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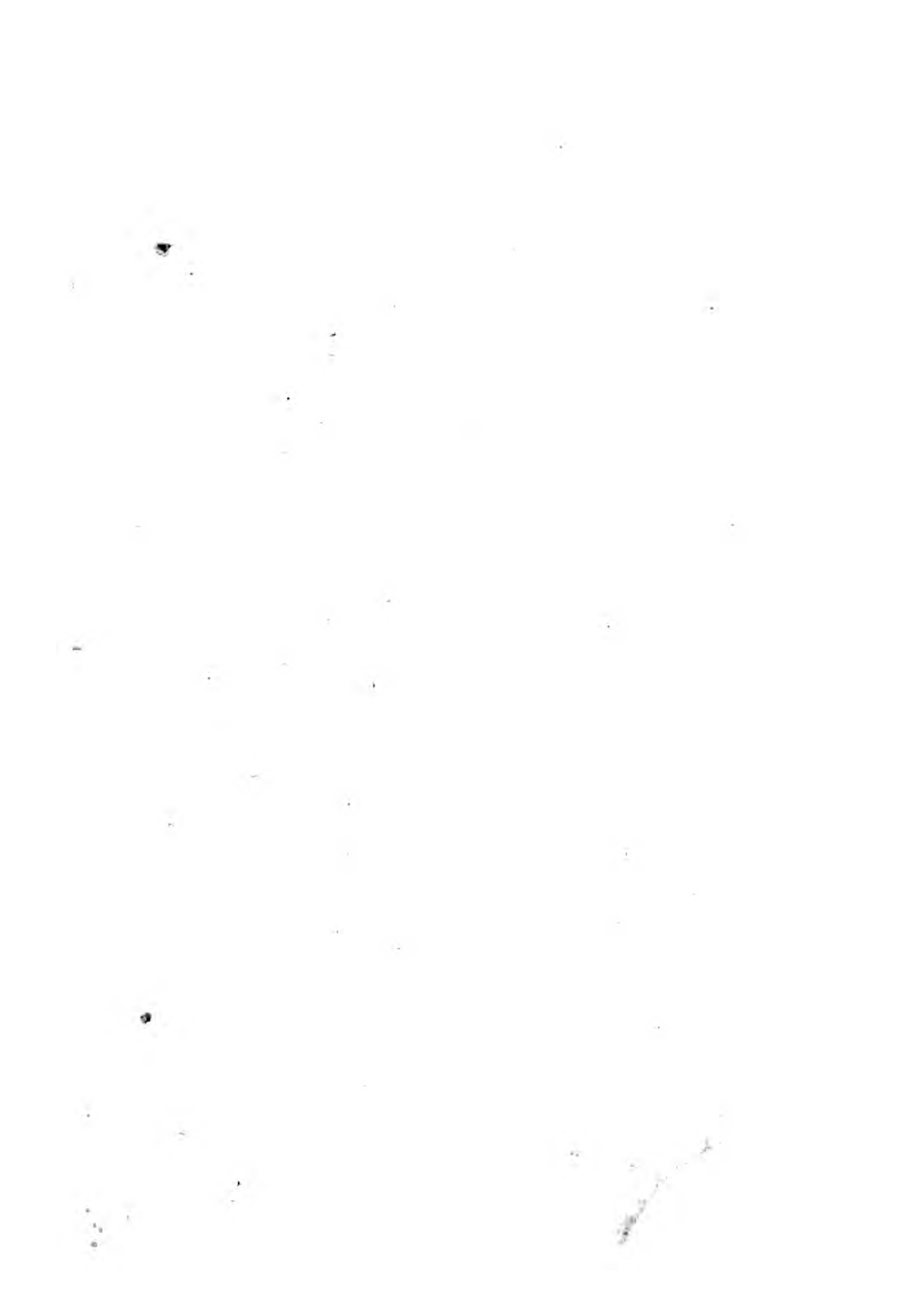
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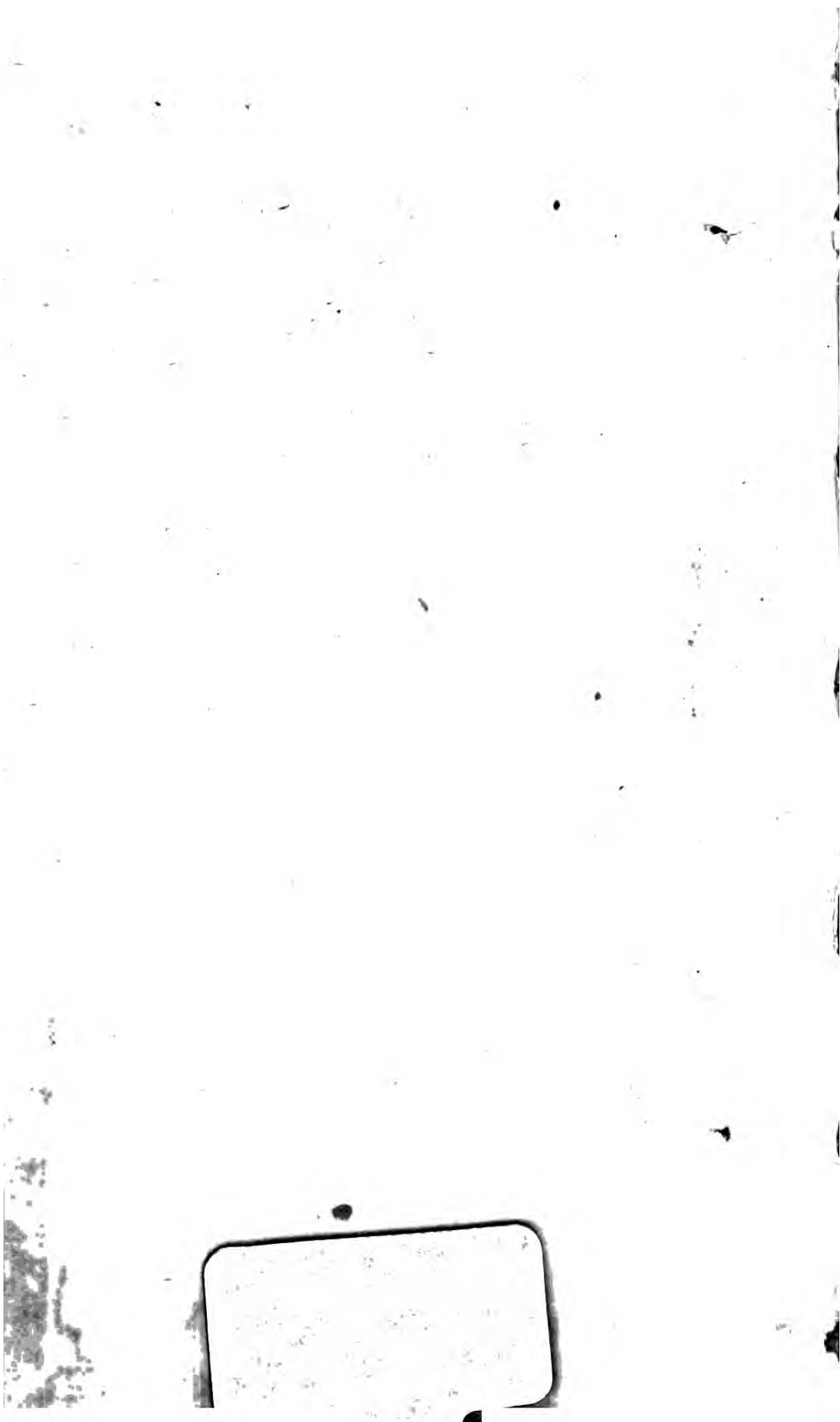
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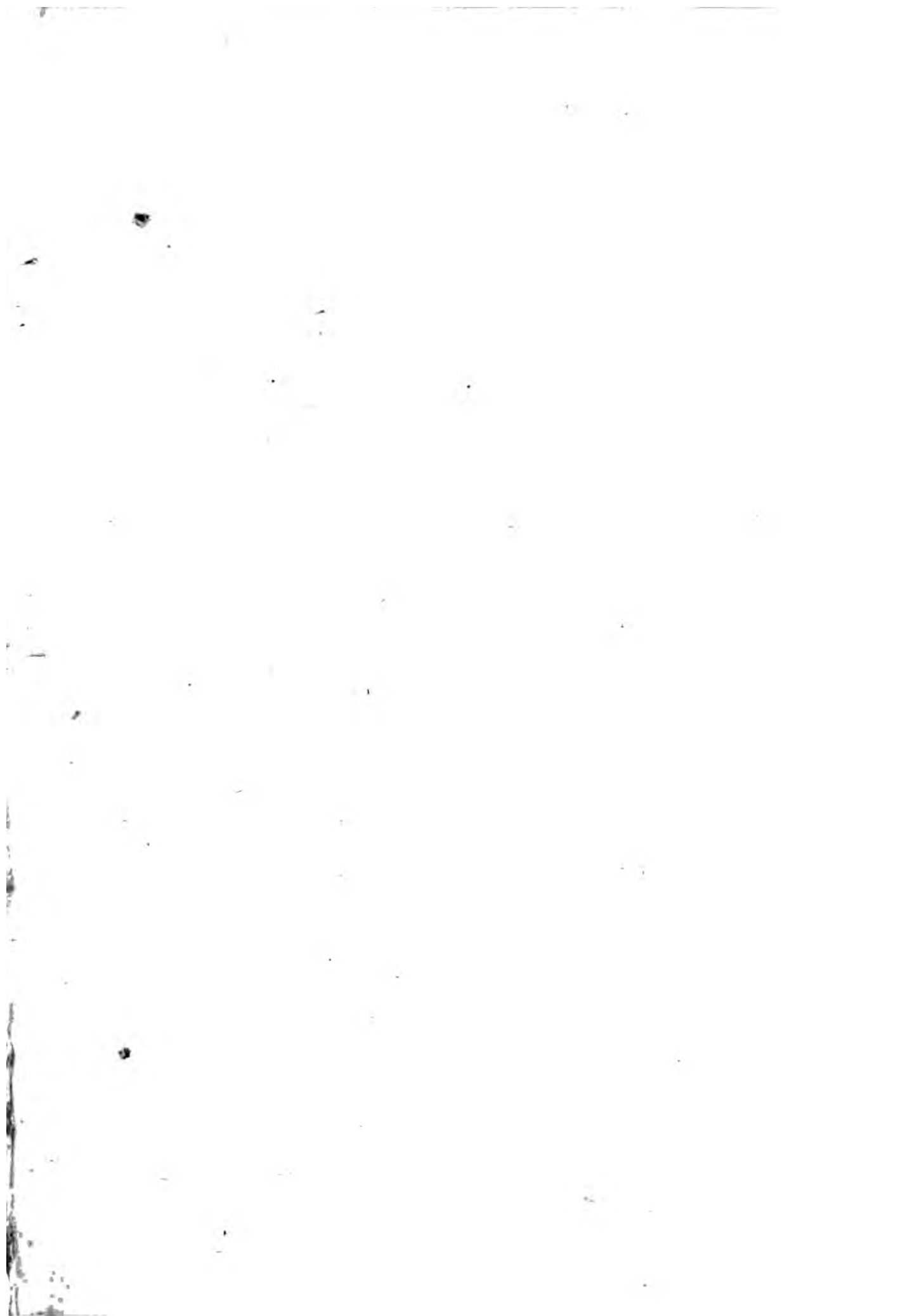
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THE
MEMMOIRS
AND
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Marquis de BRETAGNE,
AND
Duc D'HARCOURT:
OR

The wonderful Vicissitudes of Fortune,
exemplified in the LIVES of those
Noblemen.

To which is added

The HISTORY of the Chevalier *de Grieu*
and *Moll Lescaut*, an extravagant Love-
adventure.

Translated from the Original *French*,

By Mr. *ERSKINE*.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.



THE Hopes of dining with *Donna Diana* made him rise very early that Morning, which gave me an Opportunity to rally him ; to dine familiarly with the Object of his Wishes, was a Pleasure which he could scarce bear with Moderation, but his Joy was somewhat allayed with the Fears of her not approving, perhaps, of the Count's Stratagem, and that seeing herself, in a Manner deluded, that might not add to her Insensibility ; upon all which he asked my Opinion, and I told him that if he did not make a bad Use of his Liberty, *Donna Diana* could find nothing offensive in it to her ; so we went to the Count's House, whom we found alone, and had ordered his Servants to deny him to every Body but us. What joyful News have I to tell my dear Marquis, *said he*, after he had embraced us, but if my Sister betrays *Donna Diana*, and I betray my Sister, *added he laughing*, for God's Sake don't deal with me as I

do with them; the smallest Indiscretion would spoil all, and throw us in to Disgrace with *Donna Diana*. He then made us sit down, and told us that his Sister, at his Request, had sounded her Friend's Heart, and far from finding it indifferent for the Marquis, that lovely young Lady had bestowed it upon him, and had expressed herself in Terms which could not but charm a Lover. But,—— the Marquis had no Patience to hear the Sequel of a Discourse, which put him beyond himself, but interrupted the Count, and threw his Arms about his Neck, and told him twenty Times over, that he owed him his Life. Hear me to an End, *replied the Count*. Do you believe that *Donna Diana* is to be pitied, for having been too sensible of your Merit? Would you believe that, after confessing your Victory, she shed Tears, and is afraid that her Tenderness for you will make her the most miserable Person alive? This Discourse surprises you, *continued he*, but I shall explain the Mystery, as I learned it of my Sister.

DONNA Diana, is in the seventeenth Year of her Age: Notwithstanding her Youth and Charms, Fortune has cruelly persecuted her, and the Tranquillity with which she appears, is only the Effect of her Virtue and Reason. She was born at *Naples*: Her Father *Don Diego de Velez*, commanded the *Spanish Cavalry* there, before the late Revolutions. He had been married in *Spain*, and, after he had three Sons by his Lady, lost her before he went to *Italy*. While he was at *Naples*, his Friends engaged him to resume the Chains of Matrimony, and as he was then very rich, he made choice of a young handsome *Neapolitan* Lady, who had more Beauty than Fortune; by whom he had only *Donna Diana*. The late King of *Spain* died in a little Time after, and you know the Troubles that ensued upon his Death. *Don Diego* declared himself openly in Fa-
vour

vour of the Duke of *Anjou*, and rendred him signal Services in *Italy*. It not being convenient, nor even possible for *Donna Pacilla*, his Wife, to follow him in his Expeditions; Absence, and the Business of War, made him forget both his Love and her. He returned to *Spain*, with *Philip V.* without reflecting that he left a Wife and Child at *Naples*, who could not remain long there without his Assistance: In Effect the Poverty to which they were soon reduced, and the Grief of seeing themselves abandoned, made them lead a very wretched Life. *Donna Pacilla* wrote many Letters to her Husband, without any Effect, but whether it was Insensibility, or Inconstancy, he did not so much as answer them, and thus they found themselves reduced to the utmost Extremity of Misery and Despair. At last they resolved to go to *Madrid*, and accordingly set out, after acquainting *Don Diego* of their Resolution by a Letter. *Donna Diana* was then about eight or nine Years of Age, but already remarkable for her Beauty. The Mother and she happened to be in the Ship that carried the Countess *d' Orozuna* to *Spain*. That Lady, after the Loss of her Husband at *Naples*, was going to pass the Remainder of her Life at an Estate which she had within twelve or fifteen Leagues of *Madrid*. She no sooner saw *Donna Pacilla* and her Daughter, than she desired to be acquainted with them, and having learned from themselves their melancholy Story, she generously offered them a Retreat at her House, 'till their Affairs were settled; which *Donna Pacilla* thankfully accepted, and the Countess treated her with so much Civility and Friendship, that they forgot their Errand into *Spain*, and passed some Years with their Benefactress.

IN the mean time *Don Diego* hearing nothing of his Wife's Arrival, nor any thing about her, imagined that Death had rid him of her, and engaged in a third Marriage. By some Means or ot

Donna Pacilla heard of it, and Religion, as well as Honour, obliged her to oppose this criminal Marriage; she consulted the Countess upon it, who advised her to proceed gently at first, to avoid the Noise of a publick and a violent Opposition; they concluded that the Countess should write to *Don Diego*, whom she had known at *Naples*, and that she should beg the Favour of a Visit from him, upon an Affair of the last Consequence. *Don Diego* obeyed the Summons, and it was with great Difficulty that he could, at first, believe what was told him, nothing less than the personal Appearance of his Wife and Daughter could satisfy him that they were alive, but when they appeared, he was under the utmost Confusion; however, he immediately recovered himself, and resolved to act like a Man who knows how to dissemble; he embraced his Wife with a seeming Transport of Joy, reproaching her with letting him remain so long in Ignorance of the Place where she was, and excused his leaving *Italy* by the Necessity of his Affairs, assuring her that there was no Change in his Sentiments for her. As for what regarded his new Marriage, his Notion of her being dead, and the bad State of his Affairs (having lost Part of his Estate by his Adherence to King *Philip*) would, he hoped, plead his Excuse, protesting that whatever Advantages he might propose by marrying a young Lady of Quality, Heiress to a considerable Estate, he would renounce them, believing himself rich enough in recovering his true Wife: But, *added he*, as I have to do with a powerful Family, I must manage Things in a discreet Manner, and take care not to come to an open Rupture with them, for which Reason it would be proper that you and my Daughter should retire to one of my Estates, where you shall be served according to your Quality. I will conduct you thither my self, and then labour to get clear of
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the Engagements into which I have imprudently been led, that I may again resume the Quality of your Husband. *Donna Pacilla* was of a soft timorous Disposition, and, far from distrusting her Husband's Sincerity, was ravished to see, that of himself he returned to his Duty, and therefore resolved to comply with whatever he thought proper. The Countess begged of her not to leave her House, but to no purpose; she obeyed *Don Diego*, and went with him and her Daughter to a Country House of his near *Valladolid*, where he left her to return to *Madrid*, after renewing his Protestations, and accompanying them with a thousand Oaths. For two Months he wrote to her regularly every Week, in Terms so full of Tenderness that they encreased her Hopes, but her Credulity cost her dear. She fell sick all of a sudden, and found something in her Distemper so extraordinary and violent, that she could not help, when she was expiring, acquainting her Daughter that she did not believe her Death was natural. As soon as *Don Diego* heard of his Wife's Death, he hastened to go and bring his Daughter to *Madrid*, where she has been for five or six Months, continued the Count de Mancenez, and has made Acquaintance with my Sister, who looks upon her as the most valuable Friend she has. I own, for my Part, that the more I see her, the more I admire her, and had my Heart been at Liberty, she certainly would have made a Conquest of it. All her Acquaintance are not more in love with her Beauty than her Modesty, and tho' several Lovers have declared themselves her Slaves in the Matrimonial Way, she has rejected all their Addresses; not that *Don Diego* has forbid her to think of Marriage, but the sad Death of *Donna Pacilla*, her past Misfortunes, her present Situation, without any Fortune, her Dependance on a Stepmother whom she has no Reason to love, and living among Brothers

and Sisters of two different Marriages, joined to her natural Sweetness and the Inclination she has for a quiet Life, have made her form a Design of leaving the World, and embracing a religious State. She has communicated her Inclinations to her Father, who is far from opposing them; so that this lovely Creature is preparing to bury all her Charms in a solitary Cell. This, *said the Count, addressing himself to the Marquis*, is what she told my Sister Yesterday, after confessing the Progress you had made upon her Heart, which she looks upon as a great Addition to her Misfortunes, and therefore is resolved to hasten the Execution of her Design, intending to see you no more; but Love is not so easily subdued, and I am persuaded it will work her up to better Sentiments, at least, you may depend upon dining with her to-day.

I carefully observed the Marquis during all this Discourse, and I know not to what I can compare him, if not to a Person just awaked out of a melancholy Dream: His Eyes were open, but he seemed to see nothing; every Circumstance of the Story he had heard was fresh in his Memory; he began with representing to himself *Donna Diana* deprived of the very Necessaries of Life at *Naples*, living with the Countess *d' Orozuna* by Way of Charity, attending a dying Mother, and apprehensive of the same Fate; he then followed her to her Father's House at *Madrid*, where she had rejected the Addresses of many Lovers, and had owned her Inclination to him; this ravished him into an Extasy, but then going a little farther, and viewing the same lovely *Diana* ready to bid an eternal Adieu to the World and him, all his former Joy vanished, and his poor Heart was cruelly rack'd with the Thoughts of her dismal Project. At last, he rose from his Seat and spoke these Words: My dear Count, I know not upon what Design you have related all

Donna

Donna Diana's Misfortunes, but I own that all you have said only serves to render her more lovely in my Eyes. Upon which I begged he would grant me a Moment's Attention. I think I may, *said I*, speak freely to you before the Count, who is so much your Friend: Your Passion seemed to deserve some Indulgence while I was ignorant of *Donna Diana's* Misfortunes and Designs, but I must be so free as to tell you, that I now look upon her in a quite different Light. The present Case is too serious and of too great Consequence to be trifled with. You say you love her and desire a Return; but do you consider that what you want is no more nor less than to render her miserable, by engaging her in a Passion which must plunge her into greater Difficulties than she has met with hitherto. Should she be so much taken up with you as to lose her Taste for the Convent, what must become of her? And pray what can you do for her? I shall not touch upon this String any farther, but depend upon it, Sir, *added I in a resolute Tone*, I shall never suffer that, to gratify a foolish youthful Passion, you shall confound the wise Projects of a virtuous young Lady, and perhaps occasion new Misfortunes to her. She judges wisely, that in the present State of her Fortune, the Cloister is the only reasonable Choice she can make. If you love her, do not treat her as an Enemy, by opposing her Happiness: It is yet Time to remedy the Evil; take my Advice, renounce the Pleasure of dining with her to day, and that we may not lose the Count's Company, let us beg the Favour of him to dine with us.

It would be difficult to represent the State into which my Discourse threw the poor Lover. He looked at me for some Time, with Eyes that spoke but too plainly the Situation of his Mind. I see, Sir, *said he crossing his Arms*, you want my Death, for to be sure such must be your Design in treating

me with so much Cruelty. Well, well, Sir, *continued he*, 'tis easy to please you; drag me from this House, take from me the Means of seeing *Donna Diana*, nay, even deprive me of her Love, but I swear I shall not survive that Loss twenty four Hours. But why would you drive me to Despair? What have I done to offend you? Yes, I love *Donna Diana*, and would wish to be loved again; but is that to attack her Honour, her Fortune, or her Religion? If she is absolutely resolved to bury herself in a Convent, can my Love prevent it? Or even any Affection she may have for me, will it hinder her? If it be true, as you say, that I am not capable of doing any thing for her? I have already told you my Designs, which I now declare again, and Heaven is my Witness, I have no other: Suppose I should be so happy as to gain her Affection, I will then discover my Birth together with the Obedience I owe to my Father; I will promise her an inviolable Fidelity, and will endeavour to procure the same from her, till such Time as I can obtain my Father's Consent to our mutual Happiness; if I have the Misfortune to meet with a Denial, I will disengage her of her Promise, and laying aside all Thoughts of Marriage, my whole Ambition will be to love her as long as I live. She will then be at Liberty to take the Habit, and I shall be what Providence thinks fit. What do you find then in this Project that is contrary to Honour or Reason? You may, if you please, be Witness to all our Interviews, you know I have no Reserve with you, and besides, I have no Intention ever to say any Thing to her that the World can disapprove of.

THE Marquis held his Peace after this long Harangue; I could not help laughing at the Manner in which he had branched it out, and told him merrily, that I admired his amorous Eloquence. The Count joined with him to persuade me that he was
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in the right. At last, with some seeming Difficulty, I yielded; on Condition that he never should see *Donna Diana* but in my Company, and that he should always frankly and sincerely tell me the State of his Heart. After this, our Conversation was in the merry Strain, 'till *Donna Diana's* Arrival, whom we saw coming in without her perceiving us, and indeed all the *Graces* seemed to be her Attendants. The Marquis, in a Sort of Transport, begged I would take Notice of her Air and Gate: Yes, yes, said I,

*Illam, quidquid agit, quoque Vestigia vertit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque Decor.*

i. e.

What e'er she does, where e'er she goes
The *Graces* still her Train compose.

HE was charmed with the Delicacy of these two Verses of *Tibullus*, and immediately learned them by heart. After the two Ladies had remained a little Time together, the Count took us by the Hand, and told them, upon our coming in, that as they were his Friends, he insisted upon their being also the Friends of his Friends, (*las Amigas de los Amigos*) of which Number he reckoned us in the first Rank, and then told them, that as we were by good Luck in his House at this Hour, he resolved that we should dine in Company. *Donna Diana* blushed, and the Count's Sister answered, that she had too great a Value for us to make any Scruple about it. A Moment after we sat down to Table, and it may easily be guessed next to whom the Marquis placed himself, Love pointing out his Seat. At the Beginning of Dinner he discovered a Bashfulness that surprized me. The Count rallied him upon it a little maliciously, but he only answer-

ed with a deep Sigh. *Donna Diana*, who till then had spoke as little as he, perceived that the Count's Raillery might also include her, and therefore said, that Silence was pardonable when one was eating heartily. That's true, *replied the Count*, but I think the Marquis talks little and eats less; 'tis true, he sits by a pretty Lady, who puts him in mind of some *French Beauty*, and his Heart perhaps is just now a great Way beyond the *Pyrenees*.

THE Marquis seeing himself so briskly attacked, was obliged to answer, which he did with a very serious melancholy Air, complaining of the Count. I have told you more than once, *said he*, that I never was in Love in *France*, and you know that my first Journey was to *Spain* when I left it; consequently, if I am smitten, the Distemper must not be attributed to any Cause on the other Side of those Mountains; but you are merrily disposed, and I plainly see your Heart is more at Ease than mine. You speak like a happy Lover and eat as such, and have no Notion that an uncertain, timorous and respectful Passion may tie up the Tongue and close the Stomach. Alas! since I don't envy your Fate, at least pity mine. I should no doubt condole with you, *replied the Count*, if I knew your Trouble; but you will not easily persuade me that a Man of your Merit can be ill used by Love. How happy should I be (*exclaimed the Marquis*) could the Object of my Wishes but view me with your Eyes, and entertain so favourable an Idea of me! here *Donna Eliza* interrupted him. You forget, *said she*, that you are at Table, my Advice is that we suspend Love 'till we have made a hearty Dinner. That Advice was relished, and the Conversation fell upon other Subjects. When Dinner was over, the Count proposed we should take a Turn in the Gardens. I presented my Hand to his Sister, and the Marquis led out *Donna Diana*. The Distance was
so

so small from us to them, as we walked, that I could easily hear the first Protestations of his Passion, which afforded me an Opportunity of asking *Donna Eliza* if she did not perceive that the Marquis adored her Friend. She answered me (with a Smile) that it would be hard not to perceive it. I have done all I could, (*said I*) to deliver *Donna Diana* from this Importunity, but you know what Havock Love makes in the Heart of a young Man; besides, it must be owned that *Donna Diana* is perfectly charming, and deserves the most sincere Attachment. You know, *answered Donna Eliza*, but a small Part of her Merit. She is persuaded that the Marquis loves her, and her Prudence makes her more reserved, but did you know her Character thoroughly as I do, you would look upon her as the most accomplished of her Sex. I am vexed to Death when I think of the cruel Resolution she has taken to retire from the World, and I believe there's nothing in my Power but what I would do for the Marquis, could he be but so happy as to alter her Design. What! *said I*, in a seeming Surprise, has she a mind to retire from the World? Let us speak without Disguise, *replied Donna Eliza*, you are no Stranger to this, I told my Brother of it Yesterday, and I'm sure he would not conceal it from you, having too great a Regard for the Marquis to keep a Secret that so nearly concerns him. And this Day's Dinner, *added she laughing*, do you imagine that I don't know the Design of it, but I heartily concur, not only from the Esteem I have for the Marquis *de Rosemont*, but because I am persuaded no lesser Merit than his is capable to prevent our losing *Donna Diana*.

AFTER some other Discourse we perceived that our two young Lovers had got at some Distance, and were retired to a Summer-house at the further End of the Garden. *Donna Eliza* made a Sign to

me to follow her, and having advanced softly, we placed ourselves on each Side of a Window, where we could easily hear what passed betwixt them. I judged by the first Words which I heard the Marquis pronounce, that he had brought his Mistress to confess some Part of the favourable Sentiments she entertained of him, but in this happy Discovery he had received no other Comfort, but that of being tenderly loved. Fixed in the Design of retiring from the World, she rejected all Proposals to the contrary, and protested that he was to expect no more than the Declaration she had made, which she looked upon as a Piece of Weakness. What Madam, *said he*, will you at seventeen Years of Age, adorned with all the Charms that Nature can bestow, and adored by the most faithful Lover that the World can produce; will you shut yourself up in a Cell, and be deprived of all the Pleasures that Love promises you? The Death which such a cruel Resolution must give me is out of the Question. I do not pretend that you should pity my Case, but only that you would have some Regard to yourself. I know well what it will cost me, *answered she*, for after confessing that I love you, I need not conceal my Fears, that in this Attachment of my Heart I shall find my Punishment; but I am not born to be happy, my Heart is accustomed to suffer, and that it should now be the Victim of Love, as it was before of Grief, is but a Change of Pain, which is not to be minded. But why, *answered the Marquis with the Tone of one in Despair*, did you let me know that I was not indifferent to you, since you were resolved to grant nothing to my Love? What barbarous View had you in oppressing, ruining, and, in short, rendering me the most wretched Man alive? Is this the way of treating what one loves? What would not I undertake to free you from the slightest Pain? How freely could I lose my Life in so glorious

rious a Cause. Well, well, Sir, *replied she*, Let my Procedure be a Means of your Hatred, which will contribute much more to my Tranquillity than your Love, at least, view me in every Light that may help to make you indifferent: Consider me as an Ingrate, unmindful of your Sufferings, a Maid without Fortune, without Hopes, a Stranger in *Spain*, and without Protection even in my Father's House. Add to this, that my Heart has been a Prey to Grief from my tender Years: Alas! how little does it become it to think of Love? does it belong to the Sporting of Fortune to taste the tender Passions? No, look upon me as an insensible Woman who deceived you, when she said she thought you lovely; Cure yourself of your Passion, and let me fly to Solitude, where I can conceal my Love, my Grief, and all my Misfortunes.

SHE pronounced these Words in so moving a manner, that *Donna Eliza* was all in Tears; for my Part, I waited with some Impatience for the Marquis's Answer. It was some Time before he spoke, as if he had been considering what he ought to say. At last he answered with a Composure that I little expected. If you exhort me in good earnest, Madam, to hate you, or to forbear loving you, you must certainly have a very weak Idea of my Passion, and I'm very unhappy that I have not been able to draw a more lively Picture of it. But you do me more Justice, my Despair is but too visible, and you plainly enough perceive that it answers to my Love. Give me leave then, at once, to destroy the Obstacles which you oppose to our mutual Happiness. Some of them you draw from your past Sufferings, and the melancholy Condition of your Heart: Ah! my dear *Diana*, it is but too true that you don't love me. Had you but the least Part of that Inclination with which you flattered me, you would perceive some Change in your Heart, and
Grief

Grief would not hold out long there against Love. Only love me, when you once do that, I shall fear nothing from your Grief: As for the other Obstacle, which consists in your being destitute of Fortune and Protection, would to God that I were as certain of your Affection for me, as I am sure that Obstacle can be removed. I shall now, my Charmer, discover what I have concealed ever since I left *France*. I am the only Son of the Duke of—— whose Name you have no Doubt heard of; My Father loves me, and bears one of the most distinguished Ranks in that Kingdom: As he is extremely rich, I can offer you a Fortune sufficient to supply the Defect of Yours. How pleased should I be could I render you happy both in Fortune and in Love.

As soon as the Marquis had named his Father, *Donna Eliza* seemed surprized. As she had heard of this illustrious Family, she reproached me for keeping her Brother and her in an Ignorance, which had hindered them from rendering what she thought due to the Marquis. She said but these few Words, and though she spoke them very low, they were over-heard by *Donna Diana*, who immediately came out, and complained with a Blush of our having, as it were, betrayed her; and even the Lover himself was a little out of Countenance. *Donna Eliza* took them both by the Hand, and, after some Compliments to the Marquis upon what she had heard, told them, that since the Fault was committed, and since we had overheard every Thing, there was no Occasion any longer to make their Affairs a Mystery to us; to which the Marquis agreed, but *Donna Diana* still held out, and seemed to regret every Thing she had said that might look like Passion, or even too obliging. Ah! Madam, (*cried the young Lover*) is it possible that you can repent of having made me, for a Minute, the happiest Man alive? Have not you made me already
pay

pay very dear for that happy Moment, by destroying the Hopes which a charming Confession gave me? I will submit your Cruelty and my Reasons to *Donna Eliza* and *Monfieur de Renoncour*. As they have overheard our Conversation, let them judge betwixt us, or rather, be you yourself the sovereign Judge of my Fate, and, at least, do me the Favour as to let me know if the last Words I spoke, when we were interrupted, have made any Impression upon your Heart. We went all four into the Summer-house, and when we were seated *Donna Diana*, after a little Pause, began thus.

I don't pretend to conceal, *said she*, the Esteem which the Merit of the Marquis has raised in me; to whatever State Heaven reserves me, I shall always preserve it, and think it an Honour that I have merited his Affection. But though I were not resolved to retire from the World, and to controul all the Sentiments of my Heart, I own to you, Sir, (*addressing herself to the Marquis*) that the Discovery of your Birth and Quality confirms me in that Resolution. This is, I am persuaded, far from what you expect, but hear my Reasons. I believed, 'till now, that I was incapable of Love. The affected Tranquillity that appears in my Countenance and Humour, is far from being the Effect of a peaceable Mind, for in mine I entertain a continual Sentiment of Grief, occasioned by the Accidents of an unhappy Life, by the violent Death of my Mother, and by the present State of my own Fortune. Nothing but Solitude (*would I say to my self*) is proper for one in my Situation: Let me therefore bury myself alive, 'tis the only Course that is now left me, since I am not formed for Society. Such were my Resolves, and I was upon the Point of executing them, when I first saw you: They are the same still, but how it happens that, on seeing you, my Heart feels Sentiments to which it ought to have been a Stranger.

is a Mystery I shall not pretend to unfold, and far less, why I have not been able to disguise them from you. All I shall say is, that I take my Case to be Love, and you to be the only Man who could have inspired me with that Passion, which I suppose, to whatever State of Life Heaven may think proper to reserve me, will conduct me to my Grave. But notwithstanding this Acknowledgment, which shews so much Weakness, I have still Strength enough to tell you, that my first Reasons make more Impression upon me than all my Tenderness. I am sensible how much I forfeit by losing you, but I am persuaded that my future Repose demands this Sacrifice. You imagined that the Discovery of your Birth and the brilliant Fortune which you could offer me, would have removed my Difficulties, but, on the contrary, these are the very Motives that seal my Resolution. I am incapable of flattering myself, that a little Beauty and some feeble Attractives can ever make up my Defects in Point of Fortune. The only Son of the Duke of ——— was not born for *Diana de Velez*; and though your Father should overlook this Inequality, which I think scarce possible, I know what Glory, and even Love itself, requires of me. I must not disturb the Course of your Fortune, nor be a hindrance to those great Alliances to which your Birth calls you. Farewel, Sir, (*continued she, rising from her Seat, and endeavouring to conceal some Tears that dropped from her Eyes*) never see me more, for it cannot contribute to your Happiness to increase my Pains, and to hasten the Moment of my Retreat.

THE Marquis threw himself at her Feet to stop her, and *Donna Eliza* likewise did her Endeavour to engage her to hear only a Word or two: she would hear nothing, but went out of the Summer-house, and made the best of her Way to the House. *Donna Eliza*, after a few Words of Comfort to the
poor

poor disconsolate Lover, followed her, and sent the Count to us, who had walked off, on Purpose to leave his Friend at more Liberty. He easily discovered, by the Marquis's pensive and disconsolate Air, that he had been cruelly treated by Love, and begged to know the Cause of his Grief. The Marquis sighing told him what had passed, complained bitterly of *Donna Diana's* Resolution, aggravated her Cruelty, and called her insensible and inhuman; but, after he had wasted all his Sighs and Reproaches, owned that she was the most charming Creature that ever was formed by Heaven, and that he never found her so lovely, ingenuous, and charming, as in the very Moment that she was stabbing his poor Heart with her Severities. I silently observed all his Agitations, and was not ill pleased to let him go through all the Torments of this rugged Scene, abandoning him, in a Manner, to the Tyranny of his own Heart, with a View to give him a Disgust at Love, by representing all it's Gall of which he had tasted, and not in a small Degree, this very Day. This, perhaps, is the surest Remedy against that fatal Passion. When we view it at a Distance, the Prospect is agreeable and entertaining; nothing appears but what is proper to excite Desires and flattering Hopes of Happiness; but come we to have Experience of it, and to balance it's Pleasures and Pains, we find so little on the agreeable Side, that we are easily undeceived of the false Notion we entertained.

THE Count, who loved the Marquis as one does a Mistress, proposed all the Means he could devise for his Success, or for his Cure; but finding him deaf to the latter, he turned to the other Side, and the first Service he proposed was to bring us to a Closet that joined his Sister's Room, where we might hear their Discourse, and by that means be capable to make a Judgment of the true Disposition
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of *Diana's* Heart. This Offer was eagerly embraced, and we immediately went up to the Closet by a private Stair-case: The Door that opened from the Chamber into the Closet, had large Glass Panes covered with a Curtain, which putting aside, after we had taken Care to darken the Window of the Closet that we might not be seen, we could perceive the least Motion of the two Ladies. *Donna Diana* leaned her Elbow on the Table, holding a Handkerchief in the same Hand with which she wiped away some Tears that dropped from her Eyes. *Donna Eliza* sat by her holding her other Hand clasped within hers. This was indeed a moving Sight, and it may be easily imagined whether it appeared so to the Marquis. The first Voice we heard distinctly was that of *Donna Eliza*. I know of a Method, *said she*, which may make you easy, at least for some Time; admit of the Marquis's Passion, and indulge your own, 'till such Time as he leaves *Spain* and returns to *France*. If his Pretensions are sincere, as they appear to be, he'll leave no Stone unturned to obtain Permission to marry you; if he succeeds, you are happy, but if his Father proves inflexible, you'll have the Pleasure, at least, of having past some Time in Hope, and always at Liberty to execute the Resolution you have already taken. O the fine Chimera you flatter me with, *replied Donna Diana*, will you persuade me that a Person of the Duke of —'s Rank will ever consent to have me for his Daughter-in-Law; an unfortunate Creature, who can have no other Merit in his Eyes but her Tenderness, and the Passion of a young Man of eighteen Years of Age? How can so romantic a Hope as this contribute to my Tranquillity? Besides, have I not told you, that even his Consent will be in vain? I am not made like most Women, for I would not owe my Fortune to Love. The Marquis would be obliged to make a Sacrifice
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of his, and though that would be the greatest Mark of Tenderness he could give me, I should not be happy in the Enjoyment of a good Fortune which would cost him so dear. But, *replied Donna Eliza*, will you be the first Woman whose Fortune a Lover has made? Don't we see such Things happen daily? Besides, where is the vast Distance betwixt you and the Marquis? If you want Fortune, you have Birth, and are your Youth and Charms to go for nothing? If with so many Attractives, there was an Equality of Fortune, you would have, by far, the Advantage of the Marquis. Ought he not to pay somewhat for being beloved by such a Person as you? Believe me, my dear *Diana*, a rich Lover should be very well satisfied with his Wealth, when it procures him the Possession of a lovely Woman, and if he is a Man of Honour, he will be sensible that what he bestows comes far short of what he receives. No, no, *replied Donna Diana sighing*, your Reasons are not persuasive. I foresee, too well, the Consequences of following the Dictates of my own Inclination, which I am resolved to conquer cost what it will, and since it is my Fate to be unhappy, 'tis better I should be so, by doing this Violence upon myself, than to be exposed afterwards to Misfortunes that cannot be so easily remedied. I cannot conceive what Misfortunes you mean, *replied Donna Eliza*. And, indeed, you cannot conceive them, *said the afflicted Diana*, can it enter into your Mind that a sprightly young Man, like the Marquis, is capable of Constancy? I am willing to believe that his Passion is sincere at present, because possibly this is the first Time he has felt the Power of Love, but what Prospect can I have of his continuing constant? Let us suppose that he marries me with his Father's Consent, his Passion will by Degrees diminish; he'll perceive that he has done too much for me; Indifference will be the next Stage, and Contempt the last;

last; then I, who am conscious to what a Pitch I love, and whose Passion would encrease every Moment I see him, must die with Grief, and have no other Remedy but the Grave for my Despair.

SHE had scarce finished these Words, when the Marquis, who could not contain himself any longer, pushed open the Door, and without minding that his Mistress, or, at least, *Donna Eliza* might be offended at the Liberty he had taken to overhear them, threw himself at their Feet, begging that they would patiently listen to what he had to say. I should be at a Loss to recount his Discourse, tho' I took Care every Night while we were upon our Travels, to mark down every Thing material or interesting that happened in the Day. Never did Love express it self with such Grace and Eloquence, nor in a more tender and affecting Manner. *Diana* could not resist it, nor had she even the Power to retire her Hand, which he held clasped in his for above half an Hour: At last the Peace was made up, and mutual Promises given of an eternal Love. The Marquis promised to send off his *Valet de Chambre* to *Paris* in order to procure the Duke's Consent, assuring his Mistress that his Father loved him too tenderly to refuse it, especially when he came to know that his Life depended upon it; and made me promise to send a Letter along with his, bearing Witness of *Donna Diana's* Merit and Quality, which I frankly consented to, knowing well in what Terms I was to write. We staid about an Hour longer with the Count *de Mancenez*, and agreed with *Donna Diana* to see her every afternoon at his House, and that she should come a little sooner than formerly, and that we might be some Time with her before the Arrival of the Ladies, who commonly came to pass the Afternoons with *Donna Eliza*.

THE Marquis was so pleased with his good Fortune, and so impatient to send off *La Brun* to *Paris*, that he was for going Home directly, and finishing his Dispatches that Night; but I put him in mind that, the Day before, we had promised to pay a Visit to the Marquis de *Leyda*, and that now was the proper Time; he consented, but it was easy to perceive that he was not at all fond of the Thing. We did not find the Marquis at home, but, as we were returning, saw the Duke de *St. Agnan* coming in his Coach from the Country, who did us the Honour to salute us as he passed, which made me resolve immediately to go and pay him our Compliments. He received us with great Civility, and the Marquis's Intrigue was the only Reason that hindered me from making ourselves known to him. I thought it was better to defer it till he was in a more settled State of Mind. From the Embassador's we went to repay *Don Juan de Pastrino's* Visit, and I could observe an Air of Constraint about him in the Reception he gave us, of which I could not, at that Time, guess the Reason; but we had an Opportunity to know it but too well some Time after. Our last Visit that Afternoon was to the Duke de *Montalto*, who, according to his laudable Custom, kept us to Supper, and entertained us with a thousand different Subjects, with which I don't design to swell these Memoirs.

THERE was no resisting the Instances of the Marquis when we returned to *Don Porterra's*; he was positive that he would write to the Duke his Father before he went to bed, and I did the same, and we ordered *Le Brun* to prepare to set out for *Paris* next Day. My Letter was only a Relation of what had happened to us since our Arrival in *Spain*. I informed him of the Marquis's Passion, it's Rise, Circumstances, Excess, how fruitless my Endeavours to prevent it had been, and, without
disguising

disguising the bad Situation of *Donna Diana's* Affairs, represented her Perfections in a Manner that satisfied the Marquis; and indeed one could not be too lavish in Praise of this lovely young Lady, nor easily express what was her just Due. I ended my Letter with begging the Duke to let us know his Pleasure. I believe, *added I*, that in the Condition that he is at present in, a little Indulgence and some Hopes will be necessary, because I don't think that Rigour will do the Business. *Time, Absence, and your Goodness will contribute to his Cure.* Which last Words I did not read to the young Lover, whose Heart appeared in every Line of his Letter, short indeed, but full of Vivacity and Fire, agreeable to his Character. A Copy of it may not perhaps be disagreeable to the Reader.

A Son in my Condition would have Reason to dread the Severity of any other Father; but I know well, how far I may depend upon the Indulgence of mine; if my Love and Respect for him are unbounded, such Sentiments are justly due to his unlimited Tenderness and Goodness. Would so lovely a Father desire the Death of so respectful a Son? Yes, my Lord, 'tis certain my Life depends upon a Stroke of your Pen. I love beyond the Reach of Thought, and Mr. Renoncour will bear Witness that the Object of my Wishes is the Master-piece of Nature. I throw my Heart at your Feet, in Hopes that, pierced as it is, Pity will plead it's Cause, and obtain it's Request: But if otherwise, the first Post from this will bring you News of my Death, the only Remedy for my Despair. I shall open your Letter with a trembling Hand, and, if I am so unfortunate as to find it contrary to my Hopes, by piercing my Heart, I shall prove with what Submission and Respect I am, &c.

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WHEN he had read his Letter, I told him laughing, that his Case was a little upon the romantic, and that People of sound Judgment did not talk of killing themselves at every other Turn. How can I help it, *replied he*, I am no longer myself, *Diana* is the Soul that animates me, and without her I cannot be said to live. The Force of Love is unknown till it is felt. And you yourself, dear Papa, *added he*, who are so much upon the moralizing Strain, have not I heard you say at the Abbey of — that you would have given yourself a thousand Deaths after the Loss of your Spouse, had not your Friends prevented you. I don't pretend to be wiser than you. You are a Wag, *said I*, and only expose my Weakness to authorize your own. I did not imagine that you would have remembered what I told the Duke your Father three Months ago, and I now see plainly that it is upon that you ground your presuming upon my Indulgence. But I would have you to know, that there is a great Difference between just Regret for the Loss of a Wife, and Despair for not obtaining a Mistress. The former may be very pardonable, while the other is very inexcusable. All Excesses are blameable, but if any Thing can excuse them, it must be the Innocence of the Cause. Now, should your Affliction cease to be confined within the Bounds of Reason, it ceases from that Moment to be innocent. By this Rule, *added I*, you may form a Judgment of my past and your present Excesses; mine may, in some Measure, be excused, from the Nature of my Affection, which was entirely justifiable, but yours plainly proves your Passion to be criminal, because it cannot possibly be guilty of any Excesses while it remains pure and innocent.



MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK VII.

THE Departure of *Le Brun* made the Marquis pretty easy, and I hoped to be so too, at least, 'till his Return. Our Morning Exercises were continued with great Regularity and Application, and we commonly went immediately after Dinner to the Count *de Mancenez's* House, where we passed an Hour or two with *Donna Diana* and *Donna Eliza*. When Company came we slipped out without being seen, and spent the rest of the Day in Visits, Walking, and other Diversions. We had the Honour to salute the King in the *French* Embassador's Retinue, and some Time after to kiss the Queen's Hand on her Majesty's Birth-day. The Mourning was laid aside for that Day, and the Court passed it in Rejoicings. The Marquis *de Leyda*, the Duke of *Montalto*, *Don Antonio del Valles*, Lieutenant General and Governor of *Saragossa*, and even the Marquis *de Grimaldo* himself, with many other Noblemen, loaded us with Civilities and Marks of Friendship, tho' they were only acquainted with the Marquis on the Footing of a Gentleman of Distinction.

Distinction. In one Word, we were well pleased with *Madrid* and the *Spanish* Court, when a fantastical Adventure plunged us into a thousand Difficulties. But I must trace the Thing a little back.

SOME Days after *Le Brun* left *Madrid*, as we were coming out of the *French* Ambassador's House, where we had spent the Afternoon in Play; we were met in the Street by a young Man very indifferently dressed; he knew the Marquis, and saluted him by his true Name, who, after looking at him some Time, remembered that he had seen him at the College, where they had been School-fellows. My Stars! *Brissant*, said he, what, in the Name of Goodness, has brought you to *Madrid* in so wretched a Plight? He answered, that we only saw but a Part of his Misery, that he had not a Farthing in his Pocket, and that he was but just then come to Town, in Hopes to find some *French* Gentleman who would take him into his Service, and carry him back to *France*. The Marquis had only *Deschamps* to wait upon him as a *Valet de Chambre* in the Absence of *Le Brun*; in two Words he told me what this *Brissant* was, and begged of me to take him into our Service, to which I readily consented: So we returned directly home on his Account, and gave him one of *Le Brun's* Coats, 'till he was provided with new Clothes. He eat like a Man half starved, and, when he was somewhat refreshed, came into the Chamber where we were supping. The Marquis, in the mean Time, had told me that, though *Brissant* was five or six Years older than him, they had spent five Years together in the same Class, that he had distinguished himself by his Genius, and was thought to be of a pretty good Family, so that it was surprizing to see him in so bad a Condition. I judged by his Figure and Manner, after he had got himself put into better Clothes that he had had Education, and knew pretty v

how to behave himself. He was well shaped, his Complexion very much sun-burnt. What we may call an acute Air with a Mixture of Impudence were principal Ingredients in the Composition of *Monsieur Briffant*, whom the Marquis appointed his *Valet de Chambre*, 'till *Le Brun's* Return; but, *said he*, I must first of all know by what Adventure I have met with you here in so bad an Equipage.

A roving Inclination and a Desire to see other Countries, *said he*, made me leave *Paris* about seven or eight Months ago. I understood that the Marquis *de Durazzo* Envoy Extraordinary from the Republick of *Genoa* had obtained his Audience of Leave at *Versailles*, and was preparing to return home. I thought this a favourable Opportunity, and stole a thousand Crowns from my Father to defray the Expences of my Voyage. After having put my self into handsom Clothes, I went to wait on the Envoy, and begged he would be so good as to allow me to go in his Retinue to *Genoa*. The Marquis taking me for a young Gentleman that desired to see the World, consented, and accordingly I set out with him. I had taken a Footman at *Paris* whom Chance presented to me, an *Italian*, named *Andredi*, who was at the Gate when I came out from the Marquis *de Durazzo*, and who hearing that I was designed for *Italy* came to offer me his Service. He knew Fortification extremely well, and drew to Admiration; but though such Talents might have procured him a very good Livelihood, I found afterwards that he was obliged to leave *Paris*, that he might escape the Hands of Justice. He acted the Man of Honour and Probity so naturally, that one would never have taken him for a Rogue, nor even for a Footman. We arrived at *Genoa*, and being willing to keep up to the Airs of Quality which I had given my self upon the Road, my Purse was soon drained. *Andredi*, who had more Experience
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than I, perceiving that I was become melancholy, and pensive, and more sparing in my Expence, easily guessed at the Cause, and hinted as much to me. As I was not unacquainted with his Address, and not at all diffident of his Affection, I was the more easily induced to tell him plainly how the Case stood. His first Question was, if I had any Thing at all remaining. About fifty Crowns, answered I, but I owe more; Your Debt, replied he, is but a Trifle. Let us be gone, there is no Occasion to give your Creditors Notice of your Departure. *Malta* is threatened by the *Turks*, and the Knights repair to it from all Quarters; let us take Advantage of these Commotions, and endeavour to make a Bubble of some Fool there. I answered, that having no Money, I had not Impudence enough to keep Company with Persons of Quality, who would soon see through our Design. Whereupon another Project came into his Head, which he said he would communicate, were he not afraid to displease me; and having pressed him to speak, he assured me that, if I would put what Money was left into his Hands and lend him my Clothes, which fitted him very well, he would undertake to conduct me safely to *Malta*, and put me in a Way of living there commodiously enough. After some Hesitation, Necessity made me accept of this Proposal, so we changed Ranks, and the Master became Valet. *Andredi* managed our Flight so dexterously, that we got on Board the Ship without being discovered, and landed safely at *Malta*. As they hourly expected a Visit from the *Turks*, a strict Guard was kept, and we were examined upon the Reasons of our coming there; *Andredi* desired that we should be conducted to the *Grand Master*, whose Name was *Don Perellos de Rocafoul*. I admired the Assurance with which he declared that he was an Engineer, and that as such he had come to *Malta*

offer his Service, having learned that they were under Apprehensions of being attacked by the *Turks*. The *Grand Master* thanked him for his Good-Will, and talked to him about Fortification, and finding that he understood it very well, gave Orders that we should be treated with Distinction. Some Knights were ordered to shew us the new Works that wereraising round the City, especially at *La Valette*, which they had strongly fortified. *Andredi* talked upon every Thing he saw with so great Skill and Capacity, that he was admired by all who heard him; he pointed out some Places that were weak, and gave excellent Instructions how to repair them. In short, his Service was accepted, and Promises made that he should have no Reason to be dissatisfied with the Generosity of the Order, so that we formed a thousand flattering Projects, founded upon the Esteem of the *Grand Master* and the Knights. One Evening as my Master retired to his Lodgings, his Looks discovered such a Concern of Mind, that I was sadly frightened. We are undone, *said he*, and must leave *Malta* this Moment; I have just now seen a Knight whom I formerly served as his *Valet de Chambre* and robbed him of his Watch and Money; if he knows me, my Life must pay for it. This Discovery made me tremble. We left the City that very Night to go in Search of some Ship that was ready to sail, and luckily found one that was ready to go with Merchandize to *Napoli di Romania* Capital of the *Morea*, and we were admitted as Passengers for a Trifle.

