 'Ladies, you are highly welcome to a Man who has lived many Years in a manner sequestred from the World. I believe we are of one Faith, and Equals in Birth; my homely Cell begins to look pleasant with such Company: May I ask who you are, and beg to know your Misfortune, that I may be the better enabled to serve you.' The Ladies had by this time observed the Room, and Man: The House was very poor and mean, containing below two Rooms, and (as they supposed) no more above: The Furniture was suitable; but the Master of the Place appeared to be noble, and of great Birth and Education. *Emilia* answered him, 'Sir, I think it is but reasonable that we should first know who you are, and your Adventures, since our want of Strength, and disorder of Mind and Bodies, may well excuse us from so tedious a Task, as the Relation of ours.' He bowed, saying, 'Madam, forgive my Curiosity, which made me forget my Duty, and be too bold in asking so great a Favour, as to know you. Rest is fittest for you; my poor Bed and Chamber waits to receive you. Here is the Key, I shall not presume to wait on you to the Door; this Place will serve me to wait your Commands in to Morrow Morning, when I will freely, and with Pleasure, tell you all the Adventures of my Life past.' The Ladies were charmed with his Behaviour; he presented a Candle and the Key to them, and would not admit their staying below any longer. They went up Stairs, and found a Bed and Chamber, neat as those in Palaces; there were some Chairs, a Carpet on the Floor, with Quilts, Sheets and Coverlids neat and good; in a Closet were many Watches, and Tools of all sorts belonging to the Art of Watch making: Many Pictures of fine Painting without Frames, adorned the Walls of the Chamber. They shut the Door, undressed, and having returned Thanks to God for this signal Mercy, went to Bed, and slept sweetly. At break of Day they wakened and rose; the Hermit heard them, and prepared a Fire: They came down, and he received them with a cheerful Countenance; he was preparing Coffee for their Breakfast: And now they desired to hear his Story, which he thus related.

CHAP. XIII.

I am by Birth a *Venetian*, my Father was a noble Man, and I was his eldest Son; my Name is *Andrea Zantonio Borgomio*. I was related to a Lady, who having married a wealthy Merchant, had one Daughter, with whom I fell passionately in Love; but the Custom of my Country forbidding me to marry with any Woman whose Father was inferior to my own in Quality, I resolved to marry her in secret. The Day was appointed when I was to meet her at a Country-house of her Father's to espouse her; but the Evening before, she being in her Father's Coach with her Mother and Father, attended by three Servants, was forcibly taken out of it, and carried away with a black Boy who followed her. The Ravisher was a Captain of a Ship, who was an old Man, very rich, and had loved her from her Infancy. She was then about fourteen; he carried her aboard his Vessel, set sail with her, and was taken by an *Algerine* Pirate who carried her to *Algiers*, as I have since been informed; but how she was disposed of, I could never yet learn. It is almost eleven Years since we parted. Her Father sent a Messenger to inform me of our Misfortune the same Night she was taken away. We soon discovered by what means we lost her, and I that Minute resolved to hire a Vessel to follow the Villain's Ship. Her Mother, being my Father's Relation, flew to him for Redress, but his Behaviour soon informed me that he was consenting to the hateful Deed: He treated her very coldly; and when I importuned him to procure an Order from the Senate to arrest the Villain and his Ship, offering to go my self to execute it, he looked upon me, and said ironically, "I do not doubt your Readiness to follow him; you are too much concerned about what ought not to concern you at all, mind your Duty; your Kinswoman is fitter to be his Wife than yours, speak no more to me about her." I understood him perfectly, and was so enraged, that I almost forgot he was my Father. I went out of the Room from him immediately, took a great Sum of Money with me, and attended only with one Servant, went directly to the Port, where I hired a light Brigantine and went after her. I guessed he was gone for *Spain* or *France*. In few Hours we met a Ship bound for *Venice*, who told us he met Capt. *Alphonso's* Ship; they saluted one another, *Alphonso* came aboard him, drank a Bottle of Wine, and said he was bound for *Spain*, taking some Sweet-Meats and Wine this Captain had brought from *Leghorn*. This made us steer our Course that way. A great Storm rose that Night, and shipwrecked us upon this Coast. I know not what is become of the Captain and his Men, but I was saved on a Piece of the Rudder, and cast on the Coast of *Barbary* near *Tunis*. Here I was taken up almost dead by a Peasant, who was very kind to me. So soon as I could walk abroad, I began to enquire where I was, what the Manners and Customs of the Country were. But I was soon taken notice of, and sent for by the *Turkish* Governor of *Tunis*, who examining me, took a fancy to me, and said if I would live with him, he would use me kindly; if not, I should be sold to somebody else. It was my best way I thought to accept of his Offer, by which I might have an Opportunity to get off for *Spain*. He employed me in the managing many of his Affairs, sending me with Letters and Presents, to several Ministers of State and Friends: He was very gentle, and familiar to me, and, in fine, clothed and kept me so, that I began to apprehend he had an ill Design upon me, and liked me for an Use the *Mahometans* often keep young Men for. As I suspected, it proved; one Evening he called for me into his Closet, and gave me a rich Vest, Turbant, and an entire *Turkish* Dress of Sattin embroidered with Silver, with Linen suitable. He bid me take it and go and dress me, for I must cease to be a Christian and a Servant, and live at ease. Then he kissed me eagerly; I turned pale, bowed, took the Clothes, and went out trembling, determining in my self to fly thence whatever was the Consequence. Whilst I dwelt with this Bassa *Solyman*, for that was his Name, he had a Renegado Slave, by birth a *Hollander*, who indeed had not more Religion than Honesty or Conscience. This Man's Name was *Cornelius Vandunk*, he was a Watchmaker by Profession, and having, as he owned to me, being extravagant, and run in Debt, he fled his own Country, and went with a Merchant to *Constantinople*, to work there with him. His unconstant Temper made him uneasy there, so he wanted to be gone elsewhere, and went aboard a *French* Merchant Ship, which was taken by an *Algerine* Pirate. There he was sold to a *Jew* Merchant who used him ill; coming to *Tunis*, he resolved to free himself by renouncing Christianity. He did so, by which he ingratiated himself with the Bassa *Solyman*, and became a Favourite, working for him in curious Work: He was certainly a great Artist at his Trade, and of him I learned so much, as to be able to put a Watch together, and mend one tolerably; I took much delight in it; and painting in Water-Colours I was also a tolerable Master of. Being now resolved upon quitting my Service, I was considering how I could provide for my self, and enjoy my Religion, the Thing I valued far above my Life. I thought now if I

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had a good Sum of Money with me, I might escape to some Place far distant from *Tunis*, and retire to an obscure Place where I might work and sell what I did make, till I could hear something of *Eleonora*, for that was my adored Mistress's Name; and having learned from a Merchant that arrived from *Algiers*, who came to bring a rich Present to *Solyman*, that *Alphonso's* Ship had been taken and plundered, and the Crew and Passengers brought in and disposed of there, I was determined to stay in *Barbary*, till I got farther News of her. I had some Money by me, but not sufficient for such an Undertaking. I was now perfectly acquainted with the Customs of the Country, and under the religious Disguise I have now on, I knew I could pass undiscovered and live safe. I at last resolved to take some Jewels of *Solyman's*, which I had by his Order laid up in a Cabinet: This I did, and at Midnight departed, having provided my self of an excellent *Arabian* Horse out of his Stable. I staid just without the Town till Break of Day, when I set Spurs to my Horse, and rid towards *Algiers*, where in short Time I arrived safe. I went to a Merchant's House, with whom my Master was acquainted, knowing he could not send after me so far, not knowing which way I went, at least till I had dispatched my Affairs; and I designed to stay here no longer than till I had sold the Jewels, and made a full Enquiry after *Eleonora*. With the Assistance of this Merchant, the Jewels were sold in three Day's time; a *Jew* gave me five thousand Crowns for them. I was informed the *Algerine* Pirate had presented a Lady that was in *Alphonso's* Ship to some *Turkish* Governor, but it was not known who; and that the Captain was dead. At last despairing to find her, and fearing to be discovered and taken, I left *Algiers*, and went through *Fez*, which being too populous I quitted, and retired to this lonely Place, having worn this holy Disguise seven Years, which I have lived in this Place. I bought this poor Cottage of a Merchant for whom I work, I pass for a religious Man, a Hermit; the People reverence me as I pass. I mend Watches for several Merchants in the adjacent Towns and Cities. I sell my little Pictures likewise to *Europeans*, and live comfortably, bringing Home what I want. I receive no Visits but at my Door. I am called *Ismael* the Holy Hermit. I give what Alms I am able to the Poor; sometimes clothe the Naked, and secretly assist Christians who are in distress. I have made myself a Rule to live by; I dedicate every third Hour to Devotion in the Day, and rise once in the Night to Prayer, and am now so reconciled to this retired kind of Life, that I am indifferent whether I ever return to *Venice* or not, unless I could be so happy as to have *Eleonora* with me, or be assured she were dead; and then I would mourn her here, and die in this Place.'

