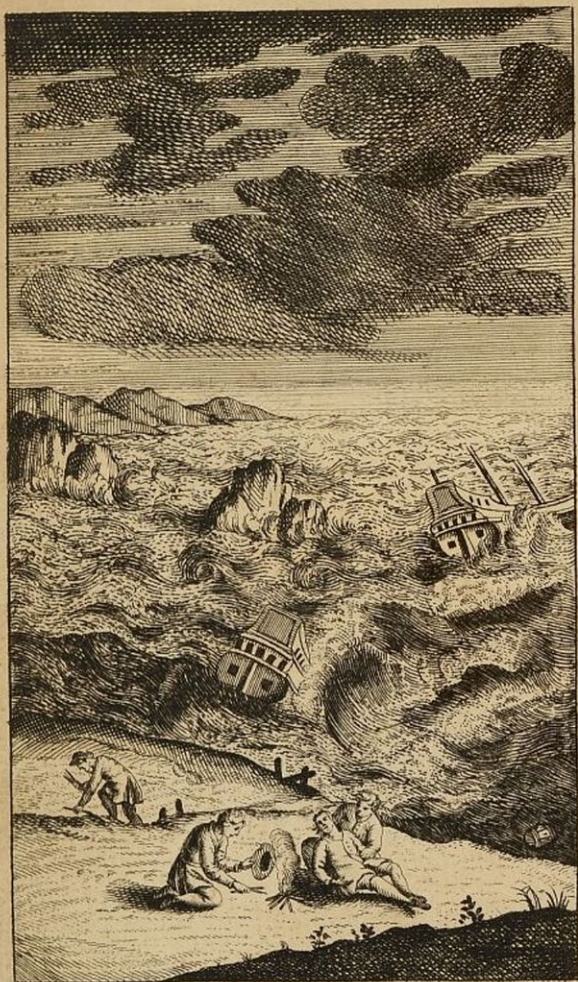


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THE
PILGRIM,
OR THE
STRANGER in his own COUNTRY.

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A regular Series of Historical NOVELS dig-
gested into Four Books, Written originally in
Spanish, By the Celebrated LOPEZ DE VEGA
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D I A N

A Pastoral ROMANCE in Four Books, By
GEORGE DE MONTEMAJOR, with its Continuation in Three Books, By GASPAR GIL
POLO, From the Spanish ORIGINAL.

*If Sense sublime, if Thoughts the most refin'd
If what may please, with what may teach combin'd,
If Female Truth, if Manly Worth can plead,
With just Delight these Stories shall be read.
Nay more——when read shall noble Passion move,
And warm our Youth to an Heroic Love.
Inspire a Zeal in Honour's Cause to Fight,
Wrongs to redress, and do the injur'd Right.
Compared with Glory, all Things to Disdain,
And rous'd by Spanish Wit repress the Rage of Spain.*

L O N D O N: 1738

Printed for D. FARMER, at the Kings's-Arms in St.
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M D C C X X X I I I





To the Right HONOURABLE the

LORD *ELIBANK*

OF THE

Kingdom of *Scotland*.

MY LORD,



AMONGST the peculiar Inconveniences of *Grandeur* in this Life, it has been always reckon'd none of the least that a *Crowd* of *Dependants* are annexed thereto, as inseperably as *Gnats* and *Flies* to *Sun-shine*.

shine. To weak Minds this Accident hath sometimes appeared in the Light of an Advantage, and we have seen Men, whom the World called *Great*, not a little pleased with a pompous Train of Suitors, the most disagreeable Thing in the World to *Men of Birth*, who inherit from their Ancestors *Honours*, and *Souls* every way suited to the *Honours* they inherit. These know well the difference between *true* and *false Greatness*, and that it is *Comets* only which are distinguished by their *Tails*, while the natural Inhabitants of the *Ethelial Regions* shine with silent Splendor. But when it so happens, that a *Man of Quality* is less distinguished by his *Birth* and *Titles* than by his natural and acquired *Abilities*, these Advantages bring along with them a new *Train* of *Uneasinesses*. Every Composer in *Verse* or *Prose*, thinks he has a Right to address himself to the *Nobleman* who *reads*; and thus by an unaccountable *Fatality*, the being known to have a *Passion* for good *Books*, subjects a *Person* of *Distinction* to the having very *bad ones* inscribed to him. Human Bliss being never pure or unmix'd, or any Station in this World, set above the Reach of *Vexation*.

AFTER

DEDICATION. iii

AFTER so grave an *Introduction*, Your Lordship might very well expect to meet with a heavy, dull *Book*, but I hope you will be disappointed. What I offer is a *Translation*, and a *Translation* from Authors, that a *Man* must be *dull* to a Degree of *Excellence*, who could so far extinguish their Wit and Judgment, as to leave the *Version* of their *Works* absolutely *unentertaining*. What was necessary to acquaint the *English* Reader with the Merit of *Lopez de Vega*, and *George de Montemajor*; I have digested into *two* short *Prefaces* before the *Pieces* themselves, to your Lordship, I shall say nothing of them, because I know you are better acquainted with these, and indeed with all other *good Authors* than I. Instead therefore of endeavouring to shew the Worth of the *Present* I offer, that your Lordship may esteem it more, I shall lay down the *Reasons* which induced me to trouble you on this *Occasion*, that your Lordship may the better hold me *excused*.

I HAVE more than once heard your Lordship speak of the *Virtues* of the *Ancients*, with a *Warmth* and *Elegance*, which argued a true *Conception* of their *Worth*, and a perfect

iv DEDICATION.

fect *Acquaintance* with the *best* Evidences of it, their *inimitable Writings*. When therefore I conceiv'd a Design of *translating* the two following Pieces, on account of the *Purity* of the *Sentiments* they contain, and the unaffected *Eloquence* with which they are expressed, I immediately considered, that to make the *Dedication* of a *Piece* with the *Book*, I should address it to you, as to a distinguish'd Admirer of *Heroic Virtue*, and of *Authors* valuable in *themselves*, how little soever known to the *vulgar World*.

WITHIN these few Years, the reading all sorts of *Romances* and *Novels* hath been the reigning *Folly* of the *polite World*. *France*, who tho' she missed of *Universal Monarchy* in a graver Sense, is still possessed of the *Empire of Fashion*; furnish'd us with an *Inundation* of *Pieces* in this Way, some pleasant, and not uninstruative, not a few full of scandalous Stories, and vicious Representations, and yet more so trifling, that if we except the loss of Time, it is impossible the Perusal of them should either do Good or Harm. To stem this Torrent, some Men of Sense and Probity in *France*, revised and re-publish'd such of the ancient *Romances* and *Histories* as were alike Superior in their *Matter*, and in their

D E D I C A T I O N. v

their *Structure*, to those which are the Issue of the *Rickety Wits* of our *Time*. The *Translation* of the former sort of *Writings* into our *Language*, as it tended to spread the *Evil* of *Reading* to worse than no *Purpose*, though the *Youth* of both *Sexes* in this *Island*; so it justified my applying the same *Remedy* here, which had been successfully used in the *Kingdom*, whence the *Infection* came. But it may be inquired, what *Reason* there is to believe, that any *Works* of this sort can be read with *Profit*? To which I answer, that it may be shewn *two Ways*, viz. by *Argument*, and by *Authority*. The former will weigh with those who think *freely*, and for themselves; the latter, with such as from a *Sense* of their own *Inabilities*, or a *Diffidence* of their own *Judgments*, are willing to be guided by the *Decisions* of *Men*, whom the *Voice* of the *World* hath stiled *wise*.

IN point of *Description*, it cannot be denied, that *Works* of this *Nature* are capable of all the *Excellence* which can be derived from an *Acquaintance* with *polite Writings*, and the *Benefit* of a *lively Imagination*. It follows then, that the most *lively* and most *entertaining Qualities* in *Poesie*, may be found in these sort of *Books*; and therefore
the

vi DEDICATION.

the *French* with great Propriety, consider them as a *Species* of *Poetry*. Again, Sentences, Moral Reflections, ingenious Strokes of Wit, bright and beautiful Glances at the dignified Follies of Mankind, which could not be so properly introduced into *History*, enter naturally into this *Sort* of *Narration*; and therefore, as the former Observation suggests, that these Works may have all the *Beauty* of *Poesie*, so from this it seems clear, that they may likewise be as *instructive*.

BUT the great Objection against these sort of *Pieces*, which is generally relied on to sink them far below the *Merit* of *History*, is their *Want* of *Truth*. The ingenious Gentleman who thought fit to attack that excellent Book call'd *Telemachus*, placed in the *Title Page* of his Reflections a *Satyr*, with a *Club* in his Hand, these Words being written on a Scroll flowing out of his Mouth, *Non Sapis Mendacia*. This Stroke was not only made at the Archbishop of *Cambray*, but at the whole *Tribe* of *Writers* who make Use of *Fiction* to inculcate Wisdom. But, my Lord, with great Submission to these strict and severe *Critics*, the very Argument which they insist so much on, is against them,

DEDICATION. vii

them, at least in my *Apprehension*. For, my Lord, is there not *Moral Truth*, as well as *Historical*? Certainly there is, and this surely ought to be *preferred*, as tending to *improve* Men's Minds; whereas the other can only *instruct* them. In this sort of *Truth* these *Pieces* excel, Poetical Justice is strictly done in them, *Virtue* is always represented, not *amiable* only, but in the End *triumphant*, and *Vice* is shewn, not only to be *ugly* in it self, but to be everlastingly accompanied with *Evil*. Can this be said of *true Histories*? no, my Lord, they are the very Reverse, the *Heroes* of them are *Tyrants* and *Murderers*, their *Heroines*, Women of *Masculine Vices* without any *Feminine Virtues*. Be it then their *Glory* to represent *Events* as they are, but let it be at the same Time acknowledged, that in *Pieces* like those I offer, we see them as they *should* be.