ANDREDI perceived that the Captain was a brutal Fellow, and that the Crew were much dissatisfied with his Severity. Upon this he formed a Design that was worthy of himself, which was to gain over the Mariners, in order to make himself Master of the Ship, promising to give them some of the Merchandize on Board. He succeeded more easily

easily than he expected, and when he thought himself sure of them, he stabbed the Captain in broad Day, and threw his Body into the Sea. We landed at a little Town, not much frequented, upon the Coast of the *Morea*, where the Cargo was divided with great exactness. *Andredi* then proposed to put to Sea again and turn Pirate, to which the Sailors agreed. He directed his Course to *Ragusa*, the Place of his Nativity, in order to sell our Cargo there, and to fit out the Ship for the Business we were going upon. All this was done very successfully, and we then began to lead the most abandoned Life in the World. As our Captain was acquainted with the Coasts, we made Descents in the Night-time, to the Number of twenty four desperate Fellows and well armed. Our Method was, that *Andredi*, by himself, should go and knock softly at the Door of the House, which had the best Appearance, and he never failed of getting Admittance, nor the House to be robbed of all the Money and Plate that was in it. When one House was stript, he left a Guard in it to prevent Noise or Resistance, while we went and did the same with five or six others, always observing the same Precaution. Thus in a Month we gained more than five hundred thousand Livres, without reckoning a vast Quantity of Spoons, Forks, Cups, and other Plate. One Day as we had landed, in order to take in Water and fresh Provisions, we perceived upon a Height, in a remote Place, a Castle of a very good Appearance. There's a Prey for us, *said he*, let us go on Board 'till Night. He then dispatched two of our Company without Arms, to take a View of the Entrance to the Castle; they returned with the necessary Information, and we lay snug till Night, when all Hands came on Shore, that is to say, about thirty, and without any Noise arrived at the Castle-gate. *Andredi* knocked softly, but all would

not do; the Porter answered that he had Orders not to open the Gate, upon any Account, after Night fell, upon which it was resolved to force it open, and it was done in a Moment; but the Noise being heard in the Apartments, the Master with two Sons, and five or six Domestics, had Time to arm themselves, and then advanced to oppose us. They defended themselves with Bravery, and killed two of our Men, upon which we rushed upon them with great Fury, and murdered them every Man. This was the first Time that *Andredi* had made us shed any Blood. We then went through all the Apartments, and found a strong Box with the Money, the Plate, and a great Deal of Plunder. As we were preparing to depart, *Andredi* said, Brothers, the Night is not far advanced, and we run no Risk to pass some Hours here, take my Advice, let us visit the Kitchen and Cellars, and see if we can find something to refresh us. Some went to the Kitchen. And I went with four others and *Andredi* to the Cellar Door, which, being locked, we were obliged to force. As soon as we entered, we heard terrible Shrieks which made us draw our Swords, and the Cries redoubling alarmed our Companions, who came running to our Assistance. At last, advancing a little farther, we saw three Women who threw themselves upon their Knees, and begged we would spare their Lives, which was granted. This was the Gentleman's Daughter whom we had killed, her Chamber-maid and another, who having been sadly frightened when we first broke into the House, had retired into the Cellar, as the best Place of Safety for them, from which we brought them up Stairs. *Andredi* abandoned the two Maids to the Discretion of the Sailors, but finding the young Lady handsome, resolved to make her his Wife. He caused them to take all their Clothes and march along with the Rest of the Booty,
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after we had been two or three Hours at Table. To add to the rest of our Barbarity, some of the Villains, who had got themselves drunk, set fire to the Castle, as they were coming away, in all the Places where the Flame could most easily communicate itself. We then went to the Ship, set sail, and soon lost Sight of Land.

I confess, *continued Brissant*, that this Adventure struck me with Horror; and I began to reflect upon the Kind of Life in which I was engaged. *Andredi* appeared to me to be the most execrable Wretch alive, and our Companions so many Devils, who could not be too cruelly punished. From thenceforth I resolved to leave them, and my whole Thoughts were taken up about the Means of executing my Design, which I could have easily found for my self, but I was willing to deliver the young Lady out of the Hands of these abandoned Miscreants. *Andredi* became passionately in love with her, and resolved to marry her in Form, that is to say, give mutual Promises and join Hands; for it may be easily judged that such People as we had no Priests among us. His Design in this was, to procure her Respect from the rest of the Pirates, and to prevent them from pretending to any of her Favours. The Day was appointed for the Ceremony, we were to land in some Creek, and there solemnize the Marriage with an Extravagancy of Joy. The poor young Lady looked rather like a condemned Person, than one who was to be married, and the Symptoms of Despair appeared but too visibly on her Face; which gave me great Concern, and a strong Inclination to speak to her at the first convenient Opportunity, which I did not long wait for. Madam, *said I*, I have only Time to say two Words to you, hear them with Attention. I'm resolved to leave these Ruffians: If you incline to fly with me, mind well what I do, and I will

give you the Signal when it is Time to follow me. My Youth, and my Manners, which perhaps she found not quite so rude as those of my Companions, persuaded her of my Sincerity. She answered (joining her Hands) that she would look upon me as her tutelar Angel. We were then in open Sea, and the Weather extremely fair, which made me doubt of the Success of my Design. But Heaven, that resolved to save the Honour of this unfortunate young Lady, was pleased that the Wind should drive us, in a few Hours, towards the Island of *Corfica*, below the Town of *Bastia*, where there was a fine landing Place. It was agreed to go ashore, and *Andredi* was the first (the Place appearing to be solitary) who proposed that we should spend the Night in a little Wood, distant about a hundred Paces from the Sea. To which Place we brought Provisions, and it was found to be so agreeable, that the next Day the Marriage Solemnity was appointed to be celebrated there; that very Evening the Rejoicings began, and though I excited my Companions to drink, yet I took Care to keep myself sober. When the Night was pretty far advanced they all fell asleep. *Andredi* had caused a sort of Bed to be prepared for the Lady, and told her in a gallant Manner, that he hoped to share it with her next Night, and that he had suffered too much these two Days past. He had not always the Manners of a Pirate, for, some little Familiarities excepted which she was sometimes obliged to bear, he treated her with a great deal of Respect. I slipped softly to her Bed-side when I thought all was hush, and took her by the Hand, which did not at all alarm her, because she expected me. She rose without making any Noise, and we made towards the Wood opposite to the Sea, for Fear of being discovered by the Centry, who was not above thirty or forty Paces distant from us. The Wood not being large, in a Quarter of
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an Hour we got clear of it, and I was always encouraging her to make as much Haste as she could. We took to the left, when we were out of the Wood, along the Sea-coast, because I had heard some of the Crew say that *Bastia* lay that Way, distant only about four or five Leagues. We had scarce walked one, when the Lady, who 'till then had bore up with great Courage, told me that she could go no farther. You must do what you can, *answered I*, we are yet exposed to be pursued, and it will be very unsafe to halt here. Alas! *replied she*, then take my Life, for I am not able to walk one Step farther. She then sat down upon the Ground, and every Joint of her shook in a Manner to inspire Compassion. I observed, notwithstanding the Darknes, that she had no Shoes. *Andredi* had ordered them to be taken away when she went to Bed, and the Fear of making a Noise had prevented her from looking for them when she arose. To be sure, *said I*, Madam, you must have suffered extremely in walking bare-footed in such a rugged Road. She told me that she had felt inexpressible Pains, and that she believed her Feet were all over Blood. As it was dangerous to stay any longer there, I proposed to take her upon my Shoulders, and accordingly carried her in that Manner, about a League; and when I began to lose Strength myself, I asked if she could not relieve me a little by walking, and having told me that she believed she could, I gave her my Shoes and walked myself bare-footed, supporting her under the Arm. When Day began to break, we perceived some Houses which seemed to be a Village, and we directed our Steps that Way, that we might meet with some Assistance. But it was too late for my poor Companion, who fell down all at once, and when I was raising her to take her again upon my Shoulders, she told me she was dying, and despaired of being able to pro-

ceed any farther. What Madam, *said I*, will you lose Courage now when we have not above 500 Paces to go? I will rather lose my Life than abandon you. I am dying, *answered she, with a feeble Voice*, how cruel is my Fate! Alas! what have I committed that Heaven should use me with so much Rigour? Oh my God! have, at least, Pity on my Soul. I took her by the Hand and she gave mine a gentle Squeeze by Way of Thanks for my Services, but expired the next Moment. I was so much concerned at this poor unfortunate Lady's hard Fate, and so much weakened that I thought my last Hour was likewise approaching: But the Coolness of the Morning, and some Moments Repose having recovered me a little, I loaded myself with the dead Body, and carried it to the Village, where I gave the Curate some Money to have it interred. Though I had not been able to bring off my Share of the Plunder, which was aboard the Ship locked up in the common strong Box, yet I had taken Care to secure twenty Ducats, which were of great Use. I was told in the Village that I was but three Leagues from *Bastia*, to which Place I was conducted by a Peasant, whose Mule I hired. This Town is the Capital of *Corfica*, and the Place where the *Genoese* Governor, to which Republick the Isle belongs, has his Residence.

I reposed my self there for some Days, 'till a Vessel should offer. The first that sailed was a Ship belonging to *Majorca*, freighted for *Palma*. I laid hold of this Opportunity, being desirous to see *Spain* from whence I could easily repass into *France*. Our Voyage was quick and happy, but as we were drawing near to *Palma* we fell in with a Squadron of War-ships commanded by the Chevalier *D'Hasfield*, who had left *Barcelona* to come and reduce this City, which still held out for *Charles Arch-Duke of Austria*, to the Obedience of King *Philip*. Our Ship
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was seized upon, and we were forced to go along with the Fleet. The Chevalier *D'Hasfield* at first resolved to make his Descent near to the Place where the Rebels lay intrenched; but the Wind chopping about, he stood to the *North*. The Count *Lesche- renne*, Field-Marshal, was ordered to go and view the Coast and rising Grounds, and upon his Report that no Enemy appeared, the Troops began to disembark about five o'Clock at Night, and about ten or eleven were all landed, without any Opposition, in the Bay called *Cala Ferrera*. I was allowed to go ashore in Quality of a *French* Passenger, and I immediately entered myself *Volunteer* in the Regiment of *Marines*. We marched towards *Alcudia*, continued *Briffant* who was willing to enlarge upon his warlike *Exploits*, a Place of considerable Strength on the East Side of the Island, about seven Leagues from *Palma*. The Chevalier *D'Hasfield* marched before, at the Head of a Detachment in which I was, and the rest of his Troops followed him with all Expedition. On his Appearance, the Inhabitants forced the Governor, and the Garrison consisting of about three or four hundred Men, to surrender at Discretion. There were fifty-two Pieces of Cannon in the Place, and a great deal of Ammunition and Provisions. We next marched to the Capital, which made no Resistance. My Lord *Forbes* and a *German* Officer came out to treat on the Terms of surrendring, but their Demands were so unreasonable that they were rejected. The Artillery that had been landed at the Bay of *Porrás*, was ordered to advance. When every thing was disposed for an Attack, *Don Rubi* a *Spanish* Colonel, who commanded in the Place, offered to capitulate. Before an Answer could be returned, a Body of Troops sallied out, and attacked the *French* Brigade of *Beauvaisis*, but was repulsed with Loss. The Chevalier *D'Hasfield* upon this sent a Trumpet to
 summon

summon the Place to surrender, with Certification that, if they refused, they should all be put to the Sword. In the Evening *Don Rubi* sent out an Officer with Articles of Capitulation, which were granted. The Garrison, consisting of about fifteen hundred *Germans*, were transported to *Sardinia*, and we found about two hundred Pieces of Artillery in the Place.

THE War being almost as soon ended as begun, I left the Regiment of *Marines*, but with very little Money in my Pocket, and therefore was obliged to offer my Service to a *Spanish* Officer who was going to *Cadiz*; he promised me large Wages, but not being able to get a *Sous* from him for two or three Months that I was with him in that City, I resolved to come to *Madrid*, where you have been so good as to receive me.

Brissant, such as this Story represents him, soon became the Marquis's Confident: He was employed in all his Commiffions, and nothing was well done but what came through his Hands. 'Tis the Custom in *Spain* for Lovers to give their Mistresses Serenades in the Night-time, the Streets of *Madrid* resound with Guitars, and such like Instruments. The Marquis thought himself obliged to conform to the *Spanish* Custom, and to perform this Piece of Gallantry to *Donna Diana*. Had he proposed it to me, I should perhaps have had the Complaisance to grant him this Satisfaction now and then, but he was afraid that I would be against it, and *Brissant* alone was let into the Secret. He lay in *Le Brun's* Bed, and they went out every Night together after I was asleep, and rambled in the Streets for two or three Hours, with a Company of Musicians, and came in again with so much Precaution, that neither *Don Porterra* nor I knew any thing of the Matter. *Donna Diana* herself was ignorant who the Person was that gave her this Musick, for that prudent young Lady,

dy, and who loved the Marquis tenderly, would have disapproved of such an Extravagance, which both exposed him to Dangers, and might be prejudicial to his Health. One Night after he had serenaded *Donna Diana* for a long Time under her Window, he took it in his Head to go and give *Donna Eliza*, her Friend, the same Pleasure. I have already observed, that *Don Juan de Pastrino* was in love with her, and having perhaps been informed that we passed some Hours every Day at the Count *de Mancenez's* House, our Visits had made him jealous. This Thought came into my Head from the Coldness of the Reception which he gave us when we paid him a Visit. Whatever was in this, he happened to be in the Street where *Donna Eliza* lived, when the Marquis came to serenade her, and, mad with Jealousy, he with one of his Friends fell upon the Musicians, and broke their Instruments. The Marquis, and *Brissant* who, by good Luck, had a Sword and could handle it dextrously, attacked the two *Spaniards*, who behaved very bravely. *Don Juan* gave the Marquis a home Thrust, but at the same Time received one himself, which laid him dead on the Ground. *Brissant* tilted with the other, who seeing his Friend killed, took to his Heels, and the Musicians, whom Fear had dispersed, came back. The Marquis supported himself on his Feet for some Time, but, his Strength soon failing, he fell to the Ground senseless, and in this Condition was brought home to me.

THE Reader may judge of my Surprize and Despair. I thought he was dead, and being awaked by those who brought him home, never in my Life was I so much confounded, or felt my self under such an Oppression of Heart. Is he dead? *said I to Brissant with a Look that made him tremble.* Alas! *answered he with Tears in his Eyes,* I don't know, but I hope not. Villain, *said I, endeavouring to*
throw

throw myself upon him, this Moment shall be thy last, but I was stopped. *Don Porterra* who had been awaked with the Noise, got out of Bed, and poured some Drops of an Elixir into the Marquis's Nostrils, which made him shew Signs of Life, but his Wound still bled, though they had taken care to bind it up with some Pieces of his Shirt, which they had torn. At last, by the means of strong Spirits that we applied, he recovered his Senses, and, perceiving me, stretched out his Hand, but without being able to speak. I embraced him tenderly, and begged he would take Courage. The Surgeons came in a little after, and gave me some Comfort, by assuring me that his Wound was not mortal, though very deep. I caused myself to be blooded immediately, and putting on my Night Gown, sat down on the Marquis's Bed-side.

WHEN he was intirely come to himself, he begged that I would pardon all that was past, and that I would not maltreat *Brissant*, who had saved his Life, and was no Way in the Fault. I granted all that he desired that I might make him easy. He likewise begged that I would inform his dear *Donna Diana* and the Count *de Mancenez* about him, which I promised should be done as soon as Day appeared. Upon this he fell asleep, and I ordered *Brissant* to be called, who durst not appear before me, and was packing up to march off; however he came at last. *Brissant*, said I, if I did you Justice I would shut you up in a Dungeon the rest of your Days. You are the Cause of the Misfortune that has happened, and whose bad Advice has led the Marquis astray. If you do not inform me faithfully of all that has happened to him and you since you came to *Madrid*, and particularly this Night's Adventure, I give you my Word that I will treat you in such a Manner as shall make you wise all the rest of your Life. He began with protesting, by a thousand
Oaths,

Oaths, that he had no other Hand in the Marquis's Conduct, but what his Duty obliged him to, and that he had endeavoured, as much as he could, to divert him from going abroad that Night. He then told me with an Air of Sincerity which pleased me, the History of the Serenades, the Quarrel that happened on *Donna Eliza's* Account, and the Death of *Don Juan de Pastrino*. I made him explain every Circumstance of this last Misfortune, and when I understood that the deceased had a Friend with him who had escaped without any Wound, I began to be afraid, that the Marquis might be known, and that this Affair might be attended with very bad Consequences. I consulted with *Donna Porterra* who knew the *Spanish* Customs better than I, and his Answer rather augmented than diminished my Fears; upon which I resolved to go to the Duke de *Montalto*, upon whose Friendship I greatly depended. I caused him to be awaked, though it was but about four in the Morning, and told my melancholy Story. He was extremely surpris'd when he heard of *Don Juan de Pastrino's* Death, but when he was informed in what manner it happened, he owned that he had been justly punished; but, *said he*, his Family is distinguished, and will powerfully protect'd. It would be hard that the Marquis should be arrested in his present Condition, and without getting out of the Way, it will be difficult to prevent it. My House is at his Service, if you think you can bring him hither without being perceived, or if you know of any other Place more secure, I advise you to carry him there, promising me to employ all his own and his Friends Credit to stop the farther Progress of Justice. After which, and rendering him my most hearty Thanks, I returned home. My first Resolution was to conduct the Marquis in a Litter to the Country House of the Count of ***** Field-Marshal, Governor

of ***** , and the Grandson of my Grandfather, as I was of his; though I had not seen him since I came to *Spain*, I made no doubt of a kind Reception, and a safe Retreat in his House; but having gone into the Marquis's Chamber, I found him so weak, that I did not think he could possibly endure the Fatigue of a Journey of twenty Leagues even in a Litter. As I had a good deal of Confidence in *Don Porterra*, I told him my Perplexity. He answered, that he had already thought of it, and that without going so far, we might be more safely at *Buen Retiro* with *Don Inigo*, where they could not disturb us without an express Order from the King; which the Interest of our Friends might prevent; besides, *added he*, it may perhaps, never be known where you are, *Don Inigo's* Secrecy and Discretion being to be depended upon. Let us go then, *said I*, immediately, and, while a Litter was ordering, he wrote a short Note to *Signior Inigo*, to acquaint him of our coming. When the Litter came we put the poor Marquis in it, and under the Conduct of our Friend *Don Porterra*, who knew the By-ways, arrived safe at the Royal Palace.

THE good *Inigo* received us with open Arms. The Moment he got *Don Porterra's* Billet, he had the Precaution of putting his Wife, his two Daughters, and his Maid out of the Way, so that none but himself and his Valet, if we inclined to it, should be in the Secret. But I reflected, that it was impossible we could remain there any Time concealed from four Women, and that if they should, contrary to our Intentions, discover our Affair, they would think themselves less obliged to Secrecy, than if we had acquainted them with it of our own Accord; and I therefore told *Inigo* that there was no Occasion to be upon the reserve with them, only to recommend Secrecy to them. The Marquis was put into a private Chamber within the great Apartments, so that

it

it would have been difficult to have found him out, without perfectly knowing the Place. I left none but *Scoti*, and returned with *Don Porterra* to *Madrid*. My first Care was to send for the ablest of the Surgeons, who had first dressed his Wound, and engaged him, by a large Present, to go to *Buen Retiro*, and to remain there concealed, until the Marquis was perfectly recovered, which he agreed to, and set out the Moment he had taken what was necessary to carry along with him. I was just going out to make a Round among our Friends, who had the best Interest at Court, and could do us the most Service; but was stopped by the Arrival of the Count *de Mancenez*, who seeing me alone, asked where his dear Marquis was; he is in a very bad State, *said I*, and I believe you are not ignorant of his Misfortune. I know, *answered he*, no more than what is known to all *Madrid*. I come hither to second him in his Defence, or to advise him to keep himself concealed. The Affair is serious, *added he*, and I believe it will be necessary to discover his Birth, to stop a violent Prosecution. *Pastrino's* Relations are soliciting all the Tribunals, and though your Friends and mine are doing all that lies in their Power, yet the King will not stop the Course of Justice, without some powerful Reason, such as the Knowledge of the Marquis's Name and Family. I answered that now was by no means a proper Time to make that Discovery, adding, that though Adventures of this Kind were not looked upon as dishonourable, yet, I should be sorry that the Marquis were obliged to have Recourse to such an Expedient to get out of this Scrape. Let it suffice to employ all our Friends, and if you love him use your Interest with yours. He is now, I hope, in a Place of Safety, and his Wound is what gives me the greatest Concern. The Count who knew nothing of his being wounded, was greatly surprized, and pressed me

me to let know where he was, that he might directly go and visit him. But I begged he would employ the rest of the Day in soliciting his Friends, as I would do mine, and assured him that we should go together and pass the Night with him, if he would do me the Honour to call upon me in the Evening.

I went straight to the Duke of *Montalto's*, and might have well excused myself from going any farther, for this Nobleman, who loved and esteemed us, assured me the Moment I entered, that we might be easy, and that our Affair was made up. He had spoke to the Abbè *N*— who entirely possessed the King's Favour, and had represented the Case to his Majesty very much to our Advantage, from a Friendship he had for the *French* in general, or perhaps out of Regard for the Memory of the Duke of * * * so that when several of the Nobility, Relations of *Don Pastrino*, came to throw themselves at the King's Feet to demand Justice, he told them very plainly, that *Pastrino* had deserved his Fate, and that it was his Intention, a Stranger should walk the Streets at Night without Danger. Notwithstanding I went to wait upon the Marquis *de Leyda*, the Marquis *de Grimaldo*, and some other Persons of Distinction, who all assured me, that they would do what lay in their Power to serve us. When I returned to our Lodging in the Evening, I understood that twelve Guards were come to seize the Person of the Marquis. But I only laughed at it, as at an idle Piece of Ceremony. The Count *de Mancenez* came in a little Time after I had got home. I went into his Coach, which we ordered to drive to the *Pardo*, then dismissed the Equipage, and walked on Foot, by ourselves, to *Buen Retiro*, where the Count's Presence was an agreeable Sight to the Marquis. We found *Inigo's* Wife and two Daughters with him. The little *Donna Pradina*, of whom

whom I had already Occasion to speak, was not ill pleased to be so near him; but when we came in, they retired, and the Count and I supped at the Marquis's Bed-side. The Conversation of Course fell upon the Subject of *Donna Diana*, whose Absence afflicted the young Lover more than his Wound. He asked the Count if she had shewed any Kind of Concern, when she heard of his Misfortune. Call it rather Despair, *said the Count*, with which she was so far seized, that had I not softened her a little after I had seen *Monsieur de Renoncour*, I know not how far her Grief might have carried her. She did not know that you was wounded, and I was obliged to use much Precaution in informing her of that disagreeable Circumstance; but I assured her that your Wound was but slight, and that you would be in a Condition to see her in a few Days. I hope I shall, *answered the Marquis*, but still it is too long for my Impatience. However I shall be able to write to her to-morrow, and shall beg of my dear Papa to deliver the Letter himself. I promised him that I would. He then asked the Count if *Donna Eliza* was not much incensed, and very much afflicted at the Death of her Lover. She is, as I am, *replied the Count*, sorry for the Death of a young Gentleman, who, bating that furious Jealousy which has led him to his Grave, was possessed of good Accomplishments; but as *Eliza* was never very fond of him, her Grief is not excessive, nor will it any Ways hinder her from continuing to be your Friend.

WHILE we were conversing with that endearing Familiarity that cements Friendship, *Inigo* came in sadly frightened, and told us that we were betrayed, for two Lords of the Court were at the Gate, and demanded to speak with me, whom he knew to be the Duke of *Montalto* and the Abbè N——, who were, no doubt, come with an
Order

Order from the King to arrest us. I fell a laughing when I heard the Duke named, and begged of good *Inigo* to compose himself. I then went down Stairs, not doubting but they were come to pay the Marquis a friendly Visit. The Duke came to me with open Arms, and told me that he was come to inform himself about my Patient's Health, of whom he had spoken so favourably to the Abbè N*** as to give him a Curiosity to come in the same Coach. But, *added he in a low Voice*, I have no Body with me except my Coachman and a Footman both trusty Fellows, on whose Discretion I can depend. I acknowledged this extraordinary Favour in the strongest Terms, and then they both walked into the Marquis's Chamber, where the Duke was charmed to find the Count *de Mancenez*; so we entered into a very friendly and polite Conversation.

THE Abbè N*** appeared to be about fifty Years of Age, of a middling Stature, his Countenance pale, and his Person homely, but his Eyes were full of Spirit and Fire. He spoke gracefully, and the Turn of his Expressions had something so engaging, that what he said was always attended to with Pleasure. He told us a great many agreeable Stories of his Familiarity with M. L. D. D. He was born at *Pl* — of a very mean Parentage, Son, if I mistake not, to an Ostler. The D. D. was taken with his jovial Temper, and loved him so much that he called him no otherwise than his dear Abbè, who accompanied him during the Wars in *Italy*, and came over with him from thence to *Spain*. The Duke had an *Italian* Mistress who followed him in Man's Clothes, and was so well disguised that no Body knew her Sex, but the few that were intimately acquainted with the Duke, of which Number was the Abbè *de N**** who, naturally waggish and gamesom, sometimes used to toy with her Ladyship. The Duke perceived him one Day
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fingering

fingering her Breasts a little too familiarly as he was buttoning her Waistcoat. Faith Abbè, *said he*, 'tis not fair to court my Mistress when thou thinkest I am out of the Way: I must be present at least to see how thou behavest. Come go on. The Abbè was much out of Countenance, and did not know whether he was to take it in jest or earnest. His Perplexity diverted the Duke, who, taking him by the Hand, told him, that since he would not do it in his Presence, to take care not to attempt it in his Absence, because they would be no longer Friends if he came to know it.

WHEN the Abbè went away he gave us fresh Assurances that the Marquis's Affair need give us no Trouble, and that he would make it his Business to prevent all farther Prosecution. Nevertheless, *added he*, be still upon your Guard against the Genius of the Spaniards, who sometimes revenge themselves with their own Hands, and if you have nothing that is very pressing to detain you in Spain, I would advise you to leave it. The Marquis thanked him in the best manner he could, and shewed a very grateful Sense of his Civilities. I thought the Advice was very good, and what Vexations would we have avoided, had we but followed it. But the Marquis, who minded nothing but his Passion, could not bear the Thoughts of it. The next Day I returned to Madrid with the Count de Mancenez, and found Letters from Paris at Don Porterra's with only an Account of the Duke of — and all my Family's being well, having been dispatched before *Le Brun's* Arrival there. After Dinner I went to the Count's House in Hopes to see *Donna Diana*, and to deliver her the Marquis's Letter, but found her not there, which obliged me to beg the Favour of *Donna Eliza* to give it, of whom I then took my Leave, and set out for *Buen Retiro* on foot. Finding myself a little fatigued when I came
to

to the *Pardo* I sat down upon a Bench to rest myself. I was scarce seated when two Ladies of Pleasure came up, and placed themselves one on each Side of me. They spoke some Words to me in *Spanish*, but when they found I made no Answer, they asked me in *French* if I spoke *French*, I answered drily, Yes; and as my Mind was intirely employed in melancholy Reflections, I did not speak a Word more. Far from being discouraged, they began a Conversation full of Wit and Humour, and what made the Jest of the Thing, every Word they said to one another passed by my Nose. After I had remained about a Quarter of an Hour, I rose, and could not hinder myself from laughing. They stopped me by the Coat, and asked if I would not at least give something for the Conversation. I found the Question comical and gave them a few Ryals.

My Mind was by no means easy, and I felt a Heaviness of Spirits which seemed to portend some Misfortune. I walked by myself upwards of an Hour in the Neighbourhood of *Buen Retiro*, and the Darknes of the Night, which now drew on, increased the melancholy Cast of my Mind. What Reflections did I not make? My God, *said I*, how I'm punish'd for leaving my Solitude. This recalled to my Mind the agreeable Tranquillity I enjoyed in the Abbey of — the Innocence of the Life I led there, my simple quiet Diversions, which I compared with the Hurry and Agitation in which I had lived almost ever since I left *France*. I considered that the Marquis was not yet out of danger; that upon his Recovery his Passion and the Resentment of the *Pastrino* Family, would very probably expose me to new Alarms, and that his Vivacity itself could not miss to be an inexhaustible Source of Trouble and Pain to me. Was it my Business, *said I to myself*, to take charge of a young Man of eighteen

eighteen Years, whose little Irregularities and Passions I ought to have foreseen. I have abandoned my Daughter for his sake, and I find that he is become as dear to me as she is, and that Affection attaches me as strongly to him as Honour. What Madness made me forge new Chains for myself, after having so often experienced that I could never frame any that were happy, and that all my Engagements have constantly been attended with Misfortunes and Losses? Am I so much as sure that the Marquis is sensible of what I do for him? Perhaps he looks upon me as a Tyrant, notwithstanding my Indulgence; since young People are pleased with nothing that does not sooth their Inclinations; and if this be the Case, what are the Fruits of my Pains? No other, but to create myself useles Troubles and Torments, to prepare, by Labours and Fatigues, a painful languishing old Age, and perhaps, to hasten the End of my Days. Alas! Death has no frightful Aspect to me, but it ought to have been owing to my past Misfortunes: I am obliged to preserve my Life now, by way of Punishment, for having lived when I should have dyed.

SUCH were my melancholy Reflections while I was in the shady Walks that surrounded the Castle. All my former Troubles revived on the Idea of those that seemed still to threaten me, and I found my Spirits so low when I returned to *Inigo's* House, that I was obliged to call for some Cordials to support them. After which I went into the Marquis's Chamber, and the Surgeon told me plainly that this Evening he found his Wound worse than before, and that he could not imagine to what Cause he might attribute this Change. I asked *Scoti*, who had not left him, if any thing extraordinary had happened; *he answered*, that *Don Porterra* had brought him a Letter in the Evening, which seemed to have made him very uneasy after he had read

it. I drew near to his Bed, and, finding him in a Slumber, perceived the end of a Paper, which appeared without the Clothes. I made no doubt but that this was the Letter. I drew it softly out in order to read it, and found that it was from *Donna Diana*, of which the following is a Copy.

I am much afraid, my dear Marquis, that a Storm is preparing against us; besides your Absence and your Wound, which are already Subjects of great Grief to me, a third just now steps in, which justly alarms me. Don Juan D'Alavestras, Pastrino's Uncle, visited my Father this Morning. I know not how he came to be informed of our Sentiments; but he has not only told him that we love one another, but has added a thousand Calumnies, whose dismal Effects must soon reach me. My Father immediately called for me, and reproached me in very severe Terms for my Tenderness, and for consenting, said he, to the Design you had formed of running away with me, and, because I had acquainted him with my Inclination of retiring from the World before I knew you, declared that I must resume my former Intention, having no other Choice now to take but that of a Convent. I should obey him without murmuring, did I not know what I owe to you, and what Trouble my Loss must give you. Why am not I alone loaded with all the Weight of the Misfortunes that threaten us! And why cannot I, at the Expence of my Life, give you back the Tranquillity of which your Love to me has deprived you! I easily foresaw that my Passion would, some time or other, prove my Punishment, and the Hopes I entertained of a happy Event of our Loves were so weak, and combated by so many well-grounded Fears, that I dare not accuse Heaven of having deceived me. But I did not at all foresee that your Pains would render me more unhappy than my own. However do not unreasonably afflict yourself, and hasten your Cure as much as you can. I will make use of this same Method to inform you of my
Fate,

Fate, and whatever it may be, I promise you an eternal Fidelity.

I put the Letter in the same Place in which I found it, and sat down 'till he should awake, which he did about Midnight, and, perceiving me, presented the Letter with a deep Sigh. I read it a second Time, and without giving him leave to speak, told him with an Air of Tranquillity, well, Sir, I see nothing in this that ought to afflict you much, your Affairs take no bad Turn. *Donna Diana* loves you, and though she goes into a Convent, she will not have Time to come under any Engagement before *Le Brun's* Return. If the Duke your Father sends you a favourable Answer, depend upon it neither her Father nor she will have any Objection to your being immediately happy. Do you think so, *replied he mournfully?* Yes certainly, *said I*, the Thing speaks of itself. Your whole Thoughts should be upon your Recovery instead of retarding the Effects of the Remedies by afflicting yourself needlessly.

The Marquis continued to make some Objections with regard to the Malice of *Alavestras*, which I answered in such a manner as made him perfectly easy. Next Morning about Eight the Count *de Mancenez* desired to speak with me in private at the Gate. I did not think proper, *said he*, to appear before the Marquis, before I should talk to you a little. I bring him dismal News. *Donna Diana* was carried off this Morning as her Father was conducting her to a Convent. The Ravishers dropped some Words insinuating that what they did was by the Marquis's Orders, so that *Don Diego de Velez* is in a great Rage against him, and is leaving no Stone unturned to have him arrested here, where he knows you are. *Don Pastrino's* Relations prompt him to Vengeance, and 'tis from them that he has learned the Place of your Retreat, they having sent Spies

out on all Sides to make this Discovery. I embraced the Count a thousand times, and begged he would give us new Proofs of his Generosity and Friendship upon this Occasion. I have already prepared a Place of Safety for the Marquis, *said the Count*, and we must this Moment conduct him thither. But, *replied I*, the jostling of the Coach will destroy him. He assured me that we would find a Litter half a League from *Buen-Retiro* which he had ordered before he left the Town. The Difficulty was how to make the Marquis understand that a Removal was necessary, without acquainting him with the true Reason. The Count took this upon himself, and indeed managed it with great Address. My dear Marquis, *said he, upon his entering the Chamber*, I understand that your Wound is turned worse, and I am not surprized at it. It quite escaped me to inform the Surgeon that the Air of *Buen-Retiro* is mortal to all Wounds. If you'll believe me, let us be gone from this, without losing a Moment, to which the Marquis consented, and we put him into the Count's Coach directly, placing ourselves in it with him, so that we were four, reckoning the Surgeon. Our Footmen returned to Town to deceive the Spies, and we joined the Litter in less than half an Hour, and though we had two Leagues to go, I advised the Count to send back his Coach, which he did, ordering the Coachman to come to us at Night with another of his Footmen and some Horses for carrying Provisions. And I gave *Scoti* the same Orders.

WE walked as hard as we could, following the Litter, I told the Count what *Donna Diana* had wrote to the Marquis the Day before, and after many Reflections, both of us concluded that the Ravisher must be the same *Alavestras*, who had falsely accused the Marquis of designing such a Piece of Villainy. A Calumniator, *said I*, is capable of the blackest

blackest Crimes. I was the more confirmed in this Thought, when he told me that *Don Pastrino's* Mother, who was *Don Alavestras's* Sister, was naturally of a violent Humour, and that the Death of her only Son had made her quite furious. She was a Widow, and her Brother was her nearest Relation. I judged, that seeing herself out of all Hopes of being revenged by the ordinary Methods, she had solicited him to attempt this Villainy, and that being informed, by their Spies, of the Marquis's Love, he had formed the Scheme of carrying away *Donna Diana*, in order to throw a Suspicion upon the young Lover, and induce his Majesty to suffer him to be arrested; hoping thereby to renew the Prosecution, and to oppress him upon all Hands. In effect, *Don Diego de Velez* that very Day obtained an Order from the King for seizing the Marquis's Person at *Buen-Retiro*; but not going thither 'till the Afternoon, he missed him. We were very safe at *Ivicella*, a little Castle belonging to the Count, situated at the Entry of a long Meadow, at the Foot of a Hill covered with a thick Wood, so that the Place seemed to be formed by Nature for an Asylum, and except the Keeper, with his Wife and two Sons, who had the Charge of the Hay that grew in the Meadows, not a Mortal was to be seen in that solitary Place, which after all was very capable of being made a most agreeable Country Seat; but the Count, having one nearer to the City, came but very seldom to *Ivicella*, and there were but few of the Chambers furnished. Our Servants arrived in the Evening with Provisions, and every Thing that was necessary to make us pass the Time agreeably. They told us that the Rape made a great Noise at *Madrid*, that the Marquis was highly blamed, and that the Officers had been at *Buen-Retiro* to arrest him. I was afraid such Reports might give our best Friends bad Opinions, and therefore resolved to go and wait

upon them next Day, while the Count remained with his Friend.

My first Visit was to the Duke of *Montalto*, who was persuaded with the rest of the City, that the Marquis was guilty. I could easily perceive in his Behaviour a good deal of Prepossession, and when I began to speak with him upon the principal Subject of my Visit, he could not help interrupting me. Indeed it is too much to kill a Man and carry off a Lady of Quality, and all in three or four Days: Ah, Mr. *Renoncour*, it is too much. I made no formal Harangue, but only complained of his Credulity, which suffered him to be imposed upon in believing so villainous a Rumour, and protested that we were intirely innocent of what was laid to our Charge. I begged of him to consider that the Marquis was not in a Condition to attempt a Rape, and less I in an Age or in the Humour to permit him, nor had either of us so much Interest in *Spain* as to find immediately People ready to execute such a Thing by our Orders. In short, *continued I*, it is but too true that the Marquis is as yet stretched upon his Bed in a Condition that gives me still great Reason to fear, and I come to claim your Protection. The Case is not only to put a stop to an unjust and groundless Prosecution, but if you would lay him under an eternal Obligation, you must assist us in recovering *Donna Diana de Velez*, whose Misfortune he is yet ignorant of, and which, if he knew it, would certainly kill him. I then gave the Duke an exact Account of the Marquis's Amour with *Donna Diana*, and did not conceal the Reasons I had to suspect *Don Alavestras* of this Crime. If that be the Case, *answered the Duke*, the best Way will be to go to *Don Diego de Velez* and to undeceive him. There is no time to be lost, so go immediately yourself. I, for my Part, will go, not to stop the Prosecution, which will drop of itself, when *Don Diego*

Diego slackens in it; but to undeceive the Court and the Public, who are much prepossessed against the Marquis and you. I then left him to go to *Don Diego Velez*. This Visit gave me some Emotion, and though I cannot say that I am often at a Loss how to express my Thoughts, yet in going to to his House, I was considering with myself in what manner I should address him.

I found him alone, and immediately discovered who I was. The Step I take, Sir, *said I*, on the Part of the Marquis *de Rosemont*, will convince you more of his Sincerity than any studied Discourse. He is extremely concerned at the bad Opinion you entertain of him, by accusing him of a Crime, of which, if you knew his Innocence, you would be sorry that you had done him the Injustice ever to suspect him. I protest to you, Sir, that he is not only innocent of what his Enemies have laid to his Charge, but that he would have exposed a thousand Lives to have defended *Donna Diana* from her Ravishers. If you doubt of what I say, require of me what Proofs are necessary to convince you, and I am ready to give them. He heard me attentively, and I knew not what Judgment to form by his Looks, in which there was a Mixture of Melancholy, Fury, and Surprize. At last he answered me a little roughly, that the Artifice was too gross, that he was himself with his Daughter when she was carried off, and that he had heard the Name of the Marquis several Times pronounced by the Ravishers. It is just in that very Thing, *replied I*, that the Malice of our Enemies discovers itself, but a Malice so improbable and void of Sense, that it is surprizing you should be deceived by it. For let me ask you, Sir, if it be probable, that People employed by the Marquis would have discovered his Name? Had they not all the Reason in the World to conceal it, both upon their own and their Master's Account. But, I know,

answered he, that the Marquis loves my Daughter, and I was informed of his Design, even before it was executed. They who have told you that he loves *Donna Diana*, have not, indeed, deceived you in that Article, but they have made this a Handle for trumping up an abominable Calumny. I know the Authors as well as you. They burn with Desire of Revenge, and this Reason, were there no other, ought to have made you suspect their Accusation. But will you have a Proof, to which I think you must submit, here it is, *continued I, producing Donna Diana's Letter which I had subtilly stole from the Marquis.* As you are not ignorant of what it contains, I may safely shew you it. He took the Letter, and knowing it to be his Daughter's Writing, could not help dropping some Tears, and saying tenderly, Alas! my dear Child! which made me think that she was dearer to him than I, or even she herself did imagine. When he had read the Letter he appeared to be much surprized: But who then, think you, can have carried off my Daughter? *I answered*, that I could not positively say, but that I had so strong Reasons to suspect *Alavestras*, that I thought it would be no Breach of Charity to name him as the Author. Upon which I put him in mind of *Don Pastrino's* Death, how the King had cut off *Don Alavestras's* Hopes of Revenge in the judicial Way. Since which, *continued I*, he has been at vast Pains to find out the Place of our Retreat, with a Design, no doubt, to satisfy his Rage; he has solicited all his Friends against us, and employed Spies and armed Men to watch us in the Fields. In short, I communicated to *Don Diego* all the Conjectures that occurred to me upon the Road to *Ivicella*, and endeavoured to persuade him to be of my Opinion, that it was the Effects of *Alavestras's* Revenge. If he has served me so villainous Trick, *said he with a furious Air*, a thousand Deaths are too little for him.

him. He then called for his three Sons, who were genteel Men, and seemingly of Resolution, to whom the old Gentleman repeated every Thing I had told him. When he left off speaking, I added a great many Reasons to what he had said; such as the Marquis's Wound which endangered his Life, his Youth, his Dependance upon me, and to conclude, in order to leave no Room for doubting of his Innocence, I swear to you, by all that is good, that though I am come here on his Part, he knows nothing of *Donna Diana's* Misfortune; nor shall he till he is perfectly recovered, because he loves her so passionately and respectfully, that I am sure, this News, joined to his own Indisposition, would infallibly kill him. I talk freely to you of his Sentiments, *added I*, because he is of such a Birth and Quality as must do Honour to any Lady in *Spain* to whom he makes his Addresses.

THE Father and the three Sons looked upon one another without speaking. At last the old Gentleman told, that though he was much inclined to believe what I said, he could not stop Prosecution till he saw farther into the Affair, but promised not to push it, and in the mean time, that he would take care to find out if *Don Alavestras* was concerned, begging that I would join with him in a Discovery so necessary for us both, and swore that, if he was the Villain he suspected, he would punish him in a Manner that would frighten all *Spain*, and his three Sons said *Amen*.

THE youngest, though of a former Marriage, very much resembled *Donna Diana*, and I found him the warmest in her Interest. His Name was *Don Pedro de Lera*, about twenty-three or twenty-four Years of Age; he was the first who promised to his Father, that before Night he would know if *Alavestras* was guilty, and what had become of his Sister.

THEY conducted me with great Ceremony to the Street-door, and from thence I went to the Count *de Mancenez's* House to visit *Donna Eliza*, whom I found under great Concern for her Friend. I informed her of the Posture of our Affairs, and begged that she would contribute a little to the Tranquillity of the Marquis. I am afraid, *said I*, that not hearing from *Donna Diana*, he will torment himself so as to retard his Recovery. We must make him believe that her Father has put her into a Convent, and that not being at liberty to write, she had begged you, at parting, to inform the Marquis that he need be under no Apprehensions with Respect to her, and that she hoped to see him after he was cured. *Donna Eliza* readily granted my Request, and we agreed that she should send him a Letter to *Ivicella* by her own Footman, that it might not appear to be a thing concerted. I next visited all the Persons with whom we were acquainted that I might undeceive them of the false Opinion public Report had given them; but I perceived that the Duke of *Montalto* had, in a very friendly and generous Manner, prevented me. However fatigued I might be with this Day's Work, I returned in the Evening to *Ivicella* with *Don Porterra*, who would needs accompany me. The News of my Success gave great Pleasure to the Count *de Mancenez*. That lovely Gentleman told me that since I had made so happy a Beginning, he would leave me to finish our Affairs at *Madrid*, and that, for his Part, he would take care of the Marquis, whom he was resolved not to leave till he was perfectly recovered. Next Day *Donna Eliza's* Footman came, who had got his Lesson which Way he was to behave, and desired, with an affected sort of Haste and Concern to speak with the Marquis, because he would trust his Letter into no Hands but his own: This made us all go to his Chamber, expressing great
Curiosity

Curiosity to know the Subject of so pressing a Message. The Marquis having read the Letter gave it to the Count, telling him that he was under infinite Obligations to *Donna Eliza*. We all read it, and nothing could be more artfully turned, or better calculated to make a Lover easy. You have Reason to be satisfied, *said I*, and I think your speedy Cure is the only Thing you are to mind now.





MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK VIII.

IN the mean time I proceeded in my Enquiry after the Rape, and returned in the Afternoon to *Madrid*, but *Don Diego de Velez* was not at Home, only his three Sons, who received me with extraordinary Marks of Joy. I soon perceived that something had occurred, of which I was ignorant; and indeed they informed me that the Ravisher was detected in the Person of *Don d'Alavestras*, according to my Conjectures. *Don Pedro de Lera* discharged his Promise, and discovered him before the Night was spent. He went to the Door of the perfidious Villain at Twilight, and having in vain waited his coming for some time, (for it was *Don d'Alavestras* himself he at first designed to attack) he changed his Project and resolved to seize upon his *Valet de Chambre* whom he saw coming Home, justly concluding, that if the Master was guilty, probably his Man assisted him in the Undertaking. He took him gently by the Arm and held a Poinard to his Breast, threatening to stab him if he did not go along with

with him without making the least Noise. In this manner brought he him to his Father, who with his three Sons, led him into a remote and secure Chamber, and there threatned him with the severest Tortures, unless he declared what he knew concerning the Rape of *Donna Diana*. At first he obstinately denied the Fact; but, when he saw Death inevitable, he confessed; that he was in the Plot, and that *Don d'Alavestras* directed the Affair, but, being masked like the others, it was impossible for *Don Diego* to distinguish him from them.

THIS Wretch then declared that his Master, after having carried off *Donna Diana*, at first took the Road to his Country-House, about a Day's Journey from *Madrid* upon Mount *Sierra*, but recollecting that his Presence was necessary at *Madrid*, he stopt in a Wood, from whence he dispatched a Messenger for his Sister, with his Coach and Man's Clothes; that at her coming, he delivered *Donna Diana* to her Charge, after having equipped her as a Cavalier, with exprefs Orders to conduct her to his Country-Seat, and there to keep her so closely shut up, that no Mortal should see her; and that, upon his Return to *Madrid*, he had ordered all his Domestics to spread a Report in the City that *Don Diego de Velez's* Daughter was carried off by the Marquis de *Rosemont*, a French Gentleman, and the same Person that had killed *Don Juan de Pastrino*; that he had appeared publickly the same Day, and at Night took Post for *Sierra*.

AFTER this Discovery, said *Don Pedro de Lera*, we consulted about what Measures were most expedient to be taken. I was of Opinion that it was proper to call immediately together all our Friends to surprize *Don d'Alavestras* at his Country-Seat, and forcibly to rescue my Sister from thence, at the Expence of his Blood: But my Father thought it more convenient to obtain an Order from the King to arrest

rest him, and thereby bring him to condign Punishment, both as a Ravisher and Detractor; reserving to himself always the Right of punishing him by our own Hands, provided he should have Interest powerful enough to escape Justice.

THE King is now at the *Escorial*, continued *Don Pedro*, and my Father went thither in the Night in Order to be at his Majesty's Levee this Morning, whose Return we impatiently expect. After this the three Brothers made a thousand Apologies to me for having unjustly suspected the Marquis, and earnestly intreated to become acquainted with him, that they might renew their Excuses to him in Person. I asked what was become of *d' Alavestras's* Valet; He is still in our Custody, *said they*, and we will take Care that he shall not escape. Upon my desiring to see him, the unhappy Wretch was brought shackled Hand and Foot. I asked him several Questions, amongst others, if *Donna Diana* knew by whom she was carried away. He replied that he did not believe she did; that *Don d' Alavestras* never designed she should, and for that Reason always wore a Mask, and he was very certain, that when his Sister came she was an utter Stranger to *Donna Diana*. This Answer made me tremble for the Lady, for the very worst was to be dreaded from a Villain such as *d' Alavestras*, and such a Fury as his Sister. The Consequence but too evidently proved the Truth of my Suspicion.

DON Diego came back whilst I was in his House. He embraced me, begging I would forget what was past, and heartily join with him in hastening the Punishment of our common Enemy: He had met with a gracious Reception from the King, who desired to be informed of every Circumstance of the Affair, and finding *Don d' Alavestras's* Design to be a Crime of the deepest Dye, he immediately declared that he should be proceeded against according

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ing to the utmost
 had for that Purpose
 alive or dead, wh
Alcaid and his *Alguacil*
 themselves to take J
 I could not, on the pr
 and his three Sons, refus
 was really serving the M
Donna Diana, and I was al
 with my own Eyes what ha
 sent to *Don Porterra's* for *Brissa*
 me, and sent Word to *Ivicella* t
 was under a
 Necessity of being absent two Days.

As we proceeded in our Journey, *Don Diego*,
 who was by my Side, freely communicated to me
 the whole Sentiments of his Soul. Notwithstanding
 I have laid my Information before the King, I
 don't know, *said he to me*, if it is in my Power to
 forbear killing this Villain, as soon as a fair Oppor-
 tunity offers. I perceive in advancing that my In-
 dignation grows stronger, and am afraid that I shall
 not be able to govern it; but the Case will be quite
 another Thing if he has made any Attempt upon
 her Honour. No Cruelty that I can invent shall
 be left untried for his Punishment. He would de-
 serve it, *answered I*, but if he is not lost to all the
 Sentiments of Honour, he can't abuse so charming
 a Creature as *Diana*. Alas, *replied he*, the poor
 Girl is greatly to be pitied. For, in my House and
 directly under my own Inspection, she frequently
 was oppress'd with anxious Cares, which all my Ten-
 derness could not prevent, and when I thought of
 procuring her, at least, a little Tranquillity, by
 placing her in a Convent, she finds herself expos'd
 to the greatest Misfortune that can happen to a Girl.
 From hence he took Occasion to relate the Story
 of his Marriage at *Naples*, the Birth of *Donna Dia-*
na, his Arrival in *Spain*, the Death of her Mother,

MEMOIRS

and what has been already
 to him, in these Memoirs
 of my last
 an alien
 I dimly

rest him, and thereby ~~by~~ mentioned, with Regard
ment, both as a ~~Re~~moirs. Unfortunately, *continued*
to himself always Incident came to the Knowledge
own Hands, Wife, who looks upon my Daughter as
ful enough brought into the Family, with a Design to
Thish her Children's Patrimony, upon which
Account she has conceived a mortal Aversion, and
has all along given her visible Marks of it; and
even I myself, out of Complaisance to my Spouse,
have used her ill, which has more than once grieved
me to the very Heart; for there is no Occasion of
a Father's Eyes to discover the Merit of this poor
unhappy Girl. I observed that my Sons loved her
dearly. My Wife alone pursues her with an in-
flexible Hatred. But might not you, *replied I*, have
delivered her from this Persecution by Marriage?
He answered, that such had often been his Intentions,
but that *Diana*, for Reasons unknown to him, was
entirely averse to it, and had earnestly desired the
Liberty of retiring into a Convent; to which I was
conducting her, *added he*, when *Don d' Alavestras*
forced her from me, and I must confess that I was
surprized Yesterday upon reading her Letter to the
Marquis; for though I had heard of his Passion for
her, yet I was ignorant of her Affection for him,
and thought that Retirement was what she wanted.
Upon this I explained to him, in what Manner their
Love had been formed, and assured him that, as I
had been present at all their Interviews, nothing
had passed but what was consistent with Honour
and Decency. He asked me if the Marquis intend-
ed to marry her. Yes, *said I*, he would do it at
the Expence of his Life; but to be free with you,
how honourable soever your Family may be, his
Birth and the distinguished Rank of his Father give
him a great Superiority. Besides, he is an only Son,
and has such a Prospect of Grandeur in *France*,
that in my Opinion, it will be no easy Matter to
get

get his Friends to approve of his marrying in Spain. However, *continued I*, I shall not conceal from you, that he has dispatched his *Valet de Chambre* with Letters to obtain his Father's Approbation, on whose Affection and good Nature he builds his Hopes. *Don Diego* appeared highly satisfied with what I had told him, and begged I would procure him the Honour of the Marquis's Acquaintance, that he might return him Thanks for the favourable Sentiments he entertained of his Daughter. The good old Man was far from apprehending that e're long he was to be for ever deprived of her.