Here he ended his Relation; *Emilia* said, 'What was the *Black's* Name who belonged to the fair *Eleonora*?' He answered, *Attabala*. 'Then, said she, I shall tell you Wonders; blessed be our God who has brought us here together.' She then began the Relation of their Adventures, and in Conclusion told him of the Lords being at *Attabala's* House, which she had learned from *Antonio*, but whether the Lady is there or not, said she, I cannot tell. The Hermit, for so we must call him till he leaves his Cottage and Habit, was filled with Admiration at the Things he heard: And they mutually acknowledged God's Goodness in preserving them all in such an extraordinary manner. And now they were very chearful, and fell to considering what was best to be done. They were above an hundred Miles distant from *Attabala's* House; and the Hermit knew not whom to trust to send thither: At last he proposed that they should stay there whilst he went, tho' it was dangerous for him to go so far. The Ladies were very unwilling to be left behind, but it was altogether unfit for them to go. The Hermit said he would buy a good *Arabian* Horse to ride on, and be soon back; to which at last they consented. He gave them Money, shewed them where he kept it hid, and counselled them to put on such Habits as he wore. He went and bought them such, with Food and all Things necessary; and in five Days time, having put all his Affairs in order, pretending to his Customers some extraordinary Business at *Algiers*, departed, having first taken Leave of the fair Hermits with much Tenderness and many Blessings; they praying fervently for his safe Return. And here we must leave them till we have learned what is become of the Lords and the rest of *Attabala's* Guests.

CHAP. XIV.

The Lords being now at Home in *Attabala's* House with *Antonio*, and the charming *Anna*, who wanted nothing but a safe Passage to *Venice* to be completely happy, as likewise the fair *Clarinda* and her Lord Monsieur *de Chateau-Roial*, who were passionately fond of each other, yet determined to part, if they could not obtain a Dispensation for them to live together lawfully; and the fair *Eleonora*, who liked *Don Lopez* so well, that she thought no more of her first Lover, Signior *Andrea Zantonio Borgomia* : All the Company began to importune *Don Lopez*, and the Count to think of returning to their Homes: 'Consider, *said they*, the dangerous Consequences that attend our staying here longer; if any one of us is discovered, it will be the Ruin of the rest.' The good *Seraja* likewise pleaded for their going: 'My Lords, *said she*, *Ismale* knows my House, you are sensible; and should he have the least Intimation of your being here or any Strangers, he would doubtless have you all taken, and examined. You must submit to the Will of Heaven; if God pleases he can send your Wives to you into *Spain* or *France*; but I am sorry to tell you, it is very unlikely, for being now in *Ismale's* Hands, he will probably keep them too safe; Force cannot fetch them thence, you are in a strange Country, and have none to assist you. It is now the Season of the Year for Ships to come, and go to *Europe*: Let *Attabala* look out for a Ship to carry you hence to *Venice*, or any part of *Europe*, from whence you may go to your several Countries, and stay not here to be made Slaves, and the poor Ladies who have escaped hither torn from you again.' In fine, all Arguments were used to persuade them to go thence; but none was so prevailing as the generous Regard they had for their Friends, who could now be happy if they were not detained there by their respect for them. The Lords begged them to go and leave them to Providence, offering to divide all the Money and Jewels amongst them, and desiring to be left with none, but a Servant of *Attabala's*, and in his House; but *Eleonora* opposed that strenuously, and all the rest refused to hear of leaving them alone. But now an Accident happened that in few Days obliged them to come to a Resolution: The incensed *Ismale*, mad to be thus disappointed, and resolving in his Mind that *Seraja* was the only Friend the Ladies had, and that it was most probable they would fly to her, resolves to go to her House with his Slaves, and force her to discover where they were. He accordingly comes to the House, enquires for her, but could learn nothing. He levels the House with the Ground and departs, threatening to return again, and search all the adjacent Towns and Villages. He likewise offered a great Reward to any Person that should find and discover her or the young Women, or her Slave *Antonio*. No sooner was he departed but *Johanna Benduker*, *Seraja's* Friend, runs to *Attabala's*, and warns them to be gone: 'If you are discovered, *said she*, as you certainly will, because of the Reward *Ismale* offers, you are ruined.' This News both surprized and pleased *Don Lopez*, and the Count; they were transported that the Ladies had escaped *Ismale's* Hands, yet feared to stay his coming: At last, *Seraja* persuaded them to leave *Johanna* the Care of the Ladies, if they came; 'For, *said she*, the Slave here left and she will conceal, and get them off if they come, with less Trouble than you can, who will be watched and questioned.' *Attabala* hastened to the Sea side, and going off in the honest Fisherman's Boat, went aboard a *Spanish* Ship which lay there, and agreed with the Captain to carry them to *Venice*. Returning Home, *Attabala* hastened them to get off; they packed up all, leaving with *Attabala's* Servant Money for *Teresa* and *Emilia* to get Home; *Johanna* promising to take care of them. But when the Count and *Don Lopez* entered the Boat, their Concern appeared; they both turned pale, and the big Drops rolled down their Cheeks: 'My God, *said Don Lopez*, pity me, and preserve *Teresa*, whom I am now forced to leave behind me: Ye Angels, guard her, and conduct her to me safe.' The Count only lifted up his Hands and Eyes, and sighed deeply. Thus come on Board, they were by the *Spanish* Captain well received. They rewarded the Fisherman, and he departed. And now Joy filled every Face, but the two Lords, and they were extreme sad. The Ship lay that Night at an Anchor, and the Wind being contrary, they were obliged to wait its turning. This doubtless Providence ordered; for towards the Close of the Day *Attabala's* Servant comes in the Fisher-boat with the Hermit, who entering the great Cabin with him, saw *Eleonora*, whom he immediately ran to, catching her in his Arms with such Transport, that she had not time to discover who he was; but his Voice soon informed her, it was Seignior *Andrea Zantonio*. She seemed equally glad, and if she was not so transported, yet she was doubtless pleased to see the Man she had once loved so well. After some passionate Expressions to her, he turned to the Company, saying, 'I know not which of these Gentlemen are the fortunate Husbands of the virtuous *Emilia* and *Teresa*, for to them my Business is.' The Lords soon informed him;

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he told them how he had saved and left the Ladies safe at his House at the Foot of Mount *Atlas*. The Lords embraced him, and made him welcome, with repeated Acknowledgments for his generous Treatment of their Wives, whom they were impatient to see. *Eleonora* also was curious to know his Adventures after they were parted, which he related to her and the Company. Then she presented *Anna* and *Antonio* to him, telling him who they were. He embraced them tenderly, glad to find some of his own Nation there, *Antonio* being his Kinsman. They now deliberated what to do; *Venice* being the nearest Place, they resolved to call there first. *Antonio* and *Anna*, *Eleonora* and Seignior *Andrea Zantonio* our Hermit, feared not to be welcome to his Father, if he was yet living, after so long an Absence. He had always resolved to marry *Eleonora*, who now told him, with much Confusion, what had passed between her and the Governor, which force excused; so that his Passion being sincere as ever, he took her to his Arms with as much Joy as if she had been a Virgin, and the Chaplain of the Ship performed the Ceremony that Evening; which gave *Antonio* an Opportunity of pressing the charming *Anna* to make him likewise happy. Her Youth and Innocence made her hard to be persuaded to yield; but all the Company joining, she gave him her Hand, which he received with Transport; and the next Morning the whole Company meeting in the great Cabin, resolved what to do farther. The two Lords determined to go with the Hermit to *Emilia* and *Teresa*; the rest of the Company were to stay aboard; and it being unsafe for the Ship to lie there long, they agreed it should weigh Anchor, and put out to Sea for two or three Days, and then return and stay at an Anchor till they came back with the Ladies, which could not be sooner than five or six Days, because they could not travel so fast with them. The Hermit taking leave of his Bride, who looked with Confusion upon Don *Lopez*, and was concerned both for him and her new Husband, not being able to quite stifle the Passion she had conceived for that charming *Spaniard*, parted with them with much Uneasiness. The Lords took a tender Farewel of the whole Company, and so departed, going ashore in the Ship's Boat. They staid that Night at *Attabala's* House, where none remained but the faithful *Abra*, a *Turkish Boy Attabala* had bred up and made a Christian of in secret, to whom he had given his House and Effects. The next Morning he went and hired Horses for the two Lords, on which they set out for the Hermit's House; and travelling thither, we must leave them, and give an Account what befel the Ladies in the Hermit's Absence.

CHAP. XV.