BUT besides this great Advantage, *Fictions* or *Allegorical History* hath many others. Once upon a Time there lived a King and a Queen; brings a Reader to the Business at once, without leading him through a *Chronological Labyrinth*. In one of the fruitful *Climates of the East*, exhibits as fair a Scene as any *Geographical Description* can do.

Thus,

viii DEDICATION.

Thus, Minds utterly incapable of bearing with the *Pedantry of Schools*, or the *Formality of the Learned*, are cheated into Understanding, and are forced to apprehend *Moral Truth*, while they seek to be amused by an *entertaining Story*.

WITH Respect to Authority, we have whole *Nations* in our Favour, and the best and wisest *Men* of all *Nations* in all *Ages*. The *East*, from whence came *Wisdom* and *Philosophy*, as well as *Divinity*, was the *Parent* also of this *Kind of Writing*, there to this Hour it flourishes in its full Extent; and the *Learned* prefer the *Books* which improve the *Mind*, to those which Burthen the *Memory*. *Hesiod*, *Homer*, and *Solon*, all recommended this kind of Writing by their Examples; so did *Virgil* and *Ovid*, and so in succeeding Times did *Heliodorus*, *Achilles Tatius*, and the Sophist *Longus*; whose *Amours of Daphnis and Chloë* can never enter into Competition with the *Diana of Montemajor*, any more than I with their *Translator*. In latter Times indeed, the Clergy, and certain Moral Writers have expressed themselves in most outrageous Language against *Romances*; yet it has often happened, that these

DEDICATION. ix

these Gentlemen have fallen into the same Misfortune with the *Abbe Villiers*, who after having wrote very warmly on this Subject published *Memoires du Comte de ——— redige par Mon. de St. EVEREMONT*, in no less than four Volumes. M. de *Fenelon*, Archbishop of *Cambray*, a Man whose Reputation was as much without Spot, as that of any *Ecclesiastick* of his Time, wrote his best *Pieces* in this Way. The Novel of *Diana de Castro*, does Honour to Bishop *Huet*, who was himself the *Glory* of the Age in which he lived. *Don Carlos*, and the Conspiracy of the *Spaniards* against the State of *Venice*, have contributed not a little to the Reputation of the *Abbe de St. Real*. The little Romance of *Zaide*, was the Work of three of the most polite Persons in *France*. To add more on this Head would be tedious, I shall only say, that the parting of *Sireno* and *Diana* in the following Sheets, was done by Sir *Car. Scroop*; and that on the Merit of these *Verses*, he was acknowledged a Poet in the Court of *Charles the Second*. You see, my Lord, that however they may appear in my Dress, the following *Histories* are in themselves worthy of your Acceptance. Let the *Manes* then of their *Spanish Authors* procure a favourable Reading for these *English Novels*,

xii DEDICATION.

Novels, and have the Goodness to believe,
that there is nothing of *Fable* or *Fiction* in
my professing my self,

With all imaginable Respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble

and devoted Servant.



THE
PILGRIM:

Or the ADVENTURES of

PAMPHILUS *and* NISA.

A *Spanish* HISTORY.

BOOK I.



AMONGST the Sands on the Shore of *Barcelona*, in the midst of Planks and other Remains of a Wreck, there appeared a Sort of Bundle of Cloth, covered with Weeds; this being perceived by some Fishermen, they row'd their little Bark a considerable Space, and going up to the Place, they found what they took to be a Bundle, was a Man in a Swoon, who knew

B

not

not where he was, and whom they could but just perceive to have Life. The Fishermen touch'd with Compassion, made a Fire with some Branches of an old Oak; before which, he who was so near losing his Life, recover'd a little. He made known his Country by the Complaints he utter'd, his Amazement by his Looks, and his Gratitude by all the Signs of Thankfulness possible. Nature by Degrees resumed her wanted Offices, and the poor Men assisting by rubbing his Limbs, they at last recovered their Force, and he found himself able to sit up, to stir, and to look about him. As he recovered his Senses, he conceived it not fit to say who he was, and therefore in his Account of his Misfortunes, he concealed his Family and his Name. He told them, however, that when the Ship was lost, he laid hold of one of the Planks, and thereon committed himself to the Mercy of the Sea; that thereby he kept himself above Water two Days, the Waves sometimes merciful, sometimes cruel, now throwing him on, and anon drawing him from the Shore; till at last the Wind becoming more calm, he was thrown upon the Sand with such Force, that he conceived himself lost, and from that Moment felt neither Pain nor Senses. He said he was returning from *Italy*, and that the Occasion of his Voyage was the Indulgence of the Jubilee bestowed by *Clement VIII.* then sighing, he broke off his Account by saying, that he had lost a Companion of his Travels, which filled him with Grief, nor could they, who eas'd the Pains of his Body, afford any Remedy for the Anguish of his Mind. Full of Thought and Reflection he passed the Day in one of their Cabbins, till the sable Night bedeck'd with all her glorious Attire of Stars, distributed

buted her Favours to Men according to their several Degrees, giving Desires to the Poor, Cares to the Rich, to the Hapless Complaints, to the Happy Sleep, and Jealousy to those in Love. When half her Reign had elaps'd, he heard at no great Distance from his Cabbin, the mournful Notes of a Lute, accompanied by the Voice of one, who complained of the Cruelty of a Shepherdess. The *Pilgrim*, tho' weary, was yet more amorous, and loved Musick better than Sleep; he went out of the Cabbin, and in a Meadow, amidst a few little Houses, he perceiv'd under a Tree, the Person who sung; he called him, and the other answer'd, tho' with Fear; but the feeble Light of the Moon, which hid behind a Cloud, contemplated from thence what pass'd below, shewed the Stranger to be a poor Man unarmed. He shewed him, therefore, where a Plank lay over a little Rivulet that stopped him, which having pass'd, they met and kindly saluted each other, for Necessity teaches Strangers Courtesy, and afterwards they sat down together on the Grass.

HE then informed the *Pilgrim* of the Name of the Village of his Lord, and of the Distance they were from *Barcelona*, when of a Sudden two Men bolted upon them, who, instead of saluting them, clapp'd a Brace of Muskets to their Breasts, and struck a thousand Apprehensions into their Minds. The Stranger told them they could take nothing from him but his Life, which was of very little Value now, and six Hours ago was worth less. The other said, that he was a Youth of the Village, the Son of a Fisherman and Pilot, and that all he had in the World was his Lute, with which he quieted

his uneasy Thoughts. The Soldiers did not offer to strip them, because the One had a Canvas Coat, and the other one of very coarse Cloth; they only desired that they would conduct them to the Village, the Roads to it being so intricate, that they had been two Hours in Search of the right one. The young Fisherman told them, that in return for their Civility, he would advise them not to go there at all; for, said he, I perceive what sort of People you are, the Inhabitants of that Place are both bold and stubborn, they will not care to admit you, nor will it be possible for you to escape from them, if once they discover you, for without more ado they will ring the *Tocsin*, at the first Noise of which, all the Villages in the Neighbourhood ring theirs; and in an Instant the Peasants, with various Kinds of Arms, will run and shut up all the Passes; after which they will begin to search the Country, and as there is neither Bush, Tree, nor Rock, of which they have not particular Knowledge, it is impossible you should find a Retreat. To this the Men reply'd, that they were not alone, but that there were more than Fifty in their Company, under the Command of a *Catalan* Knight, who was at Odds with another of greater Fortune and Interest than himself, though not superior to him either in Quality or Courage. These Words had scarce escaped his Lips, before the Reflection of the Moon discovered the Squadron and the Captain he spoke of, by the Glittering of their Arms; the two Soldiers joining them, they marched all together into the Village, and established their Quarters in several Houses. The *Pilgrim*, curious of hearing News, a Foible which attends all Men in strange Countries, mix'd himself with them, without

out giving the Soldiers any Uneasiness; on the contrary, they desired him to take Part of their Supper, the Hearth then serv'd them for a Bed, but instead of Sleeping, they diverted themselves as they lay, with hearing from the *Pilgrim* the Story of his Voyage, in return for which he desired they would relate to him the Causes of their following so dangerous and so unsettled a Course of Life; his Manner of Speaking and Acting, rendering him extremely agreeable to them, and one of them whose Name was *Raimond*, performed what he requested in the following Manner.



The HISTORY of DORICLEUS.



IN this famous City, which by its marvelous Greatness raises Admiration in *Italy*, and Awe in *Africk*, there was born a Lady of illustrious Parents, whose Beauty hath been no less fatal to her Country, than that of *Hellen*; her Name *Florinda*, of a Noble Family, most lovely in her Person, in her Accomplishments no less so; when of Age for Marriage she was address'd by two young Cavaliers, equal in Fortune, and in Family, and who sought her with equal Passion, but with Fortune unlike. Love, a natural Inclination, a Sympathy of Manners, or an Influence of the Stars, oblig'd *Florinda* to dote on *Doriclaus*, and to hate *Philander*; who, that he might have the better of his

B 3

Rival

Rival in another Respect, apply'd himself to her Parents, and demanded her in Marriage; they having no Exception to his becoming their Son-in-Law, were not a little chagrin'd, when on mentioning him to their Daughter, she appeared dissatisfied, and had even the Courage to tell them, that neither Promises nor Threats should ever prevail with her to become his Wife. This being reported to *Philander*, with the aggravating Circumstance, that her Prepossession for *Doriclus* was the true Cause of her Disdain, he instantly resolved to remove that Obstacle with his Sword, and to open a Passage to his Love, by giving Way a Moment to his Hate. With this View he engaged certain Friends of his to meet him on a Saint's Eve, where he was informed that *Doriclus* by the Light of the Moon, was to entertain *Florinda* in her Father's Gardens, from whence, at the appointed Hour, he saw him come out with a Nosegay of Jessamin, which she had given him in his Hand. The Friends of *Philander* immediately rushed in upon him; but he, who suspected what would happen, had brought on this Occasion, not a few of his own, at the Head of whom he charged in Person, and as a happy Lover, like a fortunate Gamester, is always too many for his Antagonist, he wounded *Philander*, and put him to Flight.