AT last, about six in the Morning we arrived at *Sierra*. The *Alcaid* ordered his *Alguazils* to surround the Castle, and, accompanied with some of them, went himself to knock at the Gate, which they did not immediately open, because they had probably discovered us, and were willing to advertise *Don d' Alavestras* and his Sister. This furious Woman, seeing plainly that her Crime was detected, and that neither her Brother nor she could avoid Punishment, took a dreadful Resolution, the Remembrance of which still makes me shudder. I am under some Apprehension, lest my Readers should imagine that I take some Liberties in this Place, in order to embellish my Narration, by some moving Circumstances, but I would beg of them to consider, that I write without any View of Interest, and that the Duke of * ** can vouch for the Truth of these Memoirs, so far as he was concerned.

As the *Alcaid* was preparing to break open the Door, which would have been soon done, they opened it themselves, upon which he demanded, in the King's Name, to speak with *Don d' Alavestras*, and was answered that he might come in. When he was in the Court with his Attendants, *Don d' Alavestras* appeared at a Window, and boldly asked him what he wanted. Yourself, Sir, answered

swered the *Alcaid* briskly, depending on the Precautions he had taken to prevent his Escape. I come by the King's Order to secure your Person, and to have *Donna Diana*, whom you violently carried off and detain here, set at Liberty. I am betrayed then, *cried the Ravisher, in a Tone that expressed his Rage: Come up, Gentlemen, one must yield to superior Numbers.* He then asked if *Don Diego* was there, or any of his Sons; and being told they were all present, he appeared to be satisfied, and desired they might also come in, and have *Donna Diana* delivered up to them; upon which we went all up in a Body to his Apartment, and found him in an Antichamber with a Pistol in his Hand. No Violence, Gentlemen, *said he, for my Life will be no easy Purchase: Produce the King's Order; which the Alcaid, having it in his Pocket, readily did, and allowed him to read it. Very well, said he, I see it is me you want, and it is right, because I am the only guilty Person. But, Gentlemen, added he, turning to Don Diego and his Sons; of two Things choose which you like best, either that I may be allowed to retire from this House without any Hindrance, in which Case Donna Diana shall be safely delivered into your Hands, or to see her Heart pierced with a Dagger, if you insist upon carrying me Prisoner to Madrid.*

HAD *Don Diego* and his Sons given Way to their Fury, they would have directly stabbed this Villain; but the *Alcaid* perceiving by their Looks the Storm within, and being apprehensive of it's breaking out, made Haste to tell *Don d' Alavestras* that the wisest Course he could follow, would be to submit to the King's Pleasure, and to trust to his Majesty's Clemency. You don't then believe me, *replied he, stepping backwards towards his Chamber, come, Gentlemen, follow me into this Room, which we did, and the first Object that presented itself to our*
Sight

Sight chilled our Blood, and turned us into so many Statues. The old *Donna de Pastrino* was seated at a Window, *Donna Diana* kneeling at her Feet, and that Monster of a Woman holding a Dagger at her Bosom. Stop, cried she, when we appeared, she's a Dead Woman if you make another Step. *Don Diego*, thunder-struck with this dreadful Sight, threw himself upon his Knees with all his three Sons. Ah! Madam, cried he, lifting up his Hands to Heaven, have Pity upon an unfortunate Father; what have I done to offend you? What Harm has my poor Daughter done you? Pity my old Age, or, at least, let me fall the first Sacrifice to your Resentment.

THIS hardened Fury did not appear to be in the least affected, but answered that the only Way to save his Daughter was to set her Brother at Liberty, by allowing him to go out alone, to mount his Horse, and to give him a competent Time to get away. How strong soever *Don Diego's* Passion of Revenge might be, yet upon this Occasion it yielded to paternal Affection, and he begged of the *Alcaid* to suffer *Don d' Alavestras* to make his Escape, which he was loth to do, lest he should be called in Question for Neglect of Duty. But we made him understand, that as this Order had not been granted but at the Request of *Don Diego*, who was the injured Person, he had, in a Manner, the Power of doing as he thought proper. *Donna de Pastrino* demanded only half an Hour for her Brother, and exhorted him to make good Use of it. During which Time we remained in her Chamber, in the same Place where she had first made us stop, and when she perceived us make the least Motion, it was attended with new Threats, and clapping the Dagger close to *Donna Diana's* Breast: that charming young Lady was still upon her Knees trembling under the constant Terrors of Death, and sometimes throwing a languishing Look our Way,
by

by which I could perceive that the Grief of her Father and Brothers gave her some Ease, and that she was touched with this Proof of their Affection. But her Misfortune was only beginning. The Scene was to be bloody, and the Catastrophe was approaching.

WHEN I left *Madrid*, I had sent a Footman (as I have already said) to *Ivicella*, to acquaint the Count *de Mancenez* that I should be absent two Days. I had unluckily given this Message to a giddy-headed Fellow, who had heard something of the Story, and thought to ingratiate himself at *Ivicella*, by publishing what he knew, which he did so indiscreetly, that it at last came to the Marquis's Ears, who having heard of *Donna Diana's* being carried off, and of an Order from Court to take the Author into Custody, insisted so absolutely on being informed of every Circumstance, that there was no such Thing as dissembling with him. Rage and Love were his only Counsellors, and *Madrid* the Place to which (having ordered his Horse to be immediately got ready) he intended, notwithstanding the earnest Intreaties of his Friend the Count and his own bad State of Health; but he was deaf to every Thing, and mounted his Horse, which obliged the Count, the Surgeon and *Don Porterra*, as well as the Servants to do the same. They went directly to *Don Diego's* House, where they were informed of the Road we had taken, and, without losing a Moment, came driving after us. Unluckily not far from *Sierra* whom should they meet but *Don d'Alavestras* galloping full Speed. The Count *de Mancenez* knew him, and thought it was proper to stop him. He was seized in a Moment and forced to return back from whence he had come. He in vain protested that *Don Diego* had consented to his Flight, and that his Return would be fatal to *Donna Diana*. All his Reasons were looked upon as false Pretences

Pretences of a guilty Person, who endeavoured to avoid Punishment. We were in the Posture I have already represented. waiting with great Impatience, the Accomplishment of the Treaty made with *Donna Pastrino*, when a great Noise, which we heard, would have obliged us to leave the Chamber, had not the old Witch frightened us by her Threats. It is impossible for me to distinguish the Time in which three or four horrid Cruelties were acted, all I can say is, that they were begun and ended sooner than I can relate them. The Marquis entered first, and though I ran to prevent his seeing *Donna Diana*, it was too late, for a Lover's Eyes are quick. Ah! my dear Marquis, *said I*, in a Transport, whither do you go? Your Presence will ruin us, for Heaven's Sake retire a Moment. He struggled to advance, and the Concern he was under, tied up his Tongue.

AT the same Time *Donna de Pastrino*, who made no Doubt but that this was the Marquis *de Rosemont*; and who saw her Brother come in after him, with his Hands tied, cried out with an inexpressible Fury, What! do I then see my Son's Murderer, and who also wants to shed my Brother's Blood. Here's for thee who art his Mistress, and with that she plunged the cruel Weapon into the innocent *Diana's* Bosom; jumping up the Moment after to rush upon the Marquis, but though Rage and Fury made her nimble; she had scarce made two Steps, when she met with the just Punishment of her Barbarity from *Don Diego* and his Sons, who laid her dead on the Floor with many Wounds, and then fell upon her Brother, whom they also soon deprived of Life.

LET any Mortal imagine, if he can, the Horror of this shocking Sight, three Bodies swimming in Streams of Blood, the Marquis motionless in my Arms, *Don Diego* tearing his Hair close by his
Daughter

Daughter, and piercing the Air with his Cries, his three Sons endeavouring to stop their unhappy Sister's Blood, and all the other Spectators so stupified, that they had no Notion of giving us the least Assistance. I carried the Marquis into the next Chamber, where fortunately there happened to be a Bed. The Count *de Mancenez* and the Surgeon followed me, I took an Elixir which the latter had about him, and ordered him to go to the Assistance of *Donna Diana*, which he did with so much Skill and Diligence, that he had dressed the Wound, laid the first Compress, and made her come to herself again, before the Marquis had recovered from his Fit, which was so long, that I myself, by Reason of the terrible Apprehensions I was under, swooned away. Not that I believed this Accident dangerous to a young Man of his Age and Constitution, but the last Night's Fatigue, and his Wound not yet intirely closed up, justly alarmed me. The Surgeon however assuring me positively that there was no Danger, I found my Spirits discharged of a heavy Load; he put a new Compress upon his Wound, which appeared ready to bleed. It is not his fainting Fit, *said he*, like a Man of Sense, that I apprehend, but the Impression which the first Idea, of the deplorable State he saw *Donna Diana* in, will infallibly make upon him; for I have seen enough, since I had the Honour of attending him, to convince me he loves her passionately, and I think it would be proper, *added he*, to remove him into the other Room; when he recovers he would find himself near her, and would be, at least, convinced that she is not dead. I approved of his Advice, and we carried him upon a Mattress close to his Mistress's Bed-side, where he soon gave Signs of Recovery. The Surgeon, who observed him, no sooner perceived the Change, than he said, take Courage, Sir, *Donna Diana* lives, and is here close by you. That dear Name rouzed up his

Spirits. *Donna Diana* was so weakened with the Loss of Blood, that she had not till then taken Notice of the Marquis's being so near her, but when she heard his Name mentioned, she opened her Eyes to look for him and to meet his: These two tender Lovers knew each other. Nothing could be more moving nor more natural, than to see how their Sentiments corresponded the very first Moment that they had the Use of their Reason and Senses. *Donna Diana* held her Hand out to him, which he took and kissed a thousand Times. Alas! it is I, said he to her, that am the unhappy Author of your Misfortune, but if you die, I shall soon follow you. He soon recovered Strength enough to rise and sit down by her; keeping his Eyes constantly fixed upon her, and he would gladly have visited her Wound, that he might know what he had to hope or fear, earnestly begging of the Surgeon that he would tell him ingenuously what he thought of it. He answered, with a seeming Sincerity, but in Reality to flatter him, that such Wounds were seldom mortal, but that Rest was absolutely necessary, and a more certain Judgment to be formed of her Condition in a few Hours. He wanted to be constantly by her, promising not to say any Thing that might occasion the least Motion, but the Surgeon represented to him that even his Presence might give her a Concern, which was by no Means proper in her present Condition, and therefore that it was fit he should retire and not give her the least Disturbance.

THE Marquis consented, though very unwillingly, to return to the next Chamber and to go to Bed. *Don Diego* and his three Sons came to pay him their Respects, and the Manner in which they expressed themselves made it appear to me, that they had conceived a great Esteem for him, equally perhaps affected with his graceful Mien and with a Tenderness which they had for him on *Donna Diana's*

na's Account. The Count *de Mancenez* who had 'till then lost, as it were, the Use of his Tongue, and who had contented himself with officiously attending his Friend in every Step he made, came and embraced him with all the Marks of a lively and sincere Friendship, and *Don Porterra* imitated his Example. So many Objects of Grief and Tenderness, all extremely moving, forced Tears from my Eyes, and I could not distinguish by which of them I was the most affected. We consulted with the *Alcaid* what Measures were now proper to be taken, and it was at last resolved that the Count *de Mancenez* should take the Trouble of going, without Delay, to the *Escurial*, where the King was to continue some Days; that the *Alcaid* should accompany him, and that they should jointly give his Majesty a faithful Account of this tragical Adventure. They took Journey immediately and soon arrived at the *Escurial* not many Miles distant. We behaved in *Don d' Alavestras's* House as if it had belonged to us, ordering Victuals to be made ready, and what was necessary for the two Patients. I asked the Surgeon privately if he thought *Donna Diana's* Wound mortal, he answered that she might live for some Days, but that there was no Hopes of her Recovery. I begged of him to dissemble with the Marquis, and to assist me in preparing him, by Degrees, to support this Loss. He rose ten Times in an Hour to go to his Mistress's Bed-side, sometimes he found her half asleep, and returned content with having seen her, and when she perceived him, he said some tender Things, begging her not to speak for fear of weakening her. He every Moment consulted the Surgeon, who still gave him Hopes, and indeed that Afternoon she found herself much better, so that we all sat down by her Bed-side and conversed together, but with low soft Voices, so as not to disturb her. *Don Diego* and her three Brothers shewed

shewed a Regard for the Marquis which gave her great Pleasure, and who had seen us would have believed that we made but one Family united by the most tender and cordial Friendship.

IN the Evening the Count *de Mancenez* and the *Alcaid* returned with News so agreeable, and so far above our Expectations, that they gave us all the Joy which our melancholy Condition could admit of. The King, already prepossessed against the perfidious *Alavestras*, approved the Revenge which *Don Diego* had taken, and could not hear of *Donna de Pastrino's* Barbarity without Emotion. Simple Death, *said he to the Count*, is not a sufficient Punishment for such monstrous Villainies, and since the Offenders have escaped the Ignominy of publick Execution, there is still a Way remaining to satisfy Justice. I give to the Daughter of *Don de Velcz* the whole Estates of *Don d' Alavestras* and *Donna de Pastrino*. This Favour was no sooner granted than the Count had the Credit to get it confirmed by Letters Patent in due Form, which he brought along with him, and delivered into *Donna Diana's* Hands, after telling what's above. Such an unexpected Event did much Honour to the Count, and he received the general Thanks. *Don Diego's* Joy could not be contained, and the Marquis was in Raptures, because this was an Introduction to the Success of his Hopes. *Donna Diana* herself could not help being touched with it, and giving Marks of her Satisfaction, which, one might easily see, was all upon the Marquis's Account, with whom she thought this new Addition to her Fortune would bring her more upon a Level, for she was now Mistress of no less than fifty thousand Livres a Year, *Don d' Alavestras's* Estate being commonly reckoned thirty five thousand, and *Donna Pastrino's* fifteen or sixteen. The next Day *Don Diego* sent his eldest Son to *Madrid* to have the Grant ratified, and

went himself to thank his Majesty for so unexpected a Favour, and he was so graciously received that he returned as much satisfied with that, as he had been with the Gift.

IN the mean time *Donna Diana's* Wound grew sensibly worse, and she every now and then had fainting Fits which made the Surgeon tremble. I thought her a dying on the third Day, but recovering a little by proper Care, the Surgeon told me that she might hold out to the ninth Day, but he promised much more to the Marquis, who begged of him, in the most pressing Terms, every Moment to tell him the worst. She may die, *said he*, but you are not yet yourself out of Danger, if you don't take more Care. I hope, by my Diligence, to restore you both to perfect Health, which made the Lover judge of his Mistress's Wound by his own, and as he felt himself in a Condition not to be much afraid, his Fears for her gradually abated; however, her frequent Faintings alarmed him. My God! *said he to me one Day*, what would become of me should I lose her? I should not survive her a Quarter of an Hour. I answered that the best was to be hoped from the Bounty of Heaven, that the Surgeon was not under great Concern for her fainting, and that a great deal was to be expected from her Youth and Constitution. But after all, *continued I*, has not Heaven the absolute Disposal of her Life as well as of yours and mine? Suppose your own should be snatched away, must you not submit and make a Sacrifice of your Youth, Rank, and all your Expectations? Heaven may in the same manner deprive you of *Donna Diana*; are not you obliged to submit with the same Resignation? Love her, my dear Marquis, for she is so lovely that she well deserves your Affection, but remember that you ought to love God more than her, and that every Man of Honour must have this way of thinking. What-
ever

ever Hopes we may have of her Recovery, I would have you sometimes to think of her Loss, that if it should happen, you may have acquired Strength of Mind to support it. Begin betimes to practise this severe Trial, which is a Means, in a Manner, to render you superior to your Passion, and without loving less, your Passion will be such then as Reason and Religion require. He answered, that he was very sensible of the Truth of what I said, but that looking upon the Loss of *Donna Diana* as the most terrible Misfortune that could happen, he was not able to reconcile himself to that frightful Idea ; that on the contrary he endeavoured to banish it far from him, and hoped only that, if Heaven thought proper to take her from him, and decreed that he should survive her, he should receive Strength from above, which he had not yet experienced, and which could not come but from the powerful Hand of God. This Answer, which at least implied a Foundation in Religion, and a Confidence in God, pleased me much, and I assured him that the Succours of Heaven, when earnestly asked, were never denied, but always proportioned to our Wants and Necessities.

THE Castle of *Sierra* being now in the Property of *Donna Diana*, we were in no Haste to leave it. I waited till the Marquis could safely return to *Madrid*. Besides, it would have been treating him with the utmost Rigour, to force him away before she was out of Danger. The Condition that they both were in, and *Don Diego's* Presence and mine, left no Room for Calumny. The ninth Day, which the Surgeon said would be a critical one for *Donna Diana*, gave me great Concern, and I waited for it with Impatience. It came at last, and she had only her usual fainting Fits when the Wound was dressed, without any Symptoms of the Distemper's encreasing, at which the Surgeon expressed the utmost Joy, and told me that he was under no Ap-

prehenſions till the thirteenth Day, and that he would answer for her Cure, if ſhe had Strength enough to ſurvive that Day.

IN the Evening of this happy Day, I mean the ninth, I had gone down to take the Air at the Gate, and was juſt returning, when I heard the Noiſe of Horſes galloping full ſpeed, and having turned about I perceived *Le Brun*, who brought us News from *Paris*. He had come to *Madrid*, and *Don Porterra* had taken Poſt to conduct him hither. I told them both not to appear in the Marquis's Chamber, 'till I read my Letters, which I opened directly. There was one for the Marquis under flying Seal, which I read firſt. For in the preſent State of Affairs, I could not look upon *Le Brun's* Arrival and the Duke's Answer, as Things of no Importance. It was ſuch as I expected, that is to ſay, tender and flattering, and promiſed all, without granting any Thing.

You judge right, ſaid his Letter to the Marquis, *to depend that I will never reſuſe what is neceſſary for your Happineſs; and therefore be aſſured that you ſhall marry Donna Diana de Velez, if your Paſſion is ſo ſtrong that you cannot overcome it. I am very well ſatisfied with the Character that Mr. de Renoncour has given her, and have always been of Opinion, that Merit and Birth are preferable to Poſts and Riches. But you are young, and your Miſtreſs is ſo too. You left France with a Deſign to travel ſome Years: At leaſt finiſh your Travels, which muſt be interrupted ſhould you now marry her. You'll return more worthy of her, and I give you my Promiſe, that I will then conſent to your Requeſt. I grant you a great deal, don't deny me this little, &c.*

THE reſt of the Letter was in this Strain, and ſo artfully contrived, that I made no Doubt but that,

that, notwithstanding the impatient Vivacity of the Marquis, he would find a great deal of Sweetness in the soft Manner of it, and that he would read it with Satisfaction. I then opened my own, in which the Duke laid open his Heart to me without Reserve, and expressed himself as a true Father. He did not conceal, that his Son's Marriage with a Stranger would give him great Uneasiness and disconcert all his Views.

But his Letter, said he, makes me tremble, and the Spirit I know him to be of, makes me dread his Resolution. If Donna Diana be such as you represent her, I shall not look upon her becoming my Daughter as an absolute Misfortune. . . . I leave you entire Master of this Affair and trust wholly to your Prudence. Endeavour to cure my Son, and to make him leave Spain; but above all, I intreat you'll manage him with Gentleness, and if you find his Cure impossible, I shall approve of whatever you do, &c.

UPON reading this Letter, I could not but equally admire the Wisdom of the Duke, and his Affection for the Marquis, and the Confidence with which he honoured me, touched me very sensibly. I considered with myself what Course I was to take, and what Use I should make of the unlimited Power granted me. In the extreme Danger wherein *Donna Diana* was, to assure her of being united to her Lover, was running no great Risk. If the worst happens, she will die more content, and this will in some Measure alleviate the Marquis's Grief. But if she recovers, we shall easily persuade her to wait 'till we have finished our Travels; or if the Marquis's Impatience should render him deaf to the Duke's Reasons; in that Case we must behave as Circumstances direct. I see nothing now that ought to make me dislike this Marriage. *Don Di-*

ego is descended of an ancient Family; he has served the King with Honour, and in a distinguished Employment; his Daughter, besides her Merit and Beauty which render her worthy of a Crown, has now an opulent Fortune. After I had taken this Resolution, I sealed the Letter addressed to the Marquis, and went up to his Chamber. I come to acquaint you, *said I*, that *Le Brun* is arrived, and here is a Letter which he has brought you. He opened it with a surprizing Eagerness; but stopt short when I thought he was going to read it, and, seized as it were with a sudden Fright, asked me if I did not already know what it contained. If you know it to be contrary to my Wishes, spare me the Trouble of reading the Sentence of my Death. Read, Read, *said I*, you are not condemned to die; upon which he read it, and having a very penetrating and lively Genius, found out immediately upon what Account the Duke proposed Delays. However he seemed to be touched with his Indulgence, and I could see some Tears trickling down his Cheeks. I asked him if he was not satisfied, and of what he complained. No, *answered he*, I don't complain of my Father, he promises his Consent after our Travels are ended, if I continue to love *Donna Diana*; and I know him too well to be afraid that he will fail in performing his Promise; but why does he hope that I will change, for this is the Thing his cruel Delay aims at; and if I have sufficiently made it known to him, that I am not capable of changing, why would he give me needless Torments by delaying my Happiness? If you'll only consider, *replied I*, that your Marriage would now be a sort of Chain upon your Youth, and deprive you of a thousand Advantages as yet necessary to your Education, you'll agree that the Duke your Father reasons very justly. But let us not at present be too anxious of what is to come. *Donna Diana*

Diana is not in a Condition to think of Weddings. Let us confine ourselves to the present, and therefore, go and shew her the Letter which you have received. This News will give her so much Joy that it may perhaps contribute to her Recovery; and I even consent, if you incline to it, that we conceal from her she has any other Delays to fear but what her Indisposition must occasion; after which we went together into her Room and found her pretty quiet, she presented her Hand to the Marquis when he approached the Bed-side (for this unhappy Accident made them more familiar than they were before) and told him in a feeble Voice and her Eyes still fixed upon him, but still full of that sweet Vivacity which all the Sharpness of her Disease could not extinguish: Dear Marquis, *said she*, I was just now meditating upon a very melancholy Subject: I was thinking that you would not love me after my Recovery, for perhaps the little Beauty I had, and which touched you, will be gone, and, consequently, you'll become indifferent. He answered immediately in this Manner. Though your Distemper should alter your Beauty, yet still I shall view you with a Lover's Eye, did not I begin to love you? Why do you imagine that I am capable of Change? No, no, though my Passion entered at my Eyes, it has reached to the inmost Recesses of my Heart, from which it never can depart. I now bring you Proofs, *added he*, and happy should I be, could they give you any Joy. Our Hearts will be for ever united when you think proper. My Father consents to our Marriage in a Letter which my *Valet de Chambre*, who is now returned from *Paris*, has brought me; do you give your Consent, my dear *Diana*, *continued he*, falling on his Knees and leaning upon her Bed, will your Heart consent to the Happiness of mine without Reluctancy? You are now Mistress of my Fate and it shall be so while I live.

WHAT a strange Passion is Love! *Donna Diana*, notwithstanding the Weakness to which nine Days of a mortal Wound had reduced her, appeared to me more charming than ever I had seen her, upon hearing this agreeable News. All the Blood she had lost did not hinder her Cheeks from being coloured with a beautiful Vermilion, nor her Eyes from throwing out a thousand Darts of Love. She expressed her Sentiments in these few but significant Words. 'I only desire Life that I may be yours, gently squeezing his Hand, and when you cease to love me, may Heaven deprive me of it.' I was afraid that speaking might be prejudicial to her Health, and therefore made Hast to prevent her going on, by confirming what the Marquis had said, and assuring her that she would be received at the Court of *France* with Admiration. Upon this the Surgeon came in and told us that our Conversation had put the Lady's Spirits in an Agitation which did not at all suit with her present Condition, and therefore begged we would retire.

DON Diego already knew that *Le Bruy* was returned when we went to inform him of the Success of his Journey. We thought proper, at the same Time, to let him know the Marquis's true Name, which gave him so great Joy, that he thanked him a thousand Times for the Honour he did his Family. The young Lover embraced him tenderly, calling him by the Name of dear Father, and then ran with open Arms to his Mistress's three Brothers. In short, this agreeable News was in a Moment spread all over the House, and gave general Joy. But alas! it was to be of short Duration, and might only be termed a small Respite to prepare us for the greatest of all Misfortunes. What avail all human Precautions when contrary to the immutable Will of Heaven! The Remedies of Art, the Cares of Love, our Vows, our Prayers, and our Tears, were all
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in vain, for it was decreed from above that the Marquis should for ever lose his lovely *Diana*. I wish I could with Justice to my History avoid this sad Passage, because I am sensible that to paint the shocking Scene in proper Colours is too hard a Task for me. My Reader may, with Reason, be surpris'd to find me at a Loss that Way, me whom so many sad Exigencies, of which I have been either the unhappy Object, or mournful Spectator, ought to have taught the Language of Grief and Sorrow. But may not this be the Reason, that my Heart, subjected to constant and fatal Experience, has received such Impressions as no Language can describe? Be that as it will, of all the troublesom Adventures that attended our Travels this was the most dreadful, and in which the poor Marquis was put to the severest Trial.

WE went to Bed pretty late with a favourable Opinion of *Donna Diana's* Wound, the pleasing Ideas of which soon lulled the Marquis asleep: For my own Part, I was in a profound Sleep, when on a sudden I was awaked by the Surgeon, who told me very plainly that he was deceived if *Donna Diana* had above two Hours to live. What do you tell me? *said I*, she was in so hopeful a Way last Night when we left her. To deal ingenuously, *replied he*, she never was so, but 'till this Night I entertained some small Hopes of her. You know, *continued he*, that I lie upon a Mattress in her Chamber; about one this Morning I slept to her Bed-side and found her without pulse and insensible. My Elixir brought her to her Senses, but with so many Symptoms of approaching Death that I despaired of her Life; upon which I called for her Father and the Priest, who are both now in her Chamber. When her Confession was over she earnestly desired to speak with the Marquis. I dare not be the Messenger of such bad News, but rather chuse to come first to you. I

rose immediately and went to *Donna Diana's* Chamber, and when I was near her she asked me if I would not give her the Satisfaction of seeing her dear Marquis before her Death. I answered with Tears in my Eyes, that I would go and awake him, or rather, carry his Sentence of Death, by letting him know that he was upon the Point of losing her. After I had left the Room I was very much puzzled how to behave, or in what Manner I should acquaint him with this News. To see his Mistress expiring, to be struck with so unexpected a Blow, and transported with Love and Grief, who could assure me, weak as he was, that he would not accompany her to the Grave! However much I was concerned at *Donna Diana's* Condition, yet I was undetermined if I should grant her Request, lest it might have a fatal Effect upon the Marquis, who was dearer to me than can be imagined. Under this Perplexity Heaven came to my Succour, by inspiring me with an Expedient, which not only served to procure these tender Lovers the only Satisfaction which they could now expect, but also to alleviate the Marquis's Despair before, and after the Loss of his Mistress. I went straight to his Chamber, which for some Days past was near mine, and found him awake. Sir, *said I to him in a resolute Tone, in order to rouse up his Spirits, I have just now seen Donna Diana who appears to be worse than Yesterday. I could wish that you would go and see her too. You can't shew too great Zeal for one to whom you are so dear. Besides, to let you into a Secret which I have hitherto concealed from you, the Duke, your Father, in a Letter which you have not seen, gives me a Power to render you happy in the Possession of your Mistress, which I am resolved to do this Morning: For should it please Heaven to deprive you of her, it would be, at least, some small Comfort to you that she died yours. The Priest is*

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ready,

ready, so get up and come along with me. Though I cannot disapprove of your Grief, yet, let me advise you not to let it get so much the Mastery of you as to expose your Weakness. Consider you have *Spaniards* as Witnesses who know how to set a just Value upon true Greatness of Soul, and who are now informed of your Name. To betray Want of Courage in their Presence, would throw a Blemish upon your Character. In a Word, the Duke your Father's Honour, and your own are now at Stake. Let this Motive guard you against any Thing of mean Behaviour, and while I do more than I can well account for, spare me the Confusion of seeing you do any Thing that is mean under my Conduct.

HE was a little stunned at this severe Harangue, which was the Effect I desired it might have upon him. He quickly put on his Clothes, and as we went along I often repeated no Effeminacy, Sir; now is the Time to shew your Courage, do not betray such a Want of it as may redound to your Dishonour. We entered the Chamber where we found *Donna Diana* just expiring, but as she still preserved her Senses she perceived us. The Marquis judging by the Attendants that were about her, that she had not long to live, was just going to cast himself upon his Knees before her when I stopped him, and presenting him to *Don Diego*, Here is, Sir, said I to him, the only Son of the Duke of**** You are no Stranger to his Passion for *Donna Diana*. Let his Love and Grief have the Satisfaction of his being now united to her with Bands that Death only can dissolve. I ask this Favour for him in the Duke his Father's Name. *Don Diego* answered shedding Tears, that he consented to it as the greatest Honour could be done him, upon which the Room was filled with Sighs and Tears. I desired the Priest to advance, and *Donna Diana* had still Strength to present her Hand to her dear Lover, and

after plighting their mutual Faith received the Benediction.

WHAT Influence this moving Scene may have upon the Readers I know not, but sure I am, the Sight of it would have moved a Heart of Stone. The Marquis still clasped her Hand in his, and observed her dying away without being able to pronounce one Word; Each Sigh she fetched were as so many Drops of Blood issuing from his Heart. As for her we could sometimes hear her, with a broken and decayed Voice, saying, Farewel my dear Marquis, remember me: I die your Spouse; now and then she endeavoured to give his Hand a gentle Squeeze. She once turned her Eyes towards me, and shewing me the Marquis's Hand, 'tis to you, *said she*, that I am indebted for what I now hold. I attempted to exhort them both to take Courage and to submit to the Will of Heaven: But though to appearance I was calm, yet inwardly I was far from being so, and frequently obliged to turn about to wipe off the Tears which I could not retain.

BUT why should I dwell longer upon so melancholy a Subject? At last the amiable unfortunate *Diana* fetched a deep Sigh, and breathed her last. She is dead, said I to the Marquis, in a resolute Tone; what now remains, is, to recommend her to the divine Mercy, and to perpetuate a pious Memory of her. As he was going to throw himself upon the Body of the deceased, I caught him in my Arms. He struggled hard to get from me, but his Strength failing all at once, he swooned away in my Arms, and with the Assistance of *Scoti* and *Brisfant*, I carried him to his own Chamber, after I had respectfully kissed *Donna Diana's* Hand, whom I was to see no more. Death made but little Alteration in her Countenance, Features so regular as hers could not be easily disfigured, and bating for a
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little Paleness, one would have taken her for a Person who being fatigued, enjoyed a soft and sweet Repose.

I would have had the Marquis transported a hundred Leagues from *Spain*, had I thought it practicable without Danger. But how could I think of exposing him so soon to the Fatigue of a long Journey. Though there was no Hazard to be apprehended from the Wound, yet it was still tender and not quite healed. The Regimen that the Surgeon had prescribed to him was exactly to be observed, and therefore I resolved to have him carried to *Madrid*. After these Reflections, my next Endeavours were to recover him out of this fainting Fit, and he no sooner opened his Eyes than he stared round about him, and seeing that we surrounded his Bed so as to prevent the Effects of his first Transports, he lifted up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven in the most passionate Manner: O God! *cried he*, shall I not be allowed to follow her? Must I live without her? Ah! my dear Father, *added he, addressing himself to me*, why do you hinder me from dying? I sat down by his Bed and took him by the Hand, how, *said I*, my dear Marquis have you all at once lost the Sentiments of Courage with which you so lately seemed to be possessed! You look upon Death as the only Remedy of your Misfortunes, and do not consider that your Reason and Greatness of Soul are sufficient to support you. Hear me, my dear Child, and reflect on what I am going to say. Of whom do you complain? Of the Duke your Father, who has writ you so affectionate a Letter, and has granted all you desired? Or of your Spouse, who quitted Life so well pleased with that Title, and who perhaps at this Instant is afflicted with your Tears, desiring nothing more than to see you easy and happy? Or is it of me who have always looked upon you as a Child dearer to me
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than my self, and have gratified you in every Thing that the utmost Tenderness could suggest? You must then charge Heaven with your Affliction; yes, it is God alone that gave the Stroke, and to him alone it is to be ascribed. Let us see then if you pretend to dispute his Authority, to irritate him by your Murmurings, dare him by your Transports; and by your Obstinacy, in not submitting to his Will, contemn his Power, and reproach him with Injustice. I will not allow myself to think that you can sink to such an Excess of Impiety. You have a Sense of Religion; there is no such Thing as being a Man of Honour without it, and this is the proper Time to exert it. Come, my dear Marquis, *added I*, embracing him tenderly, let us bear our Misfortunes as Men of Honour and Christians, let us bewail the charming *Diana*, but still keep within the Bounds of Submission due to Heaven, and by this Resignation we may hope to obtain such Comfort and Succour as will be necessary.

I could not positively say whether he attended to what I said: For he lay with one Cheek upon the Pillow, with his Eyes shut, and Streams of Tears flowing from them, and his Hands, which I held in mine, sometimes shook with Violence, occasioned by the Agitation of his Spirits. You make me no Answer, *continued I*, in a melancholy Tone, I see you have no more Friendship for me, and are resolved to break my Heart with Grief. At this Reproach he opened his Eyes. Ah! *said he*, my Friendship for you is unalterable, but is not my Sorrow just? If you refuse me Death, what Comfort can I have in Life? You should, in Pity to my Afflictions, suffer me to die. You may, indeed, refuse me this only Relief of my Misery, but my Grief, more kind than you, will do the Business. I then proposed that we should leave this fatal Place. He answered that all Places were alike to him since
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he would every where find a Grave. I laid hold of this Consent, and, ordering *Scoti* to attend the Marquis, went immediately to wait on *Don Diego*, whom I found overwhelmed in Sorrow. I told him in two Words my Design, and begged he would lend us a Coach; that the dismal Condition of the poor Marquis obliged me to hasten our Departure, and not to attend the Funerals of *Donna Diana*, which I hoped he would excuse, assuring him, that as soon as his Son-in-Law was conversable, we would wait upon him at his own House, where we should pay our grateful Acknowledgment for the Favours we had received, with Assurances of eternal Friendship. He proposed to accompany me to the Marquis's Chamber, but I begged of him not to appear where he was, because his Presence would only augment his Despair. I returned, while the Servants were preparing the Coach, to the Marquis's Chamber, where I found that a Moment of my Absence had occasioned great Disorder. I had scarce left the Room when his Despair rose to a greater Height than ever, and it was with the greatest Difficulty he could be prevented from laying violent Hands upon himself. His Design was to go once more to see his Mistress, and to expire at her Side. He expressed his Grief in so lively and moving a manner, that he drew Tears from the Eyes of all the Spectators; but upon my Appearance he grew a little calmer. Come, *said I*, Sir, let us leave this Mansion of Grief; but before we go it is fit you take some Refreshment, which I forced him to do, though much against his Inclination. In short, we got into the Coach, and arrived in the Evening at *Don Porterra's* House. It may be easily imagined that our Journey was none of the most agreeable, and that I had no small Task upon my Hands to keep him a little moderate.

THERE

THERE was no speaking to him for some Days, but at last my Intreaties, with the Assistance of the Count *de Mancenez* and all his other Friends, made him abandon the Design of dying. But he had no sooner made the Promise than he told me that he engaged too far, and perhaps more than he was able to perform. I answered, that I could freely depend upon his Word, and that, besides, I relied much upon his Courage; that I would advise him to contribute all he could to his speedy Recovery, in order to leave *Spain*, and fly from a Country which had been so fatal to him; at the same time promising never to oppose his Grief, while it remained within the Bounds of Reason, and that he should always find in me a tender and faithful Friend, into whose Bosom he might freely pour his Sorrows. Upon which he assured me with Embraces, that since he had lost his dear *Diana*, I was the Person that was dearest to him upon Earth. This Manner of sharing his Affliction and flattering his Melancholy, seemed to me to be the best Way of comforting him, and the best Remedy for his Distemper. And indeed it succeeded better than studied Morality and rigid Remonstrances, which he was in no Condition to relish. The Count *de Mancenez* had often proposed my going to see the famous Convent at the *Escorial*, where he had a Relation who was a Religious of the *Feronomite* Order. I endeavoured to prevail with the Marquis to go along with us, hoping that at his Return, if not entirely comforted, he would, at least, be in a Condition to visit and take leave of our Friends, and then set out for *Lisbon*. The King being returned to *Buen Retiro*, we had the more Liberty at the *Escorial*. The Count having dispatched a Messenger to acquaint his Cousin of our intended Visit, in a short Time after we set out ourselves. He was Manager or Procurator of the Monastery of *St. Laurence*; that is to

say, he was Master, for these Employments give full Power among the Monks. He made us very sensible of his Authority by the splendid Entertainment we met with for three Days: He was of a gay and lively Humour, and happy in a quick Turn of Wit. The Count had given him a Hint of the Marquis's Melancholy, so that he spared no Pains to divert him. He shewed us the King's Apartments, the Church which is magnificent, and the Chapel under Ground, in which are the Tombs of the *Spanish* Kings. He also conducted us into the two Libraries, where we saw several Monks with Books in their Hands, and reading with great Application. Study, *said he*, is in great Esteem here, and you'll find few Religious in *Spain*, who make a greater Progress in Learning than we of this Convent; so that many good Performances, beneficial both to Church and State, have gone out of this House, and it is to our learned Men that we owe the Esteem with which the Public honours us. Providence must have a Hand in this, *added he*, for it is surprizing that there should be any Person among us who has Courage enough to undergo the Fatigues of Study. I do not mean the Drudgery of the Thing itself, because that becomes easy and agreeable when the Inclination goes along with it. I only speak of the hard Treatment Students meet with from our Superior-general, a meer Clown of mean Extraction and no personal Merit, who has raised himself, I do not know how, to the Dignity he now enjoys, and, being himself illiterate to the last Degree, pays no Regard to Learning or learned Men. Your Character of him, *replied the Count de Mancenez*, perfectly agrees with the Public Opinion; but your Comfort is, that he is too old to live long. I should be obliged to you, *continued he*, if you would make these Gentlemen acquainted with the Person whom every Body wishes to be his Successor, and

of whom you have often given me a very favourable Character. He is as polite and agreeable, *replied the Procurator*, as the other is rough and unfociable. You will see a Man, whom a long Acquaintance with the World has civilized, and who has acquired at the Court of *Rome*, where he long remained, a consummate Experience and the best of Manners, free from that mysterious and designing Air so common in *Italy*; so that he is not only open and free in Conversation, but also of a Genius very capable of Business. I expressed a desire to see a Religious of this Stamp, and my Longing was satisfied that very Evening, for he came and supped with us. His Name was *Father Codranus*, Deputy Superior of *St. Lawrence*, and whatever Esteem the Procurator's Character of him might raise in us, it was heightened by his agreeable Conversation, and the Civilities which he shewed us, which deserved, at least, this last Encomium.

THE Procurator finding that we were curious to be particularly informed of the Names and Talents of the Learned in this House; I shall here insert what he told us.

THE first and oldest, named *Father Benito*, was a Man of Quality, who had employed his whole Life in Study, and *Spain* was stocked with his Works. His Learning was universal, which made him dip in every Thing, he was blest with a happy Memory, and indefatigable in his Labour: These Qualifications, together with his Travels, Inquiries, and voluminous Writings have given him a distinguished Rank among the *Spanish* Authors: But after all we must not expect to find in his Writings, what one may call a good Choice, a more than common Judgment, Elegance of Stile, even in his own Language, or any Thing of profound and exact Criticism. In one Word, all that can be said of them is, that he is tolerably

lerably acquainted with several Languages, has read much, and published a great many Books.

ANOTHER, whom we saw in the Library, named Father *Quibetas*, had undertaken to make a Collection of all the *Spanish* Historians, but he is not equal to the Task, continued the Procurator, shaking his Head. Were there no more necessary but to give us the Text of every Author, exactly copied from the MSS. or Books already printed, something very correct might be expected from him; but for Dissertations, clearing up of Difficulties, a solid Judgment of the Merit and Usefulness of every Historian, or a reconciling of Times or Facts are Things that none are to expect from him. Wit, Judgment, and a thorough Knowledge of History are requisite for such Undertakings: However, added he, one Father *Telos*, a Man skilled in History, and who may be very useful, is admitted a Partner.

WE saw a great many others, whose Characters, in their Turns, we learned from our Friend; such as Father *Rammes*, a Man well versed in the Writings of the Fathers, and in the Ecclesiastical History, of whom there are some accurate Pieces that do honour to their Author. Father *Vedro* ancient Professor of *Theology*, that is to say, he had exercised that Function several Years ago, but had not continued in it long, as appeared, said the Procurator, by his Works. In other Respects, he had a ready and delicate Turn of Wit, particularly calculated for little diverting Pieces. Father *Sipes*, Author of a celebrated History, the Title of which I cannot now recollect, but the Printer made his Fortune by it, was a young Man of a great deal of Wit and Reading, but too full of himself. Having had some Minutes Conversation with him, he shewed me some Pieces of *French* Poetry which he said he had set to Musick, and withal assured me they were of

his own Composition, though I knew them by heart more than ten Years ago, which made me admire this Rencounter as a Phænomenon in Literature.

THE Procurator made us take Notice of two Religious of a good Appearance, deeply engaged at the Corner of a Window, in dispute, probably upon some Point of Learning. Do you observe, *said he to me*, him with the plump and ruddy Face, his Name is Father *Erasmus*, he is a Man of a great deal of Wit, and Study is but a Diversion to him: He has undertook a considerable Work, and is capable of acquitting himself with Honour: He is of a gay jovial Humour, and has a particular Talent at turning a Jest agreeably: He loves his Friends, and will zealously serve them upon Occasion: In short, he has a thousand good Qualities. On the other Hand, would you know a peevish ill-natured Fellow, a Man-hater, full of Spleen, indolent to the last Degree, quite dull and heavy, a Slanderer who neither regards Friends nor Foes. Ha, ha, *interrupted I*, you no doubt mean him who is with Father *Erasmus*; of what different Characters are these two Men. Not at all, *answered he*, I speak of the same Man, Father *Erasmus* himself has all these Contradictions in his Composition, and you have only to see him at different Times. Sometimes he is such as I represented him at first, but the Moment after he is quite a different Man. One would be apt to imagine that this strange Man had two Souls which presided by Turns, and have quite different Inclinations. He is a rational Creature, as you or I, but you never see him but by Halves, sometimes rational, and sometimes a meer Brute. The other with him is called Father *Tilman*; he is a Man of Letters, but of so weak a Head, that too much Study may without a Miracle crack his Brains.

THUS

THUS the Procurator pass'd the greatest Part of his Brethren in Review, and the agreeable Turn that he gave to the different Characters was very diverting. I took care at Night to write down what I remembred of his Conversation, and you have it here as I found it in my Pocket-Book. It will, at least, serve to acquaint my Readers that the Sciences are not neglected in *Spain*; and that the Monastery of St. *Laurence* at the *Escorial* contains a Number of eminent Persons, several of whose Names have escaped my Memory.

THE Marquis seem'd insensible to every thing the Procurator had said to divert him, and did not even hear the Conversation; his Soul was, as it were, entomb'd with *Donna Diana*. I sometimes teiz'd him upon his melancholy Thoughtfulness, but he assur'd me, that he was easi and enjoy'd inward Peace, but Sighs and Tears which he could not stop, often betray'd him. We left the *Escorial*, after having remained three Days, and being returned to *Madrid*, I thought of nothing but to take leave of our Friends as soon as possible, and to be gone out of *Spain*. It was a considerable Time before I could come to a Resolution, whether I should visit my Relations who resid'd in different Parts of the Kingdom, at least, one of them, who was for the most part at Court. I had often seen him, but only as a Stranger. At last, I determin'd to see none of them. Perhaps, said I to myself, I shall not only be oblig'd to tell them my Name, but also to bring Proofs of my Birth, the *Spaniards* being proud and haughty. Besides, I should have no great Pleasure now in their Company; and therefore I gave *Scoti* Orders to make ready for our Journey to *Lisbon*. As to our ceremonial Visits of Adieu, I wish'd we might have been excus'd from paying one to *Don Diego de Velez*, for I too plainly foresaw what a Shock it would give the Marquis; but good Manners

Manners made it indispensable. We began however, with the Duke of *Montalto*, whom we had not seen since his Visit to the Marquis at *Buen Retiro*. Publick Report had informed him of our Misfortunes. He made very much of the Marquis, and had the Discretion not to take the least Notice of his Misfortunes, but begged to hear from him, let the Place where he was be ever so distant from *Spain*; and when he understood that we intended for *Lisbon*, he was so kind as to offer us Letters of Recommendation to several of the Nobility of that Court, which we accepted, though we had brought some with us from *Paris*, and designed to make Use of neither, but under an absolute Necessity. Our last Adieu was tender. This lovely Nobleman embraced us a thousand times, and begged we would reckon him among the best of our Friends. We went from thence to most of the Persons from whom we had received Marks of Friendship or Civility. I deferred till next Day our two dearest Visits: I mean that of the Count *de Mancenez* and *Don Diego*. Come, let us go, said I to the Marquis, and bid farewell to our dearest Friends, and let us begin with the lovely Count, who has given you so many Proofs of a generous sincere Friendship, that he deserves your highest Acknowledgment and a hearty Return of Friendship. I had sent a Footman beforehand to acquaint him with our intended Visit. The Moment he saw us the Tears came trickling down his Cheeks, and ours were not dry, and thus we remained for some time, without being able to pronounce one Word. *Donna Eliza* came running in the Moment she heard of our being there, and finding us in that melancholy Posture, mixed her Tears with ours. At last, I made an Effort to tell them, that it was no Wonder we were under the greatest Concern when we came to bid Adieu to Persons who had been our generous and constant Friends,

Friends, and the Reader may easily judge how moving the Sequel of this Conversation must have been. They absolutely insisted upon our dining with them for the last time. The Discourse insensibly turned upon the unfortunate *Donna Diana*, and we were all drowned in Tears. At last, we took our leave of this charming Couple, with inexpressible Regret, and in that Moment we found, by Experience, that the Sentiments resulting from sincere Friendship are as tender and almost as violent as those of Love. The dear Count would still accompany us to *Don Diego's*, who expected us, having sent him word that we were to wait upon him. The Reader, I hope, will pardon me if I hurry over this mournful Interview. It falls too heavy upon me, when I even but relate the Circumstances of a Grief which I formerly felt. My Heart is still too much affected, and all my old Misfortunes range themselves before my Eyes in their most dismal Dress. I brought the Marquis Home in a Condition that made me uncertain whether we ought to leave the Town next Day, as I had determined, and had given Orders. But the Night's Repose having somewhat recovered him, and all Things being ready, we set out Post in our Chaise next Morning early, attended with four Servants on horseback, for you must know that the illustrious *Brissant* had been permitted to follow the Marquis.



MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

B O O K IX.

A Man delivered, all at once, from a heavy Burthen, could not think himself more eased than I upon my getting out of *Madrid*. I breathed with more Ease and Freedom, as if the Air we were now got into had been purer, or as if I had been at once cured of an Obstruction of the Lungs: Upon which I embraced the Marquis with Emotions of Joy that I had not for a long Time felt. Are not you satisfied, *said I to him*, with our Departure, and do not you already perceive that our Removal may contribute to give your Heart some Ease? He answered me sighing, that Grievs such as his required more powerful Remedies, and that he in vain left *Madrid* in Quest of Ease and Peace, since he had an Image stamped upon his Heart, which during Life would be to him a Source of endless Sorrow. Do not expect, *continued he*, that ever I shall resume my former gay Humour, I will live, since Heaven ordains I should: But I choose Sadness as my Companion for Life; I feel a secret Pleasure
in

in indulging it, and all the Gaieties the World affords can not yield me so much Satisfaction as the Tears which you now see me shed, and which is an Advantage that none can deprive me of.

IT was not as yet Time to offer Arguments, or pretend to cure him intirely, for which Reason I only said, that I hoped Time and his own Resolution would produce good Effects, that, far from condemning a moderate Grief, I thought it highly just to preserve, while he lived, the Memory of a Person who had so tenderly loved him. We had no extraordinary Adventure upon the Road but what happened to the Marquis in a Village beyond *Placentia*, where we designed to lodge that Night: While Supper was preparing he stepped out, and to indulge his melancholy Reflections, went into a large Wood near the Place, where, having wandered without thinking what he was doing, he quite lost himself, and could by no Means find the Way back again. Surprised at his long Stay, I caused Search for him all about 'till it was dark, and all I could learn was, that he had been observed to go into the Wood, but Nobody had seen him return which made me extremely uneasy. I made them set Bundles of Straw on Fire in above an hundred Places; and sent above twenty Persons of the Village, who knew all the Windings of the Wood, to seek him. At length, about Midnight, that is to say, after I had passed three or four Hours in a Disquiet not to be expressed, I saw him return on Horseback with two young *Spaniards* much about his own Age along with him. He made some Apologies for his Stay, which had been partly owing to these two Gentlemen. He then told me that having lost his Way in the Wood, and endeavouring to find it out, he had accidentally met with them as they returned from Hunting, and having informed them that he had lost his Way, begged they

they would be so good as to put him in the right Road again; but instead of doing him that Favour, they had carried him straight to their own House on the other Side of the Wood, and had obliged him to stay Supper, and would I have taken their Advice, *added he*, I should have taken a Bed with them, which their Civility would have engaged me to accept of, had I not been apprehensive that my Absence would have made you uneasy. I was so pleased to see him, that I soon forgot the Trouble I had been under. The two *Spaniards* were young Gentlemen of Quality who were charmed with this Rencounter, and observing by our Figure and Equipage that we were no ordinary Persons, they pressed us to stay some Days with them at their Country-Seat, but I was too anxious to be out of *Spain* to consent, however we returned them many Thanks for their Civility. They past the rest of the Night with us, and told us several curious Singularities of the Kingdom of *Leon* to which *Placentia* belongs. Nothing appeared more extraordinary to me than what they informed us of Magicians and Sorcerers with which this Country abounds. I do not pretend to certify the Truth of such Stories, only to relate faithfully what I heard. I was a hunting about two Months ago, *said one of the young Spaniards*, with a Huntsman my Servant, who took care of my Dogs. After a very good Day's Diversion, I took my Way through the Wood, where that Gentleman, (*pointing to the Marquis*) lost himself, and it being then the proper Time of lying in Ambush for Game, I ordered my Servant to go and wait for me at the out-going of the Wood, and got up in a Tree myself, in Hopes of killing a Roe-buck, or a wild Boar. I had scarce been there half an Hour when I perceived a large Wolf who stopped about twenty Paces from me, and just as I was going to fire, stript himself of his Skin, after which

he was no more a Wolf; but a Man sitting at the Foot of a Tree, and who appeared to be very much fatigued. My Surprize, you may well imagine, was very great, but much more so a little after, when another Wolf came, stripped his Skin, and sitting down by the former, they conversed familiarly together. My Surprize, by this Time, was converted into a terrible Fright, and I was pretty sure that, if they were not two Devils, they must be at least Sorcerers; and as these Wretches are capable of the worst of Crimes, I trembled where I sat, and covered myself the best way I could with the Branches as quietly as possible. At length after an Hour's Conversation they put on their Skins, and resumed the Shape of Wolves; directing their Course towards the Place where my Servant waited. My Dogs, having either smelled or seen them, broke from their Leash (four in Number, and the Prime of the Pack) and took after the Wolves; by their Cry I found they were coming my Way, upon which I put two Slugs into my Fusil, accordingly, they came within ten Paces of me. I directly let drive and wounded one of them who fell and whom I believed dead. I came down from the Tree, and by that Time the Dogs had surrounded him, barking loudly, but durst not lay a Mouth upon him, at last my Servant came up, and we were just going to pierce him with our Poniards, uncertain whether he was Wolf or Man, when the Wretch, seeing his Death inevitable, begged in a melancholy humble Manner, that I would spare his Life, calling me by my Name. I made my Man take off his Skin fastened under his Belly with Clasps, and then I knew him to be a Peasant of a neighbouring Village. Wicked Wretch, *said I to him*, the most terrible Tortures are too easy for thee. Where wast thou going? What is thy Design? He answered, that I had mortally wounded him,

and begged that he might be assisted. Thou shalt first tell me, *replied I*, the meaning of this horrible Figure in which I find thee, and why, being a Man, thou runnest about as a Wolf? He told me, trembling, that it was a Secret he had learned from his Father, that he knew a great many others as surprising which he would learn me, if I would save his Life. I ordered my servant to take him upon his Shoulders, because he was not able to walk, and in this Manner had him brought home to our House, but he was so weak that I could draw but a few Words from him by the Way. As we were entering the Court, and I was calling the Servants to shut him up in a Chamber, where he was to be taken Care of; the Servant who had him upon his Shoulders was violently thrown down upon the Ground. I thought at first, that Weariness made him sink under his Burden. But having got up immediately, the Fellow in the Wolf's Skin was no more to be seen. I cannot tell you what became of him. nor by what Art he could give us, so dexterously and speedily, the Slip. This however I am positive of, that the Night was not dark, and that I must have seen him go off in a natural Way.