The second Night after the Hermit's Departure, *Teresa* and *Emilia*, having recommended themselves to God, went to Bed, and composed themselves to rest. About Midnight they were waked with dismal Groans and Lamentations, which seemed to proceed from some Person near the House. They listened a while, and heard a Woman's Voice, who expressed her Grief in these Words, in the *French* Tongue: 'My God, where shall I find shelter? Who shall assist me in this barbarous Place? When shall my Sorrows end? Why is my wretched Life prolonged? And to what end dost thou preserve me yet on this side the Grave, to suffer farther Miseries? Has not thy Vengeance yet overtaken him that ruined me? And can thy Justice suffer me, who am innocent, to be thus miserable? Must I live still to be the Slave of cruel lustful Infidels? Oh, shew me some hospitable Cave or Cavern in the Rocks to hide my self, and die at Peace in.' Here she sighed, her Voice seemed to decay, and Groans succeeded. *Teresa* and *Emilia*, whose Hearts melted at these moving Sounds, were both fearful to propose what both desired to do, which was to open the Door and take the Stranger in. They were alone, and in a lonely Place, unable to resist whatever Violence were offered. It might be some Imposture. At length, Compassion forced *Emilia*, whose Courage was extraordinary, as she had before manifested, to speak thus to *Teresa*: 'Shall we deny that Charity to another, which we were saved by in this Place? Shall we not relieve a Christian and one of our own Sex in Distress?' *Teresa* answered, Do what you please. *Emilia* went to the Window, and called, but none answered. Then she struck a Light, and they went down Stairs, and opening the Door saw at a little Distance from it, a Woman fallen down upon her Face. They dragged her into the House, and fastening the Door, set her in a Chair, and poured some Cordial down her Throat, upon which she revived. She was richly dressed in an *Arabian* Habit of Silk embroidered, her Hair was hanging loose, very fair, and in great quantity. She had a small Wound in her left Breast, a Necklace of brilliant Diamonds about her Neck, Ear-rings of great Value, and her Face and Person delicately handsome. She appeared to be about five and twenty, and extremely frightened. At last having recovered her Reason, she looked round her, and then perceiving the charming *Emilia* and *Teresa* in their odd Hermits Dress to be Women speaking Words of Comfort, and very earnest to help her, she broke out into these passionate Words, 'Am I with Christians? Are Angels provided to take care of the unhappy *Charlot*? Has my God heard me at last? And brought me to a Place, where Virtue and Charity reside? And am I freed from impious Infidels?' Here she kiss'd *Emilia's* Hands, who was putting Balsam to her Wound. And now the Ladies asked her who she was, and her Misfortunes that brought her there. She willingly informed them: 'I will recount to you, *said she*, a Story full of Wonders, so moving and so strange, that you will be filled with Admiration.' They made a Fire, and having given her Wine and Meat sat down by her, she desiring them to put out the Light for Reasons she would tell them.

'I am, *said she*, a Native of *France*, born in *Paris*. My Father was a celebrated Painter. He had by my Mother, who was the Daughter of a *French* Colonel, a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune, no Child but me. Our House was frequented by a great many of the Nobility, who came to have their Pictures drawn, or see my Father's curious Paintings, he having a Collection of the choicest Pictures, both antient and modern, of any Painter in *Paris*. He was very rich, and designed me a great Fortune. I was tolerably handsome, and this caused me to be extremely courted, both for a Mistress and a Wife; but my Father's Ambition was so great, and he thought so well of me, that he refused to give me to several good Tradesmen and Merchants, hoping to match me to some great Officer or Count: In fine, a young Nobleman coming to have his Picture drawn by my Father, saw and loved me, courted and visited me often in private, fearing his Father's Displeasure, who was of great Quality. I was so foolish to imagine his Designs were honourable; and being charmed with his agreeable Person, Behaviour, and bewitching Conversation, grew insensibly to love him passionately. He too well perceived my Weakness, and made his Advantage of it. He made me many Presents of Value, caressed my Father and Mother highly; so that they entertained and gave him all the Liberty imaginable with me, suspecting nothing of his base Design, which was to ruin me, which he thus effected: He had gained my Maid to be his Creature, she filled my Ears with his Praises daily, and increased my Distemper. One Day when my Father and Mother were invited to dine Abroad with some grave Company, where it was not proper for me to go, my Lover who had Information of their being absent, comes in a Hackney Coach, and after some amorous Discourses, as gallant and pleasant as usual, asks me

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to go Abroad with him, taking *Phillis* my Maid with me. "We will go to a Friend's of mine, *said he*, whom I can trust, and be merry." I was proud that he would shew me to his Friends, and thought my self very safe, having *Phillis* with me; nay, I thought him so noble and sincere, that I had not the least distrust of him. I dressed my self richly, and went into the Coach with him, leaving my Parents and Home, which I fear I shall never see again; he carried me ten Miles from *Paris*, there we alighted at a House, hired for his fatal Purpose, as I was too soon sensible; I saw none but two Servants, a Man and Maid, who received him as their Master. The House stood in a Garden, and no House within call. Here he gave me Wine, and a Dinner, which was ready prepared. I began to be much surprized, and apprehensive of what followed. He told me after Dinner he was tired, and must lye down upon the Bed: In fine, I trembled, and saw too late I was betrayed. And to dwell no longer on the dismal Subject, here he forced me to Bed, and tho' I used Prayers, Tears, and resisted all I was able, he at length overcame me, swearing he would marry me. Here he staid all Night, and left me the next Morning in the Hands of my Betrayer, *Phillis*, and his two Servants, who watched me as a Prisoner. I knew not where to go; I loved the Villain that had undone me, was ashamed to be seen, and was so well watched, that if I would have gone thence I could not. He came frequently, kept me nobly, and used me tenderly. My poor Father and Mother too well guessed their Misfortune, and mourned for me in secret. My Lover went no more to visit them. My Father attempted to speak with him, but the Servants used him rudely. The Neighbours laughed and ridiculed him, because he had disobliged many of them, whose Sons and Brothers had been refused when they address me: In fine, he fell sick, and in less than two months died, leaving my Mother a rich but disconsolate Widow. I was kept no longer so very strictly, being big with Child, and my Father dead. I was permitted to visit my poor Mother, to whom I related my Misfortune; we wept together, but could find no Remedy. I was kept thus five Years, in which I never appeared Abroad, but with a Mask. I had three Children. My dear Mother often came to me privately, and passed some Days with me, my two Sons died at Nurse, my Girl, grew, and my Betrayer was very fond of me and the Children. I still flattered my self he would at last marry me, but his Father, who had took little Notice of his keeping a Mistress, thought it was time for him to marry, and give an Heir to his Family; he proposed a young Lady of Quality and Fortune suitable; and having now glutted himself with me, my Lover made no Difficulty to oblige his Father and himself with a new Dish. He married the Lady, who was handsome and a Virgin; he grew fond of her, and slighted me, I never saw him, but I reproached him with my Wrongs, so that he not only continued to slight me and came seldom to see me, but used me so unkindly that we never met but we quarrelled. This, with the Torments of his Conscience, doubtless made him resolve on being rid of me. He comes to me in his own Coach as usual, for now he made no Secret of our Converse, which made him not very easy with his Lady; he appears very sad, and treats me with unusual Tenderness, sups, and goes to Bed with me, and there with all the Marks of Affection and Penitence, says thus to me: "My dear *Charlot*, I have wronged you cruelly, my Conscience is wounded, I have not had a Moment's Quiet since I married, and now I am resolved to make you Reparation; I am yours, and not hers whom I sinfully married. I am determined to leave her, and have provided a Ship to carry, and Money to maintain us in *England*, whither I mean to fly with you and my dear Child." "You may imagine, loving him as I did, how easily I was persuaded to credit him: In fine, I agreed to all he proposed with Joy, and a few Days after he came, took me and would have had the Child, but my Mother would not be persuaded to part with it: He carried me to *Calais*, where we went aboard a Merchant Ship. I had carried only my Clothes and Maid, and he pretending he had remitted his Money to *England*, brought only two large Portmanteaus on board. He led me into the Cabin, where we supped, and lay all Night. He left me dressing in the Morning to go talk with the Captain, I suspecting nothing. In some time I sent *Phillis* to call him to Breakfast, and she staying long, I called, but no body came: At last I looked out, and saw the Ship under sail. The Captain came, I asked for my Lord and Maid; he told me they were gone on Shore in the Boat. I wrung my Hands, and wept; he told me it was all in vain, he had Orders for what he did. In short I fell sick with Grief, kept my Bed, and was brought to *Tripoly* before I knew where I was. Here I was brought to Shore, carried to a House, robbed of my Clothes and Jewels. The Portmantuas brought aboard by my villainous Lord, were empty, as I satisfied my self before: In this Place I was sold to an *Arabian* Captain, or Chief of a Tribe. He carried me with him, and what became of the Christian Dog that sold me I know not. *Abenbucer* the brave *Arab* used me kindly, loved, and preferred me before all his Women; but, alas! what Joy could I take in this dismal Course of Life? A thousand Times I have wished to die. I was carried up and down with the rest of his Women, in a covered Waggon, when we moved our Habitations, which we did twice in the sad Year. I lived with him three Days since we came near this Mountain. A Brother of

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Abenbucer's, great as himself in Power, of a Humour different, resolute and revengeful, some time since saw and liked me, and studied how to take me from his Brother. Yesterday *Abenbucer* being gone with his Band to forage, *Abdelen* comes with his Band of Soldiers to the Tent, and takes me away: Just as he was going off, *Abenbeucer* comes by, in short I screamed, a bloody Dispute ensued, in which I was the Victim to their Rage, being dragged by the Hair from one Side to the other; here I received my Wound: At last seeing the two Brothers sharply engaged, I ran from them, and escaped over the Mountain, where I wandered the rest of the Day, fearing to be pursued, till Darkness, loss of Blood and Weakness obliged me to stop; at last my Senses failed, and had not God sent you to assist me, I had perhaps perished on the cold Ground.'