DORICLUS coming off a-like Conqueror in War and in Love, *Philander* from that Moment conceived against him an established and mortal Hatred: As they were the most eminent Cavaliers in the City, their Hate, like raging Fire, took hold of all their Friends and Acquaintance, and tho' they maintained a civil Correspondence with each

each other all the Day, yet every Night they met and fought in the Streets, with a Rage equally without Bounds, and without Example.

THESE Proceedings deprived *Doricleus* of the Conversation of his Mistress, robbed *Philander* of all Hopes of obtaining her, destroyed her Character, and prejudic'd the Reputation of the Family; miserable Effects of an unregulated Passion! Time and Opposition encreased that Aversion for each other, but it taught *Philander* one small Point of Wisdom, that it was better to employ Fraud in such a Situation of Things, than Force; to which having once enclined, he soon bent all his Thoughts that Way.

It happened that he received Intelligence that *Florinda* was to go aboard a Bark with some of her Acquaintance; immediately he provided a Vessel, on board of which he embarked some of his most trusty Friends in the Habit of *Turks*, and having found out a Creek proper to conceal it, as soon as the Bark wherein *Florinda* was, appear'd, his Servants handled their Oars with such Diligence, that in a Moment they were on the Side of the Vessel they intended to board. The poor Men who navigated it being so terrified at the Sight of a *Turkish* Flag, that they had neither Courage to fight, nor Prudence enough to get away.

THIS Terror of Mind, as it occasioned their being taken, so it hindred them from perceiving the Cheat afterwards: They could not distinguish the Faces of the Persons who entered their Vessel, but suffered three or four of the pretended *Turks* to

B 4

carry

carry away *Florinda* without Opposition, which when they had done, they pretended to do nothing more. Yet when they saw this and heard these *Corfsairs*, with Voices visibly feigned, call their Chief *Amurath Raix*, they began to comprehend the Matter, and to conceive that this pretended *Turk* was no other than some Lover in Disguise.

ON their Return Home, they published the News of their Disgrace throughout all *Barcelona*: The Parents of the ravished Fair one, deplored her Fate and her own, especially her Mother, whose Complaints suited rather the Tenderness of her Sex, than the Grandeur of her Family. Posts were dispatch'd every Way to learn Intelligence of *Philander's* Flight, but in yain. He carried her to a Garden of a House he had taken for this Purpose, and throwing off his Turban and Robe, threw himself at her Feet, and demanded Pardon for his Crime from the Consideration of the Passion which occasioned it: alledging, that all Things might be justified by Love; but she could by no Means be pacify'd, raving, tearing her Hair, and calling the Trees, the Flowers, and the Fountains, to witness that she loved none but *Doriclus*.

THAT generous Cavalier no sooner heard the fatal News of his Mistress's being carried away, than conceiving her to be stolen by some *Algerine*, and waiting for no Advice, he purchased a Vessel which had brought Corn from *Arragon*; he freighted it with proper Commodities, and immediately sailed for *Algiers*; *Sali Morat*, *Fuchet Mani*, *Capher*, and other *Corfsairs*, arrived at the same Time from *Tunis*, *Tripoli*, and other Places, of whom *Dori-*

Doriclus enquired News of his Fair One, but to no Purpose; with as little Success he enquired of all such as roamed on the Coast of *Spain*; yet urged on by his Passion, he sailed after this to *Constantinople*, thence to *Cairo*, and having coasted the Kingdoms of *Morocco* and *Taffilet*; despairing of any News abroad, he sold his Cargo, released a certain Number of Christian Slaves, and with them returned to *Spain*.

WHILE *Doriclus* bewilder'd himself in *Africk*, a Servant of *Philander's* resenting some Blows his Master had given him, discovered him to the Tribunal of *Barcelona*, so that his Garden was invested, and himself made a Prisoner when he least thought of it. The Novelty of the Thing, the Oddness of the Design, the long Space of Time it had been kept secret, occasioned abundance of Talk, and drew Thousands into the Streets through which he was conducted to Prison; and the Fair One now by Force become a Wife back to her Father's House.

His Sentence was capital through the unanimous Voice of his Judges, it was generally approved, and Things being perfectly clear, the Process was very short. A Scaffold was erected, *Philander* disposed himself to die, and in that Disposition gave the strongest Proofs of a Courage, and a Penitence truly Christian. The Viceroy and the Bishop in the mean Time assembled all *Florinda's* Relations, and having taken much Pains to state Things in the fairest Light possible, they by Degrees led them to consider that it would be more reasonable to prefer the Honour of their Family,

than their Revenge. A little Reflection made this so plain, that in an Instant they changed their Minds, and thereby changed the Face of all Things: Orders were immediately sent to stay the Execution, the Mourning of *Philander's* Relations was laid aside for the richest Habits, instead of being conducted to the Scaffold, he went to the Church, where he was to receive *Florinda* from the Hands of her Parents in lawful Marriage. The City was all in Raptures, and nothing to be seen but Demonstrations of Joy, when *Doricleus* landed in the Port, and marched to the grand Square at the Head of two Hundred Christians he had released, all dressed in Purple Habits with the Arms of *Barcelona* embroidered on them. His Arrival threw all Things again into Confusion, the People crowded about him with loud Acclamations, and as he professed an inflexible Resolution of opposing the Marriage; *Barcelona* was instantly divided, and all the Youth ran out armed, some to assist *Doricleus*, and others to defend *Philander*.

THESE Disturbances protracted for a Time the intended Marriage, while in the Interim the Relations as well of the Lady as of *Doricleus*, represented that it was impossible for him to marry her with Honour; to which he answered, that supposing it be so, it was absurd and unreasonable that *Philander* by Perfidy and Force, should attain that Possession, which with such Pains and Care he had sought in vain, and that therefore as a Salvo for his Honour, the Lady should be sent to a Monastery. The Relations of *Florinda* were very much dissatisfied with this Expedient, and that they might deliver themselves and the Fair One from any farther Perplexity

plexity, they pretended to give into another Proposal more rigorous, and more extraordinary than the Former. It was this, that *Philander* should marry *Florinda*, and that immediately after his Marriage he should lose his Head, and *Florinda* be given in Marriage to *Doriclus*, as the Widow of a Cavalier. This *Doriclus* readily accepted, and by the Consent of all Parties, *Philander* married the Lady at the high Altar, after which, instead of being conducted to the Scaffold, the Viceroy declared that he pardoned all his Offences, and that he and his Lady might go Home in Peace.

DORICLUS was so vehemently enraged at this Imposition, that he instantly quitted *Barcelona*, and flying to the *Pyrenean* Mountains, which divide *France* from *Spain*. He has for Twenty Years together pillaged and plunder'd both Kingdoms in spite of all the Efforts that have been made, as well by the *French* as the *Spaniards*, to put a Stop to his Ravages by getting him into their Power. He was Twenty-one Years old when he returned from *Africa*, and is now in the Forty first Year of his Age, the Strength of his Constitution, the Vigour of his Mind, and the hardness of his Manner of Living, have rendered him another *Hercules*, as you will confess whenever you see him.

To-day when the first Rays of the Sun began to brighten the Tops of yonder Mountains, he gave us Orders to march to the Shoar, and search the Remains of a wreck'd Vessel, the Planks of which with some of the Merchandize he saw scatter'd on the Strand; according to his Order, we examined all that Part of the Shoar, on which the broken

B 6

Pieces

Pieces of the Ship were thrown, and amongst them, we found a young Man, whom we scarce discerned to be alive, he had on a Pilgrim's Habit as you have, his Hair was clotted with Sand and the Foam of the Sea; he was Pale, Languishing, Breathless, and on the Point of Perishing; our Captain commanded us to carry him to the Place where the rest of our People were, with Directions to take the best Care of him they could; when we brought him thither we would have undressed and put him on dry Things, but he would by no Means suffer it, putting out his Hand, and exerting his utmost Force to turn those who touched him away; this gave our Chief to apprehend, that his Sex did not correspond with his Habit, and questioning him thereupon, she immediately confessed she was a Woman, and that she came in a Pilgrim's Habit with her Husband from *Italy*, whom she apprehended had perished in this Storm. The strong Passions of her Soul wrought so effectual on her Spirits, and indeed on the whole Mass of Blood, that notwithstanding her Weakness and the Distress she was in, her Beauty broke like the Sun Beams through a Cloud, and struck the Heart of our Captain with a more tender Passion than Pity. *Doriclus* desired her to stay with him all Day, and promised her to take all the necessary Precautions for the preserving of her Health and Honour, assuring her, that he had a tender Sense of her Misfortunes, and a high Idea of her Merit.

To us he gave Directions that about Sun-set, we should prepare his Supper and his Lodging in some of these Villages, but having Intelligence that a large Sum of Money, which was going to *Genoa* would

would pass by here, he resolved to wait for it till Midnight, and in order to gain Intelligence on this Head, the two Men who met you were detached. *Doricleus* is however with his Pilgrim, but whether Love has united Hearts so apparently different in their Disposition we know not; one Thing we know, that they use but one Bed, which is without doubt a good Circumstance in Matters of Amour.