THE *Spanish* Gentleman confirmed the Truth of this Story by repeated Oaths, and his Companion did not fail to relate several Adventures of the same Nature, not omitting the least Circumstance, and using the same Precautions that his Friend had done to gain Belief. They both protested, that nothing was more common near to *Placentia* than Hail and Thunder in the most serene Days, a Mortality among Cattle, Changes of Men and Women into different Kinds of Animals, Children taken out of their Cradles, even in the Presence of their Mothers without their seeing by whom it was done, and nocturnal Meetings, where it is said there are a thousand abominable Things committed. Let a Corps

be interred, *added they*, and if the Person deceased was of a healthful Constitution before the last Mady which carried him or her off, the Grave is certainly found open two Hours after the Interment, and the Body no more to be seen, and sometimes it is carried off before it is laid in the Ground. The Master of the Inn, who stood by listening to what was said, assured us that the Body of his Wife had been carried off in the same Manner, and brought back three Days after to the same Chamber where she died, and that he was almost frightened out of his Wits upon his seeing her lying naked under a Table at a Time when he had no Thoughts of such a Thing; her Belly and Breast, *added he*, were cut open, and her Heart, Liver, and what they call the noble Parts taken out.

I am somewhat incredulous about supernatural Events, and therefore whatever good Opinion I might have of our two *Spaniards*, I looked upon their Stories as fabulous, and only invented for our Diversion, nor could I help saying something, in a jesting Way, of my want of Faith, but they protested a-new that they were serious; and yet all that would not have done with me, had I not been forced, by what I saw myself a Moment after, to believe that in Reality strange Things happen in that Part of *Spain*.

ABOUT one in the Morning we heard a violent knocking at the Gate of the Inn, upon which the Landlord ran to see what was the Matter; and as he had no other Chamber for his Guests, but that in which we were, and where there were several Beds, he returned, and begged we would admit of a Cavalier who was just arrived. We told him it was but just, upon which the Gentleman entered, who seemed to be a Man about thirty, well dressed, and of a genteel Shape, but so pale and feeble, that his Servant was obliged to support him as he walked:

After he was seated, he fetched a deep Sigh, and asked the Inn-keeper if there was any in the Village could let him Blood. There was a Sort of a Surgeon who was immediately sent for. In the mean time, we thought, in Civility, we could do no less than ask him about his Health. Ah! Gentlemen, *said he*, I am almost out of my Senses. My Blood is still chilled with Fear, I believe I shall never forget what I have seen this Night. We begged, if it was a Thing that could be told, that he would be so good as to impart to us what had happened. I don't know, *replied he*, if I shall have Strength enough to relate it. I came from *Talavero*, and was going to pay a Visit to the Bishop of *Placentia*, who is my Uncle. About ten this Evening I crossed the Wood in this Neighbourhood, with a Design to lodge here. I am very well acquainted with the Way, having past it several times. When I was about the Middle of the Wood I heard hideous Shrieks, which seemed to be at no great Distance, and judging the Voice to be that of a Woman, Pity made me push on my Horse to the Place whence the Cries came, with an Intent to assist her. I found her on a Spot of Ground where there was no Trees, she advanced forward with frightful Howlings, her Hair dishevelled, Wildness in her Looks, all her Gestures furious, and foaming at the Mouth. Seeing her alone, and nothing appearing that could give her any Disturbance, I concluded that she was mad, and was just going to leave her, when she threw herself upon her Knees, and with joined Hands, earnestly begged of me not to abandon her. What is the Matter with you, *said I*, I see no Body that hurts you, of whom do you complain? Ah! Sir, *answered she*, do not leave me, for I am undone if you do. I then asked her what Sort of Assistance she wanted. Alas! *replied she*, my Request is not great, only that you would be so good

good as to draw a Circle round me, which confirmed me in the Opinion that she certainly was mad; but she reiterated her Request with so much Earnestness, and seemed to be under such Despair, that looking upon what she asked as a Trifle, I drew my Sword, and, without dismounting, made a Circle round her with the Point; upon which she appeared to be much calmer. But Gods! what a Sight did I in a Moment see? Five Men of gigantic Size and frightful Visages, started out of the thickest of the Wood as quick as Lightning, seized the unhappy Woman, and tore her in Pieces; without giving her time so much as to shriek; and to complete this tragical Scene, one of these infernal Monsters struck me violently with the bloody Limb of this unfortunate Creature, saying in a diabolical Tone, this is for thee that would have deprived us of our Prey, upon which they disappeared. I fell motionless off my Horse, and my Servant swooned away by my Side, but by good Luck our Horses staid by us. When I recovered my Senses, I found my self so weak, that I could not stir from the Place where I lay, for two or three Hours; at last with great Difficulty, I got upon the Horse, and supported my self the best Way I could in the Saddle, 'till I go there; where this frightful Sight is still present to my Imagination, as if I actually saw it.

ALL my Incredulity could not stand out against a Fact so recent and so circumstantiated, besides, the dismal Condition of the *Spaniard* vouched for the Truth of what he said, and this is the only Time of my Life that I thought I had ground to believe there was such a Thing as Sorcerers and Magick. I cannot see how it is possible to account, by natural Causes, for so extraordinary an Adventure, and am of the Opinion of the *Spaniards* who have heard of it, that the Devil, by divine Per-

mission, executed the Punishment due to this wretched Woman's Crimes.

THREE Days after we arrived at *Lisbon*, a great and beautiful City. At first we employed our Time in visiting the principal Curiosities. The People appeared to be more industrious than in *Spain*. Nothing can be more agreeable than the vast Number of Ships in the *Tagus*, upon the Banks of which the City is built, two Leagues at least in Length; the Streets are handsom, and the greatest Part of the Houses regular. The royal Palace, though ancient, is nevertheless vastly magnificent, and worthy of a great Prince. We had no great Difficulty to get acquainted; the *Portugueze* Nobility are affable and courteous. In four Days after our Arrival, the Marquis contracted a Familiarity with the Marquis *de Tordas*, a Relation of the Count *d' Ericeira*, so famous for his Translation of *Boileau's* Art of Poetry into the *Portugueze* Language. As we were taking a Walk upon the Banks of the *Tagus* below the Town, a Fit of Love or Ambition had brought the Marquis *de Tordas* hither, with one single Servant attending him. He judged, no Doubt, by our Air and curious Manner, that we were *French*, and his Curiosity made him accost us. In less than an Hour we became very well acquainted, and returned together to Town. We found his Coach waiting for him at the Gate, and as we had come out on foot, he forced us by his Civility, to allow him to reconduct us; and it being then the Hour of going to the Play, we drove streight there. The Prince *Don M***** was upon the Stage, surrounded with a Crowd of young Gentlemen. We advanced towards him with the Marquis *de Tordas*, who was of his Court. He informed himself who we were. I overheard him, and immediately stept up and told him, that the Marquis was a *French* Gentleman of the first Quality, whom I had the Honour to accompany;

company ; that being but just come to *Lisbon*, we had not had Time to pay our Respects to his Royal Highness, but that it was a Duty which we had proposed to discharge. Upon which the Marquis advanced, and made his Compliment in the most graceful Manner, during which the whole Assembly's Eyes were upon us, and the Prince answered in a very civil Manner, that he loved the *French*, and should be glad to see us. We remained about him the whole Time of the Play, and I observed that, for most Part, he kept his Eyes upon the Marquis, and, when he rose to go away, told the Marquis *de Tordas* that he desired us to follow him, which we did ; and it was who should shew us most Civility among the young Noblemen that attended him. When we came to the Apartments, he soon perceived us, and beckoned to us to advance. The Marquis made a very handsom short Speech, to which he answered with a great deal of Wit, and a genteel Stile, and then with an Air more familiar, asked our Opinion of *Portugal*, and if we thought *France* preferable ? If the *French* Ladies were so accomplished as Fame spoke them ? and a hundred such Questions, to which we answered in a Manner that pleased him. He asked us more particularly about the Person of the Duke of *Orleans*, then declared Regent of *France*, and about all that illustrious House. He shewed us his Picture, and the Dutches of *Berri's*, which was beautiful and not at all flattered. Whilst *Don M***** did us the Honour to entertain us in this familiar Manner, one of the Grooms of the Bed-Chamber came and told him, that a Lady humbly begged a Moment's Audience, with the greatest Earnestness, and Tears in her Eyes, but would not discover her Name. I never yet refused Audience, answered the Prince, (who was of a very courteous Disposition) conduct her into my Closet. Upon which he left us, pro-

missing to return, and was attended only by *Don Telles de Silva*, who was a mighty Favourite. In half a quarter of an Hour, it was the general Talk of the whole Company where we were, that the Prince, who had left us in so good Humour, had of a sudden become extremely melancholy, that he had gone to Bed, and would suffer no body to remain in his Chamber; that he was heard fetching deep Sighs, and that no other Reason could be assigned for this Change, but the Audience granted to the unknown Lady. This News was at first whispered about, but when it became publick, and the Truth no longer to be doubted, all the Company retired, every one reasoning as he thought fit upon this Adventure; which was unravelled to us some Days after, but is, perhaps, a Secret to this Day in *Portugal*.

UPON going out of the Prince's Apartments we were conducted by the Marquis *de Tordas* and some other young Noblemen, to an Assembly of Ladies at the Countess *de Sefelas's*, where we were well received. It must be owned to the Honour of *France*, that the very Name and Habit entitle one to be well received in foreign Countries. I have found the Advantage on many Occasions of this favourable Prepossession. Whether it was for the general Reason, or because the Marquis appeared lovely in the Eyes of the *Portuguese* Ladies, I shall not determine; but he received such particular Marks of Consideration from them, that I observed with Pleasure, he was not insensible of their Civilities. And this Evening was the first Time I had seen him laugh since his Misfortune, and from that Moment I began to think that I should soon see his melancholy at an End, by the Assistance of Time and new Objects. The Marquis *de Tordas* invited us to Supper, which I engaged my Friend to accept, hoping that this also would tend to hasten his Cure.

With

With Regard to our Constitution, we may, one and all of us, be said to be cast in the same Mould. The Heart of Man cannot for ever continue in the same Sentiments; for which Reason it is plain, that a Passion which daily diminishes in some one of it's Parts, tends to it's End, and will be soon totally extinguished. Besides, I was so perfectly acquainted with the Marquis's Character, that I did not apprehend so much from the Continuation, as from the Violence of his Grief. My Uneasiness had ceased with his first Transports, and from the Knowledge I had of his Humour and Vivacity, I was under no Apprehension of bringing his Heart to a State of Tranquillity.

I resolved next Day to resume our former Method of Study, in Order to keep his Mind employed, as we had done when we first came to *Madrid*, and which his Wound and other Misfortunes had in the End interrupted. I made him the Proposal without mentioning any thing that might give him Occasion to recal what was past, and it was cheerfully received by him. So that we went over all the Geography and History that he had before learned. He continued his Progress in Study, and gave me so exact an Account of what he read, that I admired his Capacity. Our joint reading pleased him much, and he sometimes owned the Advantage he received from it. From my private Study, *said he*, I learn a thousand Things of which I was before ignorant, and of which the Knowledge gives me great Pleasure: But that only informs the Mind. My Heart is seldom warmed in reading cold and lifeless Characters, in which, it is true, I sometimes meet with beautiful Passages, but void of Life and Spirit. Whereas, *continued he*, when we read together, I am as much moved and affected as if I actually were an Eye-Witness to the Action. The Sound of the Voice, and it's different Inflections, the Remarks that

you make upon the Thoughts of the Author, or upon every Passage of a History, and the Consequences you draw from thence, in Opposition to Vice, or in Defence of Virtue. In short, the Art with which you make all subservient to the general Plan of Manners laid down for my Conduct; all these Advantages united, give me an infinite Satisfaction in our joint reading, and I hope the Benefit will be equal to the Pleasure. I did not think proper to let him know how far I was delighted with his manner of Reasoning, but being so well assured of his good Taste and Judgment, I lost no Opportunity of inspiring him with new Sentiments of Morality; taking Care that it should be rather solid than abstracted, and easy and natural rather than profound and abstruse. The *Madrid* Adventure had not been useless to him, not only by guarding his Heart against future Attacks of Love, but by furnishing him, in a short Time, with that Experience which ordinarily is not to be acquired but by a number of Years. All his Actions seem to be more considerate, and even his Air more serious and composed, so that I sometimes told him his Misfortune had rendered him twenty Years older. If it has rendered me wiser, *answered he*, it is an Advantage I have reaped from it, but you must allow that it has cost me dear. My first Design in writing this History, was to insert what Discourses I had with him, every now and then, upon Morality or the Sciences, hoping by that Means the Book might become useful to Youth, by the Rules and Directions for the Conduct of Life; but some Friends, whom I consulted, advised me to the contrary. The Publick, *said they*, cannot bear the dry and pedantick Air that generally accompanies the Precepts, of which the Travels of *C* — are an Instance. I shall therefore confine myself to some short Reflections in the Sequel, as I have already done,

done, when they can naturally be brought in, avoiding as much as possible what may give a Dis-taste; for it is not a Treatise of Morality that I write, but a History, of which I shall now resume the Thread; and the Reader will find, that I bear henceforth an equal Share with the Marquis in our Adventures.

THE Melancholy of the Prince *Don M*— still continued, and was now become the common Topick of Conversation in *Lisbon*; and People asked one another, how it came that such a lovely and happy Prince could be under so great an Affliction. We appeared in his Apartments with the Marquis *de Tordas*, and the greatest Part of the Nobility who ordinarily compos'd his Court; but Orders were given that none should be admitted into his private Apartment but *Don Tilles de Sylva*, second Son of the Count *de Tarouca*, and the Prince's Favourite. The Marquis *de Tordas* invited us and some others of his Acquaintance, who were present, to sup at his Country-house, about two little Leagues from the City, and about five hundred Paces from the Sea. All the Company accepted the Invitation; but for us, as we neither were acquainted with the Road, nor had a Coach, he came after Dinner to our Lodgings, and took us into his. We soon reach'd *Lerida*, the Name of his Country Seat; and walk'd up and down in the Gardens and Wood the rest of the Day. About ten at Night we were call'd to Supper, after which we were to return to *Lisbon*. But had not Providence interfered, we might have been long absent from it, if nothing worse had happened, as may be easily judg'd by what I am now going to relate. The Night was so serene and clear that we had no Occasion for Lights: We had been at Table about an Hour or two, when we heard the great Gate of the Court shut hastily and with Violence, and the Noise of seven or eight
Men,

Men, who cried to one another, push, help, quick, dispatch. The Servants perceiving them through the Window Glasses, and being justly apprehensive of some unlucky Adventure in a Place so near the Sea, made haste to shut the Doors of the House, which was a wise Precaution, since these Strangers were well armed. We all got up from Table to view them, and consulted what was properest for us to do. All the Windows of the Ground Floor were grated, so that they could not so easily break in upon us. But though we were seven Gentlemen and about twelve or fifteen Servants, having no Fire-Arms, what could we do against People provided with Pistols and Fusils; and to augment our Fears, *Brissant* came and told me that we were in the utmost Danger, because he knew, by their Arms, that they were Pyrates, and that he was much deceived if he had not seen *Andredi* among them. What! *said I*, that *Andredi* of whom you have told us so many horrid Things? The very Man, *answered Brissant*. This threw me directly into such a Concern for the Person of my dear Marquis, that I proposed to our Company to make our Retreat through the Garden, but he was the first that opposed it, by saying, that it would be shameful to fly, and not to defend the Marquis *de Tordas's* House. As he had done speaking, the Pyrates, who had barricaded the outer Gate, advanced to the House, and boldly demanded Entrance. I opened the Window, and appearing alone, told them boldly, to take care not to commit the least Outrage, and that we were a Number sufficient to defend ourselves. *Andredi*, for sure enough it was he, *answered in a very submissive Tone*, that, far from intending any Insult, he only came for Refuge, which he begged we would grant him, or, at least, the Liberty of making his Escape. The Confusion he was under, and the Precipitation with which his
People

People had shut the Gate, made me believe they were pursued, and this Thought put me in Heart again. Make your Escape the best Way you can, *said I*, but depend upon it that the Doors shall not be opened, and that we will take care to guard the Entry. Scarce had I spoke these few Words, when we heard a great Noise of Horses at the Gate of the Court, which was in an Instant broke open with Hatchets, and thirty Troopers entered Pistol in Hand: The Pyrates seeing there was no Prospect of escaping, and that there was no Equality of Numbers to resist, threw down their Arms, begging for Quarter; upon which they were immediately seized and put in Chains. We then caused them to open the Gate of the House, and the Officer who commanded, made a very handsome Apology for the Disturbance he had been obliged to give us, and told us, that he had been for two Days upon the Coast, at the Head of a hundred Men, to observe the Motions of a Vessel which had already made Descents and carried off a considerable Booty; that having, by the Light of the Moon, observed the Ship's drawing near the Shore, he had posted himself with his Men in Ambush to observe their Motions; that thirty or forty Pyrates had come on Shore and taken the Way to this House, in Hopes, no Doubt, to rob it; but as soon as they were got a little Way from the Sea-side, he had made all possible Haste to cut off their Retreat, and seeing themselves pursued by so great a Number, and no Possibility of returning to the Ship, they had thought proper to separate, in order to facilitate their Flight; upon which he had divided his Party to pursue them, not doubting but his Men had taken the rest as he had those who had come to disturb us: Adding, that his Enterprize was but half executed, since he designed to have the Ship too by Stratagem. He begged of the *Marquis de Tordas* that he would allow the Prisoners

soners to remain where they were till he returned, and having taken only two of them along with him, and twenty-five Troopers, he went towards the Sea-side on foot, to execute his Design. The Marquis and I were under the greatest Impatience to see and speak with *Andredi*, whom we caused to be brought into the Hall, where we were all seated again at Table, as if nothing had happened. I caused a Chair to be brought for him bound as he was. Well, brave *Andredi*, *said I*, here's then an End of all your fine Exploits. You did not, I dare say, expect to be in so good Company this Evening. He appeared to be under some Surprize to hear himself named, and looked downwards without answering. Where are you, *Brissant*, cried I, come and renew Acquaintance with your Patron, the noble *Andredi*. *Brissant*, who had not as yet dared to speak to him, came towards me, and placed himself opposite to him. *Andredi* immediately called him to Mind, and said, with Fury sparkling in his Eyes; ah! Traitor, thou art, no Doubt, the Cause of my Ruin. Do not accuse him, *replied I*, he knew no more than we did of your being so near *Lifton*: But admit he had assisted in your being apprehended, it would be no more than what he was obliged to, in Order to make Reparation for the Crimes which you forced him to commit. The haughty Pyrate nettled with this Reproach, fell into abusive Language against *Brissant*, and accused him of having been more deeply concerned than himself in all the Disorders they had committed together. Whatever may be in that, *said I*, he voluntarily abandoned that wicked Trade, but you are a Wretch who has added many Villainies to the former since he left you. However, *added I*, if you will faithfully relate your Adventures since, I will undertake that these Gentlemen will employ their Interest for a Mitigation of the rigorous Punishment

nishment you justly deserve. The Marquis *de Tordas* and all his Friends assured him that they would make good my Promise, but all to no Purpose; for one Word more he would not utter, and his Obstinacy occasioned my ordering *Brissant* to recount all that had happened while he was with him, and as he added some Circumstances which he had omitted telling me at *Madrid*, his Story was long. While we were discoursing upon his Narration, we heard a new Noise of Horses in the Court, which happened to be the other Party of Troopers, who were come with twenty-two more Pyrates Prisoners by their Officer's Orders whom they had met, and who soon came himself with more Prey which he had no great Trouble to bring along. He begged leave to come into the Hall where we were, and our Surprize was very great to see twelve Women but very indifferently dressed come in with him, some of whom had an Air of something above the common Rank, particularly one whose Shape and Beauty attracted our Looks. She was pale and dejected, but one might easily perceive that it was the Effect of her Melancholy. The Officer told us that he had no great Difficulty in making himself Master of the Ship, because the few that remained on Board took us for their Companions; that the first Thing, after securing the Hands that they found in her, was rummaging fore and aft; that he had discovered a great many Bags and Casks full of Gold and Silver, of which he had taken an exact Account, and left some of his most trusty Men to guard it till Day. As for the twelve Women, he had at first taken them for infamous Creatures who were glad to take up with the Pyrates, but that they had undeceived him, by desiring his Assistance to put an End to their Misery. These Wretches had carried them off from different Coasts, and forced them to submit to their brutal Embraces. She whose Beauty
ha

had affected us, fell a weeping when the Officer spoke of her, and her Tears heightened our Pity. The Marquis *de Tordas* made her and the rest of her Companions sit down, and offered them what was necessary for their Refreshment. It being too late to carry the Prisoners to Town, they were guarded in the Court till next Day. We engaged the Officer to sit down with us at Table, where we remained till next Morning. This disconsolate Lady scarce tasted any thing, but after a little Conversation she was prevailed with to give us the History of her Misfortunes which she did in the following Manner, shedding more Tears than she pronounced Words.

ALLOW me to conceal my Name, this Regard I owe to my unhappy Family. I am a *French* Woman, and was born at *Ant* — My Father was a Man of Quality, and had a plentiful Estate. My Fortune and Education seemed to promise me a happy Fate, and Love was upon the Point of compleating my Happiness by a Marriage agreeable to my Inclination. In short, my Wishes were just upon the Point of being accomplished; when these abominable Monsters, *added she, pointing to the Pyrates in the Court*, hurried me into the infamous State to which I am now reduced. My Lover, who was in two Days to have been my Husband, engaged me, one Evening, to take the Benefit of the fresh Air with him out of Town, (a Liberty common among us, which our Sex use with Discretion.) We walked on insensibly with that Pleasure which Lovers enjoy in an uninterrupted Conversation, 'till at last Darkness made us take Notice that it was high Time to return. As we were come near the City following the high Road, four armed Men, who were clapt close with their Bellies to the Ground, started up on a sudden just by us, and stopped us, holding their Pistols at our Breasts. My
young

young Lover full of Courage and Passion did not consider that defending me would be his own Destruction, but attempted it, and was that Minute shot dead upon the Spot. I should have thought myself happy had the same Ball pierced my Heart, alas! I thought Death would have been so kind as to come to my Relief, but found afterwards, to my sad Regret, that I had been only seized with a fainting Fit, during which I was carried or dragged to the Ship: How shall I express my Despair, when, upon the Recovery of my Senses about an Hour after, I found myself in the Arms of the execrable *Andredi*, who, base Villain, had even satisfied his Brutality before I had come to myself. O fatal Remembrance, that pierces my Soul with Shame and Horror! To his Barbarity he added Insults, by telling me, with an Air of Raillery, that he had taken Possession, and was actually now my Husband. Ah! Monster, *said I to him*, thou shalt not long bear this Name, attempting to strangle him, or to pull out his Eyes; but, weak as I was, what could I do, held by Hands daily dipt in Blood, and constantly employed in committing Outrages? I was forced to submit to my unhappy Fate, and be the Prostitute of his Pleasures. For three Months have I been reduced to this infamous Condition, and have been a melancholy Witness of all the horrid Villainies which my Ravishers have committed in every Place, to which their Fury directed them; and scarce one Days has past that I have not seen Streams of Blood and Tears. *Andredi* however, treated me with Respect: I was looked upon as the Queen of these Reprobates of whom he is Chief, and in having only the Passion of one to gratify, was not so miserable as my Companions. All the Riches on Board were under my Care, and intirely at my Disposal; but this was a small Comfort in such a Misfortune as mine; Death would have been infinitely more pre-

preferable, had it been agreeable to the Will of Heaven to have done voluntarily what would have procured it. I have often prayed that Providence would be pleased to shorten my Days, and now, that I have a Prospect of Liberty, the only Use I design to make of Life, is to hide my Face and Shame from the World, and weep my unhappy Fate.

THIS Story affected us extremely, and we endeavoured all we could to soften this poor Lady's Grief. The Marquis *de Tordas*, and the other young Noblemen promised to imploy their Credit to procure her Admittance into some Convent, where she might pass her Life quietly, and forget her Misfortune. Her Companions, each in their Turn, informed us how they had fallen into the Hands of the Pyrates, and upon the whole, it appeared they had been carried off by Fire or Sword; so that these Wretches might be looked upon as the most horrid and monstrous Villains upon Earth. Their Punishment was not long deferred: For being that Morning conducted to *Lisbon*, they were executed two Days after in different Manners. The King offered to build a Sort of Convent for the twelve Women with a Part of the Booty. They deliberated together upon this Proposal, and were rather willing to leave *Portugal*, and to retire where each of them thought proper, and where their Shame was not known; to which his Majesty consented, and ordered them a liberal Allowance to carry them to the Places where they intended to go.

THE Noise of this Adventure and the Danger we had run made us known all over the Town in less than eight Days. The Prince *Don M*****, notwithstanding his Melancholy, was curious that we should come and tell him the Adventure; and therefore desired that the Marquis *de Tordas* and
we

we should wait upon him. We found him in his Night-gown, and without any other Company, but *Don Telles de Sylva*. Grief was painted upon his Countenance and in his Eyes, and when the Story of our Adventure was over, the Marquis *de Tordas* took the Liberty to tell him, how much he was concerned to see him so melancholy. Ah! my dear *Tordas*, said the Prince, whatever my Grief and Sorrow may be, they will never equal my Loss. As I can shun the Conversation of Mankind, I wish it were possible that I could fly so too from my self! or, at least, forget Objects, of which the Ideas render my Life miserable. Is it possible, my Prince, answered the Marquis de Tordas, that one of your Age and exalted Station, with so many rare Endowments and Qualities, should be ever any otherwise acquainted with bad Fortune, than by it's Name? Who will ever imagine that the Prince of Portugal is unhappy, and is afraid of continuing so? To be what I am, replied the Prince, is a Part of my Misfortune. Were I in a more private Station, I could with Freedom indulge my Melancholy. Vain and empty Punctilios of Grandeur would not lay me under an Obligation to conceal the Cause, or at least, I should have the small Pleasure of shedding Tears without Interruption; upon which some were dropping from his Eyes which he quickly wiped off, and, turning himself to the Marquis *de Rosemont*, asked what he thought of his Weakness, and what he would say of it when he returned to France? The Marquis made him a polite and flattering Answer. After which the Prince retired to his Closet, and *Don Telles de Sylva* was the only Person allowed to follow him.

THE Prince's Melancholy made a great Impression upon the Marquis, which I plainly perceived at Night, by his Silence at Supper and repeated Sighs, the lively Emblems of a disquieted Heart.

I seemed however, not to imagine any such Thing, and talked of indifferent Matters. I was persuaded, as has been already said, that Distempers such as his were not to be cured by Opposition. I only excited him to drink a little more than ordinary of a delicious Wine which the Marquis *de Tordas* had sent us, and which out of Complaisance he did, but retired to his Bed-room sooner than his usual Hour, and, as I went at the same Time to mine, believing himself at Liberty, gave full Scope to his Sighs and Groans. I listened to hear his Complaints, which he addressed to his dear *Diana*, as if she had been present. I was surpris'd to see him still so much affected, after having thought his Cure so far advanced. Curiosity led me to his Door, which I opened softly, to observe his Posture and Motions. He was lolling in an Arm-chair near a Table with two Tapers burning upon it. A little Box which he brought from *Madrid*, and of which I had never asked the Use, stood open before him. He took out of it several Women's Things one after another, which he pressed to his Lips, then laid them in order upon the Table. They consisted of a black Velvet Cap, embroidered with Gold, Stockings, Ornaments for the Head and Neck, Gloves, Bracelets, and such like Trifles. But what surpris'd me most of all, was, to see him take out of the Bottom of the Box a pretty large Picture, which I judg'd to be *Donna Diana's*; he held it long in his Hands gazing upon it with so much Attention, that for some Time the Course of his Sighs was stopt, but this short Respite was soon followed by heavy and violent sobbing. I could not imagine how he had come by these melancholy Relicks of his Mistress, and at first I accused the Count *de Mancenez*. But as such a Thing could not have been done without the Knowledge of some of the Servants, I went back to my Chamber where I called and examined them

one

one after another. *Le Brun* and *Des Champs* protested solemnly that they knew nothing of the matter. *Briffant*, who really was privy to it, wanted to dissemble, but as I suspected him, I spoke to him in such a resolute Manner, that he confessed he had received Orders from his Master, to purchase at any Rate, while we were at the *Escorial*, the last Clothes that *Donna Diana* wore: That he had bought of her Woman, her Gown, Petticoats, Linnen and several other Things, that the Marquis having ordered her Shifts to be made fit for him, had wore no others since; that the Petticoats were changed into Waistcoats, which he constantly made use of, and her Robe into a Morning-gown: In short, that he was constantly clothed with the unfortunate *Diana's* Apparel: As for the Picture, he told me that his Master had it from *Donna Eliza* who parted with it, though much against her Inclination, to oblige him. I was in a manner thunder-struck with what I heard. But why, *said I to Briffant*, did you undertake such a Commission without acquainting me? Ought you not to have considered that it was the very worst Office you could render your Master? He answered, that his Master joined to Solicitations, such positive Commands, that he knew not how to disobey him; that when he had represented to him that I would perhaps disapprove of this Project, he had assured him that I never should know any thing of it; or, if it happened that I did, I could not find Fault with it, since I had done much more upon the Loss of my Wife. Whatever you may pretend for your Justification, *said I*, you have committed a Fault that I will not pardon, but upon Condition that you speedily repair it. You must employ all your Address to steal this useless Equipage from the Marquis, without his being able to fix the Theft upon any Person. If you succeed in eight Days, *added I*, to
prompt

prompt him, I promise you ten *Lous D'Ors*. *Brisfant* accepted the Bargain, and promised to use his best Endeavours; but we shall soon see that the Enterprize had very near cost him his Life. I made a Noise at the Marquis's Door to make him quit his melancholy Occupation, and having entered a little after, found he had locked up his Goods, and I staid by him 'till he was quite drowsy.

THE Day following, which was the first of *November*, we were scarce out of Bed when a Gentleman from the Prince *Don M***** came to acquaint us that his Highness wanted to speak with the Marquis and me, and we made all possible Haste to wait on him. We were directly carried into his Bed-chamber, and found him still in Bed. He ordered Chairs for us, and when we were seated near the Bed, and all his People bid to retire, he spoke to us in the following Manner. You little expect, Gentlemen, a Proposal, such as I am now going to make to you; but however strange it may seem to you, I flatter my self that you will grant it. He here made a Pause, and the Marquis laid hold of the Opportunity to tell him that we were as incapable of disobeying him, as he was of requiring any Thing that was not just, and which we were not obliged to execute. It is not Obedience, *said he sighing*, but Friendship and Compassion that I demand of you. You see me oppressed with such a heavy Load of Grief and reduced to such a Condition that I look not upon Life as a Favour from Heaven, so fatal and insupportable it proves to me. I make many needless Efforts to recover the Tranquillity I have lost. The Cause of my Misfortune is perpetually before my Eyes, and it is not in *Portugal* where I can hope to forget it; my Design is to leave it for some Time. The Count *de Tarouca* is the King's Embassador in *Holland*: I love him, and can depend upon his Friendship and Attachment

ment to me. I design to begin my Travels in that Country, and his Son *Don Telles de Sylva* consents to accompany me. I came to a final Resolution Yesterday after I saw you, and he is the only *Portugueze* that I have trusted with taking the proper Measures for my Departure. I flattered myself, *continued the Prince*, that you would not be against going along with me in the same Ship, since you told me that you intended, after leaving *Lisbon*, to go for *England*, and from that to *Holland*; so that to begin with the latter, from whence you can easily get over to *England*, will not much alter your Scheme. What think you of this Project, *added he*, looking at us? Can you comply with my Request? I esteem you both, as you may plainly perceive by the Confidence I repose in you.

THE Marquis turned his Eyes upon me, to gather from my Looks what Answer he was to make; and I made him a Sign which he understood, and immediately expressed how much the Honour of his Esteem flattered us, and how glad we should be to follow him wherever he thought fit to accept of our Attendance, and we both of us promised to be ready at a Call. He then gave us some Directions how to behave, in order to deceive the Curiosity of those who might observe our Motions, and ordered us to confer in private with *Don Telles de Sylva*, communicating to him the Resolution we had taken. On our going out of the Palace we met him, and he seeing that we were come from the Prince's Apartment saluted us with great Civility. We told him in two Words what had been concluded, with which he seemed to be very well pleased, and begged we would return with him to the Palace. The Prince surpris'd to see us so soon again, asked him hastily if he brought good News. The best in the World, *replied Don Telles*; in four Days we shall be at Sea if you think fit. He then told him that

he had made all possible Enquiry if there was any Ship ready to sail for *Holland*, but could meet with none; that he had, however, found an *English* Vessel come from *Constantinople*, which had been about fifteen Days at *Lisbon*, ready to sail for *England* the first Opportunity; that he had spoke to the Captain, who upon the Promise of a large Sum, had agreed to carry us to the *Brille*. The Prince embraced *Don Telles* with great Marks of Satisfaction. Let us be gone, *said he to him*, the first fair Wind, and then pressed us to get ourselves ready without losing a Moment, ordering at the same Time his Favourite to prepare what else should be necessary.

THOUGH this precipitate Departure deprived us of the Opportunity of being sufficiently acquainted at the Court of *Portugal*, yet I was not at all displeas'd at the Engagement we had made with *Don M*****, for besides the Honour of accompanying this lovely Prince, whose Merit made him be admir'd since at the *French* Court; I look'd upon it as an Advantage to the Marquis to be at a great Distance from *Spain*. But these Reasons would have been weak compared to the Motives I had of going to *Holland*, had I known what Happiness attended me there; and which I should have been deprived of, had we made a longer Stay in *Portugal*. My Reader will see me by-and-by in one of these happy Moments which have so seldom happened in the Course of my Life, but will also see that I dearly paid that momentary Pleasure; for Fortune never observ'd any Equality with me in her Frowns and Favours. But in short, the last Misfortune that besel me, would have happened in any Part of the World where I had been; whereas the Pleasure that preceded it, depended upon our speedy Arrival in *Holland*, and on this *English* Ship, which Providence seem'd

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to provide for carrying us thither. The Sequel of these Memoirs will clear up this Reflection.

ON the third of *November* in the Evening, *Don Telles* acquainted us that we were next Day to put to Sea. The better to conceal our Departure, the Prince gave out that he intended to go a hunting next Morning early, attended only by *Don Telles* and two Domesticks. Accordingly he went out of Town in a hunting Dress, and having taken the Road to *Belem*, he there found a Boat that waited for him, in which he went off to the *English* Ship, where we had been since the peep of Day. The Wind proving favourable, we set sail and were gone. I promised to give an Account of *Brissant's* Misfortune. He did not forget the Promise he made me of making away with the Box in which the Marquis kept *Donna Diana's* Clothes and Trinkets, and our Embarkation seemed to him a favourable Opportunity of accomplishing his Design. He agreed with *Le Brun* and *Deschamps* that the Box and Things which had been *Donna Diana's* should be sold for their joint Accounts, assuring that it was by my Orders, and that I would protect them in Case of a Discovery. They agreed to tell their Master, that all was put up in a Mail, which in the Hurry of leaving *Lisbon* had been unluckily left behind. I do not know how it happened that the Marquis, having Occasion for his Night-gown that very Afternoon of our Departure, bid *Brissant*, who was near him, bring it. He made a sham Search for it, and at last came and told his Master what had been concerted. The Marquis remembering that I had given *Brissant* Orders to take Care of our Baggage, and to put it on Board, and that consequently the Loss of the Mail was his Fault, was so provoked and in such a Rage at the Loss of his dear Relicks, that he snatched up a sharp pointed Instrument which he found in his Cabin, a

made at *Briffant*, who taking to his Heels was pursued by him even upon Deck, where I was sitting with a Book in my Hand. I got up immediately to stop the Marquis, which he perceiving threw the Instrument at the poor Fellow with so much Violence, that it not only pierced and stuck in his Shoulder, but as the poor Wretch was close by the Ship's Side, what with the Fright and Shock he fell over Board into the Sea. It was on this Occasion I had an Opportunity of seeing a lively Instance of the Marquis's good Nature; for no sooner was he over Board, than all his Anger was changed into Pity, and I may say Tendernefs and Grief. Ah! what have I done? *said he to me.* Poor *Briffant* will be lost, and I make no Doubt that if he could have trusted to his Dexterity in swimming, he would have leaped over Board in order to save him. I begged he would retire from the Ship's Side, and offered ten Pistoles to the Sailors to save him, which was done in an Instant, and all the Harm *Briffant* got was to keep his Bed about three Weeks, and upon his Recovery I gave him the ten *Louis d' Ors* promised, and which he very well deserved.

THE Prince *Don M***** having found himself something easier when he came on Board, went directly to Bed, and whether it was the Joy he had of having got away from *Lisbon*, or the Weakness to which his Grief and want of Rest for several Nights had reduced him, but he continued till Night in a profound Sleep, during which time *Don Telles de Sylva* was busy writing in his Cabin. For my Part, I was reading, as I have already said, upon Deck, before *Briffant's* Misfortune, and returned to the same Place after I had caused proper Care to be taken of him. I took the Marquis along with me, and did not fail to represent to him how sorry I was to see him in such a Passion about Trifles.

About four in the Afternoon, a fine clear Day and soft Weather, we were of a sudden struck with an unexpected Sight. A *Turk* came out of a little Cabin forward with a Carpet, which he spread upon a proper Place, and laid down Cushions upon it, and immediately another better dressed came out of the same Place, and turning about, presented his Hand to two young *Turks* richly dressed; immediately after came two *Turkish* Women, and being all advanced to the Place where the Carpet was spread, the two young People seated themselves upon the best Cushions a little higher than the rest, while the four others took their Places below them. We looked at them for some Time without speaking one Word. That Habit which I had so long wore, and which I had so many Reasons to be in Love with, brought back into my Memory, a Part of my past Adventures, and I fell insensibly into a profound Thoughtfulness. The Marquis spoke to me several Times, but there was no getting me out of my Dream, till he pulled me by the Arm. I don't know, *said he*, if it be the Sight of these *Turks* that takes you up, but you seem to be very thoughtful. I answered, that having remained several Years in *Turky*, it could not but be a Pleasure to me to see *Turks*, and told him, that I would be obliged to him, if he would go with me to the Place where they were, to make Acquaintance with them. We went across a vast Number of Ropes and other Sea Tackle, and the more we advanced, the more we discovered the genteel and handsom Mien of the two young *Turks*. The elder of the two appeared to be about twenty, tall and lusty for his Age, the other seemed not to be above thirteen or fourteen, the sweet infant Graces sat upon his Face, and every Thing was charming in his Figure; we judged that the two Men and two Women were their Domesticks. I complimented them in the

Turkish Language, which I had not entirely forgot, upon which they rose from their Seats, and the oldest of them returned my Compliment in a very polite manner. After the first Civilities were over, we sat down by them, and I asked, if they knew no other Language but their own, and they told me they did not; upon which I turned to the Marquis, and said, laughing, that he must take Patience during our Conversation, and content himself with the Pleasure of looking at them. I asked them several Questions, and learned that they were come from *Constantinople* by their Father's Order, and were going to him at the *Hague*, where he had been sent to settle some Affairs relating to Navigation and Trade with the *Dutch*; that they were to remain with him during his Stay there, and that, according to what he had wrote them, he and they were to travel through *France*, and take shipping at *Marseilles* to return to *Asia*. I told them that I knew *Constantinople* very well, and that I had spent some Time there, and frequented the *Turks* so much, that I very much esteemed them; but, *added I*, how durst you undertake so long a Voyage, not knowing any other Language but your own? The eldest pointing to his Governor, one of the two *Turks*, that were sitting by him, *Timanes*, said he, understands most of the *European* Languages. I then asked him about the two Women. One of them, *answered he*, is my Brother's Governante, and the other his Nurse; for, *added he smiling*, he must yet remain some Years under the Government of Women. Our Conversation continued some Time longer about the Fatigues and Inconveniences of travelling by Sea. The youngest spoke little, but what he said was very graceful, and his Voice was so soft and pretty, that the Marquis, though he understood nothing of the Language, was charmed with it. The more I considered this lovely Youth,

Youth, the more I was touched with the Beauty of his Features; for I did not think I could attribute the Impressions of Tenderneſs I felt for him to any other Cauſe. And in the elder Brother too, I ſaw ſomething which warmed my Heart towards him as well as his Brother. In ſhort, I thought the Converſation had laſted but too ſhort a Time, when *Le Brun* came to inform us, that the Prince was awake, and deſired to ſee us. At parting, I begged that they would allow us, now and then, the Pleaſure of their Company during the Voyage, to which they conſented with a ſeeming Satisfaction, and having aſked their Names, that I might know how to addreſs them ſeparately, the *Turkiſh* Language having no Word that answers to *Sir*, the oldeſt told me that his Name was *Muleid*, and his Brother's *Memifces*. I embraced them both, ſo did the Marquis, and we went to wait upon the Prince, whoſe Countenance ſeemed to be eaſy and compoſed. He thanked us heartily for leaving *Lisbon* ſooner than we deſigned for his Sake, and did us the Honour to embrace us both, calling us his dear Friends. Let us all four, ſaid he, live like Brethren; we muſt be Meſs-mates while in this Ship, and no Ceremony, I ſay. The Captain had yielded to him his great Cabin, which was very handſom and well furniſhed, with two Beds in it, of which there was one of them for *Don Telles*. As the Prince had eat nothing ſince the Morning early, he ordered that Supper might be ready betimes, and whiſt they were preparing it, we acquainted him of our agreeable Rencounter with the two handſom young *Turks*. The Marquis extolled *Memifces* to the Skies, and ſpoke of him ſo affectionately, that the Prince begged we would bring him to him next Day, but he could not help laughing, when I told him, that all the Marquis's Friendſhip had entered at his Eyes, not having exchanged one ſingle Word with them,

they not knowing any other Language but their own, which gave an Opportunity to rally the Marquis agreeably during Supper. But how come you, *said the Prince to me*, to know the *Turkish Language*? This appears a little singular in a *Frenchman*. My Answer was such, that he could easily judge I had not been always happy, and that I owed the Knowledge I had of that Language to Misfortunes. I see well, *replied he*, that it is not mere Chance alone that has brought us together. If you have been unfortunate, you will the more easily sympathize with me in my Affliction, and I look upon your being here, as a Consolation that Heaven procures me. You must favour me with a Relation of your Adventures, and I promise in Return to let you know the unhappy Affair that obliges me to leave *Portugal*. The Marquis and *Don Telles* hearing us, may find Room for their Compassion; for I imagine they have not otherwise been acquainted with Grief. I interrupted the Marquis who was going to answer. I don't know, *said I to the Prince*, if *Don Telles* has ever been under Disgrace with Fortune, but I am a Witness that the Marquis has not been much better treated than myself: If his Misfortunes have not been of so long Duration as mine, he has not been less affected, and you may receive as much Consolation from him as me; if it be true, that there is a Sort of Satisfaction in conversing with the unfortunate. I was well pleased to have found this Opportunity of letting them know the Marquis's Birth and Name, not upon the Prince's Account, who already treated him with abundance of Distinction, but with Regard to *Don Telles*, who seemed to affect a Sort of Superiority over him. I therefore openly declared that the Duke of * * * * having desired me to accompany his Son into *Spain*, all my Care had not been able to prevent his having met at *Madrid*, with one of the most fatal Accidents

dents that could possibly happen, and that my sole Design in bring him to *Lisbon*, was to dissipate his Grief and Melancholy, and that even *Portugal* being too near *Spain*, I had looked upon the Occasion of leaving it as a particular Advantage, besides the Honour it procured us of accompanying so great a Prince. My Discourse had the desired Effect. The Prince redoubled his Civilities to my dear Marquis, and *Don Telles* did no longer affect to dispute the Pas with him. When Supper was ended, the Prince brought our Misfortunes again upon the Tapis. The Night is long, *said he*, and we are under no Apprehension here of Intruders. I am resolved to disburthen my Heart, by acquainting you with it's Sufferings, and you will in your Turns, I hope, give me the Satisfaction of knowing yours.

EVERY Thing in this Relation does *Don M**** so much Honour, that I make no Difficulty to insert it here as a Piece of History which can scarce miss to be well received by the Public.

ABOUT two years since, *said the Prince*, a Ship arrived at *Lisbon* from *Brasil*, in which *Don Joseph de Bermudo y Acostas* (who had been Governor of that large Province for twelve or fifteen Years) and his Family came Home, bringing along with them immense Riches. The Joy of seeing *Portugal* again, after so long an Absence, made him order the Sailors to adorn the Ship with all that was gay and shewy, so that Ribbons, nay even silver and gold Stuffs were not spared, and indeed, this Entry had very much the Air of a little Triumph. I happened to be a hunting the same Day towards *Belim*, from whence I came this Morning: The Sight of this Pageantry surprized me, and I made no Difficulty to get into a sorry Boat with two Persons of my Retinue, and ordered the Boatmen to go to *Don Bermudo's* Ship. He received us civilly, without knowing me. I made a Sign to my two Compa-

nions not to discover who I was, so that we went on board without Ceremony, and saw his Family consisting of five Children, four Sons, and a Girl who appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen, the most beautiful Creature I ever saw in my Life. Imagine all the Perfections that can render one of that Sex charming and accomplished; *Donna Clara* possessed them all. I conversed a long Time with *Bermudo*, but my Eyes were for ever fixed upon his Daughter, and I found an Opportunity of dropping two Words to let her know the Impression her Charms had made upon my Heart, but she affected not to have heard them, and made no Answer. When the Ship was near the Place where they were to land, I went into my Boat, after promising to *Bermudo* that I would make him a Visit, and went to join my Attendants who waited for me on the opposite Side of the River. *Don Telles* was with me, and he may remember with what Raptures I spoke to him of *Donna Clara's* Merit, and what a Project I formed immediately, which I then communicated to him. *Don Bermudo*, said I to him, did not know me. I will keep him in Ignorance as long as possible, and endeavour to gain his Daughter's Affection under the Name of a Stranger. Grandeur only serves to corrupt the Pleasures of Love, and I will not owe to my Rank the Conquest of *Donna Clara's* Heart. *Don Telles* approved of my Scheme, and what Variety of Pleasures did we propose in the Execution of it. I scarce gave *Don Bermudo* Time to recover himself from the Fatigue of a long Voyage before I made him a Visit, with a plain, though genteel Equipage, and called myself the Count *de Montiflore* a Spanish Gentleman. *Bermudo* received me with great Civility, and having asked Permission to pay my Respects, and to renew the short Acquaintance I had made with his Lady and Children in the Ship,

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my Request was readily granted. I pass'd a Part of the Afternoon in his House ; and as *Bermudo* had several other Visitors besides me, I found a second Opportunity of declaring my Passion to his charming Daughter, with whom I parted as little favoured, and with as small Hopes of Success as the first Time, but infinitely more in Love. I found *Don Telles* waiting for me, and told him a thousand Times over and over, that there was no Happiness for me without *Donna Clara* ; my Peace is gone and perhaps my Life too, *said I*, if I cannot gain her Heart. *Don Telles* comforted me and flattered my Hopes. It is true, I myself was ready to imagine that my Respect and Services would at last touch her : For a Lover is very apt to place Things in the most favourable and agreeable View. Nevertheless, though she had received the Declaration of my Passion with Gentleness, and even a seeming Indulgence, yet me-thought I perceived certain Marks of Indifference in her Looks, or rather a certain Air of Unattention, which gave me more Uneasiness than if she had treated me with Rigour. She did not use me ill, *said I*, she does not seem to hate me, but what a Distance is betwixt this and Love ! I had even then some Surmise of the invincible Obstacle that I was soon to find in my Way ; and this dark Suspicion gave me Uneasiness, of which the Cause could not plainly be made appear.

DON Bermudo after some Days Repose obtained an Audience of the King in which he had the Honour to present his Family, it was to be my Turn next, and you may judge how much I was at a Loss. My Secret, *said I* to *Don Telles*, is now at an End ; it is impossible but that *Donna Clara*, her Father and Brothers must directly know me, whatever Measures I may take to remain concealed. I was sadly vexed at this unlucky Accident, which at once destroyed all the Pleasures I had propos'd to

myself, in acting the mysterious Lover. However, after I had thought a little upon it, I imagined that I might for some Time prevent my being known to *Bermudo* and his Family, by feigning an Indisposition which obliged me to keep my Bed, but that after a few Hours, being a little better, though not so well as to get up, I was ready to receive his Visit. Accordingly he came into my Bed-room with his Family, and had a short Audience: I was ashamed to be before my Mistress in this Condition; I who would have given all I possessed in the World for leave to prostrate myself at her Feet. The Moment they went out I got up, and went directly to *Bermudo's* in my usual Equipage. This Visit past as the former, that is to say, without my being known. I went in without Ceremony, and took care not to come near the Hall where *Bermudo* ordinarily received Company. I did not, however, find *Donna Clara* alone: Besides her two Brothers, there were with her, some *Brazilians* and *Portuguese* lately arrived from *Brazil*, though not in the same Ship with her. I was under no Apprehension of being discovered by them, but alas! *continued Don M—— with a Sigh*, I ought to have been afraid of something more fatal, but what I did not in the least suspect at that Time. I only examined one Person with Attention, because he had one of those attractive Countenances which we cannot help admiring. Curiosity made me even ask his Name, which they told me was *Alonso Luis*, a young Man about twenty-five, but little did I know how much I should have Occasion to grieve that I, or, rather, that my Mistress had ever seen him.