The Ladies admired, and wept at the sad Story; and then lighting a Candle, got her to Bed, where they spent the Remainder of the Night in Discourse, telling her part of their Adventures. Towards Morning they slept, and rising late, found *Charlot* so ill she could not rise; and now she expressed her Fears to them: 'Ladies (said she) I fear it will not be long before the incensed Brothers, at least he that survives, will come in search of me over the Mountains; it is my Advice therefore, that we remove to some Town of Strength for some Days, lest you are discovered and ruined by protecting me. Your Beauty, which far excels mine, will perhaps cause them to bear you hence with me; you are very unsafe here.' This alarmed the poor Ladies, who finding but too much Probability in what she said, were now afraid to remain here; *Emilia* therefore goes to a neighbouring Village, where the Hermit was known, says they were his Kinsmen whom he had left in the House, and desires a Lodging, and some Lad of Integrity to stay in the House for some Days till *Ismael* their Kinsman returned, because they had been frightened with a Band of Robbers, who were roving on this Side the Mountain; which was not very frequent, they not often venturing to come on that side. The honest *Moors* reverencing their Habit, offered them a House to live in till the good *Ismael* came Home. *Emilia* gave the Poor of the Place a large Alms, which highly increased their Respect for her: And so she returned with a Lad with her, the Son of one of the principal Men of the Village. She had before she went packed up their Money, and dressed the sick Lady in an old Habit of the Hermit's, packing up her rich Habit and Jewels in a Bundle. They led her betwixt them, and left nothing of much Value behind them, ordering the Lad to bring the Hermit, and whoever came with him, to them. The Boy did not fear the Robbers, when nothing was left in the House worth their taking: But the fourth Night of his Stay the poor Lad was murdered by some Robbers, who entered the House in the Night, and plundered it, and fearing Discovery, killed him in the Bed as he slept; which some Days after was discovered by the Thieves being taken, one of whom being put to Death, confessed this Fact, with many others.

The next Morning after the Boy was killed, the Hermit and the Lords arrived, and entering the House, were entertained with this dismal Spectacle: The Door was open, the House plundered, and the strange Lad lying dead, the Hermit concluded the Ladies were murdered; and now the Lords Grief cannot be expressed. The Hermit found all the Money gone, and believing it to no Purpose to stay there longer, persuaded the Lords to go back: 'My Friends (said he) it is in vain to stay here and mourn, it is Heaven's Pleasure: If the Ship sails without you, you will perhaps perish here also. The virtuous Ladies are, no doubt, happy and at rest; God has permitted it to be so, and we as Mortals must submit: If we stay here one Night, it may be our Fate to be murdered also, or carried by the Robbers into Slavery.' They yielded to his Advice, and returned in great Affliction to *Attabala's* House; and the Ship coming again to an Anchor, they went aboard, and set sail for *Venice*, leaving Word with *Johanna*, if the Ladies were ever heard of, to send them Word, and to assist them, if they came, to get to them; resolving to stay some time at *Venice* before Don *Lopez* and the Count went to *Spain*, where the latter resolved to stay with Don *Lopez* the rest of his Days, both determining never to marry again: *Clarinda* and the Count *de Chateau-Royal* having agreed likewise to go with them to *Spain*, and to stay there till Interest could be made for them by their Friends in *France* for a Dispensation from *Rome*, for him and *Clarinda* to be Man and Wife, by discharging him of his Vows; he fearing to be punished if he returned Home without Permission, and a Pardon for the Crimes he had committed. They all passed their Time very agreeably in the Ship, except the two Lords, who sincerely mourned the Loss of their Ladies; and the Ship arrived safe at *Venice* the 10th of *March*, 1715.

CHAP. XVI.

The Ladies waited some Days, in Expectation of hearing by the Lad of the Hermit's Arrival: At last the Father of the Boy went to the House, and returned with the melancholy News of his Son's Death, and the House being plundered; and having enquired of some poor Goat-herds who were upon the Mountain, they informed him, that they had seen three Men, two of whom appeared *Grecians*, and the old Hermit, alight at the Cottage Door and go in; but they staid not long, but mounted their Horses, and turned back by the Way they came. From this Account the Ladies concluded, that they finding the House rifled, a strange Lad dead, and no body left to inform them what was become of them, departed, imagining them dead, or fled thence: They therefore resolved to set out immediately for *Algiers*, and to go to *Attabala's* House, where they supposed their Lords would wait, in hopes to hear of them, at least till they were better informed what was become of them. They took their Money, Clothes, and Jewels; and having given some Alms to the Village, and a Present to the Man whose Son was killed in their Service, departed the Town in a covered Waggon they hired to carry them, it being the most easy and private way for them to travel, leaving a good Name behind them. The poor Villagers having conceived a high Opinion of their Sanctity, accompanied them on the Road a great way, praying for the good Dervises welfare, as they called them; and in four Days time they got safe to *Johanna's* House, where they first stopped to alight, for they lay in the Waggon all the three Nights on the Road, and went not into any House, only walked sometimes in the lonely Places they passed through, to stretch their Limbs. Here they discharged the Waggon, taking their Things out, and sent it back: And here *Johanna* informed them of their Lords being gone for *Venice*, and advised them to go early the next Morning to *Attabala's* House, which she thought more safe than hers. The poor Woman entertained them kindly, and they rejoiced at the good *Seraja's* being gone to *Venice*, hoping to find her well and happy there. *Johanna* entertained them with the Adventures their Lords had met with, and the fortunate meeting of the Hermit and *Eleonora*, at which they were much pleased. This Night they rested sweetly, being in great want of Sleep: The next Morning early they went to *Attabala's*, there *Abra* made them very welcome; they were obliged to stay here till an Opportunity of a Ship could be found to carry them to *Venice*. And now poor *Charlot*, whose Wound was not perfectly cured, fell very sick; the Disorder of this long Journey threw her into a Fever, of which she was so dangerously ill, that her Life was despaired of: *Emilia* and *Teresa* used all their Endeavours to save her. Whilst she lay in this Condition, *Emilia* walked frequently down to the Sea side with *Johanna*, who came and staid with them, to wait upon, and keep them Company, till they got off; and as they were musing one Evening on the Shore, they saw a Man lying upon the Sand, who appeared so miserable that it moved their Compassion and Wonder together. They drew near to him, he was young, but his Face was so pale, and disfigured with Dirt and Want, that it appeared frightful; his Hands were so lean that the Bones and Nerves were visible, the Skin being shrivelled and withered, his Clothes were miserably torn and ragged; he had no Shirt on, only a poor Coat and Breeches, with Shoes and Stockings suitable; he had three Wounds in his Stomach and Breast, which appeared not to be fresh, but foul and rankled, and not covered with any Plaisters: *Emilia* was so touched with this dreadful Object, that she wept. The Man looked stedfastly upon her, she being in her Hermit's Dress, and that made him silent, believing her a *Turk*. At last he said in *French*, 'Why do you stand staring upon me, am not I a Man? What do you see to wonder at? If you compassionate my miserable Condition, relieve me, or kill me, for I am weary of living.' *Emilia* answered, 'Are you a Native of *France*, and a Christian? I am (said he) one, who being cast on this barbarous Shore, am reduced to this Misery. Follow us (said she) and we will relieve you.' He looked eagerly upon her, and scrambling up, made shift to crawl to the House after them: Being entered the Door, she desired *Johanna* to give him Wine and Meat, which he devoured with great greediness; and a few Minutes after fell into strange Convulsions; they gave him some Cordial Water, and *Abra* ran and brought a Quilt, Coverlid, Sheets and Bouldster; and on a Carpet spread and made a Bed: The Lady withdrawing, *Johanna* and he washed his Face and Hands, put him on a Shirt, and laid him in Bed: Then they put Balsam to his Wounds. He seemed almost insensible of all they did to him; but Nature, which struggled hard to digest what he had eat, at last threw him into a Sweat, and then he fell into a Slumber; upon which they retired, leaving him to rest. *Emilia* going up to *Charlot's* Chamber, who was now on the mending hand, related to her and *Teresa* the strange Adventure she had met with, which drew Tears from their Eyes also. The Stranger slept all Night, as they supposed, for *Abra* who lay