THE Soldiers perceiving the Pilgrim to have bathed his Eyes and Cheeks with Tears, and to Sigh so loudly, that he seemed to tear his Breast, they came about him, and with great Kindness and earnestness besought him to inform them of the Occasion of his Grief. *Alas! miserable Man that I am, said he, to what wretched Fate have I been preserved, my Honour is lost, my Glory sullied, and all my Hopes blasted by the Weakness of a Woman; why! Ah! why? did not the Sea swallow me up rather than cast me on the Earth to be crushed with intolerable Misfortunes.* There needed no more to inform the Soldiers that this was the Husband of the Woman, whom in the Habit of a Pilgrim they had taken up, but while they endeavoured all they could to console him, he started up of a sudden, and as if he had been suddenly struck with Madness, ran immediately out of the House where they were, to that where he was informed the Captain lodged, where beating at the Door as if he was distracted, and crying out at the same Time with a Voice equally loud and terrible, so that the Captain immediately ran down Stairs, believing that the Officers of Justice had environned the House, and in his Shirt as he was, ran to the Door, demanding who

who it was that made such a Noise; a miserable Man, answered the Pilgrim, with incredible Boldness and Courage, whose Honour you have injured with that detestable Woman you possess. *Doricleus* instantly fired a Pistol, and the Pilgrim standing sideways with his Arm before his Body, received it therein; all the Village came running at the Noise, and the furious *Catalan* prepared to vent his Indignation in a still severer Manner on the Disturber of his Rest; when the Lady who was with him embraced his Knees, and with Prayers and Tears, endeavoured to move his Compassion for the bleeding Pilgrim, telling him at the same Time, he was the only Man she would ever acknowledge for the Lord of her Affection, and of her Fortunes; and at the same Time she went to the Pilgrim, and holding him in her Arms, assured him that neither in Thought, in Word, or in Deed, she had ever injured his Honour, to which no Entreaties should ever persuade her, or Threats ever compel her. *Doricleus* insolently signified, that sparing his Life was the utmost Favour he could hope, and therefore commanded the Pilgrim to retire without his Wife; the enraged *Castilian* heard him with Contempt, he told him, that it became an Out-law to act in the cruel and barbarous Manner he did, towards a Man injured, helpless, and bathed in his own Blood, but that in the midst of his Distress, he was content to submit all his Rights to a single Combat between them; these Words so far provoked the *Catalan*, that he instantly gave Orders to his Men to carry him away and hang him; they who never questioned the Orders of their Chief, carried him directly to the Wood, and began there to make Preparations for his Execution;

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the Hapless Pilgrim seeing his last Hour approach, besought them to give him Leave to offer up his Prayers for the Safety of his Soul, which they did; but that no Time might be lost, they put the Cord of a Harquebuss about his Neck, while he was praying, at which the Sun dispelled the Shades of Night, and open'd a new Day to all the World below, as if he intended to take a particular View of what was transacted, and to signify to the Perpetrators of this Fact, that he would be a lasting Witness of their Rage.

It may perhaps seem improbable, or at least very extraordinary, that all these strange Events should fall out to one Man in one Night; yet whoever considers the ordinary Events of Things, cannot but recollect to himself Facts little less odd and amazing than these which we have recorded; for as an unexpected Flow of good Events, distinguish the Prosperous and Happy, so a like uncommon Series of melancholy Accidents, denominate Men miserable and wretched; the Number of the latter are equal at least to the former, and therefore a surprizing Misfortune is as easily to be credited, as a wonderful good Hap. But after all this Moralizing, we are to fall again into a new Scene of Surprize, the Soldiers either struck with the Remembrance of their familiar Conversation the Night before, touch'd with the calm and serene Deportment of the hapless Pilgrim at the Point of Death, or wrought on by the Almighty Power in Consequence of his pathetick Prayers, were so moved, that they relented in the Execution of the brutal Office assign'd them, and shock'd at the Thoughts of being less compassionate than the very Waves; they took the
Cord

Cord from about his Neck, and bid him go where he pleased; the Pilgrim thanked them for their Kindness, and remitting the Issue of Things into the Hands of Providence, besought them to inform the Woman who was with the Captain, if she continued in the same Disposition, that he might be found at *Barcelona*; having said this, he immediately took the Road to the City, and the Soldiers that to the Village.

WHEN the false News of his Death, which they were obliged to carry to *Doricleus*, reached the Ears of the Pilgrim he had with him, she tore her Hair, beat her Breasts, and uttering Cries enough to have pierced the most obdurate Heart, fell into a deep and long Swoon, which could scarce be distinguished from Death; when, with much ado, she was recovered, she seemed only to have retrieved her Sense, that she might loose it again in Wailings and Complaints; in a Word, her Grief was at once so loud, and so affecting, that those Men who had been accustomed to nothing else but shedding of Blood, began now to imitate her and shed Tears; their Captain thinking that this excessive Passion had not only altered, but destroyed her Beauty, commanded his Men to take her and put her into the great Road, resolving to rid himself of her Cries, since she had resolved to let him have no Satisfaction in her Company; this they accordingly did, and the unhappy Woman having with Tears and Blows, which she gave herself in her Fit, greatly altered the Manner of her Face, so that she could not well be distinguished from a Man, still venting her Sorrows in Sighs and Tears, went, she knew not why, or where, strait along the Beach to *Valencia*.

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THE Pilgrim who had so strangely escaped Death, wandered in the mean Time up and down *Barcelona*, and not knowing how otherwise to bestow his Time, spent it in gazing on the Walls, and on the publick Edifices in the City; two Days he had wasted in this Manner, and was consuming the third in viewing the Viceroy's Palace, when he was known by the Fisherman's Boy, whose Voice, like that of the *Hyena*, had decoyed him from Repose to Danger. As soon as the Lad beheld him, he immediately cried out, *Hark you Friend, are not you the Thief that held me in Discourse to'ther Night, 'till your Companions came and made me shew you all the Way to the Village.* It is true, replied the Pilgrim, I am the unfortunate Man who conversed with you that Night, but I am for all that no Thief, my Misfortunes have not led me to be wicked, and in that I am happy, I deserve rather Pity, than Reproach. It was your Voice that withdrew me from the Cabin of one of your Fellows, and because I was the Companion of your Ill-luck, would you revenge your own Misfortunes and mine upon me. This Discourse, which would have satisfied any body else, made no Impression on the Fisherboy, he continued maundering and making an Outcry, 'till at last the Crowd gathered about them, and the Boy being their Countryman, the Man a *Castilian*, they, like true *Catalans*, took the Accusation for Gospel, and sent the poor innocent Pilgrim to Goal, loaden with Irons and Curses.

THE infamous Crew, which are generally the Inhabitants of such Places, and which is yet worse, have generally the Government of them, that are
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the true Pictures of Hell, threw him instantly into a Dungeon, more noisom and stinking, than the common Jakes of *Constantinople*: Words cannot express the Blows and Injuries with which they covered him, and all because he had no Money to pay his *Garnish*; or to appease those merciless Furies who have the Dominion over such as are either, or are supposed to be Criminals.

THE Night, which as she o'er-spreads the World with Darknefs, introduces also Silence; and Sleep came with these Attendants, even into this melancholy Place, where neither the Pressure of Misfortunes, the Reflection of Crimes, the Apprehension of Punishment, or the Pest of Vermin, could banish Rest; the only waking Eyes were those of our unhappy Pilgrim, who, whilst the Rest snored insensible of Misery, vexed himself with vain Complaints of the Sea, the Air, the Cruelty of Men, and the supposed Severity of Heaven; these Grievs took him up so much, that he had not Leisure to attend either to the throbbing of his Wound, or to the Fears of that Death, which the hasty Depositions of a rash young Man, might possibly bring upon him. Love buried all other Passions; Love triumphed over all other Cares; Love was in all his Thoughts, and while his own Life and Honour were at stake, his Heart knew no Concern but for the Honour of his Mistress.

As soon as the Sun, with a Look confused, and as if afraid of being detained by the Irons, peep'd through the Grates of the Prison, and with a faint Effay of Light, disturbed the Gloom of the Place, the agreeable Noise of the Goaler, and the well-known

known tingle of his Keys, awaken'd the harden'd Ruffians, who, Fearless of their Fate, desired only to quit their streight Lodgings; to the Pilgrim it gave no new Alarm, because his Cares had suffered no Interruption by Sleep; however, he went out as the rest did, to bless God for the Return of Day, that put a Period to the most melancholy Night that ever Man passed. He then surveyed the different Appearances of Misery, which made his new Abode hideous, and looked with amaze on that Variety of Wretchedness, which display'd itself in this Mansion of Horror.

A KNIGHT, however the Grandeur of whose Family, and the Length of whose Imprisonment had gained him a Sort of Authority in the Place, cast his Eyes on our Pilgrim, and observing the deep Melancholy, the frequent Sighs, and the settled Air of Concern, which sat on a Face otherwise wonderfully handsom, called him into a little Alley, over-against his Chamber-Door, and there with a gracious open Aspect, intreated him to inform him of his Name, his Country, and the Cause of his Imprisonment. The Pilgrim, struck with the venerable Figure of the Man, entered readily into Discourse with him, and without much Intreaty, gave him the History of his Life, with an exact Detail of the Manner in which by the Favour of the Sea he was thrown on the Coast of *Barcelona*; the Knight, not a little amazed at the long Series of Misfortunes through which he had run, kindly compassionated his Distress, and as a Mark of his Concern, led him to his Chamber; there he gave him something to comfort him, and having by kind Words, and the Warmth of a Fire, brought him a little to himself,
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he prevailed on him to suffer him to uncover his Arm, and to dress his Wound, which he performed with great Address, having learned somewhat of the Art of Surgery in the Field.