HAVING returned next Day to *Bermudo's* House about the same Hour, I found the same young Man there with *Donna Clara* and her Brother, and his Presence began to make me uneasy: What's the meaning of this Affiduity, thought I, and why comes this handsom young Fellow to *Bermudo's* as regularly

larly as I, were he not conducted hither by the same Motive? While I was taken up with this Thought, *Don Lopes de Carvagas*, an old Acquaintance of *Bermudo's* came in, without Ceremony, into the Chamber where we were, and, surpris'd to see me sitting in this familiar Manner, called out before I perceived him; Ha! who could have imagin'd to have found the Prince of *Portugal* in this Place? And where can *Bermudo* be that he does not present himself to acknowledge the Honour done him? *Carvagas*, answer'd I, your Indiscretion has robbed me of the Pleasure I had of being here incognito. I know not, added I, somewhat angrily, how I shall pardon you for this bad Office. The poor *Carvagas* made a thousand Apologies which but made the Thing still worse. *Donna Clara* and her Brothers, more surpris'd than can be imagin'd, made abundance of Excuses for not having rendered me the Respect that they thought was my Due; it was to no Purpose that I endeavour'd to prevent the rest of the Family's knowing of my being in the Room; so the rest of my Visit pass'd in Ceremony. I could no otherwise account for my coming to the House in this private manner, but that I might learn with more Freedom the State of *Brasil*, and be inform'd of the Curiosities that are daily discovered there. I gave *Don Bermudo* and his Family a thousand Marks of Friendship, and told them that I was so pleas'd with their Conversation and Acquaintance, that I would continue my Visits, looking at *Donna Clara* to observe her Motions: She could no longer doubt but that I passionately loved her, and I endeavour'd to find out by her Looks the Disposition of her Heart, upon the Discovery that had happen'd. I could perceive Trouble, but alas! if I was the Occasion, it was not long before I found that it was upon another's Account. I observ'd *Alonso Luis* at the same Time, and he appear'd to be under the same

same Trouble with her, and their Eyes, which met sometimes, seemed to express both Grief and Love ; so that I no longer doubted of their Love, and that *Donna Clara* had informed him of my Passion ; perhaps they were not much concerned about it, while they only knew me by the Name of *Montefiore* ; but began to be afraid and afflicted, when they knew me. This was what I imagined, and the Thought perplexed me in a most terrible Manner.

I shall not trouble you with my Complaints, only tell you that I shut myself up in my Closet, and gave Way to all the Violence of my Grief ; admitting none into my Presence that Evening, and passing a considerable Part of the Night in the same Agitation. However, in reflecting upon my Misfortune, it came into my Mind that perhaps I tormented myself needlessly, that my Suspicions were too precipitate, and that I ought, at least, to be more certainly informed, before I could reasonably be so much afflicted ; and with this reasoning I lulled myself asleep. In the Morning, *Don Bermudo* and his Sons came to return me Thanks for the Honour I had done them. I took Occasion, without Affectation, to enquire about the young Man named *Alonso Luis* that I had seen at their House several Times. *Bermudo* answered, that he was a young *Brasilian*, whose Father and Mother were *Portuguese* ; that he was of ordinary Extraction, but had the Sentiments of a Man of Distinction, and personal Merit as I myself had seen ; that a Service of the last Importance, which he had, with great Courage and Success, rendered to his Daughter, had made him dear to all the Family ; and that being come to see *Portugal*, his House was open to him. This Discourse made me easy, and I even accused myself of Injustice, in suspecting *Donna Clara* capable of an Attachment unworthy of her. *Alonso*, said I to myself, has Merit, but *Donna Clara* knows

too well what is due to her Birth, to stoop so low as him. I pulled up my Courage, and told *Bermudo* that I would call at his House in the Afternoon. A great many Courtiers that were attached to me went thither, so that the Assembly was numerous and brilliant. *Donna Clara* appeared in all her Charms. *Alonso Luis* took care not to appear, besides, he gave me no more Inquietude. The Time was spent in a very agreeable Manner, and upon leaving the Assembly, I publickly declared, that I would come every Day at the same Hour to *Don Bermudo's*. I know not if there was any Suspicion of the Motive of my frequent Visits, but I did not give myself the Trouble of enquiring.

SUCH publick Testimonies of my Love, did not at all satisfy me, and I therefore contrived Entertainments and Diversions, that I might have an Opportunity of conversing with *Donna Clara* in private. She was always present, and made the greatest Ornament, at least in my Eyes. I renewed upon all Occasions the Assurances of an eternal Attachment, and endeavoured to persuade her that all was done for her Diversion. She heard my Protestations of Love with Complacency, but I perceived too plainly that they made no Impression upon her Heart; and I was as far from being happy as the first Hour. I complained sometimes of her Insensibility, and she answered me in a manner that would have satisfied any other but a Lover. But I wanted that she should give me a Return of Love, and that was just what she would not grant, and which made me almost desperate. I could scarce allow myself to think that so obstinate a Resistance was without some other Cause than Indifference, and therefore gained her Woman, and set so many Spies upon her, that I was at last informed of what I wish I had been all my Life ignorant. Unhappy Discovery, whose fatal Consequences have poisoned
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all the Sweets of Life, and made me for ever miserable. I understood then that I had been imposed upon by a pretended Insensibility, that *Donna Clara* loved passionately, and that *Alonso Luis*, whom I thought I had unjustly suspected, was the Object. It is impossible to describe my Indignation and Fury. What! said I, does she prefer an *Alonso* to me who have loved her so tenderly, and given her so many Proofs of a sincere Passion! Ah! her unworthy Lover shall perish in her Presence, and indeed I believe I was capable to have killed him with my own Hand, had he presented himself in the first Moments of my Rage. But the Night having calmed my Transports, I was satisfied next Day with having Orders carried to *Alonso Luis* to return to *Brazil* in a Ship that was to sail in two Days. His Mistress and he could easily see by this Order, that they had been betrayed, and that my Jealousy had been the Cause of it. *Alonso* appeared no more: I thought he was gone, and my Hopes began to revive; *Donna Clara* had so much Command of herself as to disguise her Grief, but gave no more Encouragement to my Love than before. On the contrary, her Behaviour was more reserved and respectful, which was a very good Way to punish me for the Grief which I gave her. I could not long support such Cruelty, and one Day as I was walking with her I dropped some Complaints of her Injustice in preferring *Alonso*, but in such tender and respectful Terms, that she could not be offended. She appeared to be under some Disorder, and was to seek for an Answer; at length she thought it was proper to make her Love pass for Gratitude, assuring me that she had no other Sentiments for *Alonso* but what the Services he had rendered her required; and insinuated that she took my Reproaches in Jest, as no doubt I intended them, and that she had a better Right to complain of the Opinion I
had

had of her. Ah! too lovely *Clara*, replied I, what Advantage will it be to you to deceive a Prince who adores you, and who is but too sensible, notwithstanding the Inclination he has to believe, that you disguise your Sentiments? Rather tell me that you are prepossessed with a Passion to which you was forced to yield: Tell me that *Alonso Luis* has an invincible Right to your Heart, to which his Merit and your Inclination have entitled him: In short, tell me plainly that your Affection is a Happiness that I need never pretend to; I shall then blame my Stars for my unhappy Fate, I shall sigh in secret, and endeavour to smother my Grief. I shall even have the melancholy Satisfaction to believe that, as you are acquainted with my Case, you will pity me, and that it does not depend upon you to make me more happy — *Donna Clara* interrupted me, by assuring me that she was not insensible of the Tenderness I expressed for her, and that my Quality of Prince was not what she thought most to be esteemed in my Person, but being naturally sincere, continued she, with all the Softness imaginable, I cannot longer conceal from you my Aversion to Love, and that all the Trouble and Proofs of Affection with which you are pleased to honour me, are superfluous; not that I am prepossessed by another Passion, as you reproach me, but because such is the Disposition of my Heart. She pronounced these Words in so natural a manner, and so proper to persuade, that I was much at a loss what Answer to make. By good luck some Persons came up to my Relief, and the Conversation becoming general, I soon retired. Is it possible, said I to myself, as I was returning, that she loves nothing? Does she not intend to deceive me by ambiguous Terms? She is incapable of loving: Is it not that her Heart is so full of Love that it can admit of no more? On the other Hand if she were so passionately in Love with

Alonso,

Alonso, how could she bear the Thoughts of his Absence with so much Tranquillity; Would she assure me so naturally of her Esteem, me whom she ought to hate and detest for separating her from her Lover?

I resolved absolutely to put an End to this Uncertainty, and ordered my two Gentlemen, who had given me the first Information of her Intrigue, to be called. I chid them for having gone upon a wrong Scent, and for making a false Report. One of them, whose Name was *Don Vacellos*, answered with some Warmth, I see plainly, my Prince, *said he*, that you are imposed upon, but if you are persuaded of my Honour, trust to what I tell you, and be not only assured that *Alonso Luis* is loved by *Donna Clara de Bermudo*, but that he is still at *Lisbon*; contrary to your Orders, where he keeps himself concealed, and has every Night a secret Interview with her in the Garden of *Saint Mark*. A Man who unexpectedly receives a Stab with a Dagger, cannot be more struck and confounded than I was with the fatal News. Rage succeeded to Astonishment. Ah! cried I, do they make their Game of me, they shall both perish; I will sacrifice them both this very Evening with my own Hand, and without further Deliberation ordered *Vacellos* and his Companion to make ready to attend me to the Garden of *St. Mark*, at the Hour when *Donna Clara* went thither. I waited for the Time of going with the greatest Impatience, and under the most terrible Agitations of Rage and Fury; At last it came, and I went on Foot disguised with my two Officers, who knew the Place where the two Lovers used to meet. They shewed me them at a Distance, upon which I ordered my Followers to retire and leave me alone. I advanced towards the Arbour where I was to find my Prey, and my Fury increasing as I drew near, I thought nothing could prevent *Alonso's* falling a Sacrifice to my Revenge. As for *Donna Clara* her
Death

Death was not fully determined in my Heart. I left the Decision of that 'till I was in her Prefence, and saw her Behaviour. In fhort, I went in and found them in a Pofture which naturally ought to have augmented my Transports, the Miftrefs fitting, and the Lover on his Knees holding one of her Hands in his. How could he efcape Death? Ought not I to have ftabbed him a thoufand Times? Nothing lefs than a Miracle could have faved him, but Love can do fuch Things. *Donna Clara* perceived me, and fure Lightning cannot fly fafter than ſhe ruſhed into my Arms, holding me faft in hers. I ftuggled to get clear of her, but ſhe held me back with more Strength than could have been expected from one of her Delicacy; after all, what Reſiſtance could I make againſt a Perſon that I adored, and fo ſtrongly clafped me in her Arms? So that ſhe led me as quiet as a Lamb to a green Turf Seat. Ah! Madam, *ſaid I with a broken Voice*, how ſtrong Love makes you, and how weak it renders me! this Day crowns your Triumph more than ever. Hitherto you only robbed me of my Peace and Quiet, but now you attack my Life, and I ſee that you are very eaſy whether I loſe it or not, if you can but preſerve your Lover's. As for thee, *continued I, addreſſing myſelf to Alonſo*, who was upon his Knees oppoſite to me; happy *Alonſo*, art thou ſenſible of thy good Fortune? Does not the Jealoufy which it gives me teach thee to eſteem it? Away, thou haſt no Occaſion to envy my Rank. I would ſacrifice it to the leaſt Part of thy Happineſs. But, *reſumed I after a Moment's Silence*, what has given thee the Boldneſs to remain in *Portugal* after my Orders to leave it. This ſhall coſt thee thy Life, if not as a Rival, and ſatisfying my Revenge that Way, at leaſt as a Punifhment of thy Diſobedience. I then roſe up in order to ſeize him, and began to call for *Vacellos*, but *Donna Clara*, tranſported with Fear, threw herſelf at my

my Feet, and in a Flood of Tears begged for his Pardon. The Trouble I was under made me for some Time unmindful of the Posture she was in, continuing her Solicitations in the most pressing Manner. But opening my Eyes, as it were, of a sudden, and seeing her kneeling in this humble manner, I was like to die with Shame and Grief. What! Madam, *said I with Transport*, you thus humble yourself to save *Alonso*, and you imagine that you have Occasion for this to obtain from me what may be agreeable to you. Ah! what cruel Torments do these two Thoughts make me suffer! O how happy is *Alonso* and how unhappy am I! Fear nothing, *said I turning to him*, thou shalt live, for she that intercedes for thy Life is absolute Mistress of mine; and she has an equal Power of giving me Death and thee Life: But go and be happy elsewhere, and never appear more in my Presence. Thou cruel Woman, *continued I, turning to Donna Clara*, would you require too that I should be a Witness of such a Rival's Happiness, and will you not consent to the Order that I have given him never to appear again where I am? She made him a Sign to be gone, which he immediately obeyed. I remained with her and her Woman, who always attended her to the Garden, and who was in my Interest. She spoke no more of her Lover, but after telling me that she was touched with the Constancy of my Passion, and with all the Proofs she had received; she endeavoured to throw her want of Power, to make a suitable Return, upon the Force of Destiny, that directs our Inclinations and presides over the Union of Hearts. I let her speak on without answering her, otherwise than by my Sighs, all the Time I was conducting her to her Coach.

AFTER she was gone, I returned to the Garden to find out my Companions, and in walking softly; was ruminating on the Oddness of my Fate, and of
the

the tyrannical Power of Love. I was revolving in my Mind all the bitter Draughts that Love had made me already take, and what still were before me, being reduced to Love without the least Hopes. I even endeavoured, after many Reflections, to shake off the Yoke, and to give Peace to my Heart by breaking at once it's Chains. Why, said I to myself, should I trouble two Lovers, who, were it not for me, would be happy, and who are not accountable to me for the Sentiments of their Hearts? What Business have I whether *Alonso* is worthy or not of *Donna Clara*, or whether she has or has not Reasons to love him? In short they love one another, and I have no Right to oppose it. It is done, let them gratify their Passion: I will no more disturb them, but endeavour to make myself easy. — Alas! after all, how can I! who will give me Resolution enough to forget *Donna Clara*, to efface all her Charms; if they are for ever imprinted in my Heart, can I constantly view them with Indifference? She adores *Alonso*, and he loves her. Ah! what Harm do they receive from my Love? Have I said one harsh or offensive Word to him? Alas! my Passion only serves perhaps to whet their Tenderness, and to make them feel a greater Pleasure in their mutual Love. *Alonso* is more sensible of his Happiness, because I envy him, and *Clara* makes a Merit of sacrificing such a Lover as me: I am the only unfortunate Person. They enjoy all the Sweets of Love, and I all the Sours, which, bitter as they be, are so agreeable, that I would less consent to lose them than to have the Dose augmented.

WHILE I was deeply wrapt in these melancholy Reflections, I heard about twenty Paces from me the clashing of Swords. As it was late, and having seen no Body in the Garden I was apprehensive my Gentlemen had quarrelled. Is it you, *Vacellos*, cried I advancing? I knew his Voice, and ordered

dered him to stop, but the Blow was given, on coming up I saw a Man stretched upon the ground, and Streams of Blood running from him, and who should it be but *Alonso Luis*. *Vacellos* told me that having just then met with him walking alone, and remembering that my Design was to have killed him, he had fancied that I might have missed him, and therefore had engaged him with equal Weapons, and believed he had killed him. What have you done, *said I*, I had pardoned him: *Donna Clara* will die with Grief. I wanted to see if he was dead, he told me himself that he was dangerously wounded, and thanked me for the Concern I was under for his Misfortune. I thought a little of this Adventure and came directly to a very extraordinary Resolution that must surprize you, which was, to have *Alonso* transported to my House, and to have as much care taken of him, as if he had been very dear to me. The ungrateful *Clara*, *said I* to myself, will, at least, be obliged to confess that the Love I have for her is extraordinary, upon seeing that I even respect her in the Person of an odious Rival whom she prefers. My Attendants were surpris'd at the Order I gave them to stop his bleeding, and to assist him in going home with me. I caus'd him to be lodged in a handsom Room, and ordered two of my Servants to attend him 'till he was perfectly recovered. He could not tell what Construction to put upon such Attention and Care, and I was told, next Day, that he had appeared to be under some Uneasiness all Night about it. I stole in the Morning to his Chamber to see him, and he was under great Confusion when he saw me come in. I order'd the Servants to retire that I might be alone with him. Well, *said I*, happy Lover, what Idea have you of your Rival? Do you still look upon me as your Enemy? The Concern he was under was so great that he could make no distinct Answer, otherwise

therwise than by pronouncing some confused Words that expressed his Surprise and Gratitude. I ask no other, *replied I*, than to declare to your Mistress that I have no Hand in your being wounded, and that I spare no Pains to preserve you for her, upon which I left him.

THIS Project pleased me, and I hugged myself for this singular Invention of my Generosity and Love. *Alonso* did not fail to let *Donna Clara* know of his Misfortune, and the Service that I had done him, which I perceived when I went to her Father's after Dinner. I contrived means to be alone with her, and as I was opening my Mouth to tell her what had past, I perceived Tears running down her Cheeks before I spoke. Ah! too generous Prince, *said she, interrupting my first Words*, spare an unfortunate Creature the Confusion which a Recital of your Goodness and Generosity must lay me under, and which I have not deserved. I know what I owe you, and I accuse Heaven of laying me under the Necessity of proving ungrateful. No, no, *answered I*, fear nothing, fair *Clara*; I do not come to make a Merit of saving *Alonso's* Life, nor to reproach you with the Service I have done him. I only come to tell you, that you need be under no Apprehension for his Life, which I will endeavour to preserve while I live, and while he is loved by you. I will do more, I will load him with Riches and Honours, to render him worthy of the Title of your Lover and of my Rival. Yes, *Alonso* will become dear to me, because he is the Object of your Wishes, and I will thus give you, in the Person you love, Proofs of a Passion which you reject when addressed to yourself.

DONNA Clara had a Heart extremely generous and tender, and I saw that my Discourse moved her so much, that she was ready to throw herself at my Feet to express how much I had obliged her.
She

She could not hinder herself from calling me her dear Prince, and to assure me, that her Life was at my Disposal, to which I had but too good a Right: It was her Heart that spoke, I could see it in her Eyes and upon her Lips. How lovely did she appear in that Condition! What would I not have sacrificed to have deserved one of those Tears, which she shed with Profusion for *Alonso*! For, in short, I discovered plainly enough, that the most lively Marks of her Acknowledgment had her Lover for the Object, and that she would have been much less affected with what I did for her, had not *Alonso* reaped the Fruit of it. She acknowledged plainly, for the first Time, that this happy Mortal possessed all her Affection, and assured me, that, not being able to bestow her Love upon me, she should be always ready to shed her Blood and to sacrifice her Life for my Service. This Share is unjust, *said I*, and you know too well that I cannot accept of it. But, Madam, *continued I, with a Sigh that marked my Despair*, shall I then never know what attaches you so invincibly to the happy *Alonso*? I know that he is lovely, and, besides, that the Heart seldom uses to give Reasons why it loves, but, in fine, your Birth, no doubt, would have hindered you from engaging in a Passion so disproportioned, had there not been Reasons and Motives that you could not surmount. Will you refuse to let me know them? Have you any Interest to conceal them? What important Services has he rendered you, and which you have so often mentioned? Perhaps the Knowledge of this may serve to make me easier. She answered, that, far from having any Intention of concealing them from me, she was surprized that she had so long delayed a Narration so short, and which might have served as an Excuse of her Weakness for *Alonso*. I was, *said she*, at * * * * * the Metropolis of *Brazil*, unacquainted with Love. One Day excessively hot,

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I propos'd in the Evening to five or six of my Companions to take the Air upon the River in a Boat. The Coolness of the Water, and the Beauty of the Meadows, made us advance farther than we design'd, and having perceived a Part where the Sand appeared to be fine, and shallow Water; by a general Consent we agreed to bathe, and accordingly order'd the Boatman to row towards the Shore, and to retire to a certain Place when we were landed: We were begun to pull off our Clothes, when two Leopards started out of a neighbouring Wood and came running towards us. We perceived them, and the Fright we were under made us think of nothing but Flight. These Creatures are swift and came up with us in a Moment, both of them seizing one of my Companions that ran by my Side. She gave a horrible Shriek, and I fell to the Ground at the same Time in a Swoon, so that, not recovering my Senses for a considerable Time, I did not see the rest of this cruel Adventure, but the Sequel, as I learned since, was this: The two Leopards carried my Companion and me a considerable Way from the River among long Weeds in the middle of the Meadow, where, by a Happiness for which I cannot be thankful to Heaven, they began by tearing in Pieces my unfortunate Companion, and I should have certainly undergone the same Fate after her, had not Providence preserv'd my Life: Some of our Companions, who had been more happy in their Flight than we, happened, by good luck, to meet with *Alonso Luis*, who was hunting in the Meadows. They inform'd him of our Misfortune, begging of him to come to our Assistance, and directing him to the Place. He knew me and even lov'd me, though I had never seen him. He flew to my Assistance, and with Difficulty found at last the Place and the Monsters, who were just going to devour me. He rush'd upon them without

considering the Danger, and killed them both with his Poniard, without receiving other Harm than a slight Wound in the Leg. He moved me so, that at last I came to myself, and you may judge of my first Thoughts at the Sight of the Danger from which I was happily delivered. My poor Companion, or, to speak more properly, the Remains of her bloody Body half eat up, were the first Object that presented itself to my View. I was almost swimming in her Blood, which had run in Streams towards me, and the Monsters were lying stretched on the Ground, a few Paces from me on the other Side. *Alonso* helped me to rise from the Ground, and supported me when I was standing. I looked at him without having the Power to ask who he was, and by what Miracle he had saved me. The Sweetness of his Eyes and Countenance, with the Addition of a genteel Person, made, at once, a strong Impression upon my Heart, and laid the Foundation of an Inclination which no Reflections could surmount. He solicited me at last to return to Town, and even offered to carry me. I told him, that the Boat which had brought us out, could not be far off. We advanced to the River Side, and accordingly perceived it at a little Distance from us. The Height of the Banks had prevented the Boatmen from seeing our Misfortune. I went into the Boat, and *Alonso* with me, who was so respectful, zealous, and careful, that I conjectured there was something more than mere Pity in the Case. We arrived at Town and were met by a Crowd of People who were come out to my Assistance. *Alonso*, after having delivered me into safe Hands, was so modest as to propose leaving me, but I would by no Means consent to his going, till he had accompanied me to my Father's Palace, where I presented him as the Preserver of my Life. Such a Service gave him constantly free Access to me. The Frequency of his Visits, and the

the Means he found to let me know his Sentiments, made him at last discover mine. I could neither surmount nor conceal them from him, and I thought what he had done for me justified them. This is what you desired, *added she*, to know; can you now blame me?

No, Madam, no, *said I*, but I find myself most unhappy. I plainly see that so just a Love cannot miss to be constant; consequently I must lose all Hopes, and yet nothing is able to diminish my Passion. Think only to what Tortures I am condemned, and yet were they a thousand Times more cruel, they shall not hinder me from executing what I have promised with Regard to *Alonso*.

AND indeed, a Vacancy happening in my Household even before his Recovery, I gave him the Preference, and in a short Time he was fully recovered, that is to say, about six Weeks after his Wound, I made him my chief Equerry. It must be confessed that *Alonso* had Merit, and that his Preferment sat easy on him. His excellent Qualities procured him the Esteem, not only of all my Servants, but of all the Court. I could not hinder myself from esteeming his Modesty and Virtue, and to let him know that I was pleased with his Behaviour. I sometimes talked with him in private about *Donna Clara*. As he was not ignorant of the Violence of my Passion, he threw himself at my Feet, and with Tears expressed his Despair, for being an Obstacle to my Happiness; and I am persuaded he was sincere, when he offered to make a Sacrifice of his Life to render mine more happy. No, *said I*, that Proof of your Affection would be useless to me, for her Love would follow you to the Grave. I know your Mistress, and am but too well assured that I should gain nothing by losing you. I continued still to visit her, notwithstanding my Resolutions to the contrary. She appeared to receive me with Pleasure, and as she was of a mild and sweet Disposition, she

endeavour'd as much as she could to soften my Pains ; but her Complaisance and Careffes were a new Poison that augmented my Evil, and rendered my Wounds incurable.

IN the mean-time, there happened some Changes in her Family, which gave a new Turn to her Fortune. A contagious Fever carried off her Father and her three elder Brothers; so that she was her own Mistress, and in some measure the Head of her Family, the only Brother left, being at most but eight or ten Years old. She herself was attacked with the same Distemper, and reduced to the last Extremity. The Fear of my own Life did not hinder me from visiting her assiduously while she was at the worst, and to employ for bringing about her Cure what Love only could invent. I had the Satisfaction, at least, to see that she was not insensible. One Day that she found herself very bad, and that there were but small Hopes that she could escape Death, she took hold of my Hand, which she squeezed tenderly, assuring me that the Ingratitude, with which she was forced to pay such a tender and generous Passion as mine, made her very easy about Life; but what will surprize you most, *continued the Prince*, is that I admitted her dear *Alonso* into her Room with me, and had sometimes the Patience to hear the mutual Protestations which they gave to one another of an inviolable Fidelity.

AT last she recovered contrary to Expectation, and the Court, no longer ignorant of her Sentiments for *Alonso*, made no doubt but, that being now at Liberty to dispose of herself, she would make her Lover happy. The Honours and Riches that I had profusely bestowed upon him, seem'd to shorten the Distance that Birth had put between them, and it is very probable, that this Change of his Fortune flatter'd his Hopes, though he had hitherto kept them within his Breast. This was a shocking Thought

to me, and I resolved to make a new Attempt upon my cruel Mistress, without deviating however from the generous Conduct which I had all along held. My Plan was this; I ordered *Alonso Luis* to attend me in my Closet, where I thus spoke to him; *Alonso*, I have hitherto treated you with Marks of Distinction that ought to attach you to my Person, my Design in mentioning them is not to reproach you, but to engage you to render yourself still more worthy of my Favour. I have Affairs in *Brasil* that require the Presence of a Man who is devoted to my Service, such I take you to be, and intend that you shall go thither with proper Instructions, and with a Character which will give you a Rank next to the Governor during your Stay, not less than a Year; but to indemnify you for this long Absence, I promise that you shall marry *Donna Clara* upon your Return, if she consents to do you that Honour. I flattered myself that *Alonso's* Absence would perhaps cool the Lady's Affection, and if that happened, I could easily find new Pretences to detain him there, till she had quite forgot him; but if her Constancy could stand out the Year, I was resolved to abandon my Pursuit and to hasten their Marriage, by recalling *Alonso*, and soliciting his Mistress to make him perfectly happy. Such was my Project, but Fortune, as you will see by what follows, baffled all my Schemes, and what I thought could not miss of making me or the two Lovers happy, served only to complete their Ruin, and to precipitate me into the deplorable State to which you now see me reduced.

SUCH Promises gained upon *Alonso*; the Desire of appearing in his native Country, in a Station to which he could not reasonably pretend to aspire, rendered a Separation from his Mistress less rigorous; besides, the Prize that he was to obtain upon his Return at the Year's End, was sufficient to make

him undertake a more difficult Enterprize. His Business was to make an exact Inquiry into the Value and Management of the large Estates which I have in that Country. In short, he embarked and had a prosperous Voyage, but, in a few Days after his Arrival, was seized with a violent Distemper which hurried him to his Grave. The News of his Death was brought to *Portugal* by the same Ship that carried him to *Brazil*, and it reached his Mistress's Ears as soon as mine. I can give you but a slight Idea of her Anguish and Despair, which would have hurried her, in the first Violence of it, to some fatal Resolution, but that I was for the most part with her, and gave Orders to take particular care of her in my Absence; at length she consented to preserve her Life, but looking upon it as a Punishment, she resolved, about three Months ago, to retire to one of her Country-Seats about six Leagues from *Lisbon*, where she past her melancholy Days in Sighs and Tears, receiving no Visits but mine, which were every other Day *incog.* with only *Don Telles de Sylva* who accompanied me. My Presence was not at all disagreeable to her, and she seemed to be pleased with what I said to comfort her; so that I fancied I perceived the Effects of my Love and Constancy, and was in Hopes that Time would not only accustom her to my Addresses, so as to be pleased with them, but also engage her Heart; when behold a fatal and unforeseen Accident at once destroyed my Hopes and Happiness. Tears and Sighs, which at this part of his melancholy Story *Don M*— could not retain, forced him to make a short Stop. You see, *said he, sighing and in a mournful Tone*, how far I appear to be affected, and yet I am really a thousand Times more than what I seem to be. Reason alone would not be able to bridle the Despair into which my Misfortune has thrown me, nothing but Honour and the Consideration

tion that I owe to the Rank in which Heaven has placed me, could dissipate a Desire which pushes me every Minute to put an end to my wretched Life. After this short Digression, he thus continued his Narration: I am now going to tell you what no Mortal at *Lisbon* knows. You may remember the first Time I had occasion to talk with you, Word was brought me that an unknown Lady demanded an Audience upon pressing Business. This Woman, though in reality unknown to my People, was not so to *Don Telles* and to me. I had myself placed her with *Donna Clara* when she received the News of *Alonso's* Death, to take care of her, and to prevent any Attempts that her Despair might make her undertake. *Philippa's* unexpected Visit and melancholy Looks having struck me at once, I judged that she brought bad News; and, without giving her Time to speak, conducted her into my Closet, where her Tears and Groans, which she had retained before my People, took a free Course, and stopt her for a considerable Time from uttering one Word. Pray speak *Philippa*, said I, and keep me no longer in Pain, I tremble for *Donna Clara*. Alas! answered she, *Donna Clara* is no more, and it is to no Purpose to tremble for her now. Having seen her but the Day before, the little Appearance of her being dead since my Visit hindered me from understanding at first the Sense of these Words, but *Philippa* having, by some broken Words, made me but too well conceive the Cause of her Death and the tragical manner of it, I thought of nothing but how to follow her; and had not the cruel Pity of *Don Telles*, who was in the Closet, stopped my Sword already pointed to my Breast, I should now be in my Grave as well as she. He took the Advantage of the Weakness which was occasioned by my Trouble and Grief, and forced me into Bed himself without allowing any of my Servants to come in, and it was then *Philippa*

told every Circumstance of my Misfortune without Disguise, and sure you will be surpris'd how I could bear the Recital without expiring. *Alonso Luis* finding himself a going, had, it seems, made very melancholy Reflections upon such an unexpected Accident. To die, as it were suddenly, at his Age, and notwithstanding the Advantage of a strong Constitution, was not what galled him most; but to die on the very Point of being the happiest Man alive both in Love and Fortune, to die in a Place of the World so distant, that there was no Possibility of bidding a last Farewel to *Donna Clara*, seem'd so terrible and insupportable, that he began to suspect such a desperate Death could not be natural, and to fortify him in this Opinion, my Passion for his Mistress came fresh into his Mind, so that he at last attributed not only his being sent out of *Portugal*, but also his Death to my Jealousy. Mad and injurious Opinion after the Proofs that he had received of my Generosity, for which, however, I should have pardon'd this unhappy Wretch, had the Consequences proved less fatal. This Idea wrought so strongly upon him, that being fully perswaded I had order'd him to be poisoned, he call'd for Pen and Ink and wrote a Letter to *Donna Clara*, in which he mention'd his unjust Conjectures as a certain Truth. He deliver'd this unhappy Letter to his Uncle, with a considerable Sum, after making him promise solemnly to undertake the Voyage himself to *Portugal*, and to deliver the Letter into *Donna Clara's* own Hands. The Uncle not being ready to go with the Ship that brought the News of *Alonso's* Death, took another Opportunity about three Months after. The Death of *Donna Clara* is owing to the Arrival of this Wretch with the fatal Letter, which made her resolve upon her own Murder, and what augments my Misery is, that she put herself to Death, not so much to accompany her Lover, as to be re-
venged

venge and to punish me, whom she looked upon to be the Author of her Misfortune. *Philippa* told me that upon reading *Alonso's* Letter she at once lost all her Senses, her Eyes shut and she remained some Time motionless, and without the least Signs of Life; but recovering at last out of this fainting Fit, she invoked Heaven and her Lover's Shade to witness her deplorable State, and then, with what little Strength she had remaining, exclaimed in most bitter Reproaches against my Barbarity, pronouncing a thousand Imprecations: Alas! how unjust was she to me who adored her, to me who only lived to please her, and who was ready to sacrifice myself, not only for her Happiness, but also for her Lover's, because her's seemed to depend upon it. Wearied at length with venting her Rage in Words, she started up with all the Signs of Fury in her Looks, and, in spite of all *Philippa's* Diligence, who was alone with her, snatched up a long golden Bodkin with which she pierced her tender Heart. This, Gentlemen, *said the disconsolate Don M—*, is the Misfortune which makes Fountains of my Eyes, and which has forced me to fly from my native Country. See the Remains (*pulling out a Handkerchief out of his Pocket stained with Blood*) of what was a thousand Times dearer to me than myself: This fatal Monument of my unhappy Love shall accompany me to the Grave. *Philippa* made Use of it to stop the Blood, vainly imagining, by that Means, to preserve the unfortunate *Clara's* Life, and you may judge by the Care I take of preserving this mournful Relick, how far I am resolved to indulge my Grief; Time and distant Climates may perhaps work some Change upon my distracted Heart, and, 'till then, my Resolution is never to set foot in *Portugal*.

WHEN the Prince had ended his Narration, he found himself under such an Agitation, that he could

Scholar. We invented a Sort of Method, which succeeded so well, that the two Brothers, in three Weeks Time, understood the greatest Part of our Discourse, and could make a Shift to express their Thoughts tolerably well; but whether it was owing to the Master's Address, or the Scholar's Capacity, I shall not pretend to determine, however, *Memisces* had by far the Advantage of his Brother.

I was mightily pleased with the Marquis's Application, which I looked upon as a new Remedy, that could not miss of completing his Cure; and though I did not think him capable of entertaining any Affection for *Memisces*, but what was intirely innocent, yet I could not but think, that there was something amiss in his extraordinary attachment to this young *Turk*; and therefore I told him, when we were by ourselves, that I thought he gave himself too much up to his Passions, that he observed no bounds in his Attachment to what pleased him, and that he had already forget the fatal Consequences of Engagements that pass the Limits prescribed by Reason, in which Case, it seldom fails, but that the least Disappointment or Change, makes a Man quite unhappy. I do not blame you, *continued I*, for allowing Friendship access to your Heart, but it must not extend to Passion, nor it's Effects be the same with those of Love. Nevertheless, I perceive in you, not only the Fire and Ardour, but also the Agitation and Inquietude of the Lover. In one Word, you love *Memisces* too much, and I could wish that you had a better Government of your Heart. He answered me ingenuously, that he was sensible himself he was too much attached to this young Stranger, and that the Tenderness he felt for him, amounted to a Passion; that he could give no other Reason, but an invincible Inclination to which he yielded with infinite Pleasure, confessing that *Memisces* was dearer to him than himself, and that

that foreseeing that he must lose him sooner than he could wish, the Thoughts of a Separation made him already tremble; and, indeed, the Wind being very favourable we advanced apace, and in less than a Month we would have made our Voyage, had we not been retarded by an Accident that justly alarmed us. We were already pretty nigh the *French Coast*, and the fine Weather gave us a favourable Prospect of getting safely and speedily to our Port, when we heard, from all Quarters of the Ship, the Sailors calling out a Pirate, upon which we all got upon Deck; the Captain told us plainly that we were chased, and that, as the Pirate out-sailed us, without a miraculous Assistance from Heaven, we could not avoid being attacked. We answered, that there was no great Hardship in being obliged to come to an Engagement, provided we had wherewithal to defend ourselves; unfortunately there were none in the Ship but the Complement of Sailors and some Passengers, a few old Cannon, very little Powder, and no small Arms but our Swords. The Prince made a Review himself of every Thing that might serve for our Defence, and finding Things in so bad Order, we lost all Hopes of a Deliverance from the Danger to which we were exposed; for, in Reality, what likelihood was there, that, with no other Arms than our Swords, we should be able to stand against Pirates completely armed, and no doubt, superior in Number? And to make our Escape by Flight was as unlikely considering the Dulness of our Ship's sailing, compared to that of the Pirates. On the other Hand, to yield without striking a Stroke, was what none of us could bear the Thoughts of; besides, though we had tamely submitted, could we expect any better Treatment from such Ruffians upon that Account? I made no doubt but that our Ruin was certain; yet, as losing Courage, and being dis-

heartened.

heartened would have but made our Conquest still more easy, I put the best Face I could upon it, and made a Shew of Confidence, which was far from my real Sentiments. I begged of *Don M***** not to expose his Person, but he generously rejected my Advice. As for the Marquis, I made him promise to keep close by me during the Action. Obey me, *said I to him*, perhaps for the last Time; you shall dispose of yourself as you think proper, after you see me fall in your Defence. He answered, clasping me in his Arms, that since I was to take Care of his Life, he would endeavour to take Care of mine, and promised to remain by me, that he might at least have the Satisfaction of dying near me. *Muleid* prepared for the Combat with the same Resolution, but *Memisces* was placed with the Women below in the safest Place of the Ship by the Care of the Marquis, for his dear *Memisces* was for ever in his Thought. At length the Pirates were got within Gun-shot of us, and judged, by the Manner of working our Ship, that they might look upon us as a sure Prey. When by good Luck, or rather, by miraculous Providence, two *French* Ships appeared all of a sudden at the same Distance in head of us as the Pirates were a-stern, and we no sooner perceived them than we thought our Danger over. In Effect the Pirates having soon perceived them, and, not judging it safe to attack us, gave over Chace and tacked about; so that we soon lost Sight of them. We saluted the *French* Ships as we passed them with some Guns, by Way of Thanks for the signal Service they had done us, and in a few Days after got safe into *Holland*.

THE Prince set out directly for the *Hague*, and told us that he intended to lodge at the Count *de Tarouco's* where he expected to see us. The young *Turks* and we remained at the Place of our landing that Day and next Night. I only ordered *Scoti* to

go before, and to hire an Apartment for us at the *Hague*, that we might not be at a Loss upon our Arrival, and next Day we found him waiting for us on the Road that leads to the Town. As he knew the Place, having been there with me formerly, I ordered him to conduct *Muleid* and his Brother to the *Pleen*, where they told me their Father had wrote them he was to lodge. When we parted they expressed their Acknowledgments of our Civilities very handsomly, and promised to pay us the first Visit they made. The Marquis could not hinder himself from embracing *Memisces*, who shewed no Reluctancy. You must however part for good and all, with this dear *Memisces*, said I to him, when we were alone, and we will see how you will support this Separation. His Answer was, that he was now going to impart a Thought which had occurred to him some days ago, but which he durst not mention before. I cannot deny, *continued he*, but that I love *Memisces* beyond what can be imagined, and my Heart feels for him what it never felt but for my dear *Diana*. I have the same Pleasure in seeing him, and his Absence gives me the same Pain, and consequently it will be no Wonder if a Separation proves uneasy to me. But if you had any Regard for me, *added he with a tender Look*, you could deliver me from this Misfortune, or at least, keep it back for a long Time. Explain yourself more clearly, *said I*, for I do not conceive your Scheme: Here it is, *said he*, instead of going to *England* when we leave *Holland* we might return to *France* with the two young *Turks* and their Father, it is but reasonable that, being so near mine, and designed to visit other foreign Countries before I return, I be desirous to see and embrace him. This might be our Pretence. We would let *Memisces* see the Court of *France*, and what would still answer better to my Design.

Means

Means might be used to get him insensibly instructed in our Religion in order to bring about his Conversion, because in that Case it would be no difficult Matter to get him to remain all his Life in *France*, and then I am confident that I could easily prevail with my Father to receive him into our Family as his Son, by which Means I should have the Satisfaction to live constantly with him as a Brother.

I listened to the Marquis with great Attention, and could not enough admire the Fertility of his Brain, in forming Projects; however, after I had given him full Time to expatiate upon his Scheme, without the least Interruption, I answered in a more serious Manner than he expected, that what he had told me made me shake from Head to Foot: What, Sir, *said I*, if a Mistress was in the Case could you speak otherwise? What is the Meaning of that Grief, Joy, and other Sentiments which you pretended to be such as you felt for *Donna Diana*? This sure cannot be Friendship, which ought to be moderate, discreet and agreeable to the Rules of Honour and Reason. You have drawn the Picture of a criminal Passion, and the Warmth with which you speak of *Memisces*, gives me a terrible Suspicion of Inclinations which I tremble to mention, and therefore you must give me leave to tell you, that *Memisces* must go without us. You may, if you think proper, give him Letters of Recommendation to the Duke your Father, and some other Friends, which will make *Paris* the more agreeable to him, and it is the only Way that you can at present testify your Friendship, for to imagine that a Child of thirteen or fourteen Years old can be instructed in our Religion, without his Father's Knowledge, or that he will allow of it, if he does, is nothing but a childish Thought and without Foundation. My Answer seemed very harsh to the Marquis, and I observed the Violence he did himself.

himself to conceal his Concern. But to soften him a little, I added, that I did not condemn the Marks of Affection which he had hitherto given *Memisces*, that such a lovely Child was so deserving, that I myself had a very great Kindness from the first Moment I had seen him; but this Change of Tone would not do. The End of my Discourse did not make amends for the Harshness of it's Beginning.

As the Publick is justly apt to be diffident of the Truth of extraordinary Events, this Thought (which just now occurs to me) is almost capable to stop my Pen from ending this first Part of our Travels. I confess, that what remains is, for it's Singularity, very surprizing; and yet 'tis a Fact which a thousand Persons can certify, either in *Holland*, where it happened, or in *France*, where it was known to as many as knew me.

THE next Day after our Arrival at the *Hague*, which was, if I rightly remember, the fifth of *December*, we made our first Visit to the Prince *Don M**** who kept us to Dinner, and was so extremely civil and kind, that none but those who know this Prince's admirable Qualities could believe it. It being too late when we left the Prince to let the Marquis see the Beauties of the Place, we returned to our Lodging, and were scarce got into our Apartment, when one of our Footmen came to give us notice, that the Father of our two lovely *Turks* was with his Children at the Gate in his Coach, in order to make us a Visit. They had said so much of our Kindness and Civility to him, that he thought he could not too soon come and return us Thanks. I gave *Scoti* Orders, who was in a Dress that might make him pass for a Sort of Equerry, to go and conduct them up Stairs, and in a Moment they were with us; but good God! how was I surprized, or rather transported, when I found, in the Person of this *Turkish* Officer, the Brother

ther of my dear *Selima*, the good and generous *Amulem*. There are certainly no Sentiments in the World such as those which Nature or Gratitude inspire, but their Excess proves sometimes fatal. If the Strength of my Constitution prevented my sinking under the first Transport of my Joy, it was otherwise with *Amulem*, who soon knew me by the Sound of my Voice, and Eagerness of my Embraces; for my Countenance was as much changed as my Dress; but if he was as much struck as I could be with this happy and unexpected Rencounter, he had not the same Strength to support the Impetuosity of his Surprize and Joy. He sunk down so suddenly that I could not prevent his falling, and while we were endeavouring to get him up, it is *Salem*, said he, with a faint and trembling Voice, my Children, behold your Uncle. They flew about my Neck, and clasped me in their Arms, and God only knows what Motions I then felt in my Heart; I held the Father in my Arms, and the two Children folded me in theirs, and thus with mingled Tears we expressed the Sympathy and Union of our Hearts.

IN the mean time I considered that *Amulem*, whom I still supported, had Occasion for speedy Assistance. His Voice was quite extinguished, and his Sighs were frequent and convulsive; but as he had still so much Strength remaining as to move himself on the Chair where we had seated him, I judged that his Distemper was occasioned by the sudden Revolution of his Spirits, for which Reason a Vein was opened, and recovering his Voice for a Moment, he told me in the *Turkish* Language: Is it possible, my dear *Salem*, that the Sight of you, which I have so impatiently desired, should be the Occasion of my Death? If such a Thing should happen, the Cause will be very different from that of Grief, but my dear Sister *Selima*, added he, will not Heaven bless me with a Sight of her before I die. I judged by
this

this Discourse that he was ignorant of the Loss of my Spouse, and as he was not in a Condition to support such a melancholy Piece of News, I only told him, that I was at present so transported with our joyful Meeting, that I could think of nothing, but the Means of his speedy Recovery. Alas! *replied he*, I am so weak, and feel such an Oppression upon my Heart, that I dread the worst, however, I have had the Satisfaction to see you, and you will assure *Selima*, that to die without having the Pleasure of seeing her too, adds to my Affliction, since it was the only Motive of my undertaking, with my Children, the Voyage from the *Levant*, and which engaged me to solicit for some Years, the Commission which I am come to execute in *Holland*. I have seen you, *repeated he*, *squeezing my Hand*, and this is enough to prevent my accusing Heaven of Rigour. If Providence thinks fit to deprive me of Life, I recommend my Son and Daughter to you; conduct them to *Selima*, I know to whose Care I commit them, and this is my Comfort. I told him that he must not think of Death, and that I hoped we would soon find Means to cure him of his present Indisposition. I then asked about the Daughter whom he mentioned, and where she was. There she is, *answered he*, *pointing to Memisces*. I had ordered her Governess to dress her in Man's Habit, in order to disguise her Sex, and to prevent Accidents, to which Women might be exposed in travelling, and for the same Reason I have thought proper to let her remain in this Disguise here. I have but these two Children, *continued he*, and as they are what is most dear to me, if you have any Friendship for me be kind to them.

HE had Abundance of Difficulty to speak these few Words, and I was glad to see the Physician, whom I had sent for, come in, who having examined his Case, made him be directly put to Bed, and,

in the Manner that he talked of his Distemper, made me extremely uneasy: The first Thing he ordered was a second bleeding; in an Hour after he became intirely insensible, which made me begin to despair of his Life; but the Physician, without appearing to be under any great Concern for the Situation he saw him reduced to, ordered him to be blooded in the Foot, which brought him to Life, and in less than an Hour, he recovered not only his Reason, Speech and Colour, but also his Health; nothing remaining but a little Weakness occasioned by the loss of Blood. Such a Complication of extraordinary Events (I again repeat it) *viz.* meeting with *Amulem*, his Distemper, his Cure, and the Disguise of his Daughter, will not perhaps be easily credited; but I ought not to deviate from Truth, though I may fall under the Suspicion of an incredulous Reader.

WHEN *Amulem*'s Recovery permitted us to think of Joy, we gave ourselves up to it without Reserve. It was then I began a-new to load him and his Children with my Caresses. Such Satisfaction and Pleasure appeared to me as a Dream, and I could scarcely allow myself to look upon such an agreeable Event as a Truth. During this Scene, the Marquis acted very different Parts. In the first Surprize which our Embraces and Transports gave him, he stood like a Statue, but when he understood that this *Turk* whom I clasped in my Arms and embraced so tenderly, was my Brother, he advanced to join his Caresses, in which *Memisces* had the best Share. While *Amulem* was in his Fit, he could perceive the Marquis's Behaviour to his Daughter, but, being recovered and got out of Bed in a few Hours, observing the childish Familiarities that he used with his Daughter, he asked me what this young Man was, and if he knew *Memisces*'s Sex. I then told him what the Marquis was, and assured him,
that

that he believed *Memifces* to be a Boy, begging that he would allow him to remain in his Error, for Reasons which I told him. I did not think proper to discover to my lovely Niece at this Time that I knew what she was, lest her Blushes and Confusion might give the Marquis some Suspicion. Besides, another Concern employed my Thoughts. There was a Necessity of letting *Amulem* know, that *Selima* was no more, who had more than once asked about her, and might justly be surprized at my Silence. After I had considered how I was to impart this melancholy Piece of News; I thought that as her Death had happened nineteen or twenty Years ago, he would not be so shocked with it as with a recent Misfortune; however, I took a long round about Way to prepare him for the dismal Tale, which drew Tears from him, and renewed mine. Some Days after I told him all that had happened to me with his dear Sister, since our Departure from *Amasia*, and he would have abandoned his Design of going to *France*, after the Loss of the only Person for whose Sake he had left his native Country, had I not mentioned my Daughter, and even *Agade*, whom he had not forgot, so that he resolved to go and see them as soon as he had finished his Affairs in *Holland*. The Marquis, to whom I communicated his Resolution, was infinitely pleased, foreseeing that I necessarily would be obliged to accompany him. I told him however, that being obliged to go and pass some Weeks in *France* with my Brother and Nephews, I would leave him at the *Hague* to wait my Return. He made bitter Complaints, and went so far at last, as to tell me, that he saw but too plainly he had been deceived in believing that I had any Friendship for him, since he could not but think, that my Design in leaving him in *Holland*, was with no other View, but to deprive him of the Pleasure of being with *Memifces*;
however

however, continued he, if I am denied the Satisfaction of accompanying you upon the Road, I could not hinder him from setting out two Days after we were gone, in order to join us in *France*. But we made up the Peace, when I told him, that I only jested with him. That very Evening I acquainted the Duke of our Arrival in *Holland*, and that having found my Brother there, I would be obliged to come to *France*, and pass some Time there with him. About eight Days after, I received an Answer from him, in which he was pleased to approve of my Design, but begged I would not bring the Marquis to *Paris*, where he would not have him to appear, till he had finished his Travels, promising to come and see us himself, either at my Daughter's, or at the Count of—— my Uncle on the Father's Side.

WE passed about two Months in *Holland*, with all possible Satisfaction. Our usual Visits were at the *Marquis de Chasteauneuf's*, the *French* Ambassador, and the *Count de Tarouca's* the *Portuguese* Ambassador, for I do not call visiting our being almost constantly at *Amulem's* Lodgings, or he and his Children with us at ours. We looked upon our selves as one and the same Family. *Muleid* and *Memisces* made themselves, in a short Time, perfect in our Language; so that our Conversation became easy and familiar. I was extremely afraid, that the Marquis would at last discover *Memisces's* Sex, which must have produced, as may be easily judged, a very odd Effect, for it plainly appeared, that his Affection for this young Person was augmented, since the Discovery of his being so nearly related to me. He made no Scruple to tell me so himself, and asked laughing, if I had any Objections to make against his loving my Nephew. It is certain, my Niece had tender Sentiments for the Marquis, I was too clear-sighted, not to perceive it from the Pleasure she had in being with him, and in his
waggish

waggish Manner of toying with her. I did not let her know for some Days, that I was informed of her Sex, but being apprehensive, that she would come at last to a serious Engagement with the Marquis, who became daily more and more lovely, I made her understand that I knew her Disguise, being persuaded, that this Discovery would make her more reserved with the young Gentleman. Good-morrow, my dear Niece, *said I*, taking her by the hand. She blushed without answering, but I waited till she spoke, and looked at her smiling. At last she told me, that it seemed I had forgot, that she was was my Nephew *Memisces*. No, no, *replied I*, embracing her, I know what you are, and I assure you, that if I loved you as *Memisces*, I love you still more as my dear Niece. I see, *said she*, that my Father has discovered my Sex, and truly, I was surprized why he seemed to keep it a Mystery from you; but is it not rather you your self, my dear Uncle, who have concealed what you knew, no doubt, from our Arrival here. We continued our Conference in the same Posture, till the Marquis entered the Parlour, where we were, and advancing softly behind *Memisces*, he made a Sign to me not to discover him, which I the more readily complied with, being willing to see how my Niece would take his little Freedoms, after what had passed betwixt her and me before he came in. The Marquis without any Ceremony, put his Hands about her Neck, and kissed her Cheeks, till they were red as Fire. *Memisces*, (which Name I shall still continue to give her) made some Efforts to get herself disengaged, and artfully feigning that he had hurt her, desired him, with a Short of pettish Air, to let her alone. The Marquis, who was not accustomed to hear her speak so seriously, made a thousand submissive Excuses, and fancying that he might have really hurt her, wanted to see if there was any

Mark upon her Neck, and this was a new Scene that diverted me much. All this while, I had not opened my Mouth, but at last I took *Memisces's* Part, and told the Marquis, that such Careffes were not handfom, and could only be allowed in Children. Good God how rigid you are, *answered he*, when People love one another, may they not without Offence, give some innocent Marks of their Affection. *Memisces* told him with a Sincerity, which I believe spoke the Sentiments of her Heart. You fancy then, Sir, that I am without Friendship for you, because I am not for such little Fooleries; be my Friend as much as I am yours, but be no more waggish than I am, and you will doubly oblige me.

Amulem had as yet told me nothing of the State of his Affairs at *Amasia*. I put him one Day upon that Subject, by asking News of *Oscina*, and some other Persons that I formerly knew there. Till now I believed that *Muleid* and *Memisces*, were that beautiful *Greek Lady's* Children, but I learned with Surprize, from *Amulem*, that notwithstanding the Love he had for her, none of the Freedoms of the married State had past between them, and that she had remained but a short Time in his Seraglio; but here is the Particular Account he gave me of the whole Affair.

You remember, said he, that *Oscina's* Heart was engaged when we had the good Fortune to deliver her from her Captivity; and that what induced her to comply with my Proposal, was not any Inclination she had for me, but to be rid of the *Sultan*; so that Hatred and Grief were her two strongest Passions, which I soon perceived, and that she had no Sentiments for me, but such as Gratitude without Love can inspire. I wanted more than this, my Passion being violent, but the most ardent Flame extinguishes when it is not nourished with a suitable Return.