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in the next Room heard nothing of him, only sometimes a deep Sigh or Groan. About eight in the Morning *Emilia* sent *Johanna* to ask how he did: When she entered the Room, she was surprized at the Change of his Countenance, and concluded he was a Person of Quality, and very handsome when in Health: He made the most grateful Acknowledgments imaginable, begging to know who the charitable Person was, to whom he owed his Life. She answered, that she was commanded by that Person to ask his Name and Quality, if it were not improper, that they might know how to treat him. 'Alas! (said he) the Gentleman's Curiosity will not be much more satisfied, when I tell you that I am the Son of a Marshal of *France*, and that my Name is *Victor Amando*, Count of *Frejus*; born to a plentiful Fortune, and by one unfortunate Action ruined. I was going to *Rome* in a Ship from *Marseilles*, and by a Storm cast on this Shore: Here I have been robbed in a Wood, wounded and left for dead; and not knowing where to go, or who to apply to, being unable to go far, I wandered about the Wood for these ten Days past, eating nothing but wild Fruits and Nuts, which threw me into a Bloody Flux. I at last crept to the Sea side, and there sat down, unable to go farther, having no other Design, but to lie there and die, which God prevented by your generous Master's Hands.' At these Words *Abra* entered the Room with a *Grecian* Habit for him which *Don Lopez* had left behind, and waited to dress him: At which *Johanna* retired, and went to her Ladies with the Account of what he had told her: But who can express the Surprize poor *Charlot* was in when she heard the Stranger's Name, and knew him to be her faithless Lord, who had ruined, and basely sent her here? 'My God, said she, how wondrous are thy Ways, and how miraculous thy Power? Has thy Justice then found him out, and brought him here to suffer? I thank thee my God.' Being very weak she fainted; the Ladies were much amazed at her Words, and soon guessed who the Stranger was: They revived *Charlot* with Cordials, and begged her to compose her self, lest her Fever should return with this great Disorder of Mind, and consider with them, whether it would be proper for her to see him now, or stay till they had sounded his Inclinations, and learned whether he were single, and inclined to repair the Injury he had done her, by an honourable Marriage. She thought that best: So *Emilia* and *Teresa* went into the Parlour, and sent for him to Breakfast; they were both in their Hermit's Dress, as Men. When the Count *de Frejus* entered the Room, they gave him a good Morning with great Gravity; he returned the Compliment: They treated him now with Ceremony: He much admired the Beauty of these young Men, and soon perceived by their Voices and Mein that they were Women disguised. At last *Emilia* entered into a serious Discourse with him, in this manner: 'My Lord, I am no Stranger to you, nor the Actions of your Life; nor am I surprized at the Misfortunes that you have met with, which I hope the Almighty will sanctify to you, and turn to your Advantage. Where is the unhappy *Charlot* and her Child? Oh! my Lord, how could you expect Prosperity to attend you, till you had expiated by Repentance the cruel Injury you did that lovely Maid?' At these Words the Count was even thunderstruck, to hear a Stranger in *Barbary* reproach him for a Crime he thought a Secret to the greatest part of his own Acquaintance. He at last lifted up his Eyes, the big Drops rolling down his Face. 'My God (said he) I own thy Justice.' And falling at the Ladies Feet, 'Bright Angels (said he) for such doubtless you are, who pry into the Hearts of Men, and know our secret Actions, pray for me to the Almighty: I have sinned so greatly that an Age of Penance cannot expiate my Crimes. Oh! teach me what to do to appease Heaven.' The Ladies raised him, saying, 'Rise, Sir, we are frail Mortals like your self, and living Monuments of the Divine Mercy, preserved in this inhospitable Land by Miracles. But tell us, were *Charlot* living yet, would you repair her Injuries? Witness (said he) that God in whom we trust, he who has seen my Tears, and heard my Prayers, that I would marry her that Hour I were blessed with her dear Presence; nay, I would choose to beg with her, and suffer every Ill, nay Death itself, rather than wrong her any more, or marry with a Queen: Long have I mourned my Sin, nor can I e'er deserve so great a Blessing, as to see her Face again. Are you then single? (said *Teresa*) is your Lady dead? And may we credit what you say? Oh! what a Wretch am I (said he) that cannot be believed.' Here *Charlot*, who had listened, entered the Room. 'I would believe you, my Lord, (said she) but have so suffered for my Credulity already, that I hardly dare trust you.' He fell at her Feet transported, all he said was confused, he embraced her Knees, gazed on her Face, and at length fainted falling down on his Face. Her Tenderness for him revived; she strove to raise him, but through Weakness and Surprize swooned, falling by him. This Sight was extremely moving: The Ladies calling, the Servants entered, and took them up; in some time they recovered, were laid together on the Bed the Count had lain on. And now looking tenderly upon her, he said, 'Charming, much injured *Charlot*, can you forgive me? I am now single, our dear Child is well, and is my Heir; God has cast me on this Shore to bring me to my self and you; this happy Place has brought me Peace of Conscience. Do you but pardon me; and consent to marry me, I will bring you home to *France* with Triumph, with God's leave.' She gave

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him her Hand, 'Tell me (said she) what has befallen you since the fatal Day you left me.' I will, said he. The Ladies being seated, he thus began.

CHAP. XVII.

'The unhappy Day (said he) when I basely left you, a Day I ever must repent of, I went ashore with the treacherous *Phillis*, whom God has already punished, having struck her soon after with Madness, in which she died insensible, and I fear unrepenting. I returned to *Paris* to my fine Wife, and thought my self happy, vainly fancying I had secured my Peace for the future. Your Mother inveighed against me, saying, I had trepanned you: But I dissembled with her, pretending you had by Misfortune fallen over board, and was drowned to my inexpressible Grief, which I was forced to stifle for fear of my Father, and my Wife's Reproaches. This *Phillis* justified to be true; and my great Fondness of our Child, and the large Presents I made your Mother, prevailed with her to credit this Story; so I remained quiet from all Clamours but my Conscience, which hourly reproached me: I had no rest, my Soul was on the Rack; I grew surly and morose to all the World; my Wife grew to hate me, and we lived miserably. A thousand Times I wished for you again. At last I discovered that she did me justice, in dishonouring my Bed with one of my Pages: I exposed her to the World; we parted, and in a short Time after she died in Childbed of a Child, which I did not believe mine: And that dying with her, put an end to all Disputes. And now being little esteemed by my Friends, and conscious to my self of my Wickedness and Shame, I left *France* in that cursed Vessel which brought you here, being forced to be civil, and keep a Correspondence with the Villain who commanded it. We were bound to *Italy*, where I designed to see *Rome*, and pay my Devotions at all the holy Places there. I asked him when he came in sight of this Coast, if he thought it was possible to find you, resolving to purchase your Freedom with all I was worth; but he told me it was in vain to attempt it: Soon after this Discourse a Tempest arose that tore our Ship in pieces, and cast me on this Shore; the Captain perished in my sight. I was half dead when I reached the Shore; and was scarce able to walk: I saw a small Coffe on the Sands, and taking hold of it, I made shift to drag it to the Wood: Considering I was in a strange Place, I thought it must contain something that would be useful to me, having neither Clothes, Food, nor Money. I sat down, and rested that Night, having nothing to eat to refresh me. At break of Day I found my Limbs stiff, and a great Faintness over all my Body; I broke open the Coffe, and found Money, Clothes, and many rich Things in it, by which I judged it belonged to the Villain Captain. As I was looking into it, three *Moors* appeared, who coming up to me, one struck me over the Head with a Sabre, which stunned me quite; they gave me three Stabs in the Stomach and Breast with a Knife; and emptying the Chest, fled, leaving me for dead. It was long before I came to my self; but when I did, you may guess my Condition: I bled much, I sought for some Dust to stench the Blood, and that performed it; but being unable to walk far, and not knowing where to go, I remained there destitute of Food and Help. Here I examined my self as I ought, prepared to die, and, I hope, made my Peace with God, whose Mercy has been signally manifested in my Deliverance, and our wonderful meeting.'