THESE Civilities spread a greater Calm over the Pilgrim's Mind, than hitherto he had felt since his own Shipwreck, and that of his Fortune; he began to look round the Chamber he was in, and to examine with some Kind of Concern, those Images drawn with Charcoal, which instead of Tapestry adorned the Wall; this Sort of Furniture has been throughout all Times, and in all Places familiar to Prisons, the Fancy being on the Stretch, and the Hands much at Leisure, concur to the bringing forth such Productions, because when other Modes of Happiness are denied, that of amusing our Misery begins to take up the Imagination. The Nearness of Lodging begets a Sort of Intercourse in Misfortunes, and from contemplating ones own Adversity, one naturally passes to the Thoughts of another's Ill-luck; his Adversity makes a Kind of Episode in the Story of our Own, and thus we may rationally Account for the Pilgrim's finding a Kind of Pleasure in viewing the Paintings in his Fellow Prisoner's Apartment.

As we have talked so much of Pictures, it is fit that we describe these which the Pilgrim saw in his Companion's Chamber.

THE first was that of a young Man, over which stood this Line of *Virgil*;

*When Sleep had clos'd the mighty Hero's Eyes,
The Shade of Hapless Hector seem'd to rise.*

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A LITTLE farther off appeared a flying Heart, fluttering over a Corpse, and near it the Words of *Aeneas*, on his transmitting the Body of *Pallas* to *Evander*.

*To Thee, alas! with aking Heart my Friend,
Thy breathless Pallas, bleeding Corpse I send.*

FARTHER on the Wall, was the Figure of *Prometheus*, chain'd to Mount *Caucasus*, with the Eagle preying on his Liver, these Lines from *Ovid* underneath.

*O how wretched 'tis to live!
When from Us all Comforts fly,
And when Death would Comfort give,
O how wretched not to die!*

BEYOND this was designed the River of *Oblivion*, in the Infernal Regions, with steep Rocks on each Side, a young Man forcing his Way up them with a Load of Things troublesome to his Memory, which from the Top of those Rocks he would project into that River, with this Motto from *Lucretius*, alluding to the Toil of *Sisyphus*.

*Of endless Travel, ceaseless is the Pain,
For hard those Labours are, which are in vain.*

THE Head and Lyre of *Orpheus* were painted on a Gate near the River *Strymon*, into which the *Bacchanalian* Women threw his scattered Limbs, after they had torn them to pieces, with this Motto.

His

*His Hapleſſ Fate, now wel't ring in his Gore,
The ſenſeleſſ Woods, and ſavage Beaſts deplore.*

HARD by was the Corpſe of a Woman, with a Sword lying croſs the Body, with theſe Lines, from the Verſes of Scaliger, on the Death of *Polyxena*.

*O! was it not a deep, and dreadful Stain,
That hitherto by thee MEN had been ſlain.*

BEYOND this was painted the Shepherd *Argus*, with his hundred Eyes, with *Mercury* charming him to ſleep, beneath, theſe Lines of *Strozza*.

*Love, mighty Love, eludes obſerving Spies.
Love can evade, ev'n Argus hundred Eyes.*

THESE, and a Multitude of ſuch Curioſities, whereby the Knight has expreſſ'd his Adventures, as it were in Cyphers, had furniſhed him with Amuſement, and adorned his Chamber. While the Pilgrim was looking upon them in a Kind of Reverie, he was called upon to attend the Judges. When he came before them, he told his Caſe, with ſuch an innocent Simplicity, as better evinced the Truth, than if his Speech had been adorned with all the Tropes of Eloquence; the Knight alſo interpoſed in his Favour, and wrote a Letter, which had very good Effects, in order to influence the ſpeedy Dicifion of his Cauſe; in the mean Time, our Pilgrim returned to his Friend's Chamber, where, after they had dined very moderately, his Hoſt entertained our Stranger, at his earneſt Requeſt, with the Detail of his Miſfortunes in the following Terms.

The



The HISTORY of MIRENO.



AT a small Town, not far distant from this famous City, lived a Gentleman, whose Name was *Telemachus*, who had married a Lady not quite so chaste as the Roman *Lucretia*, though she bore her Name; this fair One affected a deep Melancholy, a careless Air, and negligent Dress, as if some secret Grief reigned over her Heart. *Telemachus* took all the Pains imaginable to divert her, that he might avoid the accustomed Censure of the World, which frequently attributes the Faults of a Woman, to the ill Humour of her Husband. He caused her to dress richly, to take the Air by the Sea Side, to walk in his fine Garden, and all this availing nothing, he kept a kind of open House, that her Grief might be drown'd in Company:

AMONG the rest of the young Gentlemen who frequented the Villa of *Telemachus*, there was one whose Name was *Mireno*, a Man so much my Friend, that I have scarce thought myself living since he has been dead; after frequent Visits, it fell out that *Mireno* felt himself enamoured of the lovely Spouse of *Telemachus*, whose Inclination had hitherto been turned another way: Time as is usual in such Cases, encreased the Mischief, till from liking,
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he fell to languishing for the fair *Lucretia*. To me, as to another self, he confided the Story of his; Fortune shall I call it, or his Folly, which had he taken my Advice, should never have proved fatal to him. But alas! it is the Mode of Lovers, always to seek Advice and never to pursue it. Though he consulted as a Lover, I answered as a Friend, I shewed him from Reason, the Madness of his Proceedings, and I quoted to him from sacred and profane History, all the Examples I could remember of Men undone in the same Way; but it was like Music to the Adder, or the Breath of *Zephyr*, when the rest of the Winds are let loose, it made no Impression, nay, it was scarce perceived. One Effect it had, indeed, which was a very bad one, that it diminished our Friendship; he seldom visited me after, forbore to converse with me in publick Places; in a Word, estranged himself as much from me as from Wisdom: For such, dear Sir, is the hard Lot of Man, that he either mistakes a Flatterer for a Friend, or forsakes his Friend, because he is no Flatterer.

THERE was a third Friend, to whom *Mireno* and I went, when we found not each other, to him, the young Man had Recourse; he was less considerate than I, being one who placed the Essence of Friendship in running any Risk in any Cause for the Man he called his Friend: People of this Cast, fare like Gunpowder on a Holiday, they consume themselves that they may please Others. They consulted together without speaking to me, which when I perceived, I used to disguise myself, and follow them of a Night, for some Time I made no Discoveries, but one Evening tarrying Abroad

Abroad later than usual, I perceived at the back Gate of *Telemachus's* Garden, which looked to the Sea, a Ladder of Ropes; my Heart immediately smote me, and would not permit me to retire, not that I wanted to satisfy my Curiosity, but that I thought it would be acting like a Friend to remain on the Spot, and to assist if any ill Accident happened; about Midnight, I saw what I expected; for after a little Noise, I saw *Mireno* descend, and his Friend *Aurelius* slip from behind a Corner, and receive him in his Arms, and after whispering a little, persuaded him to get away with all Speed. They were scarce withdrawn, before a Servant unhooked the Ladder, and let it fall, I immediately took it up, and withdrew into a Corner; presently afterwards, *Telemachus* came to the Window in his Shirt, with his Sword in one Hand, and a flaming Torch in the other, looking strictly about, to see if he could observe any Thing of those whose Noise he had heard. A little after, I went to the Gate, when I heard all the Family in an Uproar, but at the same Time, learned, to my no small Satisfaction, that this was taken for an Attempt of Thieves, and that *Telemachus* had not the least Suspicion, that they came for somewhat more valuable than Riches, and instead of parloining his Wealth, sought to injure his Honour. In the Morning I sent for *Mireno*, and found him out with much ado. When he came, we talked of many Things, and at last, when I found he was unwilling to speak to me, I asked him of a Sudden, what was become of his Amour; instead of answering me, he desired we might talk no more on that Subject, since, said he, all evil Secrets should be kept from Friends. I told him, it was to no purpose to conceal them, since *Telemachus* had been

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with me, and told me, that he had observed him descending a Ladder in his Garden; he seemed surprized, then owned the Truth, that in Spight of all *Telemachus's* Cautions, he conversed with *Lucretia* in the Garden, to which allude those Lines.

*Love, mighty Love, eludes observing Spies.
Love can evade ev'n Argus hundred Eyes.*

I THOUGHT it my Duty not to let *Mireno* go away in an Error, I therefore told him how Things really stood; that *Telemachus* suspected nothing of his Amour, though he had been alarmed by the Fall of the Ladder, and had miss'd his Wife out of Bed. I informed him likewise of the small Service I had done him, and renewed my Intreaties, that he would desist while he was yet safe, from a Business, which if pursued, would certainly be attended with the worst Consequences imaginable to his Person, and to his Reputation. I likewise repeated again and again, my earnest Exhortations to him, not to trifle, or to resolve, that this, or that Visit should be the last, but break off this iniquitous Correspondence immediately. *Mireno* not only heard me with Patience, but also promised to follow my Advice, and in order to do it effectually, to quit *Barcelona*, to which Proposition I readily assented, knowing that there is no better Remedy for Love, than putting the Persons at a very great Distance from each other. It will certainly seem strange to you, that I affirm, *Mireno* perform'd all he promised, and that quitting Sight of *Lucretia*, he lost also all Thoughts of her, betaking himself again to his old Affection for *Erephila*, the Lady I hinted at before, and loving her with greater Warmth and Sincerity for this short Interruption

interruption of his Passion. *Mireno* was in every Respect amiable in his Person; his Behaviour, his Address, his Air, his Reputation as a Soldier, his Skill in Languages, and in all polite Literature. The Remembrance I have of him is so strong, that with Ease I drew that Representation of him which you see, and which I can assure you does not flatter him; and to mark the Concern with which his Image fills me, I have borrowed that Line from the *Eneid*.

The Shade of Hapless Hector seem'd to Rise.