Return. I visited *Oscina* assiduously every Day, and gave her a thousand Proofs of my Respect and Love; so that my whole Family were persuaded, particularly after my Father's Death, that she would always hold the first Rank in my Heart. She then did, indeed, possess it, and might have still done so; but her Indifference was so obstinate, that by Degrees her Charms lessened in my Eyes. It is true, she offered herself to my Embraces. I am your Purchase, *said she*, and have cost you too dear to refuse you the Possession of my Person; but all this without the least Mark of Tendernefs, and constant Sighs for an absent Object, a continual Melancholy in her Eyes and Countenance, even in the Moments when I was giving her the most passionate Proofs of my Love. But what contributed most to make me forget her, was, a new Acquisition which I made of a beautiful *Circassian* named *Agelona*, for whom I felt my Heart more sensibly touched than ever it had been for *Oscina*. I bought her from a Slave-Merchant who was carrying her to *Constantinople*. She was not so handsom as *Oscina*, but possessed those inexpressible Charms that make a surer Conquest than the most perfect Beauty, and it is certain that she at once made one of my Heart, which she preserved till the Moment of her Death. She was the Mother of my two Children, and if you find *Memisces* lovely, her Mother would have appeared so too, for she resembles her as much as possibly two Persons can do, with this only Difference, that *Memisces* has finer Eyes, and more delicate Features. While my Heart was thus agreeably engaged, I abandoned *Oscina* to her Indifference, and paid her only ceremonial Visits as I did to the other Women of my Seraglio. One Day she desired to have a private Interview with me, which I readily granted. The first Thing she did, was to throw herself at my Feet, shedding Tears. I immediately raised

her from the Ground, and having made her sit down, asked, with seeming Concern, the Cause of her Grief. She began a very moving Discourse upon the Misfortunes of her Destiny, and the unhappy State in which she had lived, since she had been taken and carried from her native Country by *Mezzo Morto*. I have thrown myself into your Power, *continued she*, and I have no Reason to repent my so doing; my Life has been much more comfortable, and if I continued to be afflicted, it is rather the Consequence of an adverse Fate that does not allow me to be happy, than the Usage I have received from you, of which I cannot too much extol the Generosity and Goodness. Why did it not depend upon me to prove more tender? I should have made a suitable Return to your Love, and my Sentiments would have pleased you. But I have not been able to surmount the Melancholy that depresses me. My Indifference has cooled you, and you have abandoned me for another. But I do not complain, what my Tears demand of you now, in the Name of that Love you once bore me, is, to grant me Liberty to return to *Smyrna*, since I am not here of any Use to your Happiness? Restore me to my native Country, to my Father, Mother, and Family, who, to this Hour, I presume, are shedding Tears for my Loss. My Father is rich, and will, I know, sacrifice even his whole Estate for my Ransom, consequently you will draw two Advantages from my Liberty, that of granting to an unfortunate Creature the only Happiness that she can now hope for, and that of augmenting your Treasure, by exacting for my Ransom much more than I am worth, or than you esteem me.

SHE threw herself at my Feet a second Time, and in spite of me, clasped my Legs in her Arms. I answered, after having raised her up, that it had intirely depended upon her, to have made herself

one of the happiest Persons in *Asia*; that in Reality, my Heart had not been able to bear the Coldness with which she treated it, and had therefore sought to render itself more happy; but that in ceasing to be bound by the Chains of Love, I had not ceased to esteem her, and was sorry that she had delayed so long to ask me a Favour, which I would have been always ready to grant her, and that she might therefore look upon her Slavery as near it's End; that being resolved to go myself upon some Affairs to the *Mediterranean* Coast, I would take that Opportunity of sending her back to *Smyrna*; and as for her Ransom, I promised never to demand a Farthing from her Father or Family, that she might have some Sense of my Generosity, since I had not been so happy as to make any Impression upon her Heart. *Osina* appeared to be sensibly touched with my Discourse, and the civil Manner in which I treated her. About two Months after I performed my Promise, and I believe she is now happy with her Family at *Smyrna*.

As for me, *continued* Amulem, my Design was to go to some Port in the *Mediterranean*, to find out a *French* Ship that would carry Letters to you. Contrary to the common Effect of Absence, Anxiety and Melancholy increased in Proportion to the Distance of Time since we parted. I sought you in every Place where I was accustomed to see you in my Infancy and Youth, every Thing put me in mind of your Friendship and Services. My Sister's Image was forever in my Thoughts, you know how dear she was to me. Shall I never see them? *said I to my self, almost every Day*; or shall I never have, at least, the Satisfaction to let them know that they are continually in my Thoughts, and that I would rather cease to live than to love them? I found upon the Coast some *Marseilles* and *Genoa* Ships, I gave Letters to every one of the

Captains, hoping, that at least, some one or other of them would come to your Hands, and since you tell me that you never received any, I find they have all deceived me. In short, several Years having passed, and my Children being of an Age to support the Fatigues of travelling, I resolved that they should go along with me to *France*.

I had been informed that *Mehemet Lebi*, who is my Relation, had been made *Capitan Pacha*, and I hoped that by the Interest which his Post gave him, he could be serviceable to me in my Design of going to the Christian Countries; accordingly I set out for *Constantinople* with my Children, but had the Misfortune not to find him there, he being gone by Order of the *Grand Seigneur* to visit the Islands of the *Archipelago* that are subject to our Empire. This Disappointment did not make me drop my Design. I left my Children at *Genap's* (whom you formerly knew at *Constantinople*) and going aboard a Vessel ready to set sail; I went to *Scio*, where I was assured I should find *Mehemet Lebi*, which accordingly happened, and, knowing me again, he offered to serve me in any Thing that was in his Power. I told him ingenuously the Motive of my going there. You could not come more opportunely, *said he*, I was looking out for a proper Person to send to *Holland* to negotiate some Affairs of our Grand Emperor with that Republick. Do you undertake that Commission, you may easily return by the Way of *France*. *Mehemet Lebi's* Proposal was extremely agreeable, and I only asked him so much Time as to return to *Constantinople* to take my Children along with me. But he answered, that the Affairs of our Sovereign Monarch could admit of no Delay. I chose rather, *added the good Amulem*, to deprive myself of the Satisfaction of having them with me, than to lose such a favourable Opportunity, and therefore I wrote to them

to take the first Occasion of a Ship bound for *Europe*, I was under no Apprehensions for them; having intire Confidence in the Zeal and Prudence of the Domesticks whom I had left with them. In short, I am arrived happily here, and every Thing since has succeeded beyond Expectation, only the Death of *Selima* has imbittered the Satisfaction of finding you in so extraordinary a Manner, and of seeing my Children arrive with you.

Amulem's Affairs retained him longer than we could have wished, having, besides his Business with the *States of Holland*, something to negotiate with the Marquis de *Chasteauneuf*, the *French* Ambassador, during which Time we employed ourselves in visiting the principal Towns in *Holland*. *Amulem* committed to my Care his two Children, who went along with us. At last, we all set out for *France* with an equal Satisfaction, and took the Road to the Count of — to whom I had wrote from *Holland* of our coming. He received us with such Magnificence and Grandeur, that I complained of it, being uneasy at the excessive Expence which he put himself to upon my Account. The Duke of — was not unmindful of the Promise he had made to come and see us. All the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry came to pay him their Respects, and formed a very gay and brilliant little Court. The Marquis de — my Son-in-law and my Daughter were among the first, and I leave the Reader to imagine how they careffed *Amulem* and his Children, and what Returns they made them. *Agade* had almost died with Joy upon the Sight of her dear Patron, the Brother of her beloved Mistress, to whom she had been constantly attached.

THE Beauty and good Grace of *Memisces* were admired by every Body. The Duke of — who took Notice of the tender Friendship which the Marquis bore him, commended his good Taste

in such an Attachment, of which the Sequel will be seen in the last Part of our Travels, if the particular Facts with which it will be filled, permit me to render it publick. I shall end this with the unlucky Accident that came to imbitter all our Comfort, the Moment we least thought of it, and which forced me once more to acknowledge, that it is not in this wretched World we are to expect pure and solid Pleasures. Alas! had I occasion for this new Proof, after the fatal Experience which I had made during the whole Course of my Life? We had passed three Weeks with all imaginable Satisfaction at the Count of —s, and were coming to my Daughter's, notwithstanding his Efforts to keep us longer. He had promised to join us a few Days after our Departure; and four Days being past we grew impatient to see him. Alas! we were never to have that Happiness again, one of his Servants brought us the fifth Day the melancholy News of his Death. The most amiable and most generous of all Uncles had been attacked the Day before with an apoplectick Fit, which in a few Hours deprived him of Life. We were thunder-struck with this terrible and unforeseen Blow. But I drop my Pen to dry up the Tears which the Remembrance of this cruel Misfortune draws to this Hour from my Eyes.





MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK X.

I Understand that the former Parts of my History have met with a favourable Reception from the Public, and that a new Edition of them has been published in *Holland*; whether this Success ought to give me any Vanity, I shall not pretend to determine; but my Friends would have me look upon it as a Motive of taking up the Pen again, and continuing the Work. I would perhaps come into their Sentiments, did I know upon what Foundation the Esteem of those, who think favourably of it, is grounded. I should, for Instance, esteem myself happy, that what pleases me best in it, may be the Motive of their Approbation; that is to say, the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue, which I have taken Care to diffuse through the whole Work, and I own that, notwithstanding the Coldness with which old Age begins to chill my Blood, I should again enter the List with new Ardour. But who can assure me that the Esteem with which my Performance is honoured, is not perhaps given to Things

which I cannot hinder myself from condemning, though I have had the Weakness to write them? I mean some soft and moving Descriptions, and certain Liberties in Sentiments and Expressions, which, though they do not directly clash with Decency and Virtue, may nevertheless be of dangerous Consequence to an inconsiderate Reader, who is too much affected by them. This Thought has made such an Impression on me, that I have, more than once, been tempted to throw the Journal of my last Travels into the Fire, and, by that Means, free myself, at once, from being farther solicted to publish them. And yet, shall I own it, at last my Scruples yielded to Solicitations, which is entirely owing to an easy complying Temper, and an unbounded Complaisance in Friendship as in Love; a Weakness chargeable upon my Character, and of which I am, with no small Concern, but too sensible. At the Age of Sixty I am just what I was at Twenty, a Lover of strict Virtue; but sometimes weak and slow in the Practice of it, though constantly an Enemy to Vice, so far as to avoid it with Horror, not only in my Writings, but also in the Course of all my Actions.

I thought my self under an Obligation to give the Public this short Account of the Disposition in which I find myself, when I enter upon this last Part of my Memoirs, and at the same Time, to plead the Continuance of their Indulgence for the Remainder of my Adventures, which, if I am not deceived, will excite their Curiosity and Compassion, as much as the first did; because my Stars still continue their former Influence, and I am obliged now to acquaint my Readers, as I did formerly, that they should take Care not to look into my Book, if they are liable to be too much affected with almost an uninterrupted Series of Misfortunes. Now this
finished, I return to the Thread of my Story.

My

MY Uncle's Death having put a Stop to all the Joy which we were beginning to taste at my Daughter's House, we altered our Resolution of remaining there some Weeks. *Amulem* told me that he would be obliged to return to *Asia*, to make a Report of his Commission. We deliberated upon the Time of his Departure, and, as we were fully resolved not to separate for ever, we considered of the properest Means to bring us again together. The first Proposal I made to him, was to leave his two Children with my Daughter, to which he consented, and engaged himself to return to *France* as soon as his Affairs were finished. His Absence could not be less than three or four Months; I thought in that Time the Marquis and I might visit *England*, and return to *France* Time enough to rejoin *Amulem*, and remain with him some Time at my Daughters; and, afterwards, accompany him to *Vienna*, in his Way to *Amasia* with his two Children. He approved very much of this Project. I wrote to the Duke about it, who readily consented, and it was without Delay put in Execution. The Adieus were tender and moving, particularly those of the Marquis and *Memisces*. I did not however observe any Thing more particular than usual, they had both of them the Cunning to deceive me, but we shall soon see them appearing in their true Colours, and acting a quite different Part.

WE sailed from *Calis* to *Dover* with a very favourable Wind; we took but little Notice of any Thing on the Road 'till we came to *Gravesend*, where we left off going Post, and embarked upon the River *Thames*, but our Indifference was soon forced to yield to the Magnificence and Variety of Objects, that presented themselves to our View, and I have seen nothing in all my Travels that comes up to the Beauty of this Sight. The *Thames* from *London* to the Sea, is not only one of the largest

MEMOIRS of the

Rivers of *Europe*, but also of the most agreeable and most proper for Navigation. The largest Ships come into it easily; and it is so covered for more than twenty five Miles, that there scarce remains a Channel as a Passage to the new ones that come in. It's Banks are filled with Warehouses and Arsenals, and a great many other Buildings proper for Commerce and Navigation. In Places where the Sight can be extended farther, a great Number of fine Seats in the Plains and upon little rising Grounds, present themselves, as also beautiful Gardens, populous Towns and well built: In short, one cannot open his Eyes in this happy Island without having an Idea of the Plenty in it, and the Happiness of it's Inhabitants.

WE passed through a Forest of Ships which seemed to multiply as we advanced, and the Tide being favourable, in a few Hours we arrived at the Foot of *London* Tower; but I shall afterwards speak of this famous Place, and of what we saw that was curious the first Day. As nothing is wanting at *London* for the Conveniency of Strangers, we got ourselves and our Baggage easily transported to the Quarter of the Town where we designed to lodge. We chose that of the Court as the most agreeable, and most convenient for the Purpose of our coming into *England*, and accordingly we hired an Apartment in *Suffolk-Street*. Though the Houses in *London* are not so handsom, nor so sumptuously furnished as those of *Paris*, yet they are extremely neat and commodious. The greatest Part of the Streets are large and streight, and what they want is to be kept cleaner, and to be better paved. They are commonly so dirty that it would be impossible to walk in them, were it not for a pretty large Foot-walk, on each side, defended by Posts from the Approaches of Wheel-Carriages. When one intends to cross a Street, they must look out for a Row of
Stones

Stones larger and higher than the rest, which are placed at small Distances the one from the other, and which they are obliged to clean several Times every Day. Besides the great Streets that traverse the whole City upon all Sides, there are infinite Number of small ones that serve for Communication, and these they call Courts or Alleys. The greatest Part of which are paved with Marble or large square Stones, and are always very neat and clean, because no Coaches or Wheel-Carriages are allowed to pass through them. Nothing gives a grander Air to the Streets of *London* than the Signs at every House. The *English* spare no Cost to have them magnificent. And I have seen some that have stood them in five hundred Crowns *French* Money; they are gilded over, and embellished by divers Ornaments of Sculpture and Painting, and the greatest Part of them so large and weighty, that they must be supported by Pillars, which render the Streets narrow in several Places. The Churches also make a very fine Figure in *London*, having all, excepting a very few, being rebuilt since the Fire which consumed the greatest Part of this City. They are all in the modern Taste, and there is not one of them that does not Honour to the Architect. The Church of *St. Paul*, which is the Cathedral, would very well deserve a particular Description. It is one of the most stately Edifices in the World. But the Design of these Memoirs is not to draw the Plan of a Church, or a particular Building. I only mention these Things, by the by, and to give a slight Idea of a Country, not so much esteemed by the rest of *Europe* as it ought, because they do not sufficiently know it. I shall take Care, in the Sequel of these Memoirs, to remark, by Degrees, what is most worthy of Notice at *London*, and in other Parts of *England*. The Duke of ——— had wrote a Letter to our Embassador, before we left *France*, of his Son's coming to

London, where we thought ourselves obliged not to appear, but after paying his Excellency a Visit; he received the Marquis with great Marks of Distinction, and wanted that he should make Use of one of his Coaches; but we thanked him, having already hired one. By good Luck he had demanded an Audience of his *Britannick* Majesty for next Day, and offered to take that Opportunity of presenting the Marquis. Accordingly we went with him about Ten o' Clock to the Palace of *St. James*, and having stopped a While in an Anti-chamber, while he was in secret Conference with the King, he came himself and desired us to advance, conducting the Marquis towards his Majesty, who was already apprised by the Ambassador of his being there. The King was sitting in an Arm-chair, but he rose up on the Marquis's coming in, took off his Hat, and having immediately put it on again, advanced to the Middle of the Room, where we had the Honour to walk with him about a Quarter of an Hour. He gave the Marquis Assurances of his Esteem, and promised to contribute all that was in his Power to make his Stay in *England* agreeable. We were admitted the same Day to an Audience of the Prince and Princess, and were most graciously received.

THE Court of *England* and the City of *London* were then in a terrible Agitation, being still apprehensive of the Consequences of the *Scotish* Revolt, and the *Pretender's* Enterprize. For though the Hopes of that unfortunate Prince had miscarried at *Preston*, and that his Party was intirely dispersed, since the five principal Chiefs were fallen into the King's Hands, and detained Prisoners in the *Tower*; yet it was not doubted but that there were not only in *Scotland*, but even in *London*, and in all the Counties of *England*, many Persons disaffected to the Government. This Opinion kept the King and Parliament under Apprehensions of Danger; there

there was no End of Suspicions and Examinations, and upon the least Umbrage, People, whose Fidelity was in the least suspected, were without Distinction ordered to be taken into Custody.

THE five Ring-leaders of the Rebels, who had the Misfortune to be made Prisoners at *Preston*, were sentenced to die the very Day of our Arrival. The King, moved with the Tears of their Wives, suspended the Execution for some Days, under Pretence of a more ample Discovery of their Crime, and of the secret Springs of the Conspiracy; but he had Occasion to repent of his Condescension, which made him lose one of his Victims. Namely the Earl of *Nithisdale*, whose Life was saved, in an extraordinary Manner, by the Generosity of his Wife. This Lady had an uncommon Affection for her Lord. The first News of his Condemnation made her fall into a fainting Fit, which continued so long that it was like to have proved fatal, but having at last recovered by the Assistance she received, she did not take up her Time with weeping, but thought of Means to bring about his Escape, at the Expence of her own Life. The Earl was a Nobleman of great Merit, and had gained a great Number of Partizans, even among the Populace; it was to these that my Lady first addressed herself, and threw away Gold and Money in Profusion, to ingage them to join and rescue her Lord, when he was carried to Execution. But, how great soever their Affection was for the Earl, she found few that were willing to undertake so bold an Attempt; and therefore, not finding any Certainty that way, of Success, she changed her Scheme; went and threw herself at the King's Feet, whom she endeavoured to soften with her Tears, and the most moving Expressions that Grief and Love are capable of. She solicited the Prince, the Courtiers, and all the foreign Ministers. I happened to see her at the
French

French Embassador's, and must own that I could not refrain from Tears upon seeing the Floods that ran from her Eyes, and so many visible Marks of real Anguish and Despair. In fine, this second Expedient proving unsuccessful, Love inspired her with a happy Invention. She returned once more to his Majesty's Feet (who had the Goodness never to deny her Access) and appearing to have given over Hopes of Pardon for her Husband, only begged of him that she might be allowed to go and bid a last Adieu to him, which was readily granted, and she left alone with him in the Chamber, by the King's Order. She took this Opportunity of changing Clothes with him, and pressed him to walk out while she remained in his Place. He was so lucky as to pass all the Guards without being discovered; whether this was owing to the Handkerchief with which he covered his Face, under Pretence of wiping off the Tears, or that the Captain (which is more likely) had been seduced by the Lady's Liberality, I shall not pretend to determine. This Event was in a Moment known all over *London*, but all the Measures taken by the Ministry to find him out, were to no Purpose; and it was known, a few Days after, that he had got safely over to *France*, and at the same Time that the *Pretender* had left *Scotland*, and had landed at *Graveline*, with an Intention to retire to *Avignon*. This last News made the Court a little more easy, but did not hinder the Execution of the Sentence pronounced against the Rebels. My Lord *Derwentwater* and my Lord *Kenmure* were beheaded, and the rest were shot or hanged. We had the Curiosity to be present at the Execution of the two former, their Tranquillity and Constancy were heroical. Heaven is to judge of the Justice of their Cause. The Poets exercised their Veins upon my Lord *Nithisdale's* Escape, and his Lady's Greatness of Soul. I remember some

Verses

Verfes of a *French Ode* made upon this Occasion, which, though very indifferent, and even irregular, I fhall here put down fuch of them as my Memory furnifhes me with.

*Dans un Cœur tendre & magnanime
L'Amour & la Vertu d' Accord
Arrachent fa Conquete au Crime
Malgré la Trahifon du Sort, &c.*

*Fui, dit elle, chere moitié
Fui la crua tè d'un Tiran,
Dont le Cœur Sourd à la Pitiè
Se montre alterè de ton Sang :
Mon bras levé pour ta defenfe
S' est foutenu par l' Esperance,
D' arracher ta tête au Peril ;
Ne crains pas que je me demente.
Victorieufe & trop contente
Si mon trepas peut t'etre util.*

*Va conter à toute la France,
Et mon Courage & ton bonheur :
Pour prix de ma noble Affurance
Je ne veux de toi que ton cœur :
Et que tu graves dans ton ame
Que fi par le bras d'une femme
Tu te vis conferver le Jour,
La Vie qu'elle t'a donnée,
Est moins un Fruit de l' Himenée,
Que l'Ouvrage de fon amour, &c.*

Thus Paraphrafed.

The Heart where Love and Virtue dwell
In Unity and Peace,
Will ev'ry fulfom Crime compel,
To yield to them the Place, &c.

Fly from this Island, quickly fly,
 From those who thirst for Blood ;
 Let me my better half convey
 To distant Climes abroad.

If for thy Life my own must pay,
 I'll freely give Consent ;
 My Glory will shine bright that Day,
 And I shall die content.

Go publish on the *Gallick* Shore,
 How I have done my Part ;
 And tell them too, I ask no more,
 But still to keep thy Heart.

Let this engraven on it be,
 While thou shalt wand'ring rove ;
 That what thy Spouse has done for thee,
 Was less from Vows than Love.

THE very Day on which the Lord *Derwentwater* was beheaded, we were at the Assembly which was kept thrice a Week at my Lady R——s. I was surprized to find a certain Air of Melancholy in that House, which I had not observed two Days before, and was told, by Way of a Secret, that the Lady had been passionately in Love with that unfortunate Nobleman; but that out of Regard to the King, as much as her Husband, she had not only abstained from giving any publick Marks of Grief, but likewise so far gained upon herself, as not to interrupt the Course of the Assemblies held at her House. I curiously examined her Countenance, that I might, by it, endeavour to discover the Situation of her Mind. She took Notice of my attentive Looks, and when the Company was preparing to be gone, a Footman came and told me that his
 Lady

Lady desired to speak with me in private. I was much at a Loss what to make of this Affignation, however, I begged of the Marquis to go Home, and that I would be with him at Supper. In a little Time after I was carried to the Lady's Clofet, where, after she had carefully shut the Door, she spoke to me in the following Manner: I know, Sir, that you are a Man of Birth, and, which is more valuable, a Man of Honour, so that I make no Difficulty to lay my Heart open to you; you see in me, the most unfortunate Woman in the World. I have lost, this Day, every Thing that could make Life agreeable, and if I have Resolution enough to survive the poor Lord *Derwentwater*, I have not that of remaining longer with the Barbarians who have snatched him away from me. I must abandon *England*, should I perish in the Attempt. I know that the Sea-Ports are guarded, and that none are allowed to go abroad without great Formalities. In one Word, that I must deceive the King's and my Husband's Vigilance. But were the Difficulties still greater, I am resolved to surmount them. I have communicated my Design, upon a Promise of Secrecy, to your Embassador, who excused himself, for Fear of offending the Duke of *Orleans*, Regent, who had Measures to keep with the King of *England*, but advised me to address myself to you, as a Person very capable of rendring me this good Office: See, Sir, what you think can be done for an unfortunate Woman, and depend upon Acknowledgments more than you can desire. I so little expected such a Proposal, that I was, for a considerable Time, uncertain what Answer to make. Your Confidence in me, Madam, *said I*, does me great Honour, but truly I cannot but admire how the Embassador imagines that I can undertake a Thing which he refuses to do himself. At least did he tell you by what Means he pretends that I may accomplish

plish it? Or rather, Madam, consider with yourself that, being an absolute Stranger in this Country, where I have not been above eight Days, and without any other Character but that of a Companion to the Duke of — s Son, I am no Ways in a Capacity to obey your Commands. You are, Sir, *interrupted she*, and I would have not proposed the Thing to you, had I not known that it was in your Power to execute it. In two Words, I shall explain myself, You may send one of your Domesticks to *France*, on a Pretence of Business, and obtain from Court a Pass for two. I shall disguise myself, and if necessary take the Livery of the young Nobleman who is under your Care, and in this Manner I shall get easily away. I only beg of you to give me a prudent Companion, and whose Fidelity is to be depended upon. Truly, Madam, *said I*, here is an Expedient that I never should have thought of. I only ask you a Day to consider of it, do not make a wrong Construction of this Delay, and be assured of my Respect and Discretion. I then took my Leave of her, and retired with my Head full of this Adventure. I resolved next Morning to go to the Embassador's, and to talk with him upon all that had been told me.

BUT another Scene was preparing the same Evening, which was to add to the Afflictions of the Day. The Marquis not expecting my Return home so soon, had taken the Opportunity of my Absence to write a Letter, which he certainly had no Design to communicate to me. He was in this Occupation, when I entered the Chamber, and, finding him so wrapt up in what he was about, that he did not mind my coming in, I advanced softly to the Back of his Chair. He wrote on, and though I had no Reason to be curious about the Subject of his Letter, yet something, I don't well know what, prompted me to look at it, which I no sooner did,
than

than I discovered that it was a Love Letter, and the Reader may judge of my Surprize. I immediately retired as softly as I came in, and having called for *Brissant*, who was still his Confident, I put several Questions to him relating to his Master, and by his Answers, I could easily perceive, that he knew nothing of this Intrigue. He told me, without any seeming Reluctancy, that all the Service he had rendered to the Marquis, since our Arrival in *London*, was to carry a Letter to the Post Office. I asked to whom it was address'd, he assured me, that he had not read the Direction, and that he only remembred it was for *France*. I ordered him for the future to bring me all the Letters which his Master gave him, threatning to dismiss him if he did not obey. I then went out to pass an Hour in a Coffee-House, till the Marquis had finished his Dispatches.

AT my Return, I found *Brissant*, who waited for me at the Door, and who put the Letter into my Hands, which I put in my Pocket, reserving the Reading of it, 'till I went to Bed. We supped with our usual Tranquillity, and our Conversation ran on the Customs of the Country, with which the Marquis was charmed: I cannot forgive *Guy Patin*, said he, his odious Character of the *English*: He pretends that they are among Men, what Wolves are among other Beasts: Can there be any Thing more false and unjust! On the contrary, I have never seen any Thing more humane and polite, than the Gentlemen that we are acquainted with, nor any Thing more soft and lovely, than the Ladies at *London*: Their Manner of dressing, the Method of their Assemblies, their open and easy Behaviour: In short, every Thing that I have hitherto remarked, fills me with Esteem for this Nation. I meet here, added he, with just the very Reverse of what happened to me in *Spain*. I was disgusted at the *Spaniards* from the Moment I first

first conversed with them, and I see nothing upon my Arrival in *England*, but what gives me a favourable Opinion of the *English*. You are not deceived, answered I, in your Judgment of them. I had Occasion a long Time ago, having come to *England* in my Youth, to know and esteem them. And yet Distinctions must be made. *Guy Patin's* Censure is unjust and false, as you say, if it includes the whole Body of the Nation, for there is no Country under the Sun, where we can find so much Integrity, Humanity, or so just Ideas of Honour, Wisdom, and of Happiness, as among the *English*. The Love of their Country, and the publick Good, a Taste for solid Learning, a Detestation of Slavery and Flattery, are Virtues almost natural to this happy People, and are transmitted from Father to Son, as an Inheritance: But we must not look for such *Englishmen* as I have now mentioned, neither among the Populace, too rude and savage to be capable of such Sentiments, nor among the Youth generally too much given up to Debauchery. Consequently the true *English* Character is only to be found in Persons of a certain Age, and of a Rank above the Common, and if you make such (If I may be allowed the Expression) the precise Point on which you fix your View, I dare answer the more you know them, the more you will esteem them, as the most deserving People upon Earth. Therefore (*continued I*) *Guy Patin's* Opinion is absolutely false, if he pretended to apply it indifferently, and without Distinction, to all the *English*; but if he only meant the lowest Class, it may pass for an over-stretched Thought, not altogether unjust. Shall I tell you, replied the *Marquis*, what Idea I form to myself of the three principal Nations that I have seen? The *Spaniards* are a People that neither please when we first see them, nor when we are perfectly acquainted with them: At the first Glance they give

us a Disgust, and, upon a nearer Acquaintance, we find nothing in them that is capable to remove it.

IN the *French*, on the contrary, the Exterior is attractive and wrests, as it were, our Esteem, before we have Time to examine whether they deserve it or not. But then they are not capable of preserving it long, for the greatest Part of them discover so much Levity, Arrogance, Inconstancy, and in one Word so many real Failings, with so small a Number of good Qualities, that at last we quite lose the first Idea which we had framed of them, and consequently, it is a Loss to them to be well known: They may be compared to those Works of Art, whose Beauty soon fades, because they want that inward nursing Juice with which Nature supports her Productions in a constant Vigour.

As to the *English*, though their Exterior, simple and modest, has nothing brilliant in it, yet to penetrating Eyes, it has a promising Aspect, and may be compared to a fresh Rind, from which the first Thought that naturally occurs, is, that under Bark so sound and fresh no hidden Putrefaction can be concealed. Do we lay it open, we see nothing but solid and entire Parts, as agreeable to the Sight, as they are proper for Use. The more we penetrate, the more Satisfaction we have upon the Discovery of new Beauties, which seem to increase and multiply, as we advance towards the Root, from whence, as from their Source, spring all the Effects that have raised our Admiration. In one Word, the *English* Virtues are permanent, because they are founded upon Principles, which are the Works of a happy natural Disposition, and a pure unbiaſſed Judgment.

I could not but very much approve of the Marquis's Opinion, and assured him that it perfectly agreed with mine. I was extremely well pleased,

to

to see that he had already got clear of certain childish Prejudices so common among Men, especially the *French*, who arrogantly assume to themselves the Preference over all the Nations in the Universe. This silly Disposition of the Mind is an Obstacle to the Benefit that a young Man may reap from his Travels, because it shuts his Eyes from observing the good Qualities of Strangers, and disguises all the Failings which he has brought along with him from his native Country.

THE Moment I retired, and was alone in my Chamber, I pulled out the Letter, which I had got from *Briffant*. It was directed to the *Bailiff** of my Daughter's Estate, an Address that puzzled me not a little, not being able to conceive what Business the Marquis could have with that Man. I considered again and again, but all to no Purpose; I therefore resolved to break open the Letter, and found under a Cover another directed thus, *For M. Memisces*, upon which I thought it was only a Letter of Friendship to my Niece, and was upon the Point of giving it a new Cover, and sending the Packet to the Post-Office without any farther Inquiry. But a sudden Thought, from what Cause I cannot tell, made me curious to see what he wrote, and therefore, I broke the second Seal. The very first Words surprized me to such a Degree, that the Letter was ready to drop out of my Hands. It began with the true Name of my Niece, whom he called his dear and charming *Nadina*, and I saw by what followed, that he knew but too well, she was a Girl (a Thing I could have sworn he was ignorant of) and in that Quality, loved her much better, than when he thought her of another Sex. But what augmented my Trouble, was to find certain Expressions, which did not allow me to make the

* *A Sort of Magistrate.*

least Doubt, but that it was to herself he owed the Discovery, and consequently, that she was but too sensible of his Passion. In this Perplexity, I formed a thousand Projects, but could fix upon nothing. I was afraid, that the Marquis, who was capable of concealing a Thing of this Importance, would perhaps take in ill part, the Remedies which I should make use of to bring about his Cure. His Years advanced, his Travels began to give him more Assurance and Experience, so that I made no doubt but in the Sequel, he would not be so easily governed; in short, I looked upon this Adventure, as the Source of new Troubles prepared for me. After many Reflections, which kept me awake the best Part of the Night, I determined not to let him know, that I had any Suspicion of his Intrigue. Next Morning early, I wrote a long Letter to my Daughter, informing her of what I had discovered, and begged, that she would ask her *Bailiff*, how he came to have a Correspondence with the Marquis, and to insist positively on his giving her all the Letters which he should receive from *London*: I also recommended to her, to have a strict Eye over my Niece, to afford her Variety of Diversions, to divert her Mind from the Thoughts of Love, while I would observe the same Conduct with the Marquis. When I had ended my Dispatches, I called for *Brisfant*, to whom I gave my Letter to carry to the Post-Office, with a Present of a few Guineas to engage him not to mention any Thing of the Matter to his Master. Having thus settled this Affair, my next Business was to go to the *French* Ambassador's, in order to confer with him upon that of my Lady *R* —, and whatever Respect I might have for his Excellency, I let him know very freely a Part of the Chagrin which he had occasioned to me, in putting that Lady upon making Application to me. He fell a laughing, what could I do, *said he*; she is a charming

a charming Lady, she pressed me in an extraordinary Manner, and I was very sorry that my Employment did not allow me to render her this Service myself: On the other Hand, is it not true, that you can do what she desires without any Risk? And don't I know, *added he smiling*, that you are still gallant enough to undertake it? *I answered*, that I could not think he spoke seriously: He protested that he was in earnest, and saw no Difficulty in the Thing. If this be the Case, *replied I*, I do not refuse to serve my Lady R——, but it is upon Condition that if any Disaster should happen, I shall be allowed to attribute my being concerned in it to your Solicitations and Advice. I consent to every Thing, *said he*, provided I really have no Hand in the Matter.

As in Effect I saw nothing (after mature Consideration) that I had to fear, except her Lord's Hatred, with whom I was not in such Intimacy as to look upon that as a great Misfortune; I resolved to comply with his Wife's Request, and only to observe some prudent Precautions to avoid Noise. The first was to write a Note to the Lady, by an unknown Bearer, and to demand a Meeting in a remote Place. The Answer was brought me immediately, and I went directly to the Place of Assignment, which was the *Bagnio in Chancery-Lane*. My Lady R—— arrived in a Chair very little after I was got there, and was overjoyed that I consented to what she had proposed. We agreed upon the Measures necessary to be taken, and resolved, in order to render them more certain, to meet sometimes in the same Place again.

BEFORE I finish this odd Story, I ought to inform the Reader of some Circumstances that will probably surprise him; I do not doubt but my Character, which has hitherto been tolerably well supported in these Memoirs, will appear in the

Sequel, by some of my Actions, to be a little inconsistent with it self. But as, in acknowledging my Weakness, I shall with the same Sincerity represent my Resistance and Remorse, I hope for some Indulgence, even from People of the most rigid Morals, who may observe, at least, that I still preserved so much Power over myself as to remain inviolably attached to the Rules of Honour and Virtue.

BEING thus engaged, as I have already said, with my Lady R——, I made it a Point of Honour to conduct this Affair to a happy Conclusion. I had no Difficulty of obtaining a Pass for two Footmen. I shewed it to the Lady next Day. I took the Measure myself of her Body, in order to provide a Livery for her. I resolved that *Scoti* should accompany her, and required the Assurance of her Silence, even after her Escape, by many reiterated Oaths. For some Days we continued to meet in *Chancery-Lane*, but she proposed some other Place for putting on her Livery for the sake of Secrecy, and to prevent all Manner of Suspicion; which I thought was a necessary Precaution, and therefore hired a furnished Room in *Moorfields*, to which Place she brought all her Jewels, and what Money she could scrape together. In short, her Livery was ready, *Scoti* prepared, and this secret Negotiation on the Point of being happily terminated, when, on the Eve of the Day fixed upon for her Departure, my Lady took hold of my Arm as I was going away, after bidding her a last Adieu. Her Countenance and Eyes plainly discovered an inward Concern, she begged of me to sit down again, after which she spoke to me in this Manner. Alas! Sir, I am ashamed to let you know my present Trouble. Never Woman was so unfortunate as I am. You know how far I was affected at the Death of the poor Lord *Derwentwater*. The

Tears that I shed for him were sincere, since I was capable of taking the desperate Resolution which I am now ready to execute: And yet my Heart is so changed that I cannot tell what to think of it. He is no more the Subject of my Tears, since five or six Days I have quite forgot him, and you now possess my whole Thoughts. Stay Sir, *said she, (on perceiving that I was going to interrupt her)* and hear me to an End. I know that this must very much surprize you, after having seen me so sensibly touched, but what other Reason can I assign for it, than the Influence of my Stars and your Merit! I shall nevertheless inform you how this Change has been brought about.

As I was reflecting some Days since, on my going to *France*, I considered the Disadvantage of being alone in a strange Country, and that it was necessary to have a Man of Honour to go along with me as my Conductor. You was the Man I wished. Your handsom Carriage, your generous Assistance, and obliging Zeal in rendring me Service: All this made a strange Impression upon me, and I have often said to myself, that you are the only Person from whom I can expect Assistance and Comfort. I know very well, that you are not rich, and therefore have resolved to share my Fortune with you. My Jewels alone are, at least, worth a hundred thousand Crowns. In short, I find that you have taken *Dertwentwater's* Place in my Heart, and it depends upon you to possess it while I live. Answer me, Sir, *added she,* with gently squeezing my Hand, will you reject the Offers of a Woman, such as I am? And will you render me more miserable by your Cruelty, than I am by all my other Misfortunes?

SHE here left off speaking, cast down her Eyes, and shed some Tears in Expectation of my Answer. I take Heaven to Witness, that in all my Life I never was under such Confusion: Nevertheless, that
I

I might not appear to be at a Loss, I endeavoured to recover myself as soon as possible. What you tell me, Madam, is, no Doubt, very surprizing, and whatever Opinion I may have of your Sincerity, yet I can scarce allow myself to think that a Man of sixty Years, oppressed with the Cares and Crosses of Life, can have, all at once, inspired you with Sentiments so tender and passionate. I never flattered myself, and much less now, that Death advances and affords me no other Prospect but that of dropping soon into my Grave; therefore allow me to attribute all the kind Things you have said, as an extraordinary Effect of Gratitude, for the trifling Services that I have rendered you; but supposing it were true, that your Heart and your Tongue went Hand in Hand in the flattering Things you have been pleased to tell me; let me beg of you to consider, that my Age, my Reputation, and the Engagements I lie under with the Duke of — for the Education of his Son, are so many insuperable Obstacles against imbarcking in any Amour, or making a suitable Return to your Inclination. No, Madam, you are too just and reasonable to press me any longer upon that Topic. But I will endeavour to render myself worthy of your Esteem, by giving you the best Advice which I think you can receive; which is to give over Thoughts of going to *France*, since the only Motive, I mean your Love to the Lord *Derwentwater*, subsists no longer. Go back to your Husband who can have no Suspicion of what has happened, where I wish you all the Happiness and Tranquillity that you deserve. My Discourse had not at all the Effect that I could have desired. This unfortunate Lady shed a Flood of Tears, and accused Heaven for her unhappy Fate. As I did not now see in what I could be further useful to her, I got up with a Design to take my Leave of her. Ah! Sir, *said she*, will

you be so barbarous as to abandon me in my present Condition? At least, stay a little to be a Witness of my Death, for, in short, *continued she, after a Moment's Pause*, what other Hopes have I now remaining, since all the Gates of Life are shut against me! You propose my returning to my Husband; alas! Sir, you know not that he is my most cruel Enemy. I will perish a thousand Times, rather than to have any farther Commerce with him. She then told me, that my Lord *Derwentwater's* Death had been the Consequence of her Husband's Jealousy; that how much soever the King was irritated against this Nobleman, he would not have treated him with more Severity than he did the Lords *Widrington, Winton, Nairn*, and several other Chiefs of the Rebels, whom he pardoned; had not the Accusations and constant Clamours of my Lord *R*— put a Stop to any favourable Intentions that the Prince might have had; that she had been most inhumanly treated by this cruel Husband, who would have forced her to be present at *Derwentwater's* Execution, and upon her Refusal, had brutally given her several Strokes with Hands and Feet. In short, that she looked upon him as the most odious and despicable Man alive, and whom she would shun at the Peril of her Life. Besides, supposing she had not such Sentiments for him, it was too late now to think of returning, or of a Reconciliation, having, before she left the House, committed some Disorders, which would certainly augment his Hatred; such as laying violent Hands upon, and breaking every Thing that she knew he had any Value for, in his Closet. In one Word, Sir, I have irreparably broke the Chains that tied me to *England*. I detest this ungrateful Country; I abhor my Husband, and *London* is now my Aversion. You must either take me speedily out of it, or I must end my Life with my own Hands.

Would

Would it not be better, *added she, looking at me with a tender Glance*, that you should cleave to my Fortune? Is it agreeable to the Character of a Man of Honour, to be insensible of the Advances made by a Person of my Sex; or am I so ugly, that I inspire nothing but Aversion and Disgust? Though I could have answered a thousand Things, I was resolved to break off this Conversation, and to make her lose all Hopes of engaging me to follow her; and therefore, I told her very plainly that, whatever Sympathy I might have with her Pains, and whatever Admiration of her Charms, nothing should be able to make me deviate from my Duty; that I had, perhaps, but engaged myself too far already in her Service, yet, in the State that Things stood at present, I would not relax, but finish what I had begun, and if she would follow my Advice, she should leave *London* this very Day, all being prepared for her Departure; and that she, no Doubt, must run a great Risk to make any longer Stay, if it was true, as she had told me, that her Husband might come to know of her Flight before Night. With that I rose up to leave her, promising that I would send my Servant that Moment, who was a discreet Fellow, and in whom she might put an entire Confidence. She made many Efforts to stop me, but all to no Purpose.

I went directly to *Suffolk-Street*, where I gave *Scoti* Directions how he was to behave, and dispatched him without loss of Time. The Day was far gone, and I made no Doubt, but that they would make the best of their Way in the Night-time. I was impatient to hear of their Arrival at *Dover*, from whence I had ordered *Scoti* to write to me, before they embarked. I went to Bed under all these Inquietudes, and had scarce been in it two Hours, when I was awaked to receive a Letter, which was just then brought. I read it, and found

it was from *Scoti*, who wrote to me that he durst not return Home without my Orders, for Fear that this sudden Return might occasion Suspicion; but that there was no Appearance of his going to *France*, since the Lady absolutely refused to go, and ordered him to acquaint me, that she had Business of Importance to communicate to me next Morning, for which Reason there was a Necessity of my coming to the Place where she was, were it for no other Reason but to prevent her committing some Extravagancy. It was then my Eyes were opened, and that I clearly saw the Fault I had committed, in engaging myself so inconsiderately in an Affair of that Nature; and yet foreseeing more Danger in leaving it imperfect, than in having undertaken it, I set all my Wits to work how to extricate myself out of this Scrape. If I had been less a Slave to the Rules of Honour than I am, I might have abandoned my Lady *R*—— to her own bad Conduct, there having nothing passed between us that could expose me in the least, and she could have brought no Proof that I had dipt in the Design of her Elopement; but I thought such a base Procedure was beneath me, and therefore I resolved to continue my Service out of Generosity, without incroaching upon my Reputation. There was, indeed, something more in my Sentiments than meer Generosity and Pity: Ought I to confess it, and the Reader, will he pardon so much Weakness? I had been extremely moved with the Tears of this charming Person: It was not Love, the very Thoughts would have given me Horror, but it was something more than bare Compassion; what I felt cannot be defined. I ought however to confess, that perhaps I would have done much less for another equally unfortunate, but less amiable. At break of Day I went to her Lodging, and found her in a Chair, where she had passed the Night. You are then resolved,

resolved, Sir, *said she*, to let me perish. Is it thus you please your Humour, and answer to my Esteem? Did you know my Heart, perhaps you might think it worthy of yours; But, in short, if your Resolution is fixed on refusing my Offers, I solemnly declare, that mine is as fully fixed in bidding adieu to Life, and I charge you with the Crime of my Death, since it depends upon you to prevent it. Why, *answered I*, would you renounce Life, who hinders you, Madam, to lead a quiet and happy one? Go over to *France*, since you incline that Way. If you be afraid to go into a strange Country, I offer you Recommendations which will procure you a favourable Reception; and more than that, I will procure you a Retreat where you can live with all the Tranquillity that you could desire, I mean the Country-seat of my Daughter, in whom I hope you will find Merit deserving your Friendship. I shall have the Honour to wait upon you there when I return from this Country, and shall contribute all that is in my Power to your Happiness. I only ask of you to conceal your Name and your Misfortune, while you are at her House. She alone shall be let into the Secret, and she will have no other Advantage in this Confidence, but that of rendring you the Respect due to your Quality and Merit.

THIS Project pleased my Lady wonderfully, and she thanked me in the strongest Terms, protesting that she was ready to execute it: But could not you, *said she*, compleat the Favour by taking the Trouble yourself of conducting me to *France*? I shewed her the Impossibility of that Proposal. *Scott*, *said I*, is an honest Fellow, trust to him without Reserve; I will answer for his Discretion, and that he will conduct you safely to my Daughter's House, and give up his Charge to her. I am more charmed with your Civilities than I can express, *replied*

this poor Lady, with a Transport of Joy. I long to be with your Daughter. I shall love her because she belongs to you, and shall impatiently wait for your Return, that I may express, without Constraint, the Sentiments which I have for you; perhaps you have been suspicious of some Artifice, and have attributed them to the Necessity of my Condition, but you will then know if they were sincere. Finding her determined to be gone, I called in *Scoti*, and, in her Presence, gave him full Directions. She stript herself of her Clothes, and put on the Marquis's Livery, and she appeared so charming in this Dress, that one must have been more or less than Man not to be moved. We blackened her a little to conceal the Brightness of her Complexion, and I could not, for my Life, hinder myself from kissing her fair Hands, which she immediately threw about my Neck to embrace me, calling me the Author of her Life and her dear Deliverer. I conducted her in a Hackney-Coach to the River-side, where I got a Barge for her and *Scoti*, which was to carry them to *Gravesend*. She whispered in my Ear at parting, I go, my dear Sir, but it is with Hopes of seeing you again. I here declare before God, that if I am so happy as to survive my Monster of a Husband, I shall be your Wife, whenever you think fit to accept of me. Do not speak to me of the Difference of Ages; Love and Gratitude will make all equal. A profound Bow was all the Answer I made; but I must own that I was far from being easy when she left me.

I had given her no Letter for my Daughter, for fear of being exposed, in Case unluckily she was discovered, but I wrote by Post.

THE Embassador whom I saw the very Day of her Departure, was curious to know all the Circumstances of this Story: I told him frankly every Thing, except the Place of her Retreat, which he pressed

pressed me to discover, in a manner to make me easily conceive not only that this fair Lady was by no Means indifferent to him, but that he had some Jealousy of the important Service that I had done her. We agreed to wait in Silence, the Effect of her Flight, and always to speak of it as Persons unconcerned. The News of it soon became publick, and my Lord R — gave Marks of extreme Grief, which was not thought to be sincere. The Conduct, which he had all along held with Respect to his charming Spouse, had given a bad Idea of his Character, and of his Sentiments. The Sequel of this Adventure will be unfolded before these Memoirs are finished.

I had passed the first eight Days after the Lady's Departure with so much Disquiet, that I was not capable of taking much Notice of what passed at London, where great Changes had happened. The Court, intirely *Whiggish*, persecuted the *Tories* with great Animosity. The Earl of *Nottingham* was stript of all his Employments, and ordered to retire to the Country with the Earl of *Ailesford* his Brother, my Lord *Finch* and my Lord *Guernsey*, his two Sons (who had likewise considerable Posts) upon the bare Accusation of being *Tories*, and for having made Speeches in Parliament too favourable to the Lords under Sentence of Death. My Lord *Portmore*, the Earl of *Orkney*, and Lord *Windjor*, had the same Fate. Sir *Roger Mostings*, who commanded the fourth Troop of *Scotch* Life-Guards, was involved in the same Disgrace. This Knight was one of the handsomest and most agreeable Men in *Europe*. We had contracted a particular Acquaintance with him at the Duke of *Devonshire's*, where we happened to meet at Dinner, and he having after that made us a Visit, we had ever since cultivated his Acquaintance. He was passionately in Love with a famous Actress called Mrs. *Oldfield*,

and, notwithstanding her Indifferency, and even bad Usage, could not be cured ; so that being at Supper with us when his Disgrace and Banishment were notified to him, his greatest Concern was for his Mistress, whom he must abandon. Grief and Love made him shed Tears. His Order bore, that he should retire to his Estate next Day, and therefore finding the only Remedy now left, was to propose Marriage to Mrs. *Oldfield*, he took that strange Resolution in our Presence, and left us to go and execute it, which produced no other Effect but the Shame of a mortifying Refusal, of which, some Days after, we learned the Cause. Brigadier *Churchill*, Brother or Nephew to the late Duke of *Mariborough*, and Governor of *Plymouth*, was in Love with this Actress: She lived with him as his Wife, and bore him some Children, which he had caused to be baptized by his own Name. But what is most surprizing, notwithstanding her disorderly Conduct, she was admitted, with Pleasure, into the best Company. The Ladies of the first Rank thought it an Honour to have her Conversation, and I have often seen Dutchesies, and other Ladies of the first Distinction call her into their Boxes after the Play, and converse familiarly with her ; and indeed it must be owned that she is an incomparable Girl. She reconciled me to the *English* Stage, of which I had at first no great Opinion. Her Voice, her Shape, all her Action so charmed me, that I made Haste to learn so much *English* as to understand her, and seldom missed to be present when she was to act. The Marquis, in a very little Time, made himself capable of having the same Pleasure. We used to read the Piece that was to be acted before we went to the Play-house ; so that by this Method, and the small Knowledge we had of the Language, scarce any Thing of the Declamation escaped us. The *English* are passionately fond of Plays, and I doubt whether *France* can produce so
many

many Works of this Kind as *England*. It is true they are not at all of equal Merit. But I have seen some of their theatrical Pieces, which, in my Opinion, were neither inferior to the *Greek* nor the *French*, and I will venture to say, that they would even surpass them, did their Poets but observe a little more Regularity: As for the Beauty of Sentiments, whether tender or sublime, the tragical Force of moving the Heart, and exciting the Passions even in the most stupid, the Energy of Expressions, the Art of conducting Events, and managing Circumstances, I have never read any Thing in *Greek* nor *French*, that exceeds the *English* Theatre. *Shakespear's Hamlet*, *Dryden's Don Sebastian*, *Otway's Orphan*, and *Venice preserved*. Several Pieces of *Congreve*, &c. are excellent Tragedies, in which we find a thousand Beauties.

THERE are indeed some that are somewhat disfigured with Buffoonries unworthy of the Buskin, but it is a Fault which the *English* themselves have perceived, and are beginning to amend. They have not made a less Progress in Comedy, for, laying aside Regularity, I doubt much if we can find in any Country any Thing more agreeable or ingenious, than the *Constant Couple*, *Provok'd Husband*, the *Recruiting Officer*, the *Careless Husband*, the *Way of the World*, &c. which are Works of their best Authors, and have given me Pleasure to see them acted. The Declamation of the Actors appears at first a little odd to Strangers, but they are not long before Custom reconciles them to it, and at last, forces them to acknowledge that they attain to the true and natural.

As to what regards the other Sorts of Poetry, there are few Nations that produce so great a Number, and such Variety. I do not speak of *Milton* and *Spencer*, whose Fame is known in every Place where the *Belles Lettres* have reached. These two illustrious

trious Poets have been imitated by many others nothing inferior to the best Poets of any Age. A *Prior*, an *Addison*, a *Thompson*, Names in high Favour with the Muses, and admired by those who know the Merit of their Works.

THERE is such a general Taste for Poetry in *England*, that nothing is more common as writing to one another in Verse, and I have known several Ladies, who without affecting to be Wits, or pretending to Learning, have now and then composed very pretty Things with great Facility. This happy Turn of Imagination, joined to other Accomplishments of those charming Islanders, renders them the most lovely, or rather, if I may so say without Offence, the most dangerous Persons in the World. But as I shall not want Occasions in the Sequel to treat more at large of the *English* Ladies, I solemnly protest that I shall do them Justice with the same Sincerity that I have all along followed in these Memoirs.