The Ladies admired, and blessed God for their good Fortune, and his Conversion; and wished nothing more than to see them married, which they could not accomplish till a Christian Ship arrived, which was in less than a Month's time; when a *French* Ship came to them, sent from *Venice*, to enquire after them; which no sooner arrived, but *Abra* went aboard in the Fisherboat: Monsieur *Robinet* the Captain welcomed him. When the Ship was ready to depart, he gave notice, and they came aboard, bringing their Money, Clothes, and Jewels; and taking leave, with much Affection, of the good *Johanna*, whom *Emilia* and *Teresa* offered to take with them, but *Abra* and she had agreed to marry, so she chose to stay in *Barbary*. The Captain entertained them nobly, as became the Generosity and good Breeding of a *Frenchman*, and a Christian. They related to him all their Adventures, excepting the Occasion of *Charlot's* Misfortunes, which they concealed in respect to the Count *de Frejus*. And here he and *Charlot* were married by the Chaplain, a good *Carmelite*, who made them an excellent Discourse upon the Subject of the Deliverances they had all met with in that barbarous Place, from whence God had been now pleased to free them. They were bound for *Venice*, where they expected to find their Lords.

It will now be proper that I should inform you what Reception the Lords and the rest of our Travellers met with at *Venice*. *Antonio* and his fair Bride invited all the Company, at their landing, to go Home with them to his Mother, the noble *Angelina's*. At their Arrival, the Servants seeing their Lord and the beautiful *Anna*, were so transported, they scarce knew what they did: They wept for Joy, and so great a Noise was made in the House, that *Angelina*, who had been long sick in her Chamber, imagined the House was on fire, and crept out to the

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Stairs—head, to see what was the matter: But when she saw her Son and *Anna* coming up to her, she was scarce able to express her Joy. They threw themselves at her Feet; she blessed and raised them, clasping them in her Arms and weeping on their Bosoms. They informed her, that they had brought other Persons of Worth and Quality with them, whom they would recommend to her Favour. She composed her self a little, and her Son led her down, where she received them with Demonstrations of Respect: But when she saw her Niece and Seignior *Andrea Zantonio*, she was amazed: 'Just Heavens (said she) Kinsman! who thought to have seen you together? God had decreed it so, Madam, (said he;) and therefore Seas and Barbarians could not prevent it.' *Angelina* called for Supper, saluting *Clarinda*, welcoming the Lords, the Count *de Chateau—Roial*, and the good *Seraja* at Supper, which was splendid, as the Company and Occasion merited. Great part of the Company's Adventures were related, and *Angelina* informed Seignior *Andrea*, that his Father was dead, very much afflicted for his Son's Loss: 'But my Brother and Sister, Niece, (said she to *Eleonora*) are well, and to—Morrow we will go and see them.' Beds were made for all the Company, and no Excuse would pass but the Lords, *Clarinda* and her Lord, must all stay there while they continued at *Venice*. The next Day the whole City rang of this strange Story, and all the Noblemen and Ladies, who were Friends or related to *Angelina*, crowded thither to see, and welcome *Antonio* and his charming Lady to *Venice*. A Messenger was dispatched early in the Morning to *Eleonora's* Father's, who by Noon arrived at *Angelina's*, with her Mother. Poor *Attabala* was likewise much caressed for his faithful Service to his Lady. In fine, a Month was past in nothing but Feasts, Balls, and Entertainments, to welcome these noble *Venetians* home; in all which the *Spanish* and *French* Lords shared. Yet Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* were deeply melancholy: They had related the Story of their Misfortunes, and *Emilia's* and *Teresa's* Loss; and a *French* Ship lying in the Harbour, *Angelina* proposed to them to send for the Captain, and agree with him to cast Anchor and call at *Attabala's* House, to which they should direct him, and make enquiry after these unfortunate Ladies. They did so; and this was the Ship that *Abra* went aboard of at his coming to an Anchor. And in this Vessel they came safe to *Venice*, but not before the Lords had left it; for Don *Lopez* desirous to see his Father and native Country again, having little Hopes of *Teresa's* being found, or escaping if alive, growing uneasy at the Multitude of Company he was obliged to be engaged in every Day, and wanting to be alone with his Friend, whose melancholy Humour suited best with him at the time; he therefore proposed to the Count *de Hautville* to go thence soon: However, they were detained two Months longer; in which time Monsieur *de Chateau—Roial* fell sick of a Fever. And tho' all possible Means were used to save him, yet all proved ineffectual, and the Physicians gave him over. He behaved himself in this his last Scene of Life so like a Christian and a Hero, that it charmed all that attended him. At last the Pangs of Death being on him, he took a solemn Leave of every one there present, but particularly of the two Lords who had preserved him and *Clarinda* from perishing. He at last having received the last Sacraments, concluded all with taking leave of the disconsolate *Clarinda*, who had not for many Days gone into a Bed, or left his Bed side: He grasped her Hand, and fixing his dying Eyes upon her, said, 'My dear *Clarinda*, the Hour is now come when we must be parted, tho' not for a long time; God does not think fit to continue us longer together. I have unfortunately occasioned you many Misfortunes, we have known little Satisfaction in the Enjoyment of one another; now human Passions will cease to fire my Soul, and my Reason will govern. Believe me, sensual Pleasures are bitter in Reflection, and in Death afford no Consolation; I hope my Peace is made above. I am glad to leave the World, and can advise you but two Things: The first is, to be contented with our Separation, submit to God, and acquiesce in all Things he decrees: Nor murmur at Misfortunes, which are the holy Fires that must purge our Souls of Vice, and make us fit for Glory. And next, I beg that you would quit the World, and in a Convent spend the Remainder of your Life, where you may be no more in danger of being again unhappy. Nor give that lovely Person to another, who may involve you in worldly Cares. Alas! my Dear, Life is well spent in learning how to die; live so that we may meet again to part no more. Yes, my dear Lord, (said she) I will obey you, and never venture into the World again.' Here his Agonies increasing, his Confessor began the Prayers, and in few Hours he departed. *Clarinda*, after he was handsomely interred in the *Benedictine's* Church near the Altar, was invited into the Convent of Nuns adjoining; to which she went, attended by *Angelina*, *Antonio*, *Anna*, *Eleonora*, Seignior *Andrea*, the two Lords, *Seraja*, and all *Angelina's* Relations and Friends, who loved her much, and left her there to enjoy uninterrupted Peace, where no worldly Cares can enter to disturb her.

After this *Seraja* choosing to stay at *Angelina's*, the Lords took leave, and went for *Spain* in a *Spanish* Vessel. They arrived safe at *Barcelona*, from whence they went to *Madrid*; and there at his Seat near that City found Don

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Lopez's Father, *Don Manuel de Mendoza*, who was astonished to see him. He and the Count *de Hautville* entertained him with a faithful Account of all the strange Adventures they had met with, which filled him, and all his Friends to whom their Story was related, with Admiration. But no part of their History was more wondered at than that of *Tanganor* and *Maria*; the heroick Action she did, in pulling out her Eyes to save her Virtue, charmed all that heard it related.

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

One Morning about ten o'Clock, a Coach stopped at the Gate, with an elderly Lady in it, who much desired to speak with *Don Lopez*. The Servants brought her in, and *Don Lopez* being informed of her being there, readily came to her, hoping to hear something of the Ladies, but it proved otherwise: 'My Lord, (said she) I have heard with Amazement your Adventures, and your noble *Venetian* Friends; it is the Subject of all People's Discourse in this Province: But there is one Story in particular, in which I am nearly concerned, which relates to a Lady whose Name was *Maria*, lost from her Country, and me her afflicted Mother long since. I beg to hear from your own Mouth what I have heard from others, that being informed of each particular Circumstance, I may be able to judge whether the Lady you have seen be my dear Child or not.' *Don Lopez* sitting down by her, related all the Story of *Tanganor*, and his Lady, and then begged to know how this excellent Lady came into the Hands of the *Turks*. The Lady much transported, being now positive that it was her Daughter he had seen, wiping away the Tears, which Joy had filled her Eyes withal, proceeded to satisfy his Request in this manner: 'My Lord, my Husband *Don Fernando Valada* was a Merchant at *Barcelona*; it had pleased God to give us a very handsome Fortune, but it was many Years before he blessed us with a Child, which was the only Thing we wanted in the World to make us completely happy. At last I proved with Child, and was delivered of this lovely Girl, which we bred up with the utmost Care and Tenderness. When she was turned of twelve Years old, my Husband having a Ship very richly laden returned from *Goa*, which lay at Anchor in the Road, invited a great many of his Relations and Friends on board, to give them a Treat: I was at that time unfortunately indisposed, and therefore sent my Daughter with her Father to supply my Place. It was *Autumn*, and late at Night before the Company broke up: The Pinnace carrying part of them ashore, and returning to fetch my Husband, *Maria*, and the rest, it grew dark, the Wind rose, and my Husband was afraid to let her venture to go so late, and apprehending a Storm, thought it best to stay aboard till Morning: But alas! the Storm increased, and about two o'Clock the Ship was drove to Sea, having lost her Anchors, and running before the Wind, was drove on the Coast of *Barbary*: There the Ship was beset with three *Algerine* Pirates, and after a sharp Fight, in which my dear Husband was killed, the Ship was taken and carried into *Algiers*. A *Turkish* Captain, who was come there to purchase fair Slaves for his villainous Masters to make sale of, bought my dear Child; but where he carried, or how disposed of her, I could never be informed till now. What I tell you, I got Information of by Means of a Frier, who was Chaplain to my Husband's Ship, and being a very sickly Man, and unfit for Slavery, the Pirate Captain dismissed him, and put him on Board a *French* Ship they made Prize of, in their way to *Algiers*; and having plundered it, put on Board it all the wounded and disabled Persons, and some Provisions, and bid them go Home. But alas! they were unable to manage the Ship, and had not God sent an *English* Ship, who met them at Sea, they had perished: The *English* Captain putting some Hands aboard, brought the Ship to *Barcelona*, to which Place he was bound. Thus, my Lord, (said she) I have informed you what you desired to know; and now I beg only one Favour more of you, which is to direct me how I may send to my dear *Maria*, whose Virtues have now made her ten times dearer to me than she was by the Ties of Nature.' *Don Lopez* told her the only way was to send by some *East-India* Ship, as he would direct. After many Thanks she took leave, and having a Brother who was a Captain of a Merchant Ship, got him to go to that Island, and had the Satisfaction of having a Message from *Maria's* own Mouth, with a Letter from *Tanganor*, promising to come to *Spain* the next Year, so soon as he had got another Return from *Persia*. In the mean time he sent her his eldest Daughter, the lovely *Leonora*, whom she received with the greatest Joy imaginable. This was a Year after she was with *Don Lopez*, whom we shall now leave at his Country Seat, and return to enquire after the Ladies.