AFTER this Eclaircissement, we returned to our former Familiarity, we conversed together, walked together, and in short, did all Things together as we were wont, and I conceived my Friend perfectly safe, because *Telemachus* had retired to his Country Seat, and carried his Wife and Family with him. But our Quiet, like all the Pleasures of this World, was of no long Continuance; *Lucretia* was so uneasy in her Country Obscurity, that she never suffered her Husband to have rest till he brought her back to *Barcelona*. The Sight of *Mireno* rekindled all her former Flames, for smothered Love, like smothered Fire, is never safe, the least Vent sets all again in a Blaze, and the last Mischief is frequently worse than the first; it was likely to prove so in this Case, which *Mireno* himself perceived, and therefore talk'd of marrying to prevent it; I was entirely for this Measure, and in Consequence thereof, he fixed on me a very troublesome Office, that of looking out for him a proper Wife. True Friendship refuses nothing that is Honourable, and I therefore fatigued myself exceedingly to bring this Mat-

ter to bear; I propos'd several Ladies to him, all of whom, in my Opinion, might have been proper Companions for him for Life; but it was in vain, he had Objections to them all; this was of too great a Family, that of too mean a One; one was not handsome, another not Rich; at length I found the Source of all these Dislikes; his old Flame began to revive, and *Lucretia* became once more the Object of his Desires, the Sovereign of his Heart, and the Bane of his Fortunes.

EREPHILA, who passionately loved *Mireno*, began to find out from his short Visits, his Coldness, and seldom Writing to her, that he had Affairs some where else, which took up his Time; she set all her Wits to work, in order to discover her Rival, and a Woman's Wits are seldom misemployed on such Occasions; in a short Time, therefore, if she did not discover all that pass'd between her Lover and his new Mistress, she at least discovered who that new Mistress was.

WHEN *Erephila* had proceeded thus far, she fram'd in her own Mind a Scheme the most extraordinary that ever was heard of, and which may serve as an Instance of the Genius and Spirit of the Sex; she found a Way to be in a Place where *Telemachus* some Times came, and she took all imaginable Pains to make him admire her: The Thing had its Effect, *Telemachus* could not avoid the Bait, she struck him with such Art, fell in with his Humour, without seeming to observe it, and met his Eyes with such soft engaging Glances, that in Spite of his Love for *Lucretia*, he was smitten. He visited *Erephila* often, for which *Mireno* gave him all the

the Opportunity imaginable, seldom coming near her; and as our Passions are generally quickest at their Beginnings, Things were shortly at that Ripeness which *Erephila* desired and expected. One Day, when *Telemachus* came to visit her, she appeared to be much out of Humour, and pretending to know nothing of his being a married Man, she reproached him with going to the House of one *Lucretia*. *Telemachus* excused himself as having Business at that House, but she continuing still to look sad, and proceeding at last to shed Tears; *Telemachus* assured her, that *Lucretia* was a Woman of the greatest Virtue, commended her fine Qualities, her Prudence, good Sense, and unaffected Chastity, concluding with an Account of her Husband's Care, and representing him to her as a Person of Merit and Worth. *Erephila*, who had now a very good Opportunity for performing her very bad Intent, answered in a few Words, that it might be very possible *Lucretia's* Husband was a very worthy Gentleman, but that as to *Lucretia*, there was somewhat between her and a certain young Gentleman in the City. Here she stopped short, *Telemachus* immediately turned Pale, trembled, and shewed evident Signs how nearly this Matter touched his Heart; he conjured however *Erephila* to inform him who this Chevalier might be, but that was not so easily to be known; *Erephila* pretended to relapse into her former Jealousy, and taking Notice of his Uneasiness and Confusion, upbraided him with his Falshood and Dissimulation towards her; *Telemachus*, who was in no Humour to be trifled with, forgot in an Instant all his Tenderness for *Erephila*, and even the Respect due to her Sex, for finding it impossible by fair Means to extract from her the Se-

cret, he of a Sudden drew his Dagger, and clapping it to her Throat, forced her to acknowledge it was *Mireno*, whom he knew as well as she. Afterwards, he sought again to appease her, telling her when he went away, that it was true, he had loved *Lucretia*, but that since she assured him, that the Lady had another Lover, he would withdraw his Affections, hate her for the Future, and settle his Love entirely upon her; as a Testimony of which, he presented her with a fine Gold Chain curiously wrought, and having a rich Diamond Cross hanging thereto.

THUS ended an Interview strange in itself, and managed with much Artifice on both Sides, *Erephila* pretended to testify a Passion she never felt, and *Telemachus* to smother one that could not be concealed.

EREPHILA flattered herself that by this Means she should prevent *Mireno* from visiting *Lucretia* any more, being confident that *Telemachus* was so alarmed, that he would not fail to keep a very strict Eye over his Wife; but in this she was quite mistaken, he judged it in vain to watch over what was already lost, and bent therefore all his Thoughts, not on securing his Honour, but on revenging the Loss of it, which he conceived could be no Way done, but by destroying the Person who had dishonoured him. Full of these sanguine Thoughts which so tormented his Mind, that the Effects of his inward Agitation, were visible enough to an intelligent Eye in his Countenance; he began to frame a thousand Plots for the fulfilling his Design, at last, he pitched on one which he thought more feasible than the rest;

rest; he pretended that he was obliged to make a Journey to *Montserrat*. Lovers are not always without Suspicions, and besides, I who was now in the Secret, presently conceived that this might be a Contrivance.

WE resolved, therefore, to send *Aurelius* to watch him, but *Telemachus* knew well enough he had not to do with Fools; he therefore defeated all our Contrivance, by going to the Place and returning from it exactly at the Times prefixed.

THIS, as he rightly judged, took away all Suspicion; so that when he sometime after gave out that Business called him to *Valencia*, there was not the least Question made of it, yet he returned when he was got half Way thither, and concealed himself privately in *Barcelona*.

MIRENO and *Lucretia* did not sleep together so improvidently, as to have nobody to watch; I performed that Office, till my Friend earnestly desired me to spare myself the Trouble, yet I could not help attending near the Garden Door, which Care, notwithstanding, proved vain; for on the third Night *Telemachus*, attended by one Servant, returned and entered the Garden by a private Gate, which none in his Family knew any thing of.

HE went with a Harquebuss in his Hand to the Bed-chamber Door, and finding the Hapless Couple, yet asleep, he dispatched *Mireno* before he could have any Apprehension of his Danger: The Discharge of the Piece struck me almost as dead as my Friend; I ran to the Gate, but found no Entrance, yet this Impediment did not continue long, the

Neighbourhood was all in Arms, the Door presently forced, and there we saw the dreadful Effects of outrageous Jealousy, *Mireno* dead, and *Lucretia* breathing her last in a short Prayer to God for Forgiveness, the Sword reeking by her Body which had forced her Soul from thence. To this wretched and deplorable Spectacle, those Lines at the Bottom of the Picture refer.

*Oh! was it not a deep and dreadful Stain,
That hitherto by thee Men had been slain.*

HITHERTO I had not seen the Body of my deceased Friend, the dying *Lucretia* having fixed my Attention for a few Moments; but when I beheld him, my Soul was so transported with Rage, that forgetting the Injury he had offered *Telemachus*, and having the Author of his Death before my Eyes. In the first Fury of my Resentment, struck him to the Heart, and sent him to receive Sentence at that Bar, whither in the midst of their Sins he had sent these unfortunate Lovers; by this Time the House was surrounded by the Officers of Justice, who finding there no Criminal but myself, hurried me hither, where I have endured Life now five Years. To this lamentable Spectacle of my departed Friend, refers that Picture, and those Lines addressed as it were to *Aurelius*.

*To thee, alas! with aking Heart my Friend.
The breathless Pallas bleeding Corpse I send.*

My Labours and my Grief are depicted in the Representation of *Sisipheus* and *Titius*, and in some Measure expressed in Words by those Lines of *Ovid*.

Oh!

*Oh! how wretched 'tis to live,
When from us all Comforts fly,
And when Death would comfort give,
Oh! how wretched not to die.*

I HAVE endeavoured also to mark the universal Grief of all Degrees of People, for *Mireno* by the Story of *Orpheus*, thus interpreted in Words.

*His Hapless Fate, now weltring in his Gore,
The senseless Woods and savage Beasts deplore.*

HERE with incessant Tears let me put an End to this melancholy Story, to which I have nothing to add, unless you will please to hear the Lines I made for the Tomb of *Lucretia*.

*Lucretia lovely luckless Dame lies here, (fair?
Than Rome's less chaste, but oh! how much more
No brutal Tarquin in her Fall had Part,
But Love! almighty Love! subdu'd her Heart.
Love caus'd her Death, oh! do not then refuse,
To let that Death her Lawless Love excuse.*

THE Prison of the *Pilgrim*, though it held him a considerable Space, did not seem so lonesome, or troublesome to him as any other Place would have done, because the Conversation of *Everard*, that was the Name of the Knight, helped to pass the Time away.

AT length, however, after all Solicitations and Defences which the *Pilgrim* could make had proved vain, an Accident procured him the Restoration

both of Fame and Liberty. *Doricleus* obtained his Pardon, and on his Return to *Barcelona*, it was made evident, that the *Pilgrim* was none of his Associate, nor had any Ways deserved the Misfortunes he had met with.

Thus an idle Curiosity, excited by the shrieking Voice of a Fisherboy, brought this poor Man a Musket Shot in his Arm, a narrow Escape from Hanging, and three full Months Imprisonment, in a Place, where but for the Company and Consolation of *Everard*, his Misfortunes must have ended in a miserable Death. His Discharge thus procured, the Knight and he parted after a thousand Embraces, and after he had equipped him whether he would or no with a little Money, which Ceremonies over, the *Pilgrim* resolved for *Montserrat*, and I to put an End here to the FIRST BOOK of this HISTORY.



T H E



THE
PILGRIM:

Or the ADVENTURES of

PAMPHILUS *and* NISA.

A *Spanish* HISTORY.

BOOK II.