I now return to the State of publick Affairs which obliged us to be very circumspect in our Behaviour. Though there was no likelihood that the Marquis or I could be suspected by the Government, the *French* Embassador insinuated that it would be Prudence to avoid a particular Correspondence with declared *Tories*. The King was not ignorant of our Familiarity with Sir *Roger Mostings*, and one Day that we had the Honour to be in the Royal Presence, he asked the Marquis with a Smile, whether he was *Whig* or *Tory*, I am, answered he, your Majesty's most obedient Servant, and ready to take any Name that will best agree with that glorious Title. I am obliged to you, replied the King, and could wish that your Friend Sir *Roger* were as well disposed. We saw that Day at Court the Duke of *Argyle*, who brought to his Majesty the Submission of the Earls *Marlial* and *Sutherland*, and several other

Chiefs of the Rebels, who had sent it to him in Writing. It was reported that there was still in *Scotland* several thousand Men in Arms for the Service of the *Pretender*, under the Command of the Marquis of *Tillebardin* the Duke of *Atbol's* eldest Son, but as the greatest Part of these Troops were composed of *Highlanders*, without Order or Discipline, it was thought that they would be easily dispersed, and the Court was more taken up with the Earl of *Oxford's* Trial, which was carried on with Vigour in the House of Lords. His Friends nevertheless published, that it was nothing but a Feint; and in Order to affect the King upon the Point of Honour and Gratitude, they made it their Business Night and Day to repeat, in all Companies and Places, that it was highly improbable his Majesty would throw away a Nobleman who had done so considerable Services to the House of *Hanover*. The Duke of *Buckingham* appeared to be the most zealous Solicitor in his Favour; and yet it was all Grimace and Artifice. I cannot pretend to know what his Views were, but being at Dinner in his House with the Marquis, I heard him say, that too much Favour was shewn to Rebels, in allowing their Trial to last so long; that the Punishment ought not to be uncertain for a Crime that was proved; and that his Majesty, by a speedy Execution, would have been exempted from the Impertunity of Solicitations, and a great many People from the Trouble of such a disagreeable Employment. Good God! said I to the Marquis when we were by ourselves at Home, what a strange Place is a Court!

Qu'avec peu de regret on y trahit sa foi!
Quel séjour étranger & pour vous & pour moi.

Or,

Or,

Where Treachery is a-la-mode,
For you and me, what strange Abode.

Do you believe, my dear Marquis, *added I laughing*, that you will ever come into this pretty Scheme of Treachery and Villainy? Do you find yourself disposed to flatter in Publick and to hurt in Private, to pretend to serve those whom you would willingly destroy? This must be the constant Practice of an able Courtier, and this is the Life to which you are designed. When you shall come, some Time or other, to act in the Sphere of refined Politicks, you will, I dare say, laugh heartily at the Simplicity of my Advices, whose constant Tendency was to inspire you with Love of Truth, Horror to Falshood; that antique Taste of Honour and Virtue, which neither Hopes nor Fears can have any Influence upon. Those grand Qualities of the Mind which formerly distinguished the Man of Honour and the Hero, are now called romantick Virtues. Who would dare, for Instance, to pretend Fidelity to a Friend, if his Fortune was in Danger by so doing? It is the Business of a Courtier, they say, to bend, approve, flatter and dissemble, as it is of a Merchant, who traverses Seas in Search of Riches, to submit and accustom himself to the Agitations and Inconstancy of that Element. Why should we have more Probity, more Generosity and Fidelity than those with whom we live? We should be constantly exposed to be their Dupes, have our Breast open to all their Strokes, and never be able to defend ourselves with equal Arms. Such are, my dear Marquis, the Principles of the Generality of Courtiers; and such perhaps, one Day, will be yours. I pray Heaven,

answered he, that your Prediction may prove false.

3

I think

I think I am so well acquainted with the very Bottom of my Heart, to be assured that it will be so.

IT is no easy Matter to bring a Man to relish a Thing which he abhors to a certain Degree. Nevertheless, I conceive, *added he*, that the greatest Part of Courtiers having these wretched Principles, a Man of Honour, who is obliged to live with them, and would follow other Rules of Conduct, has a very troublesom Part to act. How is it possible to be constantly in Commerce with the same Persons, and to support one's self in a perpetual Opposition to their Maxims? This is the very Point upon which I have Occasion for your Advice, and for a constant Rule which may direct me through the whole Course of my Life. That which I have to propose to you, *replied I*, may be easily practised: It consists in declaring yourself the first Day, such as you resolve to be ever after. Your Character being once established, the Shame of changing will be a Barrier against the Contagion of Example. The corrupt Courtiers, who are by much the Majority, will at first look upon you with Astonishment. They will be surprized to see among them Virtues to which they are Strangers, and will, perhaps, laugh at the Prodigy; but if they find you firm in the Practice, they will get another Way of thinking, and their Surprize will be converted into Admiration. They will begin to respect you, and the next Step is to dread you; for such is the Power of Virtue, that it renders itself formidable to Vice. You will by this Means, naturally, and without any seeming Pretensions, acquire that Superiority which will make you despise Envy and all the feeble Attacks of Artifice, and you may be assured that, at last, Esteem and Confidence will be the Fruit of your Behaviour. Your Case will be much the same with the Duke of *Montausieur's* in the last Reign, who, in the Midst of the most corrupted Court that

ever

ever was, arrived at Honours and Preferment by the Road of Virtue, and to have Homage paid him by the Vicious themselves, at the same Time that he openly condemned them by his Conduct and Maxims. After a long Conversation upon this Subject, the Marquis asked if I had received any Letters from *France* by the last Post? I answered drily, No. He said he was surprized that my Daughter, who seemed to love me so tenderly, was so dilatory in writing. She will no Doubt write me, said I, an Answer to the Letter in which I gave her our Address. I expected that this was by Way of Preamble to something he had to say about *Memisces*, but not one Word spoke he of him. He became pensive, and perceived by his Manner of looking at me now and then, that he was afraid I should find out the Cause of his Thoughtfulness. You are very melancholy, said I, what is become of that gay Temper, that I thought so natural to you? Is it the Remembrance of *Donna Diana* that still afflicts you? No, replied he, I am a little easier on that Side, and though I never can think of her without Love and Grief, I have so far gained upon myself, as to diminish something of the Uneasiness in which I was upon her Account. We live too philosophically, replied I, and do not take what Diversions we ought, my Advice is, that we go this Evening to the Masquerade in the *Hay-Market*, where we shall see the finest Ladies of *England*. He consented. We sent to ask my Lord *Clifton*, a young Nobleman of our Acquaintance, if he would make one with us. He returned for Answer, that he was already engaged with Ladies to go there, but that if we would join their Company, we should be very welcome, and told us, that my Lady *Portmore's* House was the Place where they had appointed to meet, and dress themselves in their Habits. We did not fail to go to the Place of Rendezvous at ten o' Clock, where

where we found a numerous and fine Assembly. A great many Habits were ordered to be brought, and every one dressed according to their Fancy. As we had pulled off our Coats, and had thrown them upon Chairs, the Sight of the Marquis's, which was near mine, gave me a Desire, which would not have been civil in any other but myself, nor even in me, had it not been for the very Thing that moved me to such a Piece of Curiosity, *viz.* to see if in his Pockets I should not find some Paper that would give me some farther Knowledge of his Intrigue with my Niece. I make no Difficulty to accuse myself now of this Action, because I have confessed it to himself since, and he was so good as to approve of it. My Hopes were not frustrated, for I found two Letters, and could easily perceive by the Writing, that they were from my Niece. I put them in my Pocket, with a Resolution to read them when I came to the Masquerade Hall. We were all carried in Chairs, of which there are a greater Number in *London* than in any other Place of the World. The Sight was ravishing. I do not speak of the Number of Masks, and of the Gentleness of their Habits. Our Assemblies at *Paris*, in that Respect, are nothing inferior to those in *England*; but the Disposition of the Hall is one of the finest Things in the World, and owes it's Perfection to the Contrivance of the famous Mr. *Heydegger*, a Man extremely ugly, but who has an extraordinary Talent, and I may say is without an Equal, in the Art of contriving and making People pay for their Diversions. This rare Quality has procured him the Name of Super-Intendant of the Diversions of *England*, a Title of which he is very proud, and fond to see on the Letters that are directed for him. He has scraped together a considerable Fortune in this whimsical Sort of Trade which will not appear incredible, if we consider that,

that, besides the *Italian* Opera, of which he is Director, and from which he draws considerable Profits; there is no extraordinary Entertainment at *London*, of which he is not the Undertaker: And it is well known how liberal the *English* Quality are in every Thing that regards their Pleasures. I have been told that one Masquerade brings Mr. *Heydegger* above two thousand Guineas; for each Person pays one Guinea, and there seldom are less than two thousand Persons. It is true, all Sorts of Wines, Fruits, Confections, &c. are in abundance, and given gratis, but that Expence is small compared to the Profit. There are several other Halls for Gaming, and Chambers where People may retire and breathe in quiet, when they are wearied with Dancing, and with the Noise of the Multitude. In short, every Thing is in great Order, and admirably contrived.

My Lord *Lincoln*, who made one in our Company, had the Complaisance to keep close by us, in order to explain every Thing that seemed to deserve our Curiosity. The greatest Part of the Court passed in Review before us, particularly the Ladies that were most famous for their Beauty, and for their Adventures; to relate them all would be endless Work, but the following is too diverting to be omitted. My Lord *Lincoln* having perceived near to us a Lady unmasked, which almost every body does at last, he desired us softly to take Notice of her, and after he had given us sufficient Time to admire her, we sat down upon a Bench a few Paces distant. Listen, *said he*, to the Story of that pretty little Face that you have now been admiring, her Name is my Lady *Dar*— Daughter of a rich Brewer, who educated her with all possible Care, with a View to marry her to some Lord at Court. This Design succeeded, but in a different Way from what the Father proposed. *Sir Richard Wal-*
terney,

terney, a Man immensely rich, happened to get a Sight of this Beauty, then called *Miss Sally*, and having fallen passionately in Love, resolved at any Rate to possess her, but the Difficulty was how to succeed. She had been brought up under the Direction of a very devout Mother, who, by continually talking to her of the other World, and the Torments of Hell, had so filled her Head with these Ideas, that her greatest Satisfaction was to be alone, and to meditate upon all these Things. She frequented the Churches, and read nothing but Books of Devotion, admitting none of the Male Sex into her Company but Churchmen. Such Obstacles did not discourage the Knight, as he was a Man of Experience, he had not seen the fair Lady twice, till he found out that her Constitution did not at all agree with her Maxims, and taking the Advantage of his Knowledge in the Moments that Decorum obliged her sometimes to pass in his Company, he at last was made happy, to the great Surprize of *Miss Sally* herself, who could not conceive how she had been brought to yield. However, after the Ice was once broke, which had perhaps cost the Knight very dear, he had free Access to her Favours, as oft as he pleased; and, his Passion still augmenting, he engaged her to leave her Father's House, under Pretence of concealing her big Belly, and avoiding the Effects of his Wrath; he kept her very handsomely in a remote Corner of the Town. His Happiness was much envied, for the Charms of *Miss Sally* increased daily, and *Walterney* had not the Discretion to conceal the Place of her Retreat from his Friends, of which Number was my Lord D — ; he saw this fair Lady, and was infected with that long and fatal Passion which forced him at last to marry her, at the Expence of his Honour and Fortune, but I must let you know by what Steps he has made himself infamous.

SIR

SIR *Richard Walterney*, the most voluptuous Man in *England*, sacrificed every Thing to his Passion, and made Miss *Sally* lead a delicious Life. She had no more that Horror for Hell, and she was so well reconciled with the Demons, that she was possessed by a Dozen of the largest, particularly by him who had the Direction of sensual Pleasures. Sir *Richard*, who was pretty far advanced in Years, and besides, almost wore out with Debauchery, could not perhaps afford her such as she desired. Whether upon this Account, or for the sake of Variety, she let some of *Walterney's* Friends know that she was gentle and easy to be intreated: My Lord was the first who found it was so, and discovered so many Charms, that, being naturally jealous, he could not bear the Thoughts of a Partner, and accordingly proposed that she should leave her first Lover; but she rejected the Proposal, and begged of him to be satisfied with what favours he received: But he, the most violent Man alive, easily found Means to pick a Quarrel with the poor *Walterney*, and having carried him to a private Place, ran him twice or thrice through the Body with his Sword. The Heirs of the deceased thought of nothing but the Succession, and to get hold of his Riches without troubling themselves much about revenging his Death; so that my Lord *D*—— thought himself sole and peaceable Possessor of the beautiful Miss *Sally*. But he had reckoned without his Host. This fickle Girl had no sooner found that he pretended to act the Tyrant, than she excluded him from her Favours and Presence; not that she intended to lead a more regular Life, having admitted two or three Lovers successively to comfort her for the Loss. My Lord *D*—— was during that Time consuming himself with Grief and Love. He made a thousand fruitless Attempts to obtain Pardon of his Ingrate, but he rejected all his

his Submissions, and his very Name was become odious to her; however as he could not live without her, he resolved at last to wed her, if that would do. The Proposal was made in due Form, and all London soon heard of it, and at the same Time that this whimsical Jade had refused him with Haughtiness and Disdain. My Lord D—— was not so much affected upon the Account of Shame, as the Baulk that his Love met with, and I have heard him say, that he was fully resolved to go and stab her at Noon-day, and thereafter to plunge the same Dagger in his own Breast. I am persuaded, *continued the Earl of Lincoln*, that he would have done it, had not one of the most fantastical Adventures in the World at once brought about a Change in his Condition.

HE had a *Valet de Chambre*, who was an ingenious witty Fellow, and who, as it often happens, was become his Master's Confident. This young Fellow had heard how Miss Sally had been educated, and of her former Inclination to Devotion. Upon this he formed a very ridiculous Plan, which nevertheless succeeded. In the first Place he bought from Sir *Richard Walterney's* Heirs one of his Pictures drawn to the Life, and caused a Vizard to be made exactly resembling it, which I have seen, said my Lord, and it was so well done, that one would have sworn it was Sir *Richard's* very Face. He then prevailed with his Master to advance a considerable Sum, with which he proposed to gain Miss Sally's Maid, a Thing not very difficult; he learned from her who was the Favourite Lover, and contrived a Scheme to have him out of the Way, the Night that was proposed for this Project. A counterfeit Letter was sent to him in the Evening, from the Secretary of State's Office, ordering him to go to *Windſor*, where the Court then was. His next Step was to provide a large dark Lanthorn, with a large

large and bright Glafs ; having thus got all Things necessary, he went to Miss *Sally's* House, and required of the Maid that she should place him in some dark Corner, till her Mistress was gone to Bed. Miss *Sally*, after having in vain waited long for her Lover, at last went to Bed ; for I forgot to tell you, that though he had wrote a Billet to acquaint her that he could not pass that Night with her ; yet my Lord *D—*'s Valet had found Means to intercept the Letter, and to send Word only, that it would be late before he could come.

WHEN Madam was got to Bed, and half asleep, this cunning Dog opened the Door, and came to the Bed-side in the Dark. The Noise he had made awaked her, and she, not doubting but that it was her Lover, told him, that his staying out so late was a Sign of Indifference and Coldness. No, Madam, *replied he*, I am far from being more indifferent or colder in my Affection to you, and I now come to give you a certain Proof. The dreadful Disorder of your Life moves my Compassion. Alas ! why did I seduce you ! it is I that am guilty of all your Crimes. I am terribly punished, and my Punishment will have no End. Hell is open under your Feet, and the Devils look upon you as their sure Prey. Tremble, miserable Woman, you are ready to perish, or, rather, make amends for what is past by a more regular Life. Take the Advantage of my Lord *Dar—*'s Weakness, who is Fool enough to marry you, it is the only Means to escape the Torments that I suffer. When this terrible Lecture was finished, which Miss *Sally* at first took for Raillery from her Lover, he shewed her, of a sudden, by the Means of his Lanthorn, the natural Figure of Sir *Richard*, or rather the Vizard, which represented him, and which he had put on: He stared her in the Face for some Time, with fiery sparkling Eyes, and she was so terrified, that she had not even the Force to
cry

cry out, but fell into a Swoon, during which the Ghost made the best of his Way Home, to acquaint his Master with the Success of his Expedition. Miss *Sally* became so tractable, that in less than twenty four Hours, she sent a Message to my Lord *Dar*—acquainting his Lordship, that if he still retained any favourable Sentiments of her, he might expect all the Marks of Gratitude in her Power. In short, he married her without any more ado, and they live pretty well together. The Earl related this Story in a much more agreeable Manner than it is here inserted, and when he had ended it, we mixed with the Crowd of Masks, where he made us take Notice of the King and Prince, who were just come in. Their Dress was of a Piece with many others, but the Behaviour of those who accompanied them, discovered who they were. There happened a little Sort of Adventure, which did Honour to the King's Goodness and Presence of Mind. A Lady in a Mask, whose Name we could not learn, came up to him, affecting not to know who he was, she invited him to drink a Glass with her at the Side-board, which he frankly accepted. When he had the Glass in his Hand, the Lady said, come, Mask, here's to the Pretender's Health. He answered immediately, in a most affable Manner, I drink, with all my Heart, to the Health of all unfortunate Princes, and then turning his Face to prevent being seen, he drank his Glass. As every Body knew him, this Answer was spread about in a Moment, and the Hall resounded with Applauses; neither he nor the Prince danced, but seemed to be much pleased with it, and indeed the *English* Manner of dancing is very agreeable. They begin their Balls with Minuets, and then come the Country-Dances. Fifteen or twenty Men, with as many Ladies, are ranked on two opposite Lines. They turn, skip, and cross, in a thousand different Manners,

ners, without the least Confusion. The Tunes are lively and brisk, and puts them all alive, particularly the Ladies, who are the stoutest Dancers I every saw in my Life, and never seem to be wearied with a continual Motion for four or five Hours without Intermiffion; it is there where all their Charms are displayed, their Shape has something so remarkable, that a Stranger is struck with Admiration, and this Advantage is so common among them, that one cannot distinguish which of them has the Superiority. Their Complexion and Eyes are ravishing; so that a Woman who passes for a Beauty in *England*, is an earthly Divinity; and were I not a *French* Man, I would speak with more reserve, lest I should be suspected of Flattery; but it is well known how far we are prejudiced in Favour of our own Ladies; so that my Encomiums can lye under no Suspicion.

It was about four o' Clock in the Morning before the Ladies, with whom we had come, proposed going away; I had Difficulty enough to get an Opportunity of reading my Niece's Letters, but I at last got a Glance of them before we left the Masquerade, and found that they were tender enough for a Girl of her Age. The Stile was a little upon the *Turkish*, that is to say, not confined to Grammar Rules; but excepting that Fault, it was cautiously enough writ, and one could easily discover that Modesty in it, which is the Effect of a good Education. She had even the Precaution to sign by the Name of *Memisces*, in order, no doubt, to deceive the Curious, for whom her Letters were by no Means intended. One of them was addressed to the Marquis at *Calis*, in answer to one he had wrote her upon the Road, four Hours after he had left her, and the other he had received at *London*. I put both Letters into the Place from whence I had taken them, being unwilling that he should

should have a Suspicion of my knowing any Thing of his Intrigue.

WE employed the following Days in visiting the Curiosities of *London*, and took the Trouble to go up to the Top of the *Cupola* of *St. Paul's Church*; from that Place we had a View of the whole City, which is prodigiously great; it's Length along the Banks of the River *Thames* surpasses, without dispute, any known City in the World. It is narrow in several Places, which makes the *French* imagine that it is not so big as *Paris* in the whole. For my part, who have no Reason that should make me partial, I scarce think *Paris* is so big, unless the Height of the Houses, mostly six or seven Stories, be included, and that by cutting them in the Middle, the Extent of the City might be doubled. The Places which they call *Squares*, are magnificent, and in great Number at *London*. *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, *St. James's Square*, *Soho Square*, and many others nothing inferior to our *Places de Vendôme*, *des Victoires*, and *la Place Royale*; excepting only that the Houses are not so magnificent at *London* as at *Paris*. The Palace of *St. James's*, where the King and Royal Family usually reside, is but an indifferent House, and does not at all answer to the Majesty of so great a Prince. The Garden, or rather the Park, is a large regular Square surrounded with shady Walks, without any other Ornament but what Nature has bestowed upon it. It is divided by a large and long Canal, in which you at all Times see great Numbers of Geese and Ducks, of which *Mr. St. Evremont* had formerly the Superintendency by the Title of Governor of *St. James's Ducks*. This comical Employment, which he had asked by Way of Jest, was worth, I have been told, a hundred Guineas yearly. I had the Curiosity to go and see the House where this great Man staid, which was in *Pall-Mall*, a large fine Street in the

Neighbourhood of the Palace. It is reported that he was a very great Sloven, which occasioned frequent Quarrels betwixt his Landlady and him; and because he would not allow her to wash and clean his Apartment so often as the *English* chuse to do it. He was not rich, the principal Part of his Revenue consisted in the Presents from some Lords, and particularly the Duke of *Montague*, who gave him a Pension of near two hundred Guineas. He was not liable to any great Expence, being very welcome whenever he pleased, to the best Tables in *England*, where I have been told he played an exceeding good Knife and Fork. He was always very well looked on at Court, but near the End of his Days he was less esteemed for what he was, than for what he had been. His Death was calm and peaceable, and it was not perceived that he was in the least affected with the Terrors that often attend dying Persons; some Moments before he breathed his last, he caused a famous Minister to be brought to his Bedside, whom he intreated, in a very serious Manner, to repeat one of his Sermons, or to talk upon some pious Subject, in order (*said he*) to make me fall asleep, the Want of which is a great Part of my Distemper. It is thus the greatest Men are unfortunately blinded in the Affair of the greatest Importance, and after having given many Proofs of a superior Genius and an extraordinary Knowledge in indifferent Things, they are wanting it what alone is solid and necessary, I mean the eternal Concern of their Soul.

ST. *James's* Park is the publick Walk at *London*, and every Body is at Liberty to go into it. So that nothing is so fantastical as to see, in a fine Day, the Flower of the Nobility, and the first Ladies of the Court, promiscuously mixed with the Populace. Such is the Taste of the *English*, and it is in this that consists a Part of what they call their Liberty. The Mob affects to show their Independency with
Respect

Respect to the Great, and the Persons of Distinction take a Pleasure of being confounded, in many different Ways, with the Populace. This Disposition of Mind would be commendable, were it not carried to Excess; but it often occasions great Disorders, because it authoriseth People to commit many insolent Things. Who could ever imagine, for Instance, that the meanest Porter would dispute for Precedency in the Street with a Lord, whose Quality he knows, and that if either one or the other is obstinate not to yield, they will strip and box it fairly, 'till the strongest is Master of the Street; which is a Thing that happens very often at *London*, and I myself heard my Lord *H*—boast that he had banged a Chair-man, though he confessed at the same Time, that he was a sturdy stout Fellow, and had made him feel the Weight of his Arm in more than one Place.

IN several Coffee-houses some of my Friends have made me take Notice of one or two Lords, a Knight-Baronet, a Shoe-maker, a Taylor, and some others of the same Kidney, all sitting at the same Table with Pipes in their Mouths, and talking familiarly of the Court and City News. State-Affairs are canvassed by the Tradesmen as well as the Courtier, and every one has a Right to speak his Sentiments freely. They condemn, approve, criticise, tear to Pieces, run into Invectives by Word and Writing, without the Government's daring to oppose it; Nay, even the King himself is not exempted from Censure. The Coffee-houses and other publick Places are, if I may so say, the Seat of *English* Liberty. All the Libels either for or against the Government, are to be found there. At the Expence of two Pence you have a Right to read them all, and to get a Dish of Tea or Coffee into the Bargain; and besides these, you have five or six different Papers which contain the News of *Europe*, and particularly of *London*,

that is to say, under this Article is comprehended the most trifling Thing that happens in the City; not disguising the Names of the Persons concerned, of whatever Rank they may be; and thus these News Papers disclose equally the good and the bad. Comedies, Balls, Consorts, Books published, Quack Doctor's Remedies, Houses and Lands to be let or sold, Bankruptcies, Price of Stocks, the Arrival and Departure of Ships, in one Word, every Thing that may interest the Publick. The Eagerness of the *English* for all such News is more than can be imagined, and not only the Capital, but even the remotest Provinces have a terrible Itching after News; so that there is scarce a Taylor who does not lay out two Pence every Day to satisfy his Curiosity.

BESIDES *St. James's Park*, there are several other publick Gardens at *London*, and in the Evenings you will see very good Company in *Gray's-Inn* and *Lincoln's-Inn-Walks*, where the *Ladies of the Town* are in great Plenty. It is a most melancholy Thing to see the most charming Creatures in the World abandoned to that infamous Commerce, and impudently offer themselves to those who will pay them.

I have been told that there is an incredible Number of them at *London*, and that some Streets are intirely inhabited by them, where one cannot pass without Invitations by Signs or lascivious Looks. The greatest Part of the Quality and young People of Estates entertain Mistresses in private Lodgings, but when their Lovers are cloyed, they are obliged to throw themselves upon the Publick.

THERE are among these unhappy Victims a great many Girls of good Families, who have been debauched, and afterwards abandoned by their Lovers. But what is singular is, that if they have been kept by Men of Quality, they have the Insolence to assume their Names as if they were their
lawful

lawful Wives, so that nothing is more common than Countesses and Marchionesses of this Species. It may be easily imagined, that a young Man of the Marquis's Figure could not escape being attacked by these impudent Females upon many Occasions, but I shall only mention one which I cannot to this Hour think of without laughing. As we were coming out of the Play-house, the Crowd of Coaches hindring ours from advancing, we were obliged to stop under the Arch that forms the Entry to the Play-house, and several others were in the same Case. The Marquis overheard two Ladies that stood by him, complaining in *French* of their being stoped so long, and the Crowd still augmenting, we resolved to go into one of the Coffee-houses under the Arch, and the Marquis proposed the same Thing to the two Ladies, who made no Difficulty. We were obliged to stay a quarter of an Hour, during which I diverted myself with reading the News-Papers, and the Marquis with entertaining the two Ladies, one of which was extremely pretty; at last, our Footman came and told us, that the Coach waited at the Door, and we took leave of the Ladies; this Adventure having nothing extraordinary in it, we soon forgot it. However, three Days after, when we were reading the *London News* together, we met with the following Article: "If the *French* Gentleman, who had some Dis-
 " course *Monday* last with a Lady at the Coffee-
 " house, in the Entry to the Play-house, was serious
 " in what he spoke, and has honourable Intentions,
 " let him come to-morrow to the Play-house, where
 " he will hear of her." We looked at one another, and fell a laughing. Can it be possible, *said the Marquis*, that I am the Person meant here? I make no Doubt of it, *answered I*, and I imagine that you have been waggish enough to tell that pretty Girl, that you was desperately in Love with her. I do

not very well remember, *replied he*, what I said to her, but to tell you the Truth, I believe you guess right. Let us go, if you think fit, to the Play to-morrow, and we will see what this Adventure will turn to. As I intended to divert him as much as possible, I made no Objection to our going, which we accordingly did, and had scarce been half an Hour in our Box, when a Footman came and told him, Sir, the Lady that you know of, waits for you with great Impatience; here is her Direction, giving him a Card, upon which was wrote *Mrs. Oldstead at Mr. Derbridge's, a Jeweller in Southampton-street, two Pair of Stairs*. Having read this Direction, I was very far from consenting that the Marquis should go alone to find this Lady, or to offer to accompany him. I told him to acquaint the Footman, that we could not leave the Play, but that if *Mrs. Oldstead* would come to it, we would keep a Place for her in our Box.

THE second Act was not over, when she and her Companion arrived. We received her with Civility, because I had imagined that she might be some Girl of an honest Family, who had fallen in Love with the Marquis. But I had no Occasion to talk with her long to know my Error; not that she proposed any Thing that was indecent, but one must have less Experience than I, not to discover the Artifice of such Creatures; and yet I should not have interrupted their Conversation while the Play lasted, had it not been disturbed very comically. The greatest Part of the Spectators had, as well as we, read the Article of the News Papers that mentioned this Girl's Invitation to the Marquis, and the Place of Affignation being the Play-house, the Hopes of discovering something of this Mystery had brought a great many curious young Folks there, and he being dressed in the latest *French* Fashion, they easily judged by his Clothes and Air, that he was the Man. But when the young
Girl

Girl arrived, who was pretty enough to be the Heroine of the Romance. all Eyes were turned towards her, and Whispers went from one to the other. The close Conversation that she was engaged in with the Marquis hindered her, at first, from observing what passed; but having by Chance turned her Eyes upon the Spectators, and perceiving that every Body looked at her, all her Impudence could not stand it. Her blushing confirmed the greatest part of the Assembly in their Suspicions, and she was the Subject of the whole Company's Laughter. In short, not being able to stand it out any longer, she begged of the Marquis to come and see her at the House to which he had a Direction, and got up to be gone. But then it was that the *English*, the most unmerciful People in the World in the Play-house, began to hiss and shout in a most intolerable Manner. The Confusion which she was under hindered her from opening readily the Door of the Box, so that she had Time enough to hear all the Noise that was made to her Honour, and the Pit that of increasing it.

I was at a stand whether it was not fit for us to be gone too, but the Hissing having ceased, after the Lady disappeared, I thought it was better not to stir. My Lord *Scarborough* was in a neighbouring Box, and, perceiving the Marquis, came immediately into ours, to inform himself if we knew that Lady, we told him the whole Adventure; and after the Play he invited us to Supper, where we passed a Part of the Night with him and some other Noblemen.

As I have not undertaken to give a Description of *London*, I am not at all exact in relating what we saw in the different Parts of that great City. I should however have mentioned the Monument, which was built in Commemoration of the great Fire. It is a hollow round Pillar about four hundred Feet high, and has a winding Stair, by which People can go up to the very Top. It is supported by a

Square-base, upon the four Faces whereof we read the different Inscriptions that certify the Misfortune which happened to *London*, and explain the Circumstances. &c. What surpris'd me, was to understand that the *English* attribute this Misfortune to the Malice of the *Papists*, which 'till then I believed had only happened by Accident. I ought as little to omit the ingenious Machine by which the *Thames* Water is carried to all the Quarters of the Town. It is a high Tower, where, by the Help of Smoke from a constant Coal-fire, the Water is rais'd to a certain Height, and then is received into Pipes, and by them convey'd, under the Streets and Houses, through the whole Town, for the Use of it's Inhabitants. *London* Bridge is curious for it's Length but does not exceed, even in that, the *Pont Neuf* at *Paris*; and as for it's Breadth, it does not equal our *St. Michael* Bridge, or others that have Houses built on them, but in all other Respects perfectly resembling. The other Beauties of this Metropolis of *England* consist in the publick Edifices, such as the Hospitals, Churches, Houses of the trading Companies, Colleges of Advocates, and of all those whom the *English* comprehend under the Name of Lawyers. All these Buildings are the Work of a wise and prudent People, who, endeavouring to enrich themselves by Trade abroad, neglect nothing that may serve for Conveniency, Plenty, Security, and even Ornament and Magnificence at Home.

WHILE we were thus taken up with the Diversions and Curiosities of *London*, I received a Packet of Letters by *Scoti*, who was returned from discharging his Commission in *France*. He told me that my Lady R—— had behaved with so much Circumspection all along, that no Mortal had the least Suspicion of her Disguise; that she had been received by my Daughter with so much Civility and Kindness, that she propos'd to herself infinite

Satisfaction

Satisfaction in her Retirement ; that all the Family, except *Memifces*, who had the Small Pox, enjoyed perfect Health. The Marquis was present at this News, and it was on this Occasion that I had again an Opportunity of discovering the Vivacity of his Temper. Scarce had he heard *Scoti's* last Words when he threw himself in my Arms. Ah, Sir, *said he*, with Transport, let us return quickly to *France*. Would you let *Memifces* die without seeing him ? Alas ! he is perhaps dead since *Scoti's* Departure, were I certain of it, I would not survive him one Moment. Though I was not without Uneasiness for my Niece, I answered the Marquis smiling that he was a bad Comforter, and, instead of offering me Reasons of Hope and Tranquillity, it would seem that he intended to alarm me by his own Fears, but that I judged better of Events than he, that I saw nothing in the Distemper of *Memifces* but a common Accident, and most commonly without Danger, nevertheless that I was obliged to him for the Concern he expressed for my Family, and begged he would not be more afflicted than I was. He appeared to be a little dashed with having so visibly betrayed himself, though I affected not to understand him. He spoke little the rest of the Evening. I understood however that he asked *Scoti* a great many Questions about my Niece's Distemper; and wrote a long Letter before he went to Bed, but did not send it to the Post. For my Part, I retired to my Chamber to read my Dispatches from *France*. My Daughter informed me of my Niece's Distemper, but did not seem to be afraid of any bad Consequences. She enlarged much upon the Subject of my Lady *R*— and thanked me for sending her so agreeable a Companion ; at last I opened my Lady's Letter, which I could easily see had been dictated by a grateful and generous Heart. She pressed me to shorten my Stay in *England*, and her

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OF what are not our feeble Hearts capable, if we cease, ever so little, to keep them under Restraint, by an exact and constant Vigilance! At sixty Years a Man may be silly this Way. I am ashamed to say it. but I have found it by Experience.

THE reading of my Lady R——'s Letter made a strange Impression upon me. My Heart seemed all of a sudden to be oppressed with something extraordinary that gave me Terror. I leaned upon the Table and fell into a Fit of Thoughtfulness, or rather a Dream, during which this charming Lady, me-thought, was present to my Sight. I saw her, and my Imagination represented to me all her Charms; but though I felt something very agreeable and sweet in her Looks, neither her Presence nor the Assurances I thought she gave me of her Gratitude, could make me content or easy. Instead of smiling, I viewed her with languishing Eyes. In short, upon recovering myself out of this Sort of Trance, I found my Eyes dim with Tears, and my Heart sunk in Grief. So that I became as pensive and melancholy as the Marquis. We supped however together. He scarce spoke four Words, and I had no Inclination to interrupt his Silence. We retired with a melancholy Adieu, and went to our Beds where neither of us, I dare say, found much Rest.

O God! must the Passions have such Dominion over our frail Hearts! I undrest without knowing what I was doing, or so much as hearing what my Servant said, whom I ordered to leave me. What! *cried I when I was alone*, shall I not have Courage to master the Commotions of my Mind? I feel the shameful Poison creeping into my Veins, and shall I want Resolution to repel it! But what have I said — What Poison — Good God! am I

I speaking of myself! of me whom every Body takes for a Man of Prudence and Virtue; of me whose Thoughts and Actions ought to be as Patterns! This is then, *added I with Tears in my Eyes*, the Benefit which I reap from Age, Experience, and Piety; this the fruit of sixty Years, which I have passed in the Ways of Honour and Virtue! Alas! let me rather die with Shame and Grief than lose my Innocence and Reputation. No, no, I am not capable of a Weakness that can either bring Guilt or Dishonour upon me; my Heart assures me of it. I put myself in a needless Fright. It is not Passion that I feel for my Lady R——, only a tender Regard, which is justly due to her Misfortunes, and the Esteem with which she honours me. Upon that I called to Mind my Spouse's Perfections, and what I owed to her Memory. My Imagination represented to me her dear Ghost, attentive to every Step I took, and requiring a just Account of my Sentiments. My better half is in Heaven, *continued I with a little more Composure*, she shall never have Ground to reproach me with Engagements unworthy of her. She shall find me such as she left me, tender, constant, faithful, her Virtues still fresh in my Mind, and her Image in full Possession of my Heart.

THESE last Thoughts gave me some Ease, and towards the Morning I had some comfortable Hours of Sleep, and yet upon awaking some Sighs broke forth. My heart murmured at the rigorous Constraint under which Duty kept it. I was in Hopes that my continual Reflection would subject it intirely; but whatever might happen as to that, I resolved at least, that the Marquis should know nothing of the Matter. As for him, who was by no Means capable of Diffimulation, I could easily perceive the true State of his Mind. I took Notice next Morning of the Dejection and Heaviness that

appeared in his Eyes, for which he made no other Excuse than frankly telling me that his Concern for *Memisces* had disturbed his Rest, and I ought not to be surpris'd, knowing how much he loved him. That Day I answer'd the Letters I had received, and the Marquis begged of me to put a Billet from him to *Memisces* in the Packet, which he gave me open, and though it contained nothing but Terms of Friendship, yet I found Means to put it secretly aside; he imagin'd however that it was gone with my Letters, and I saw that it gave him Joy, because this seem'd to convince him that I had no Suspicion of his Intrigue.

THE same Day we went to see a Diversion very extraordinary and no where known but in *England*, I mean Combats of Gladiators which they call Prize-fighting, a *Roman* Custom kept up in this Island for near two thousand Years. We found assembled in the Place of Combat a Crowd of Persons of all Ranks. The Theatre where the Combatants fight is in the Middle of a large Hall, and surrounded on all Sides by the Spectators, seated upon Benches rais'd one above the other to the very Roof. The first Trial of skill was with Sticks, which the *English* call Cudgels. They use them after the Manner of Hangers, and the Strokes are given with so good Will, that I cannot conceive how they can give each other so many without breaking Arms or Heads, for they fight quite naked. Whoever draws Blood from his Antagonist's Head first, is Conqueror. After cudgelling, comes boxing. The two Combatants strip, and are naked to the Belt, and the Strokes they give to one another are so violent, that they make the Blood sometimes spout out from the Mouth. I have seen some of them fall, and remain some Moments immoveable, but they soon recover'd by the help of Vinegar put to their Nose. Upon which they get

up, embrace their Adversary, and fall to Blows, till one or other has quite lost Strength, and sometimes Life itself. This Exercise seemed to me the most violent and dangerous; to which succeeds that of wrestling. You see two lusty well made Fellows approach one another softly, and with Precaution observing one another carefully for a few Minutes, turning round, as it were to discover the weak Part; touching Hough to Hough, and at last grappling, they squeeze and shake one another with a surprizing Force and Agility; and sometimes it is a considerable Time before any Inequality is observed; at length, when Victory has declared itself in Favour of one, he lends a helping Hand to raise the vanquished, and then they fall to it anew, 'till one or other is quite spent. The last Combat is with the Sword, which is commonly undertaken by *Irishmen*, who, by a publick Challenge, by Way of Advertisement in the News Papers, with a Rodomontade that makes People laugh, engage themselves to fight with all who dare expose themselves to the cruel Edge of their terrible Sword; and then they give you a List of the rash Fools that have lost their Lives or been wounded by them; so that, take their own Word for it, they are so many *Cæsars* and *Alexanders*, and yet they are almost constantly beat by the *English*, particularly by a certain Prize-fighter called *Figg*, who handles a broad Sword with the greatest Dexterity of any Man alive. I have been assured that he has fought publickly more than a hundred Times, without having received any considerable Wound. We were Witnesses that if he received none, he knew how to give. His Antagonist was an Irish Serjeant, lately come from *Gibraltar*. They both appeared upon the Stage in their Shirts, and their Heads bare, and had a red Ribbon tied about their Arm to hold up the Sleeve of their Shirt. Boldness and Courage,

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with a Mixture of Calmness appeared in their Looks. *Figg* offered the Serjeant the Choice of Swords, of several that were brought upon the Stage, about two Inches in breadth, and the Points ground off. I had the Curiosity to take one of them in my Hand, and found that it was sharp edged enough to cut off an Arm or a Leg. The Combatants, after shaking Hands, as a Mark of Friendship and Esteem, put themselves in a Posture of Defence, crossed their Weapons, and began a furious Attack. We must not imagine that there was any foul Play in the Case, or that they were not serious, they let fly at one another so heartily, and with such Vigour and Rapidity, that the Spectacle became terrible, and the whole Assembly was in a profound Silence. The Serjeant made a Blow at *Figg*, which cut a pretty large Piece of his Stocking, without touching the Leg. *Figg*, whose Coolness and Judgment were surprizing, felt the Stroke; ho, ho! *said he*, I see thou hast a Mind to my Leg, but take Care of thy own, and with the same Breath whipped off a large Piece of the Calf of his Adversary's Leg, which fell upon the Stage; the general Applause was given to this clean Slash by clapping of Hands, and crying *bravo, bravo, encora, encora*, which is a sort of Approbation that they have learned from the *Italians*. The Serjeant, not able to support himself, sat down and looked at his Blood, which ran in Streams. I was told that they had Powders whose Effect operates a speedy Cure. We saw several others fight afterwards, who gave and received several Wounds. This Diversion gave us an Opportunity to make several Reflections; it is certain that it has it's Utility, being a sort of School where Youth are formed to Intrepidity, and to the Contempt of Death and Wounds; but, on the other Hand, we agreed, that there was something cruel and barbarous in it. If the Effusion of human Blood is to looked upon as
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an Evil, even when it is just and necessary, it would seem contradictory to the Laws of Humanity and Nature to make a Diversion of spilling it. Nevertheless this Custom is authorised in *England*, and probably not without strong Reasons in so wise a Government, where every Thing is calculated for the publick Good. The Season for drinking the mineral Waters at *Tunbridge* being come, our Friends advised us to go and pass some Days there, and spoke of that Place as of one of the most agreeable Things in the World.

ALL Persons who love Diversions are sure to go there, because they find of all Sorts, and we were made to hope that we should see in Minature all that was rare and curious in *England*. Such vast Hopes made us take the Road to *Tunbridge* with Pleasure, which is but a Day's Journey from *London*. The first Prospect pleased us extremely. It is neither a Town nor a Village, but a Multitude of pretty Houses scattered up and down without Order, and almost all separated, though by very small Distances. There are of great and small, magnificent and indifferent, some upon the Descent of rising Grounds, others in the Bottom near the Wells. The greatest Part have no Gardens, and some have very neat ones, with little Woods that serve for Shades. Of the whole is formed a charming Landskip, which is the more surprizing, as the Country thereabouts is barren and wild. This Place is uninhabited, except during the Seasons for the Waters, which renders the Rent of the Houses extremely dear. We hired an Apartment of only three Chambers, for which we paid four Guineas a Week. There was already a great Number of Persons of Distinction arrived at *Tunbridge*. Upon our entring the Place, we heard a confused Noise of Coaches, Musick and Acclamations of Joy from all Quarters, and I had very good Hopes that the Marquis's Melancholy as

well as mine would meet with a terrible Check in this delightful Place. We were conducted to the publick Walk near the Wells, which is a long Street into which we enter, by going up some Steps; it is paved with large smooth Stones, such as we see in Churches. All along the Houses upon the right is an Arch supported by Pillars, under which People walk and are sheltered when it rains. There are no other Houses but Coffee-houses, large Gaming-rooms, Shops full of Jewels and Trinkets, and other Places of Diversion, where you see Crowds going in and out with a Continuance. In the middle of this Street, which they call the Walk, there is an Orcheſter pretty high above the Walk, where half a Dozen Fiddles and ſome Hautbois are heard from Morning to Night.

THE Order obſerved by People of Quality is this. In the Morning about ſeven o' Clock they come in an undrefs to drink the Waters, and walk an Hour or two after; they then breakfast in the Coffee-houſes, on Tea or Chocolate. It is the Cuſtom for the Gentlemen to treat the Ladies of their Acquaintance every one in their Turns, and the Expence is only ſix Pence a Head, a ſettled Price. There are ſometimes fifty or ſixty at Breakfast in a Company together, for in two Days Time one knows every one there. After Breakfast ſome walk again, and ſome go to the Gaming-tables. They ring for Prayers about Twelve, and thoſe that are diſpoſed for Devotion go to Church, which ſtands at the End of the Walk, and after this every Body retires to Dinner and to drefs. About four o' Clock you ſee all the Company returning in Crowds, but in a very different Drefs from the Morning. The Ladies are drefsed out to the greateſt Advantage, and the Men in their richeſt Clothes. They walk up and down ſome Time to ſee and be ſeen, 'till the Hour of Tea-drinking, which is done in the ſame Man-
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ner as at Breakfast, to which succeeds Gaming of all Kinds, Cards, Dice, &c. All the Rooms are filled with Tables, and other Conveniencies. They who have not Taste for Gaming go from Room to Room, and have the Pleasure of seeing others hard at it. A good many go to the Play-house and other Entertainments, of which the Variety affords an Opportunity of chusing. There is thrice a Week a publick Ball in a great Hall built for that Purpose, where all Ranks are mixed without Distinction; you see the Dutchess, and the Tradesman's Wife or Daughter go Cheek-by-joll, without any Body's having a Right to inform themselves what you are, nor whence you come, and here they continue dancing 'till Day-light. I know not if this hinders, or is assisting to the Effect of the Waters, but they drink them no less regularly next Day, and it is not remarked that any Body gets Harm by passing the Night in this Manner. I should never come to a Close, were I to relate all the Love-adventures that happen daily at *Tunbridge*. Had this charming Place subsisted in the Time of the Ancients, they would not have said that *Venus* and the *Graces* kept their Residence at *Cytherea*. We remained fifteen Days, during which not one passed without some new Scene that diversified our Pleasure. I would not advise People whose Hearts are liable to be smitten, to go to *Tunbridge*, unless they are guarded, as in my Case, with the Coldness of old Age. The beautiful Women are in such Crowds there, that they are hurtful to one another, and one destroys the Impression which the other has made. If one can but make his Escape from this dangerous Place, I would be apt to think that he needs fear nothing, after having resisted what is most bewitching and ensnaring upon Earth.

I have often been astonished at the Notion which Strangers form of *England*, and have endeavoured
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to find out a Cause to which it may be reasonably attributed. The *English* are commonly looked upon as a People stiff, haughty, cruel and barbarous, only fit for War or Trade, and who cultivate Arts less from Taste than Advantage, who think and reason solidly, but still with Views of Interest: They represent them in their own Imaginations as void of natural Sweetness, Delicacy, and but very little capable of the Sentiments of Friendship, or the Softness of Love. This is what I am surpris'd to have heard from many Persons of Merit in foreign Courts, and in all the Countries where I have travelled; and I verily believe that this Idea is conceived upon reading the History, in which we may observe that *England* is a Medley of several different Nations, who originally were *Barbarians*, *Danes*, *Saxons* and *Normans*; That the Nation has been often agitated with furious Commotions, Rebellions, Seditions, and intestine Wars. We read of the bloody Disputes between the Houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, the Troubles that have happened upon the Account of Religion; the *Catastrophe* of *Charles I.* the Overthrow of the Royal Family of *Stuarts*, the Cabals of *Whigs* and *Tories*. From all these Events are formed an Idea of the Character of the Nation; and as few Strangers travel in *England* to know it otherwise than by these Outsides, one is apt to judge of the Interior of *England* by historical Appearances; and yet methinks that this Rule is very unjust: For, in the first Place, there is no Nation at this Day, in *Europe* which derives not it's Original from *Barbarians*, the *French* and *Italians* not excepted, which none that has the least Knowledge of History can be ignorant of. The Barbarity of the *Goths*, *Alains*, *Heruleans*, *Franks* and *Normans*, does not hinder *France* and *Italy* from having the Reputation of polite Countries: In the second Place, were intestine Troubles and fatal Events certain Proofs that could establish

establish the bad Character of a Nation, I would beg Leave to ask, if there is a People in the Universe of whom we may form a worse Idea than of the *French*. Let us go back to the Source of our Annals, and run them over to our own Times, what shall we find but Kings massacred, poisoned, and deposed; Sons armed against their Fathers, and Subjects against their Sovereigns; bloody Wars occasioned by Religion, Ambition, Jealousy, Hatred, and supported by Injustice, Cruelty and Treachery. We may read that for Concerns of much less Importance than those that divide the *Whigs* and *Tories*, viz. for School Questions, and philosophical and grammatical Disputes, Fire and Sword have ravaged a whole Country. In short, without mentioning the Divisions occasioned by *Jansenism*, which are like to be of long Duration, we have seen what is without a Parallel in any Age. Citizens of the same Kingdom deliberately cutting one another's Throats at the Sound of a Bell as a Signal, and a barbarous King animating personally, and with great Pleasure, his Subjects to murder their Friends, Parents, Countrymen, and those who lived under the same Roof with them, and even their Bedfellows. Such Actions would, no doubt, be a Reproach to a Nation were it just to charge every particular Person with them. But in those grand Commotions that imbroid and overturn the most flourishing States how many Persons are justly to be accused of it? One bold and undertaking Villain is enough; a Duke of *Guise* in *France*, and a *Cromwell* in *England*. The Mob is always blindly led. The Crime of popular Commotions only falls upon him who is the Author; and in those Sort of publick Convulsions (if I may be allowed the Expression) the most honest People are often through Fear, engaged, or by other unavoidable Necessities, so that they may be forced to commit Crimes, and yet preserve their Innocence.

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BUT if it is true (will it be answered) that the Injustice done to the Character of the *English*, is to be ascribed to the wrong Idea conceived of them by History; why do not People judge equally amiss of the *French*, who, in my Opinion, are not much cried up by Historians? If it be a *Frenchman* that puts this Question to me, I shall answer him at once, that perhaps his Vanity flatters him too far, if it makes him imagine that all Strangers have as favourable an Opinion of him as he has of himself. But it is no difficult Thing to answer this Objection otherways, and my Answer may suffice to confirm my Opinion.

I confess then that whatever Prejudice may be conceived against the *French* upon reading their History, People do not give wholly into the disagreeable Ideas which such reading may inspire, and this is, I suppose, owing to a full Knowledge that Strangers have of their Character.

THEY are placed in the Middle of *Europe*, and that Situation exposes them to frequent Visits of Travellers. They see and frequent them, and, making proper Allowance for Levity and Vanity, are satisfied that their Character is amiable, and consequently do them Justice. The *English* have not the same Advantage. A dangerous Sea separates them from the Continent. Travellers seldom go there; so that they are not sufficiently known, and therefore Strangers are still kept in the historical Prejudice with Regard to them, and, from a deceitful Appearance, draw a Picture which does not all resemble them. But to give my Sentiments in one Word, it is in *England* only where we can rightly judge of the *English*. It is there where I have discovered that they are humane, affable, generous, and endowed with all the Sentiments that render Men worthy of Esteem; so that the better Part of the *English* are such as I could wish my Children
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and Persons dearest to me were. As for the Ladies I find that those who are pretty, and great is the Number of such, are infinitely more so than in any other Place of the World; and did I not know from whence I had brought my dear *Selima*, I should have imagined that she had been born in *England*.

BUT I perceive that my Digressions become tedious. It is the Effect of Age, however I will endeavour to deserve the Reader's Pardon by the Narration of an Adventure which I hope will be agreeable.

BEING designed to leave *Tunbridge* next Day, we went to the Ball in the Evening, with a *Swedish* Gentleman of great worth, called *Baron Spalding*, with whom the Marquis had made Acquaintance at *London*. While they were both in the Heat of Dancing, a Messenger came to acquaint the Baron that a Lady wanted to speak with him at the Door. He went out as soon as possible, and returned no more. About half an Hour after, he sent his Footman with a Billet for the Marquis, in which he begged that if we were still resolved on going next Day, we would take his Lodging in our way Home that Night. Accordingly we called about Midnight, but, instead of him found a second Billet, with an Excuse for desiring our Visit when Business obliged him to be absent, and begging earnestly that we would not leave *Tunbridge* 'till he had the Honour to see us. Though the mysterious Way was never much to my liking, yet, knowing this Gentleman's Prudence, I suspended my Judgment. The next Morning produced a new Billet from him which was a pressing Invitation to dine with him. When we went we found him waiting for us, with a Gentleman whom we did not know, and a young Lady of eighteen or nineteen Years old, beautiful as an Angel. He was in a Transport of Joy that was very legible in his Eyes.

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You see me now the happiest Man alive, *said he*. Yesterday I was the most unfortunate; Here, *continued he, pointing to the young Lady*, was the Cause of my Trouble Yesterday, and is now about making me the most happy Man alive; as we shewed some Anxiety to be better informed, here follows what he told us.