CHAP. XVIII.

Three Months after Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville's* Departure from *Venice*, the charming *Emilia* and *Teresa* arrived, with the Count *de Frejus* and his Lady, the now happy *Charlot*, and were by Monsieur *Robinet* conducted to *Angelina's* House, where they were received with great Joy and Civility: And here they put on Habits suiting their Sex and Quality, and were obliged to stay some Days both to refresh themselves, and in Compliance with the Importunities of their Friends, Seignior *Antonio Bargomio* and the engaging *Anna*, and Seignior *Andrea* and *Eleonora* his Lady, who mutually strove to divert and treat them; rivaling each other in the Magnificence of their Feasts and Balls: And all their Relations visited and invited them to Entertainments; so that a Month was past before they could handsomely take leave. They forgot not to pay a Visit to *Clarinda*, whom they dearly loved and honoured, lamenting Monsieur *de Chateau-Royal's* Death, whom they much pitied whilst living; fearing no Dispensation would be granted him to live with *Clarinda*. And now Monsieur *Robinet*, who obligingly staid for them, prepared for their Departure, taking aboard Wine and fresh Provisions of all Kinds, to accommodate them in the way. And now taking leave, tho' with some Uneasiness, being much pressed to stay longer, they went on board, accompanied by all their generous Friends, who waited on them to the Ship. The good *Seraja*, who was overjoyed at their Arrival, gladly went with them, being amazed and charmed with the Treatment, and fine Things she met with, and saw in *Europe*. Abundance of fine Presents were made to *Emilia* and *Teresa* by the *Venetian* Ladies, of rich *Venetian* Brocades and some Jewels, to be the Monitors to remind them of their absent Friends; rich Wines, Lace, perfumed Gloves, Sweet-Meats, and all forts of Things useful and ornamental. Nor did *Emilia* and *Teresa* omit to make such Returns as became them to do, promising the noble *Angelina* and *Anna* never to neglect an Opportunity of writing to them, and to keep their Friendship alive with frequent Converse of Letters. And thus embracing one another they parted, and the Ship setting sail, arrived at *Barcelona*. The Captain took a Lodging for the three Ladies and the Count *de Frejus* at their Landing, and then making Inquiry for Seignior Don *Manuel de Mendoza*, Don *Lopez's* Father, was soon informed where he was; and going the next Morning to his Seat, which he rid to in few Hours, he informed that noble Lord who was arrived in his Ship. He received the News with much Joy, and curious to see his Daughter-in-Law and *Emilia*, of whom he had heard so much; as likewise desirous to bring the Lady, and good News to his Son himself; he ordered his Coach and fix to be got ready against the next Morning; when he set out with the Captain for *Barcelona*, where he found the expecting *Emilia* and *Teresa*, whom he tenderly embraced, and welcomed the Count *de Frejus* and his Lady, admiring the Ladies Youth and Beauty, especially *Teresa's*, which he had expected to see much changed. He carried them to his Seat the next Day, having entertained them at a Relation's House the Day of his Arrival at *Barcelona*, and the Night of his stay there: Then he paid Captain *Robinet* nobly, making him promise to call on him at his next Return from *France*. He treated his Daughter and Company in such a manner at his Seat that even amazed them; and then set out for the Country Seat, where those they most longed to see were. When the Coach came near the Gate, he begged the Ladies to abide in it, till he went in and prepared his Son and the Count to see them; 'left (said he) the Surprise of seeing you on a sudden may hurt them.' They consented. 'Ladies (said he) I assure you your Husbands are much changed for the worse, that is, they are pale, lean, and dispirited, but you will be the best Cordial to revive them.' He quitted the Coach, and attended with two Servants only, entered the Gate, and asking for his Son, was informed the Count and he were in the Gardens. Thither he went, and found them sitting together in a deep Discourse: They started at his coming up to them, like Men lost in Thought. 'Gentlemen (said he) why do you pass Life thus in Solitude, unactive, and lost to the World? Son, I blush to think the loss of a Woman (tho' a Wife) should rob you of your Reason, make you forget your Duty to your Prince and Country. Come, wake, shake off this Lethargy, rouse at the Call of Glory and Honour, and let your Ancestors Souls no longer mourn, to see you waste your Youth in pining for a Woman, which should be employed in doing Deeds worthy your Birth, and to perpetuate your Name. Alas! my honoured Lord (said he) you cannot comprehend what I have lost: Consider the amazing Proofs *Teresa* gave me of her Virtue, and the sad Condition I have left her in. See here, my Friend, a Man brave as the World can shew, he droops like me, for such another Woman. Why should we be censured if we leave the World, and live retired? Are not our Convents filled with such, and do not they merit our Esteem. My Son (replied the old Lord) they leave the World by Choice, you only because you are

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disgusted; suppose your Wives are dead, must you rebel and murmur against Providence? Ha! (said the Count *de Hautville* starting) Dead! what are you going to prepare us for? If they are so, tell us at once, our Resolutions are already made, a Cloister shall secure us from all future Mischief; we will not make a second Choice. Let Glory and the idle Ambition that deludes Mankind tempt them to venture in a Crowd, and end Life in a Tumult; we will study how to die, and wait our Maker's Pleasure, till he rids us of a tedious Life, and calls us to eternal Rest.' Here the cold Sweat trickled down his Face, and the old Lord admiring their Constancy and Affection, took him by the Hand, and said, 'Come Friends, revive, God has heard you; I have some good News to tell you; I have heard from your Wives, they are not far off, follow me.' Here turning about, he went to the Gate, they following in such Disorder they scarce knew what they did: But when they saw the Ladies, they forgot all Ceremony, and rushing into the Coach, regardless of *Charlot* the Stranger, they fell on their Knees before their Wives, embracing them, who were so transported the Tears flowed from their Eyes, and they mutually blessed God, and said so many passionate Things, that the old Lord, *Charlot* and the Count *de Frejus* wept. In some time they began to remember who waited, and *Don Lopez* recovering himself, begged Pardon of his Father. 'My Son (said he) it is a laudable Error; you have a Wife worthy the Affection you bear her, she merits all your Care, and God has blessed me beyond my Desert in such Children.' The Ladies alighting, entered the House. And now an universal Joy spread itself through all the Family, and ten Days were past in nothing but Balls and Entertainments.

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

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

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

The Marquis *de Ventadore* quickly returned to *Spain*, and was not long after blessed with a Son, which *Emilia* brought him on the 10th of *August*, 1719, and the charming *Teresa* made her transported Lord Father to a Son and Daughter, on the 13th of *September* the same Year: The two Lords stood Godfathers to each other's Sons, and *Don Lopez's* Father and *Emilia* to *Teresa's* Daughter, who bare *Teresa's* Name; and *Don Lopez* in performance of his Vow built a Church, and dedicated it to St. *Teresa*.