AS the *Pilgrim* went up the Holy Mount of *Montserrat*, through a narrow Road, darkened with the leafy Branches of innumerable Trees, he turned his Head at hearing a little Noise behind him, and on turning it beheld two young Men, each with a *Pilgrim's* Staff, the Fairness of whose Complexion, and the Blackness of whose Hair, plainly shewed that they were

were *Germans*, or at least *Flemings*; he saluted them, and the Pleasure he received of joining with so good Company, put an End to the melancholy Reflections which Solitude had raised in his Mind. The three *Pilgrims* therefore continuing their Journey together, they diverted themselves with Discourses of several Kinds, and shortened the Way by taking off their Thoughts from its Tedioufness, when they beheld from afar, the Church of the Blessed Virgin, they quickened their Pace, and encouraged each other to reach the sacred Dome, before the sable Curtain of Night was drawn over the World.

THIS Labour with much ado they atchieved, and entering the Holy Chapel, they with Tears of Compunction prostrated themselves on the Pavement, and most humbly entreated of God the Pardon of their Sins. The next Day they went to take a View of all the Holy Hermitages in the Mountain, hoping to edify themselves by the agreeable Conversation of the devout Men residing in them, who for the Sake of devoting themselves to Prayer and Contemplation, had abandoned the World to dwell in this lonely Rock.

SIX of these Hermitages they visited, without meeting with any Thing extraordinary or worthy of our Relation; in the Seventh they found a young Man, whose long Hair, settled Aspect, and grave Deportment, rendered him as venerable as if old Age had shed its Hoar upon his Locks: He with much Civility persuaded them to stay Dinner, during which, he entertained them so agreeably, and conversed with them afterwards with such Frankness, that at length emboldened by his Condescension, the
Pilgrims

Pilgrims unanimously joined in requesting him to give them an Account of the Motives of his Retreat, to which, with much Intreaty, he assented.



The HISTORY of AURELIA.



IF I were inclined, said he, to entertain you with Discourses proper to inspire a Contempt of the World, I could furnish a considerable Number from my own Observations, but none more capable of effecting that End, than that of my Youth, which has been indeed a continued Scene of Mishaps; I will give you, therefore, my Story written by Misfortune, on the Table of my Memory, being sensible that it can do no Hurt, and may possibly be of some Use to you.

THAT short Tyranny of Nature, that Snare of human Souls, that delusive Prison of our Senses, *Beauty*, which Heaven seems to have bestowed on Women on Purpose for our Destruction, charmed me so much in my younger Days, that I never thought myself easy, or conceived that I could be happy, if at a Distance from that Object which to me appeared the brightest and most perfect in this Kind.

THE

THE Name of this Sovereign of my Heart was *Aurelia*, a Lady of that Tribe which makes so considerable a Figure in the Comedies of *Plautus* and *Terence*; a Lady, lovely in her Person, exquisitely accomplished, and not at all troubled with Constraint; a Lady, in short, who was the very Flower of Courtisans; who, instead of leaving to me the Plague of Flattery, and of inventing kind and fine Things to say to her, received me always with open Arms, covered me with Caresses, and so ensnared me with her Blandishments, that I conceived myself in Paradise, seeing that though I spent not much upon her, I was prefer'd to all her Admirers, and better treated than those, who made her far richer Presents than I.

THESE Visits, however agreeable they might be to *Aurelia*, were detestable to her Servants; they were perfectly well apprized of the Value of Money, and therefore thought all Love thrown away, which did not produce them somewhat of this Commodity; from the Beginning they looked a-skew, and the more Marks their Mistress gave me of her Favour, the more visible Testimonies they shewed me of their Contempt; nor was their Apprehensions altogether without Cause; *Aurelia* by Degrees abandoned herself wholly to me, and we became the fondest and foolishlest Couple, that perhaps were ever seen; the House seemed too strait a Place for our Love, we were therefore continually walking about in the Fields, breathing our amorous Vows under the verdant Covering of the Groves, and confiding all the Madness of our Passion to the Fountains, the Beasts, and the Woods. You are not, however, to imagine that this Amour cost me
nothing,

nothing, on the contrary, it exhausted every Thing I had or could procure; but my Estate being small, it was by no Means in my Power to sacrifice so largely to my *Venus*, as others had done; and therefore, that she distinguished me from the rest, was evidently a Mark of Inclination, and not the Effect of Interest.

WE lived and loved five Years in this unaccountable Manner, and in this Space sufficient for another Man to have gone many Times round the Globe: I found that measuring no greater Distance than from her House to mine, I had wasted the last Penny of my Fortune; a woeful Discovery you'll agree, but this I accounted but the Beginning of my Misfortunes, because on the Heels of this followed another Mischief: I found that my Passion was as strong as at the Beginning, whereas hers was now so much decay'd, that she listened to the Entreaties of her Servants, and received Addresses which were like to be more beneficial than mine,

ONE Evening, as I was lying on my Bed, I began to fancy that I had discovered one of her Amours, nay, it ran strongly in my Head, that her new Lover was with her at that Instant; the Thought immediately roused me, I without more ado, ran to discover whether my Apprehensions were just, and too just indeed they were. *Felicianus*, that was the Chevalier's Name, was in Bed with my perfidious Mistress; I knocked at the Door a long Time, without receiving any Answer; at length some Servants from the Top of the House, called out to inform me, that it was too late to think of Admittance, that their Mistress was gone
to

to her Rest and they too; this Reply provoked me the more, I cried out over and over again, that it was in vain to treat me in this Manner, I would have Admittance, and in short, I made such a Noise, that it reached the Ears of *Aurelia* and her Paramour. *Felicianus* thought it become him to make a Display of his Valour on this Occasion, and therefore he pretended to dress himself, alledging that he would go down Stairs to the Street Door, and with the Sight of himself and his Sword, fright me into Silence. *Aurelia* pretended a mighty Concern for him, and with her Arms and her Words, fought to keep him, which to be sure was no mighty Difficulty in her Chamber; though the true Sense of her Concern was, that if either of us received any Injury, the Vengeance of the Law would reach her, and this made her so studious to preserve both her old Lover, and her New.

AURELIA according to her wonted Custom of persuading as often as she spoke, prevailed on her deluded Lover in the Pickle he was in, with his Cloaths half off and half on, to retire to a Garret in the Top of the House, telling him, that as I was to be her Husband, a Discovery of their Amour might possibly prevent it. By this Fetch in the coldest Season of the Year, she drove the young Gentleman into a Place exposed to all the Inclemency of the Weather, to give me that Part of the Bed which he had occupied before, and I with no less Folly lay down without Suspicion, in a Place which my Rival had left yet warm.

INSTEAD of reproaching her I carressed her, begged Pardon for my Jealousy, acknowledged how
ill

ill it was founded, and promised never to trouble her with it more.

AURORA ushered in the Morning, the Sun dispelled that Darkness, which constitutes the Reign of Night; but alas! neither *Aurora* nor the Sun penetrated the Darkness of my Mind, or disclosed to me the Cheats of my faithless Mistress, Light or no Light was the same Thing to me, for the Blindness of Love is a Kind of *Gutta Serena*, seldom cured. I rose contented, and though I came in later, yet I went away earlier than *Feliciano*.

THERE was a Lady one *Menandra*, with whom the Gentleman I mentioned was extravagantly in Love, till he saw my perfidious Mistress, she growing of a sudden excessively jealous, watched his Motions so closely, that she perfectly penetrated that Intrigue which I had only suspected; she upbraided him with it, and especially reproached him with his Simplicity, in believing I ever intended to marry her, and in Consequence thereof, yielding his Place in her Bed to me; she did this in Terms so sharp, that *Feliciano* could not help answering her; and in order to convince her of her Mistake, in believing that *Aurelia* preferred me to him, produced a Key, by which I was wont to enter her House, and which pretending she had lost it, she had stolen and given to him.

MENANDRA, like a true Woman, desirous of carrying her Resentment to the very last Pitch, communicated all this to me, and offered to procure for me the very Key, but I did not accept it, that he had it, satisfied me sufficiently of her
her

her Falshood; wherefore I contented my self with pretending to be excessively enamour'd of *Menandra*, and she to be revenged of her Lover, received me with great Complaisance. This had the Effect that might be expected, Opposition rekindled both in *Aurelia* and in *Feliciano*, their former Loves, the former pursued me like a Ghost, the latter was now indeed fond of Fighting, but a new Turn of Thought having possessed my Head, I shunn'd both, and after maturely weighing the Folly of my former Proceedings, the Infamy I brought upon myself, and the miserable State of my Affairs, I determined to cover all with a Religious Habit, and to extinguish sensual Love, by applying myself to the Study of divine Things.

HAPPY had it been for me, if with the same Constancy I manifested at the Beginning I had persevered in my Design, but alas! before the Year of my Noviciate expired, the Flame of my Piety was extinguished in the midst of Holy Images, Altars, Masses, and Relicks, Love again invaded me, I fancied to myself that *Aurelia* was excessively concerned.

I tormented my self with this Thought till I consented to see her, and that destroyed me at once; she prevailed on me to quit the Convent, and to live with her as I had done formerly, which made both her and me so scandalous, that neither of our Friends or our Relations would look upon us; we were not so blind as to disregard the evident Tokens of Disrespect we met with; we therefore determined to leave our Native Country, and to travel together, which Resolution, as it was neither wise nor good,
was

was executed with the same Chearfulness with which it was taken. We sailed together over to *Italy*, where I first served his Catholick Majesty, and then the Duke of *Savoy*; after this we resided some Time at *Naples*, at last weary of Travelling as well as staying at Home, we re-imbarked for *Spain*, but in our Return, the Vessel was encountered with such a violent Storm, as scarce left us any Grounds of Hope; then it was that both *Aurelia* and I began seriously to deplore the Miseries we had brought upon ourselves, and to lament the Follies of our mispent Lives; which serious Thoughts induced us to vow, that if Heaven delivered us from the great Peril we were in, we would not fail both the one and the other to embrace a religious Life; in Consequence of this Vow, *Aurelia* entered into the Monastery of the Conception, and I after having passed some Years of Probation, had the Hermitage you see assigned me in this Place.