WHEN I was making the Tour of *France*, *said he*, I arrived at *Marseilles*, and was indetermined whether I should not imbarck there for *Italy*. As I was in my Inn a Lady was introduced to me with a Purse in her Hand, into which she modestly desired that I would put something by Way of Charity. I asked for what Use it was designed; she answered that it was to defray the Journey of a poor *English* young Lady, who found herself at *Marseilles* without Money or Credit, and who was positively resolved to return to her native Country. This Story moved my Curiosity. I begged of the Lady to inform me a little farther of this *English* Girl, and how, being so young, she came to be here. She told me that she had been in *Marseilles* for several Years, that an *English* Ship, in which she and her Mother were, being taken by a *French* Privateer, the Mother and Daughter had fallen to the Captain's Share, who lived at *Marseilles*, and who had taken such Care of them that they did not much feel the Loss of their Liberty: But that this good Patron happening to die, and having left them wherewithal to live decently, they had met with Opposition from the principal Heir, who pretended that the deceased could not dispose of what he had given them; and his Credit being, as may be easily supposed, superior to that of two poor Strangers, he had got Possession of what belonged to them, and had reduced them to the Extremity of Misery, the Thoughts whereof had lately killed the Mother, and the Daughter finding herself deprived of all Assistance,

ance, had resolved to return to *England*, to facilitate which, all the better Sort at *Marseilles* were united in the Design of making up such a Sum as would defray the Expence of her Journey, under the Conduct of some Persons that were to have Charge of her. This Story moved me enough to make me curious to see and be acquainted with this unhappy Stranger. I put two Crowns into the Purse, and thus affected not to be too liberal to prevent all Suspicion of my Design. I informed myself where she lived, and was told, that since the Death of her Mother, a Lady, out of Charity, had taken her Home to her House. I considered that I could not easily have Access to that House. Nevertheless, as I am pretty much Master of the *English* Tongue, I resolved to present myself in the Quality of an *Englishman*, who interested himself in the Misfortunes of a Country-woman. With this Title I was graciously received, and saw the Charming Person now by me, for it is she herself whom you now see, added the Baron, and whom I adored the very first Moment I saw her. I begged of her to tell me her Troubles, and how I could in any Shape be serviceable to her. Her generous Answer gave me the finishing Stroke, and in the Bottom of my Heart I made Vows to be her eternal Slave; but at the same Time resolved to let her know nothing of it, only promised my Endeavours to serve her; and to begin with something real, I informed myself fully about the Rogue who had dealt so unjustly by her; his Credit did not at all frighten me: I took Advice how he was to be attacked, and commenced a Law-suit with him in Form, fully resolved to push it to the King's Counsel, if he was happier than I in the inferior Judicatures. Heaven favoured the just Cause, for we obtained a compleat Victory, and Miss *Perry* was put again into Possession of what she had unjustly lost. I then asked her, if she still continued
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in the Resolution of returning to *England*. She answered, that her Intention was such; upon which I offered to be her Conductor, on Pretence that I was designed to visit that Country (for I had not long concealed that I was a *Swede*) and to give her Modesty no Cause of Umbrage, I begged of the Lady who had taken her Home to her House, that she would honour us with her Company; she had contracted such a Friendship for Miss *Perry*, that she readily consented. We left *Marseilles*, crossed *France*, and arrived safely at *London*. I had not, during the whole Time, made the least Insinuation of my Sentiments to the young Lady; my Respect and constant Attendance were my only Interpreters. I had not so much as asked the State of her Affairs at *London*. I only took the liberty to ask her, to what Place of the Town she inclined to be conducted, and if I might be allowed the Happiness of visiting her sometimes. She told me, with a charming Frankness, that her Fortune was at a low Ebb, that her Father, formerly one of the richest Traders of *Bristol*, had been forced, by considerable Losses, to give over Commerce, and to retire with the Remains of his Effects: That he had embarked with his Family for the *Levant*, in hopes to retrieve his Affairs there; but that having been attacked by a Privateer of *Marseilles*, he had lost his Life in the Engagement, so that this unlucky Voyage had cost her the Loss of her Father, Mother, and of all her Hopes: That she had an Aunt at *London*, with whom she hoped to find an Asylum, and that it was to her House where she inclined to go, and to which I waited upon her myself: But how terrible was her Surprize and Concern, when we were told that this Aunt was dead two Years ago; and, that consequently, she had less Protection to expect in *England* than she might have found at *Marseilles*. I thought in this unhappy Conjecture, I might venture
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to offer her my Purse, which I had not dared hitherto to do, until she could write to her Friends at *Bristol*, and settle her Affairs. She seemed not to relish my Proposal. Rather say, Sir, *interrupted she*, that I but too readily accepted it, and do not lessen the Merit of your Generosity, as you have already done, by concealing the excessive Expence in which the *Marseilles* Law-suit engaged you, and that of bearing, in spite of us, all our travelling Charges. I will, *continued she*, with your Leave, finish the Narration of our Adventure, foreseeing that your Modesty will relinquish the Character of a faithful Historian.

Miss *Perry* then began to speak in Place of the *Baron*, and thus went on in her Story. It is true, I made some Difficulty at first to accept of the *Baron's* Offers, being already under too much Confusion, for the Trouble and Expence that his Compassion for my Misfortunes had engaged him in. But his constant and pressing Solicitations, with the Advice of *Madam Doublet* (the *Marseilles* Lady that had come along with them) made me at last condescend to lay myself under this new Obligation to him. He hired a very handsom Apartment for this Lady and me, and furnished it more magnificently than was suitable to my present Fortune: He gave me a Waiting-woman and two Domesticks: In short I enjoyed such Plenty, as I had not known but in the first Years of my Life. *Madam Doublet*, who was a virtuous discreet Woman, did not approve of this excessive Liberality. What are his Views, would she say to me, what does he mean by this Expence? If his Design be only to render you Service, a little more Moderation would be properer, and we might live decently enough at less Expence. I wish from my Heart, *added she*, that there may not be Poison hid under this fair Outside, and that Mr. *Spalding* may have no bad Design up-

on your Innocence. This Discourse did not at all please me. I had all along remarked so much Honour and Modesty in his Behaviour and Sentiments, that I could not allow myself to think him capable of any base Design. And yet, I could not account to myself for the Excesses of his Generosity. Is it Compassion, *said I*? Is it Love? The Motives are a Mystery, which he has not thought fit to explain. He treats me in the same Manner as he would a Sister whom he loves; but it is impossible for me to penetrate into the Cause of so much Kindness. Madam *Doublet* carefully observed his least Actions. He loves you, *would she sometimes say*, I am sure of it. Do but take Notice of his timorous Looks, his tender and respectful Behaviour, his Dread of being thought too familiar: No, no, this is not the Language of Indifference. Did not Love keep him under Restraint, he would be franker, and use more Freedom with you. But what Likelihood is there, *answered I*, that he should have such Sentiments for me as you imagine, since he never opened his Mouth upon any such Subject? This is just what makes me fear him, *replied she*, and suspect his Intentions; for one does not usually conceal, with so much Care, what they may reveal without Shame or Reproach.

MEAN-TIME the *Baron* was constantly giving me new Proofs of his Generosity; sometimes it was a considerable Present, which he had the Dexterity of presenting, in such a Manner, that I could not civilly refuse it. At other Times, it was Parties of Pleasure and Diversions, and all with a very disinterested Air, and without Affectation. His very Visits, though pretty frequent, were made in such a Manner, that there was no Room for Detraction, and he always took Care to pay them at Hours when he was assured Madam *Doublet* would be with me. Manners so charming and so noble could not
 miss

mifs of reaching the very Bottom of my Heart, and I could not but think of him with Admiration. A hundred Times I wished not to be so happy as to touch his Heart, knowing but too well the Distance from him to me, but to be born with all that was necessary to please him, to raise his Fortune, and, in short, to make him perfectly happy. I could by no means relish Madam Doublet's Distrust; my Heart would admit of nothing but Sentiments of Esteem and Gratitude, and often more Trouble and Melancholy than I would let appear. In the Interim, I had wrote to *Bristol* to be informed what Relations I had remaining; there were still some, but so remote that I could expect no Assistance from that Quarter. Madam Doublet, perceiving the Concern I was under, offered to re-conduct me to *Marseilles*, and there to live with her as long as I pleased. I perhaps should have accepted of this kind Offer, had I been under no other Concern but that of my Fortune; other Ties linked me to *England*. My Heart was wholly taken up with the Thoughts of Mr. *Spalding's* Favours, and my Inability of acknowledging them was a constant Weight upon my Spirits: Sometimes I even flattered myself, that my Absence had given him some Uneasiness, and though I durst not dwell long upon that Thought, yet I felt that it was the only agreeable Moment of my Life. It happened that a young Man in the Neighbourhood, who had seen me often passing, took it in his Head to fall so much in Love with me, that he resolved to make me his Wife. He had a tolerable Fortune, with the entire Disposal of it and of himself. He spoke to Madam Doublet, whom every Body took to be my Mother, and, having told her, without going about the Bush, his Sentiments of me, asked Permission to visit me. She brought me this News with Joy, and did not doubt, but that it must be very agreeable to one who lived by the

Charity of others; but it was far from having the Effect on me that she imagined. The *Baron* coming in as we were upon this Subject, I was afraid that she would mention it to him, and felt myself under great Disorder, without knowing for what. My Fears were but too well grounded, for he was scarce seated, when she began to tell him the Affair, which she thought was not to be kept a Secret from a Person to whom we had so many Obligations. While she spoke, I was like one condemned to die; he listened to her Discourse without the least Interruption, and when she had finished what she had to say upon the Advantages of such a Match, he answered, with an Air of Coldness and Reserve, that as none wished my Happiness more earnestly than himself, he could not but sincerely congratulate me upon this extraordinary Effect of my Merit: That I was to consult myself upon this Occasion, and whatever Resolution I should take, he would always esteem him very happy on whom I bestowed my Heart and Person. He then turned the Discourse upon something else, and it was but short as well as his Visit, on Pretence of pressing Business.

I will not conceal, added Miss *Perry*, addressing herself to the *Baron*, what I have not before now had an Opportunity to tell you. Your abrupt Departure, and what you had said to Madam *Doublet*, were a mortal Blow to my Heart. I shut myself up in my Closet, and abandoned myself to Tears and bitter Complaints. Oh! Heavens, cried I, what a Fortune is mine! in what have I deserved, that Fate should treat me with so much Rigour. I was unfortunate before I knew what it was to be criminal. I lost my Father, Mother, and all that I had in the World with my Liberty; the Time has been, when my Honour and Life, both in the Hands of a Pirate, were in constant Danger. In short,

short, I have undergone more Troubles and Misfortunes than I can reckon Days in all my Life, and all my past Disasters were nothing in Comparison to what I now suffer. What? to be acquainted with the most lovely Man in the World, to have been treated by him with a Tenderness and Generosity without Example, to have flattered myself that Love had some Share in the Motive of his Services, and in that View made him Master of my Heart, and he to see me pass into the Arms of another, without so much as seeming to perceive my Trouble; hard Fate! Alas! did I desire a Return of Love? My Merit gives me no Title to such Pretensions, and I am sensible of it; but if Compassion has been able formerly to make him my Friend, why should he want it now in my greatest Distress? Could he think me so stupid, as not to be sensible of so many Favours? If he is generous, why thinks he me incapable of being so too? Or, if he has of my Heart the Opinion which with too much Justice he may, why does he not, at least, pity me, when he is the Occasion of worse Pains than those from which he delivered me? I remained four Days in this unhappy Condition, which, I must own, received a considerable Addition by my neither seeing nor hearing from the *Baron* during that Time. At last, on the fifth Day, he appeared with the same indifferent Air which he seemed to have when he last left me. Finding *Madam Doublet* with me, he desired the Liberty of entertaining me for a few Minutes in private; and she was no sooner gone, than he threw himself at my Feet, and taking hold of one of my Hands, kissed it for some Time without saying one Word, and I forgot to retire it, so much was I surprized at this uncommon Behaviour. I see, *Madam*, *said he*, that it is now Time to break Silence. I have, with no small Difficulty, laid myself under this Restraint since the first Mo-

ment I saw you at *Marseilles*, and more still since we came to *England*, but all my Respect yields to the Fears you have given me of losing you; here he began to paint out, in most lively Colours, all the Torments which Silence had made him suffer, and which he had observed upon two Accounts, *viz.* the Fear he had lest his Services might appear to be selfish; and the Respect he owed to an Uncle who was as a Father to him, because, never having any Views but what were honourable, he durst not have proposed to marry me without his Consent; that as he was actually at *Paris*, in the Quality of Resident from the King of *Sweden*, he had been endeavouring, for two Months past, to obtain his Consent, but having only received civil Letters that concluded nothing, he durst not make me the Offer of his Heart and Person. However, Madam *Doublet's* Project of providing me a Husband had so alarmed him, that he had taken Post the Moment he left me for *Paris*, where he had seen his Uncle, and obtained, if not the entire Liberty of offering me his Hand, at least, that of communicating his Sentiments, and of endeavouring to gain my Esteem; that his Uncle had been so well pleased with his submissive Conduct, that he made no Doubt of obtaining a more ample Consent; that therefore the Success of his Love depended upon me, and that he expected with trembling the Decision of his Fate from my Mouth. I was so struck, continued Miss *Perry*, with what I had heard, that it was long before I was in a Condition to make any Answer. I found so much Nobleness and true Grandeur in all Mr. *Spalding's* Procedure, that wholly wrapt up in Admiration I forgot, for some Moments, the Concern of my Heart. That excellent Disposition which shewed itself in the Respect he bore his Uncle. That Disinterestedness in conceiving Sentiments of Love for a Girl in my Condition, and that frank
and

and sincere Manner of letting me know his Situation; all this, I say, joined to the Remembrance, always present, of other Favours, made an Impression upon me which I could not bear, so that I shed Tears in Abundance. Too generous Friend, *said I at last*, moderate this Excess of good Will to an unfortunate Creature who does not deserve it. You forget what I am; remember the poor unfortunate Woman, whose Chains you loosed at *Marseilles*, and preserved at *London* from falling into extreme Misery, and who ought not to look upon herself but as your Servant or Slave. My whole Dependance is upon you, and I am, no Doubt, far from disputing the least Right to what so justly belongs to you: But it is my Duty to put a Stop to this prodigal Effusion of Favours, when you set no Bounds to them. Be satisfied to have made me what I am, in doing more, you will be too great a Loser. I will not pretend to disown, that I am pleased, and vain of what you have told me. Yes, I wished to have some Place in your Heart, and your seeming Indifference, when *Madam Doublet* spoke to you of my Marriage, gave me the most sensible Grief that ever I felt; but I am now too happy to think of former Troubles. I am more so than I could have wished, and what I have now heard will make me easy all my Life. The *Baron* seemed to be uneasy at what I said, and pretended that the Word *Excess* was less applicable to his Favours, than to my Gratitude, and would I have believed him, I must have agreed that he was the Person most obliged, for my furnishing him with an Opportunity of exercising his Generosity. He answered to the Objection of Inequality, by Reasons which his Love made him think very strong, and mine (for now it is no more a Mystery) hindered me from endeavouring to show their Weakness. A Heart which had long ago been his Conquest wanted no such pressing Arguments, as he made Use of to

make it yield. I therefore received the first Vows of his Love, and made mine without any other Restriction but what the Commands of his Uncle might put. I begged that Madam *Doublet*, who was a second Mother to me by her Tenderness and Care, might be admitted into our Confidence, which I the rather wished, because it would remove the Suspicion she had of my generous Benefactor.

ALL the Days that have succeeded this happy Discovery have been Days of Joy and Pleasure to me. The *Baron* loaded me with Kindness, while he wrote Letter upon Letter to his Uncle to grant his final Consent to our Happiness. When the Season of the Waters came on, he advised me to go and drink them at *Tunbridge*, where he hired a convenient House for me at some Distance from the Place where he lodged himself. I went but little out, but he came often and saw me, which was all I wanted. Yester-night about ten o' Clock a Stranger knocked at my Gate, and told the Servant who opened the Door, that having Business with Baron *Spalding*, and not finding him at Home, his Servant had desired him to call here, where probably he might find him. I heard this Discourse from my Chamber, and being very certain that the *Baron* would come here before he went Home, I ordered them to tell this Stranger that he might stay 'till he came, because I expected him. He accordingly came in, and I easily discovered that he was a *Swede*. I asked him if he lived in *England*, and he answered that he was but just come to it, that he was Steward to Mr. D——, Uncle to the *Baron*, to whom he wanted to speak upon Affairs of Consequence. Madam *Doublet* had some Surmise of this Commission, and such Impatience to acquaint the *Baron*, that she went herself to the Ball-house, where she imagined he might be, and brought him along with her. He knew his Uncle's Steward, and drew him a little
aside

aside to talk with him. He returned in a little Time after, with his Eyes drowned in Tears. I am undone, *said he to me*, my Uncle has intirely changed his Mind with Regard to our Marriage, and he has absolutely forbid me to think more of it. His Grief was so violent, that far from afflicting myself, as I had but too good Reason, I used all my Endeavours to comfort him. I answered that nothing, at least, could deprive me of his Heart, the only thing I was ambitious of: That his Uncle was in the right, to oppose so unequal a Match; that I was even too happy in having had for some Time so agreeable a Prospect, and many other Things, which rather augmented than diminished his Affliction. He called for Pen and Ink to write you, *said Miss Perry to us*, a Billet, begging that you would call upon him at his own House, before you went Home, in order to inform you of his Misfortune, and to ask your Advice as his best Friends: Mean Time, the Steward, who went along with him, thought it was very cruel to keep him long under such a terrible Agitation, and therefore, when they were got to his Lodgings, discovered that all he had said by his Uncle's Orders was nothing but a Feint and a Piece of Diversion which he had a Mind to give himself; that the Resident was come over himself to *England*, and that he would be Tomorrow at *Tunbridge*, and that he had sent him before to notify that he could not consent to our Marriage; but that the Manner of giving this Commission, and his Design of coming unexpectedly, made it almost certain that his Intentions did not agree with his Orders. This News, and particularly the Arrival of his Uncle in *England*, gave Mr. *Spalding* a better Opinion of our Affair; so that he came back to our House after having left a second Billet of Excuse to be given you when you called. He found me under a terrible Dejection, but you

will easily imagine that it was soon otherwise after he had told me how Matters stood. We admired this unexpected Change of our Fortune, and I began to think that I was not abandoned by Heaven, since it gave me Hopes of so much Felicity. The Resident arrived this Morning, and we no sooner knew it than we went to wait of him. I did not think that there was any ill Construction to be put upon my going there, under the Conduct of one whom I already look upon as my Husband. He went first into the Uncle's Chamber, and left me in an Antichamber, and he, no doubt, had pleaded our Cause with great Eloquence, for in a Quarter of an Hour the Resident came towards me, and embraced me with Marks of Tendernefs. We shall soon be linked with stricter Ties than those of Friendship, and I wish, Madam, that my Nephew may contribute to your Happiness, as he has persuaded me, that in you alone is placed all his. He desired, however, *added Miss Perry*, that, to prevent all Reproaches of Imprudence and Precipitation, we would give him Proofs of our *Marseilles* Adventure, of my good Behaviour, and the Advantage I have of being of a Family related to several Persons of Distinction. It is so easy to satisfy him upon all this, that the Delay cannot be very long, and therefore I think our Troubles, *said she agreeably*, are near a Close; and if the *Baron* is as content as I, he was in the right to say that he was very much so, with which she ended her Story. We expressed the Part we took in the Happiness of two such accomplished Lovers, with whom we dined, and delayed our leaving *Tunbridge* till next Day. We set out in the Morning, but soon returned again contrary to my Intentions. We stopped at a Market-Town, about half Way, to dine: As we were alighting at the Inn, we perceived a Coach and Six attended by several Horsemen. As we were still standing at the Door, and perceiving
that

that there were only Ladies in that Coach without any Men, we advanced to assist them in getting out. The one, pretty far advanced in Years, we understood to be the Dutchess of *Marlborough*, and the other Lady *Diana Spencer*, her Grand-child; having conducted them to the Chamber where they were to dine, we retired, but the Dutchess having attentively considered the Marquis, found something in his Countenance and Air that moved her Curiosity to know who he was, and our Servants having no Orders to conceal him, told, without any Ceremony, his Name and Quality; upon which we received a Message from the Ladies inviting us to dine with them, which we immediately obeyed. The Dutchess was extremely civil to the Marquis. She told him that she had seen his Father in *England*, that she admired his Merit, and was glad to find such a lively Picture of him in the Son. She asked if we were going to *Tunbridge*, or come from it, and appeared to be sorry when she heard we were returning to *London*. The Marquis, who was of a soft easy Temper, thought all her Flatteries sincere, and seemed to be a little too fond of them; which the artful Lady soon perceiving, managed so dexterously that she engaged him to return to *Tunbridge* with her. I was not at all pleased with this Resolution, however, I took Care not to give him the Displeasure of a publick Contradiction. We placed ourselves with the Ladies in their Coach, and People were surpris'd to see us appear on the Walk in the Evening. I could not hinder myself from expressing my Dissatisfaction at this inconsiderate Step of Youth, and he endeavoured to excuse himself from the earnest Intreaties of the Dutchess, whom he was loth to disoblige by an uncivil Refusal. Such are the Ideas, *said I*, of most young Men; they fancy that their Honour is concerned not to refuse the Ladies any Thing, and from this Notion proceeds

an infinite Number of Faults, into which *they* throw themselves upon their Accounts. I do not pretend, *continued I*, to condemn a reasonable Complaisance, which their Charms naturally intitle them to from our Sex, without which, we should be guilty of bad Manners, and be looked upon as unpolite and brutal; but to give blindly into every Thing that a Woman desires, for no other Reason but that she is of a lovely Sex, which we are afraid to displeas, is a Weakness that dishonours ours. There is a Method of refusing, which takes off what is rude or offensive in the Refusal. Politeness consists principally in the Art of granting or refusing with a good Grace; for in human Society Words and Actions are reducible to these two Things. The greatest Part are deceived in the Idea that they form of a polite Man, who is characterised by the Gracefulness of his Actions, and the Exterior of the Body and Manners: But this is an Error, for the Essence of Politeness consists in the Sentiments of the Mind, and in the Terms in which it expresses itself. A Paralytick may be extremely polite, while a Dancing-master is nothing but a rude brutish Fellow. Be assured then, my dear Marquis, *added I*, that with a civil and free Turn of Expression you will resist the greatest Importunities, without offending the Person who teazes you with them. The Dutchess of *Marlborough* did not force you to return with her to *Tunbridge*, she only used Intreaties. It was your Business to make her perceive, in the most civil Manner, that the Reasons you had for not complying were stronger than those she urged for your doing what she desired.

WE would have been at no great Loss for returning to *Tunbridge*, had not our Rencounter with the Dutchess been attended with other Inconveniences. As she was passionately fond of Gaming, I foresaw that the Marquis, whom she did not allow

to be a Moment out of her Sight, would infallibly be hooked in, though I had never perceived that he had any great Inclination to it. I had endeavoured to inspire him with an Aversion to Gaming, and he thought himself sufficiently guarded against the Danger, and yet he was caught as I had foreseen.

FORTUNE at first favoured him and continued his constant Friend for three Days following. He durst not communicate his first Success to me, having endeavoured to give him the same Indifference for winning at Play as losing. I understood that he had brought away that Evening about a hundred Guineas; but next day having gained above five hundred, his Joy was too strong to be concealed. He came into my Chamber about Midnight with his Hat full of Guineas; which he spread upon the Floor with an Air of Satisfaction. Five hundred and fifteen Pieces to day, and yesterday a hundred and twelve, make, if I am not deceived, *said he laughing*, six hundred and twenty seven. He then looked at me in Expectation of my Answer. I was reading in my Chair, and did not lift my Eyes off the Book but to tell him very coldly, You laugh Sir, and are in Extasy of Joy, while perhaps the Wretch, whom you have stripped, is just now in Despair and uttering Blasphemies; few Men of Honour would envy you for such a Happiness.

THIS short Moral rendered him at once serious, however he gathered up his Money, and drawing near to me said, that he could not avoid playing, that the Dutchess and all the Company had desired he would, and that he thought himself in Honour as well as Complaisance, obliged to comply. I know, *said I*, that there are Occasions in which a young Man, such as you, cannot excuse himself from Play, Custom requires it, and it is sometimes the Tyrant of Wisdom; but methinks there are Rules in Gaming, from which a Man of Honour cannot

cannot deviate. The first and most necessary is, to bear good and bad Fortune in Play with equal Moderation, it being equally contrary to our Duty to gain or lose too much. An excessive Loss impairs both Fortune and Humour; an immoderate Gain does the same Injury to the Person whose Money you have gained. Gaming is a cruel Exercise, equally hurtful to the Vanquisher and the Vanquished; to the former by the Evil that it does, and to the other by that which he receives. A second Rule, no less agreeable to the Character of an honest Man, is, an Equality of Temper under the Smiles and Frowns of Fortune. A Gamester who is transported with the Gain or Loss of five hundred Guineas, is despicable in my Eyes, and I pity his Meanness; he puts a greater Value on Money, than on his Peace and Reputation, and it seems that he loved it with all the Violence of Avarice, since he turns furious upon the Loss of it; or that he desired it with a criminal Anxiety, since he feels such an immoderate Joy in it's Possession. The next Day the Marquis gained a considerable Sum, and spoke of it with more Coolness than the Day before, but his good Luck ended with that Day; for the following Days he lost all that he had got. Though he did not appear to be much concerned at his Loss, yet I perceived that he grew more indifferent about Gaming, and he even proposed, that we should leave *Tunbridge* to avoid losing more. From which I took Occasion to remark, that it seemed Profit was the only Motive that induced him to play, since he lost Courage when Fortune abandoned him. No, Sir, said I, you must remain some Days longer at *Tunbridge*, and continue to play as you have done hitherto; but you must remember, at the same Time, the two Rules that I have laid down to you, with respect to Gaming, and endeavour to put them in Practice; and thus your very Faults may turn
out

out to your Advantage. Fortune was as little favourable to him the following Days; he lost about one hundred and fifty Guineas, but I thought he had greatly gained by the Impressions that this bad Turn of Luck made upon him. We had not an Opportunity to be much with Baron *Spalding* and Miss *Perry*, who went for *London* two Days after our Return to *Tunbridge*. We had the Pleasure to meet with them at *London*, and to find them married, six Weeks after, upon our Return from a little Tour that I thought proper to cause the Marquis to make. We found them happier than ever, by new Advantages with which Heaven recompensed their Virtue.





MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK XI.

TO acquire a perfect Knowledge of the *English*, it is not enough to be acquainted only with those who live in the Metropolis, and therefore, I resolved that we should visit all the Southern Parts of the Island, beginning at *Rye*, which is a small Sea-port Town of no great Consequence, but that it lies commodiously for Persons who pass over to *Dieppe* in *France*. From this we went to visit the Ruins of *Winchelsea*, about two Leagues distant. That City, which is now but a Heap of Rubbish, appears to have been considerable formerly. The Pavement of the ancient Streets, regular and very long, is still entire. From thence we went the same Day to *Battel*, a Place famous in *England* for the Victory which secured the Possession of this Island to *William the Conqueror*, who built a famous Abbey in that Place, which subsists to this Day, and serves for a Lodging to a Country Gentleman. Such was the Fate of all the Monasteries after the Reformation. From this we travelled along the Coast
of

of *Suffex*, which is a charming Country. *Hastings*, *Born*, *Lewis*, are agreeable little Towns, and populous.

THE *Downs of Suffex* are famous for feeding Sheep, of which we saw great Flocks, and are reckoned the best in *England*. There is also a Bird taken here, which the *English* call *Whiteear*, nothing inferior to our *Ortolans*; the Manner of catching them is particular. These Birds, that flutter about in great Flocks, cannot bear the Sight of Clouds, particularly in fair Days, and when they perceive the least Diminution of Light by Clouds passing over their Heads, they creep into the first Holes they meet with. The Shepherds take Care to make a great many on purpose, and, by the Means of a Noose or Gin, which they place in the Entry, great Numbers are caught. *Chichester* is a Bishoprick. The Cathedral is beautiful, and full of ancient Tombs, such as we saw afterwards in great Plenty, at *Salisbury*, *Wells*, *Bristol*, and in most of the Towns where we past; but a Description of them would be too tiresom, and consequently very unseasonable in these Memoirs, which I am not even to swell with a particular Description of the Towns that we visited; that may be the Matter of a particular Work, if the small Time I have to live permits me to undertake it.

AT *Chichester*, we saw the Bishop's fine Palace, this Prelate, named Mr. *Edward Wadington*, having perceived us in his Court, hastened to come down himself, and to desire us to walk in and see the House and Gardens, and when we were taking Leave to be gone, he very civilly engaged us to dine with him. We had at Table with us his Lady and Daughters, who behaved with that Discretion and Modesty, worthy of the Episcopal Blood. As for him, his Merit alone had raised him to that Dignity; and I have been told, that it is the same
with

with Regard to all the Bishops in *England*, in whose Elections Favour and Cabal have but a small Share; the King making it a Point of Honour to chuse the most worthy Subjects, without Regard to Birth: So that Ecclesiastical Dignities are constantly the Recompence of Learning and Virtue; a Conduct in the *English*, which all it's Neighbours are far from imitating.

STANDSTED and *Goodwood* are two fine Houses situate betwixt *Chichester* and *Portsmouth*: The first belongs to my Lord *Scarborough*, and the other to the Duke of *Richmond*. The *English* Nobility have less Magnificence in their *London* Houses, than in what they call their Country-seats, which are commonly situated in their principal Estate, and they spare no Cost to embellish them. We met with a great many in our Journey, such as my Lord *Pembroke's* at *Wilton* near to *Salisbury*, that of my Lord *Limington* at *Down-Husband*; those of the Duke of *Bolton* at *Hackwood* near to *Basingstoke*, my Lord *Weymouth's* at *Longlate*, the Duke of *Beaufort's* at *Badminton* near to *Bath*, and a vast Number more in the Neighbourhood of *London*, and in the remote Counties. It is to those Seats that they retire during the fine Season, or when they are fatigued or discontented with the Court. Private Persons, when they are rich, (as nothing is more common in *England*) endeavour to purchase a Piece of Ground, upon which they build a House, and call it their Country-house, or Seat. Their principal Revenue consists in the Shares they have in the trading Stocks; so that you may see here an infinite Number of Persons, who have five, six, and seven thousand Pounds *sterling* yearly Rent or more, and who possess not a single Foot of Ground but their Country-seat. The Parks at the Seats of the Nobility are commonly of a very large Circumference, but are neither enclosed by Brick

or

or other Stones as in *France*, only surrounded with a Fence of Pales scarce sufficient to keep in the Game. The Fallow-Deer abound, which they take Care to fatten; and whether it be owing to the Climate of the Country, or to the Manner of feeding them, but they are excellent eating, and more commonly made use of than in *France*, where the Flesh of those Beasts is insipid, and requires high Seasoning.

WE pursued our Rout to *Portsmouth*, one of the principal Sea-port Towns of *England*, separated from the *Isle of Wight* by a Frith of two Leagues, and the Space between the two is a large and good Retreat for Shipping. We proceeded to *Southampton*, and from thence to *Winchester* and *Salisbury*, where, I mean the two last, we stopped some Days. At *Winchester* there is a magnificent Castle which was begun by *Charles II.* but left unfinished. We were shewed in a great Hall, near to the Castle, and where the Courts of Judicature are held, the famous Table which gave the Name to the ancient Knights of the round Table, of the Reality of which, I had no other Proof but popular Tradition. This Table is indeed round, as it's Name bears, it is nailed to the Wall, though large and heavy. On the Edges there are different Names in old Characters, which they pretend to be the Names of the first Knights. *Winchester* is a pretty Town, and though when one has been at *London* he can scarce expect to see such charming Women elsewhere; yet he is very much surpris'd, when he can come to no Town, great or small, but where he sees a great many pretty Women, and that the Inhabitants of them are by no means Strangers to Politeness and good Taste.

THEY have Assemblies for Dancing and Gaming on certain Days, where all People of Fashion go; we went to one of them at *Winchester*, and were received with the greatest Civility, and met with the same Politeness in all the Towns of any Note in
our

our Travels. We were shewed a great many curious Remains of Antiquity. *Wilton*, my Lord *Pembroke's* House, which I have already mentioned, might furnish Matter for a large Volume, and I must own, that I have not seen such a curious Collection of Marbles, antique Statues, and Paintings in all my Travels. *Blandford* and *Dorchester* are two good Towns. We saw, about two Miles from the last, an ancient *Roman* Amphitheatre, which is very well preserved. A little farther, upon the Top of a Mountain, are the Remains of a *Roman* Camp, which the Country-People call *Maiden-Castle*, and many such are to be seen in different Parts of *England*. It is pretended, that all the Towns, whose Names terminate in *Chester*, as *Dorchester*, *Winchester*, &c. draw from that their Origin, the Word *Chester* coming naturally enough from *Castrum*. We also see in the Neighbourhood of *Dorchester* several Tombs, about which People are not agreed; some pretending that they are *Roman*, and others *Saxon* or *Danish*. These are large round Heaps of Earth, and not far distant from each other. Several of them have been opened at different Times, and in them have been found Bones, and sometimes Armour. The *English* call them *Barrows*. As *England* has been in all Times the Theatre of bloody Wars, there are few large Plains where they have not Monuments of Camps and Battles. *Weymouth* is a small Sea-port Town, only distant about four or five Miles; we went thither to embark for the Isle of *Portland*, distant from the Coast about three Miles. This Island is very rocky upon all Sides, except that towards *England*, where it forms a little Plain; there we landed, at a little poor Place of about a hundred Houses ill built. A little higher, on the Declivity of a Hill, is a small Village of about twenty Houses; all the rest of the Island is uninhabited: The whole Circumference of it may be about seven Miles, without
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any Trees or Bushes, but plenty of such Grass as we see on *Suffex-Downs*. As the principal Property of this Island is, that it produces the finest Stone in *England*, there are a great many Quarries in it, where they have Men constantly at work, of which the Profits belong to the Proprietors, bating three Pence upon every Tun to the King, who has one properly belonging to the Crown, and is called *King's Quarry*; and in this, as well as the rest, they must penetrate through many Beds of bad Stone before they come at what is good. The Island abounds with petrified Shells, of which we saw great Quantities. On the West Part of it stands a House with two Towers, on which they keep Lights in the Night-time, for the Safety of Ships who cannot come near it without being in great Danger.

I am afraid I shall weary my Readers with a Relation of Things of so little Consequence. We returned from the Island, and took the Road to *Exeter* by *Abbotsbury*, *Bridport*, *Asminster* and *Hunnyton*. *Exeter* is one of the best Towns in *England*, being large, beautiful and populous, and though at some Distance from the Sea, has a flourishing Trade: The River that passes by it is capable of carrying large Barks to *Topsham*, distant about five Miles, and to which Ships can come. We visited all the Manufactures and Curiosities of *Topsham* and *Exeter*, and after wandring a little in the Country thereabouts, to see the Castle of *Poderam*, and some other fine Houses, we took the Road to *Plymouth*, by *Newton*, *Bushel*, and *Totness*, which last Place pleased us much, by the Cleanness of the Streets, and Neatness of the Houses, all covered with Slate: At last we arrived at *Plymouth*.

THIS famous Port is at the Extremity of *Devonshire*, and we could not, in less than eight Days, visit all the Curiosities that were to be seen in it. The City in itself has nothing extraordinary, but the three Harbours,

Harbours, the Citadel, the Store-houses, Arsenals, the Dock, that is to say, the Place where they build Ships, the Barracks for Sea Officers, &c. which are all Things that deserve the Curiosity of Strangers.

THERE is a Town near *Plymouth*, called *Stanhouse*. wholly inhabited by poor *French* Refugees, who spin Life out in a quiet Manner, by the Generosity of an *English* Gentleman, named Mr. *Edgcombe*, to whom this Place belongs, he exacts little or nothing for the Rent of the Houses, and I was told, that, besides this, he relieves them by his constant Liberalities. His Seat is not far from the Town, in one of the finest Situations of *England*. We went to the Assembly and Ball, as we had done in all the other Towns. We every where found the same Customs, for there is great Uniformity in the Manners of the *English*.

To compleat our Travels in the Western Part of *England*, we had still the County of *Cornwall* to visit. The Marquis did not seem very fond of going farther, and even pressed me often to return to *London*, and though he mentioned no Reason, I easily discovered what made him so earnestly desire it. Neither the Diversions of *Tunbridge*, nor the Amusements on our Travels, had any Influence; he was still pensive and melancholy, and my Niece's Image haunted him like a Ghost. I only speak of the Moments when he found himself alone, for he had such a Command of his Humour, as not to appear sad in Company; but to me, who from a long Habitude, knew him thoroughly, his Melancholy appeared even in the Violence that he did himself to conceal it; and yet, I affected to think him quite easy, and made it my Business to keep him constantly in Diversions, Reading, or Conversation. I pressed him so much to make the Tour of *Cornwall*, that he could not well refuse his Consent. We visited every Part of it, beginning at *Loo*, and pushing

as far as *Truro, Palmouth* and *Lands-End*: This Country has nothing of the Beauty of the other Provinces of *England*. The Tin and Copper Mines are the only Advantage that Nature has bestowed upon it, and it is well known, that they produce the best and finest Tin in *Europe*. We had the Curiosity to descend into several of the Mines, to view and admire their Richness. The Tin, to Appearance, has nothing that strikes; the Stones of which they are made are pretty, like those which are used for taking out Stains; but the Copper Mines, particularly those we saw near to *Taristok*, were surprizing. The Veins of the Metal were bright as Gold, and seemed to have no Occasion for being melted to become purer. We could not enough admire these Works of Nature, and, to make Use of *Fontenelle's* Words, were charmed to catch her thus in the *Faët*. We took *Lestwithiel* and *Killington* in our Return, and from thence directed our March towards *Somersetshire*, by *Taristok, Lidford, Biddiford*, and *Barnestable*, which is one of the most agreeable Towns of the Country. We next proceeded to *Taunton, Bridgewater, Wells* and *Glassenbury*, and at last arrived at *Bristol*. The Reader will easily perceive, that I purposely omit the Remarks that we made in all the Towns just now mentioned. They would be only agreeable to Antiquaries. But I cannot hinder myself from taking Notice here, that it is surprizing, a Country so agreeable, and which affords so many curious Things, should be so neglected by Travellers.

THE Marquis longed much to be at *Bristol*, because it was drawing us nearer *London*. His Impatience and Uneasiness affected me so much, that at length, notwithstanding the Resolution I had taken, not to mention his Melancholy, I told him one Day, What is the Matter with you? Why this dull Humour, that renders you so different from yourself?

yourself? To be sure, you could not behave with more Coldness and Reserve with me, were I an entire Stranger to you, or, at least, a Person, about whom you were very indifferent. He answered directly, and in a Manner that gives me no room to doubt of his having premeditated what he was to say, Sir, your Astonishment is a greater Surprize to me than I can express. You ask, what makes me sad, as if you could be ignorant of it; but I consent to inform you, since you affect not to know it. I have two Reasons for my Melancholy that are very just. The one is the Uncertainty that I am under with Regard to *Memisces's* Health, for whom you know I have the most tender Affection: The other, that afflicts me not much less, is your Indifference about him, in which I can see nothing of that tender sympathizing Heart which you so often preached up to me, nor do I well see, what Strefs I can lay upon your Protestations of Friendship, while you bestow not what is due to your own proper Nephew. The Marquis designed, no doubt, to put me to a nonplus by this Reproach, which, by his Air, I perceived plainly was the Case. And I must own, that I found it so solid, and so home at the same Time, that I could not hinder myself from clasping him in my Arms, and telling him, with a Smile, that how unjust and ill-grounded soever might be the two Causes of his Melancholy, I had nevertheless heard them with great Pleasure; that they were to me a new Proof of his excellent natural Disposition, and very well deserved my taking the Trouble of a Justification, by representing, that he ought to be under no Concern for *Memisces*, because, no doubt, he was out of Danger; that the Reason I had to think so, *viz.* (the Orders to my Daughter to write to me if he was in Danger, and to *Scoti*, when I left *London*, to forward my Letters) sufficiently cleared me of
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the Accufation of Indifference, with which I flood charged; that I had taken Care, fince we were upon our Tour, to give *Scoti*, from Time to Time, Directions to the Towns where we were to pafs, and certainly fhould have heard from him, had he received any Letters from *France*, and his having got none from my Daughter is a very plain Proof that ſhe is under no Apprehenfions for my Nephew. You fee then, *continued I*, that I am not guilty, and that you have unjuſtly accuſed me; upon which we made up the Peace, and I ſaw him, with Pleaſure, directly reſume his gay jovial Humour.

BUT by a ſtrange Caprice of my Stars, his Joy became the Cauſe of my Sadneſs, or, to ſpeak more juſtly, it made me perceive that I was not in ſo calm a Diſpoſition as I imagined, having till then judged of myſelf by Compariſon. The young Gentleman's Melancholy having appeared, ſince we left *London*, more viſibly than mine, I had flattered myſelf, that my Heart had now thrown off it's Chain, from no other Reaſon, but that I did not appear to be ſo much tormented as he was; but when he had recovered his gay and ſprightly Way, I began to draw a Parallel betwixt his Highneſs of Spirits and the low Ebb of mine, and the Shame of my Weakneſs added to my Affliction: I became dull and penſive to ſuch a Degree, that I quite loſt my Appetite, which the Marquis ſoon perceived, and jeſted me upon it; but finding me too ſerious for Raillery, he endeavoured with the moſt endearing Expreſſions to comfort me, and made many Attempts to know the Cauſe of my Grief. Had he been more advanced in Years, I ſhould not have ſcrupled to truſt him with my Secret; for nothing is more inſupportable than to be obliged to keep our Grief within our own Breſts: His Youth, my Age, and, ſtill more, the Thought that perhaps I ſhould be obliged, in the Sequel, to thwart his Paſſion for my Niece;

made me stand my Ground, and not yield to his Solicitations: I had Recourse to my usual Defence, that is to say, to the Impression which the Remembrance of my Spouse made upon me, and to the common-place Topicks of Honour and Virtue,

WE remained but a few Days at *Bristol*, during which I formed to my self a pretty distinct Idea of that City. It is esteemed the second Town after *London*, in *England*, and I found it was not much inferior in Bigness to *Rouen*. Commerce flourishes in it, though it wants the Advantage of a large River, that which it has, runs into the *Severn*, two or three Miles lower; and though it is capable of receiving Ships of five or six hundred Tons at high Water, yet when the Tide returns, they take Ground. The Streets of *Bristol* are beautiful, and the great Place, which they call *Queen's Square*, is magnificent. The Merchants Hall is one of the finest Things that I have seen of the Kind: The Inscription upon the Front, *viz.* (*Indocilis pauperiem pati*, taken out of *Horace's* first Ode) happily expresses the Source whence flows the indefatigable Industry of the Merchants.

THERE are in the Fields about *Bristol*, many fine Country-seats, which we took care to visit, not forgetting the hot mineral Well in one of the Suburbs, and which was then beginning to get a Name; though there is no great Appearance that ever it will have the Reputation of *Bath* Wells, to which we went on leaving *Bristol*, distant only about ten or twelve Miles. It is but a small Town, if we consider only the Circumference of it's Walls, but when we observe the Number of it's Inhabitants, and particularly that of Persons who come from other Places to drink the Waters in all the Seasons, we look upon it as one of the most agreeable and handsom Towns in *England*. When we went there, the Number of Strangers was computed.

puted to be about eight thousand. The Houses are hired here as at *Tunbridge*, that is to say, very dear, and the same Order is observed with Regard to the Walks, Gaming, Hours of Eating, Dressing, Balls and Plays. Several of our Acquaintances asked whether we liked *Tunbridge* or *Bath* best, and I directly declared in Favour of the former. There is perhaps more Magnificence and Conveniency at *Bath*, but nothing, in my Judgment, equals the Gaiety and Delightfulness of *Tunbridge*.

OUR Design being pretty well accomplished by the long Tour that we had made; we resolved to return to *London*, but kept no direct Road, turning to Right and Left, when we understood that there was any Thing curious to be seen. We did not fail to visit the famous University of *Oxford*, and, contrary to what commonly happens to Travellers, found that it surpassed the Idea which they had given us of it at *London*, though what we heard there was enough to excite our Curiosity. In effect, nothing can come up to the Beauty, the Order, and the Revenue of it's Colleges, and it is there, where the Muses have no Occasion to complain of Poverty; but I remarked, that this is, perhaps, no Advantage to *Oxford*, that they live in Clover; because Plenty makes them indolent and lazy; I mean, that, among so many Persons, who have rich Prebendaries in the Colleges, very few apply to their Studies. The good Books that appear in *England* come seldom from *Oxford*, but from *London*. And though the Authors have mostly some Degree in that University, they are not of the Number of those who are largely paid for their Residence there.

NEAR to *Oxford* is the fine Seat of the Duke of *Marlborough*, called *Blenheim*, which took it's Name from the Battle of *Hocstet*, or of *Blenheim*, where he acquired so much Glory. This is one of the finest Houses in *Europe*, and was built at the

Publick Charge, by a particular Order of the Parliament, to perpetuate the Nation's Gratitude for the Services of this great General. From *Blenheim*, we came to *Windsor*, a royal Seat, not forgetting *Hampton-Court*, *Kensington*, and many other fine Houses, of which great Numbers present themselves upon all Sides. At last, we arrived at the Capital, after two Months travelling about. As we had all along made use of our Chaise, we were so little fatigued, that next Day we appeared in Publick. We made Visits to all our Friends, and informed ourselves of what had happened that was remarkable during our Absence. The publick Tranquillity was not as yet intirely settled. The Court, the Parliament, and the People, were all uneasy. The Court was still under Apprehensions from the *Scotch* Side. The Earls of *Marshall* and *Southesk*; by the Junction of their Troops, were become more formidable than ever; News were brought daily of their new Progresses, and that they had, partly by Force, and partly by Address, taken several Places from the King's Troops. The Parliament was divided upon a Point that seemed to be of general Importance to the Nation, *viz.* The Duration of their Assemblies; some would have them *septennial*, but others, the major Part, and by common Report, *Jacobites* in their Hearts, were for their continuing *Triennial*.

THE Heats rose to such a Height between the two Parties, that it was feared they might be attended with dangerous Consequences; they took all Opportunitites to expose one another without the least Reserve, and some Lords made such bold and rash Speeches in full House, that People were at a Loss what to judge of their secret Intentions. The Populace, for their Part, gave into strange Alarms, which never fail to attend the Divisions of the Great. The *Jacobite* Party was so strong at *London*,

*d*on, that they assembled sometimes in the Streets, and the Cry was *High Church, the Duke of Ormonde, and the lawful Heir to the Crown*. The Guards were ordered to dissipate them, but to no purpose. The Mob perceived very well, that the Government did not care to push Things to Extremities, and this made them the more insolent; and I make no doubt, but that if they had been headed by some resolute Person, they might have given the Court Work enough. We were Witnesses of their Boldness in a very difficult Undertaking. Brigadier *Mackentosh* was Prisoner, with a great many others taken at *Preston* and in *Scotland*. Their Friends, having understood that they were speedily to be tried, resolved to rescue them at any Rate, and for that Purpose bribed two Centinels, who promised, for the Reward of five hundred Guineas, of which they received a part in Hand, to favour their Evasion. But these Traitors the Day before made an Information to the Secretary of State; upon which the Guard was doubled, and, to be no more troubled with that Affair, it was resolved next Day to give Sentence against the Criminals. *Mackentosh's* Friends, finding that there was no Time to be lost, took a desperate Resolution. They gathered together in the Night-time, but how they found Means to communicate their Designs to the Prisoners, who were to act their Parts, remained a Secret; however about eleven o' Clock, when the Jailer went to Brigadier *Mackentosh* and several others of the better Sort, who eat with him in a low Hall, to cause them to retire to their separate Chambers; they secured him and his Servant, who had the Keys, whom they wounded, and then opened the Doors to forty other Persons exhorting them to fight their Way out. The Brigadier then advanced to the great Gate of the Street, and with the Assistance of those who were without

to support him, forced the Guard and got clear off with fourteen of his Accomplices. The others lost this Opportunity of their Liberty, having had no Intelligence before-hand of what was to happen; the Uncertainty they were under what Resolution to take, made them consult a little, and while they were busy, a Turnkey had the Presence of Mind to lock the Door within, while *Mackentosh* and his Companions were engaged with the Guard without. I say we were Witnesses to this Event, for having been invited to Supper at a Friend's House who lived near the Jail, we saw the Combat from the Windows of the House. Another Chief of the Rebels, named *Mr. Forester*, had made his Escape some Days before. About three Weeks after, all these Troubles were appeased by the unexpected News that came from *Scotland*. Colonel *Chomley*, who had come from *Edinburgh*, assured that the Rebellion was drawing towards it's End, that a great Number of *Scotch* Gentlemen concerned in it, had embarked for *Swedeland*, and that even the Chiefs, finding themselves without any Resource, for want of Provisions and Ammunition, had sailed from the western Islands for *France*, and in a few Days certain News came of the Earls of *Marshall* and *Southesk*, and about thirty more Chiefs of the Rebels, being landed in *France*. The City of *London* upon this News became as quiet and peaceable as ever, and there was not so much as the least Disturbance about Party-factions. We admired the Genius of the *English* Populace, whom the least Event is capable of rendering tumultuous or pacifick. The King having communicated to the Parliament his Intentions, during this Tranquillity, to visit his *German* Dominions, we resolved also to leave *England* at the same Time his Majesty did.

In the Visits me made to our Friends upon our Return to *London*, it may very well be imagined that

that Baron *Spalding* and his Lady were not forgot, their Nuptials had been solemnized after they had satisfied the Resident in what he required. As for him he had returned to *Paris* immediately after the Marriage, which had deprived him of being Witness to an Event extremely agreeable and advantageous to his Nephew, which he himself told us in Presence of his Lady, the Moment we entered the Room. It is the Custom in *London* to insert in the News Papers the Marriages of Persons above the common Rank, and the News Writers seldom consult the Parties concerned, being, as I have been told, informed by the Ministers of every Parish, of every Thing that is to be done in their Churches; so that the Baron's Marriage made an Article in the News Papers, and they not only added the Name of his Spouse, but also the Adventure of *Marseilles*, and many other Circumstances of her good Fortune. Mr. *Perry*, that Lady's Father, was not dead, as generally believed, but in *London*, where he had been for more than ten Years, that is to say, almost since his *Marseilles* Misfortune. Having been wounded and left for dead by the Privateer, one of the Sailors, by the prevailing Argument of some Guineas, hid him in a secret Place of the Ship 'till they entered the Port of *Marseilles*, where, having by the same Sailor's Assistance, got privately ashore, he had been cured of his Wounds. His Wife and Daughter were, in the mean Time, Prisoners at the Captain's House, who used them with great Civility and Generosity.

Mr. *Perry* found Means to see his Wife, but being stripped of every Thing, he could do nothing for her Liberty; and as her Situation was not altogether unhappy in the Captain's House, they agreed that she should remain there under the Protection of Providence, and that he should return to *England*, to try what he could do. His Daughter was too young to be let into the Secret.

ACCORDINGLY he came to *London* (for he took Care not appear at *Bristol* in his present Condition) where he changed his Name; and having soon made himself known to some Merchants, by his great Skill in the Business of Commerce, he found Means to employ himself so successfully, as Factor and Broker, that in a few Years considerable Sums went through his Hands, and he made so good Use of this Beginning of Fortune, that in ten Years he acquired as much Riches as he had lost by all his Misfortunes. The only Reproach that could be brought against him was his being so long without inquiring about his Spouse: He excused himself from the Difficulty of doing it without the Captain's knowing of it, which would have undoubtedly made him put her Ransom at a high Rate. Besides, he was willing to delay 'till he brought his Affairs into such good Order, that he might offer his Wife and Daughter a Fortune the more acceptable, in that they could neither expect nor hope for any such Thing. Such were his Reasons, whether good or bad, I shall not determine, nor make any Remarks upon them, only acquaint the Reader that the Name and Adventures of Miss *Perry* in the Gazette discovered to him his Daughter, whose Lodgings he soon found out, and presenting himself to her, nothing could be more agreeable to this virtuous Lady than the Recovery of a Father, whom she long since thought among the Number of the Dead, and what added to this joyful Meeting, she was no longer an unfortunate Girl, but Heiress to an Estate in Money almost equal to the Baron's; so that she possessed every Thing that may render a Woman lovely in the Eyes of an honest Man. We kept a close Correspondence with this happy Pair while we remained at *London*.

The End of the Second Volume.