And now one would suppose, that having past seven Years in an almost continued Scene of Misfortunes, and thus fortunately arrived in their native Country, the happy *Don Lopez* and his charming Wife might expect to pass the Remainder of their Days in Peace. It is true, the fair *Teresa* was but nineteen, and that fatal Beauty that had occasioned her so much Sorrow, was rather improved than diminished: But her known Virtue would have awed any bold Admirer from once daring to disclose his Flame, and secured her from all Attempts of Love, one would have imagined. But alas! it was otherwise decreed: A young Nobleman of *Spain*, Son of a Duke, and Favourite of his young Prince, the Prince of *Asturias*, whom he was bred up with, Nephew to *Don Manuel* Father of *Don Lopez*, coming frequently to visit him and *Teresa*, who was now up again, and seemed to rise like the glorious Sun to bless the World, with new Charms in her Face and Fire in her Eyes, content adding Smiles to her natural Sweetness; the unfortunate *Don Fernando de Medina* gazed away his Liberty, and grew so mad in Love, that he forgot all Ties of Blood, Honour, and Christianity; and resolved to possess her, or die in the Attempt. He knew her Virtue rendered all Means but Force impracticable, despairing to gain her any other way; and therefore subtly contrived how to effect it, without her being aware of it, or her Husband able to find out where she was, who had stolen her. In order to this, he hires four desperate *Catalonian* Gentlemen, Sons of Fortune, who had been employed before in such, or as bad Undertakings: These he promised a great Reward to. One of these hired a House next a Wood, about five Miles from *Fernando's* Country Seat, and placed in it two old Hags, proper for

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such a wicked Design. Here they made a Chamber strong as a Prison, furnished it with a Bed, and all necessary Things. Thus prepared he goes to his Kinsman's, invites him and the Marquis to a Hunting-match, with the Ladies. They willingly consented to go, and the next Morning went to his House, where after being magnificently treated, they went into the Field; and the Ladies loving the Sport, excellently mounted, pursued the frighted Stag, till the Heat of the Day made them retire to this fatal Wood, where Don *Fernando* had prepared a Treat for them. Here they dined in a Tent pitched for that purpose: And then he proposed to the Lords, to leave the Ladies there to repose, whilst they hunted another Deer, and so return to conduct them home in the Evening. Two Servants were left to attend the Ladies. About an Hour after their Lords were gone, the four Villains who lay in Ambush, with Vizards on their Faces, and Pistols in their Hands, rushed into the Tent, and seizing upon *Teresa*, carried her away before the Servants, who were fallen asleep upon the Grass behind the Tent, awaked with the Alarm of *Emilia's* Cries. *Fernando* kept the Lords some Hours, and then returning to the Tent, they found *Emilia* almost distracted with Grief, and the Servants standing mute as Statues: The cunning *Fernando* shewed a mighty Concern for his Kinsman's Misfortune. Don *Lopez* raved, and stormed like a Man in despair, but all in vain. They searched all the Wood, and passing by the lonely House, saw one of the old Hags, who stood at the Door on purpose. The Lords enquired of her, if she had seen any Man with a Lady pass by that way: She told them, yes; about two Hours before, she saw four Men ride by, with a Lady bound Hand and Foot before one of them, and supposing them Thieves, shut the Door. They turned to that Road (said she) shewing a contrary Way to that they had really taken: *Emilia* and the Lords went on that Road the Woman directed, but to no purpose. At last Night approaching, they went Home. Don *Lopez* was inconsolable, and the dissembling *Fernando*, who inwardly triumphed at the good Success of his cursed Plot, staid with him all Night. Next Morning he took leave, pretending he would make it his Endeavour to find *Teresa*, and bring the Villains to Justice: But alas! he burned to possess her, and flew with the utmost Speed to the Place, where he knew she was. And now I must inform my Reader, that the Villains did not carry her directly to the House by the Wood; but rid twenty Miles farther through unfrequented Places, having put her, bound Hand and Foot, into a Horse-litter, which they had placed just beyond the House. Here they stopped till it was dark; then lighting Torches they had brought in the Litter, they returned by the same Ways to the House, and left her in the horrid Room where the old Hags attended to watch her. Here they laid her bound upon the Bed, ungagged her, and strove to pacify her, but in vain: She wept and lamented her Misfortune, in Terms so moving it would have melted the Hearts of *Barbarians*: But these vile relentless Women derided her, asking, what she feared from a Man who passionately loved her. Thus poor *Teresa* passed the Remainder of the sleepless Night and Morning, taking no Sustenance, but refusing to eat or drink, they feared to unbind her. About Noon the base *Fernando* arrived so disguised, it was almost impossible to know him; he put a Vizard upon his Face before he entered the Chamber, then shutting the Door, he came to the Bed-side, and used all his Rhetorick to persuade her to yield fairly to him. Then he proceeded to Threats, yet she remained inflexible, used Prayers and Tears to dissuade him from so horrid a Crime: 'Heaven (said she) will find you out, and pour its Vengeance on your Head; my Lord will discover you, or some Thunder-bolt dispatch you, and bring your Soul to the dreadful Tribunal, where your Sentence will be given.' He seemed deaf to all she said, rudely kissing and embracing her. At last summoning all her Reason, she changed her Behaviour: 'Well then (said she) since Love makes you deaf to all Entreaties to dissuade you from this dreadful Deed, unbind me, give me something to drink, and let me find some Humanity in the Treatment you give me; if I must be yours, shew that you love me.' *Fernando* transported at her seeming so consenting, readily called for Wine, unbound her Hands and Feet. Having first locked the Door, she drank, and watching an Opportunity, threw a Glass of Wine in his Eyes, then flew to the Door, broke the Lock, and attempting to run down the Stairs, her Foot slipt, and she fell down, and unfortunately broke her right Leg short at the Instep, so that she could not rise. By this time he had recovered himself, and hearing her Groan, ran down Stairs, where he found the old Hags standing as amazed. He took her up in his Arms, carried her up to the Bed, and seeing the Blood running on the Floor, soon discovered what had happened; she swooned, and the Shin-bone was shivered, so that it had cut through the Skin and Sinews, and appeared. This Sight dashed his amorous Fires, and awakened his Care to preserve her. He ran down, took his Horse, and went to a Village for a Surgeon; who came, and was doubtless surprized to see so fine a Woman in such a dismal Place. But *Fernando* had told him, it was his Wife, who was lunatick, and had broke loose, and endeavoured to escape, and so came by this sad Accident; pretending himself to be a Gentleman who belonged to the Court, and could not keep her in his own Apartment there. The Surgeon dressed her, not regarding her Complaints; and *Fernando*, who was obliged to

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unmask, lest the Surgeon should suspect something, took care to hide his Face from *Teresa*. No sooner was the Surgeon gone, but he put on his Vizard, and approaching the Bed-side, said many kind and tender Things, to which she gave no Answer: Excessive Pain, and the Fright, with the Fatigues of the foregoing Night, having made her almost unable to complain. At last he left her, it being necessary for him to appear in sight, to prevent his being suspected of the Villainy he was guilty of. One of the old Hags watched by her that Night, and in the Morning when the honest Surgeon returned, he found her light-headed, with a strong Fever which had seized her, in which she talked of Don *Lopez*, *Emilia*, her Child, and of being stole. This made him begin to suspect something. She remaining dangerously ill for some Days, in which time *Fernando* came often to see her, he was much concerned, and took care to let nothing be wanting but a Physician, whom he durst not send for, for fear of Discovery. In this time great Inquiry being made after *Teresa*, the Surgeon heard of it, and immediately took Horse, and went to the Lords, informing them of what he knew. Don *Lopez* and the Marquis desired much to know who the Villain was, but that the Surgeon was ignorant of. They took Horse immediately, attended by five Servants well armed, and conducted by the Surgeon, went to the House; it being Midnight before they reached it, the Door was made fast, a Horse being tied near it, and a Light in the Chamber: They consulted what to do, fearing if they knocked, it might alarm the old Hags, and the Ravisher, who might by some back Door or Window escape; so they concluded to wait till he came down to take Horse. They did so, and towards Day-break one of the old Hags opened the Door. The Lords, who were dismounted, and stood ready, rushed in, and running up Stairs, found *Fernando* in the Room masked. Don *Lopez* staid not a Moment to deliberate, but shot him through the Head: He fell dead at his Feet, not uttering one Word.

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

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

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

A great Number of Christian Slaves are at this time expected to return to *Europe*, redeemed from the Hands of those cruel Infidels, amongst whom our noble Slaves suffered so much, and lived so long; and no doubt but amongst these, if we enquire, we shall find some whose Misfortunes, if not their Virtues, equal these Lords and Ladies. It is in Adversity that Men are known: He is only worthy the Name of a Christian who can despise Death, and support even Slavery and Chains with Patience; whom neither Tortures nor Interest can shake, or make renounce his God and Faith. How frequent is it for us, who boast so much of Religion, to sacrifice our Consciences to Interest? How impatient are Men for small Injuries or Disappointments?

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

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