THIRISIS, that was the Name of the Hermit, joined to the kind Entertainment, and the pretty Recital he had made them of his Adventures, the Kindness of allowing them to rest during the excessive Heat of the Day in his Hermitage, when it was Evening they went down the Hill to take up their Lodging in the Town, discoursing as they went of the Story they had heard, each expressing his Sentiments of the Lady and her two Lovers.

Thus they passed away the Time till it was Night, and then laid down to rest, resolving the next Day to visit the Hermitage of St. *Jerome*,
which

which stands on the very Summit of the Hill ; but 'ere the Morning Light refreshed the weary Inhabitants of the Earth with its sweet Beams, a melancholly Accident o'er took our Pilgrims ; a very pretty young Maid who lived at the Inn, had run away the Evening before, and as the *German* Pilgrims were remarkably handsome, it was immediately conceived, that either she had fallen in Love with them, or that they had seduced her ; this, according to the vulgar Notions of the *Spaniards*, was easily believed ; for they have given to every Nation in *Europe* almost its Epithet, according to which they never fail to judge of its Inhabitants : The *Northern* Nations they stile Cruel, the *Italians* Noble, the *French* Religious, Industry makes the Character of the *Fleming*, the *Turks* they stile Lascivious, the *Burgundians* Furies, the *Britons* Obstinate, the *Lorrainers* Gentle, the *Spaniards* Proud, and the *Germans* Handsome.

THIS was the Reason they came to search the House where our Pilgrims were ; the poor Men though innocent, were extreamly astonished ; the *Germans*, however, yielded themselves Prisoners ; but our *Castillian* remembring his long Imprisonment in *Barcelona*, and believing that Innocence without Money was no very good Commodity, even in a Court of Justice, took his Pilgrim's Staff and reasoned therewith so warmly with the Officers, that he left two of them on the Spot so wounded, that they could not stand, and disengaged himself from the rest.

AFTER this Exploit our *Pilgrim* travelled apace, till he arrived at a little Hill between *Tortosa* and

and *Chatillon*, not far from the Sea, and on the Borders of the Kingdom of *Valencia*. He knew well enough that in the Neighbourhood of this Place, the *Algerines* were sometimes wont to come ashore, and hiding themselves in the adjacent Marshes, sallied from thence under the Command of certain *Renegades*, to trouble the Repose of the Inhabitants, and lay waste the Country.

THIS he knew, and yet having sought out a covered Place, he threw himself on the Grass, and sought to rest here; for Fear, when it rises to Despair, loses its Nature, and like all Extreams, becomes quite another Thing. Courageous then from this Principle, the *Pilgrim* put himself in a Posture of Sleeping, but Care would not give him Leave to sleep; he revolved a Thousand Times in his Mind the cruel Parting which the haughty Rage of *Doricleus* had caused between him and the sole Object of his Desires; he turned and sighed, and sighed and turned and wept, and felt that variety of Wretchedness, which distracts a hapless Lover; but on a sudden his Thoughts were called off to attend to certain Voices, which were very near him, and to which when he listened, he easily perceived that he had fallen into the midst of a Crew of *Moors*, who were diverting themselves with Stories of former Robberies, till their Guide was arrived, who should conduct them to new.

AMAZED at his ill Fortune, the *Pilgrim* knew not what to do, he could scarce form a Hope of escaping, and to lie still was to abandon himself to certain Death; creeping therefore on his Hands and Knees, he essay'd with as little Noise as he was able,

able, to gain the Summit of the Hill, which when he had done, he cried out as loud as he was able, *Hither! hither! my brave Knights, here are the Moors, this is our Day! Let a hundred Horse surround the Bottom of the Hill!* It is impossible to express the Satisfaction of his Heart, when as he pronounced these Words, he heard the *Moors* plunge themselves into the Water, in order to recover their Shallop, which then, they rowed with all their Might back to their Ship. This happy Success set him free from Danger, and left him at Liberty in the Silence of the Night, to contemplate his good Fortune, and the Kindness of Providence.

IN the midst of the Reverie he was surprized by a faint Voice, which twice or thrice repeated these Words, *Noble Knight, have the Goodness to deliver me:* He following as well as he could the Sound of the Voice, came at last to a Tree, where he found a Person bound, whom he immediately set at Liberty; asking the Stranger his Name, he made no direct Answer, but contented himself with saying that he was a *Catalan* Knight, going to *Valencia*, and who in his Road thither, had been taken and stripped by these *Algerine* Pirates, after having his two Valets slain at his Feet.

MAUGRE the Darkness, they continued travelling together towards *Almenara*, amusing themselves as they walked with a thousand Philosophic Observations and judicious Reflections on the Vicissitudes of human Life; but what Tongue can express the Surprise which the Day brought to our Travellers, when to the Knight it discovered the *Pilgrim*, and to the *Pilgrim* shewed his Companion

to

to be the same *Everard* who had so kindly entertained him in the Prison of *Barcelona*; upon which they embraced each other with that cordial Affection which usually attends a Friendship in Distress.

THE *Pilgrim* began immediately to enquire by what good Hap he was delivered from the melancholly Place where he left him. Really (reply'd *Everard*) to answer you sincerely, my Philosophy would support me no longer; I grew so very weary of a Prison, that I entreated my Friends to deliver me at any Rate, and they in Compliance with these Sollicitations, assisted me in forcing the Prison, and escaping from thence: Prudence made me take Post from *Barcelona*, that I might be out of Reach of the Officers of *Catalonia*; that once accomplished, I took Time to consider of my Affairs. At first, I thought of quitting my native Soil and retiring to *Italy*, but remembring that I had many Friends at Court, I at length resolved to trust my Cause with them, hoping that the Circumstances attending it, might procure Favour; with this View was I upon the Road, but unluckily was surprized by the *Algerines* you frighted from hence, who killed my two Servants, and bound me in that cruel Manner from which you relieved me.

THE poor *Pilgrim* continued all this while to sigh and to shew great Signs of Trouble and Uneasiness, at last with a kind of Hesitation in his Voice, My dear Friend, said he, are you acquainted with *Doriclus*? Yes, returned *Everard*, I am, he is my near Relation. Well, reply'd the *Pilgrim*, I am in a great Concern for a young Man he has in his House.

EVERARD instantly recollecting the Story the *Pilgrim* had told him of his own Life, in which he had concealed, however, all the Names, bethought himself the young Man he now enquired after, might very possibly be his Mistress in Disguise, for whose Loss he was so much affected; he took therefore great Pains to satisfy his Friend that he was perfectly acquainted with all the Servants that were about *Doriclaus*, and that amongst them, there was not one who was a *Castilian*.

THE *Pilgrim* still continued uneasy, and held on the Way in deep Silence, till they arrived at last at the antient *Morviedro*, where there are the noblest Remains of *Roman* Antiquities, that are any where found in *Spain*; thence they passed on to the City of *Valencia*, entering it by the Royal Bridge over the *Duero*, which the *Moors* called *Guadalavar*, and passing by the celebrated Tower of *Serranos*, went to lodge at the House of a Knight, who was the Friend and Relation of *Everard*, there they passed the Evening in agreeable Stories and Relations, and the next Morning when the Sun with golden Rays revisited and revived the Earth, *Everard* went on his Journey, though he took Leave of the *Pilgrim* with great Uneasiness and Concern.

FOR some Days our Stranger wand'red up and down the City, amusing his Grief with the View of fine Churches and other Edifices; at last he went to see the Hospital for Ideots, and such as were by Lunacy deprived of their Senses. There he staid till these poor Pensioners went to Dinner; but guess
Reader

Reader at his Surprize, when amongst these piteous Objects, casting his Eyes on One whose Hair was lighter and longer than is usually worn in *Spain*, he perceived it to be his Mistress, whose Loss he so much lamented; it troubled him when he considered the Condition she was in, and it afflicted him still more, when he reflected that by reason of her Condition she might not remember him; approaching as near as he could to them, he asked her in a soft Voice, Fair One dost thou know me? she looking on him trembling, and with Eyes bathed in Tears, answered faintly, and with a low Voice, yes, *Pilgrim* I do. Alas! said he, after a considerable Interval of Silence, how comes it to pass that I find you here? Believing, returned she, that you had suffered that Death to which you were devoted by the cruel Commands of the Captain, my Affliction deprived me of my Senses, to which seeing you I feel that I am restored. O Heavens! replied he, I little suspected this, knowing with how much Constancy you have sustained the most outrageous Injuries of Fortune. I could now almost hate my self when I consider that I have been the Cause of such an Injury to you. Hate neither your self nor me, returned she, we may hope that Providence will in Time afford us happier Days and calmer Seasons.

WHILE they were thus discoursing, came the Keeper, and in an angry Tone summoned *Nisa*, (that was the Lady's Name) away. Pray withdraw, said he, I see the Patient begins to grow Mad; those Gestures answered *Pamphilus*, so was our *Pilgrim* call'd, are not the Effects of Fury, I am his Relation, and was acquainted with his Wife. I don't care, said the Fellow, who you are, nor
D who

who you are acquainted with, this is no Place for Visits or Conversations; this Man I know to be Mad, and that he is always modest when he talks of this same Wife of his, and therefore Sir get you out. But if I make him quiet, added *Pamphilus*, will not that convince you; yes, you are likely to make him quiet (quoth the Man) when he calls you Spouse, and takes you for a Woman, so without more ado, he tied *Nisa's* Hands and put her into her Cell.

PAMPHILUS was almost distracted at the Sight, and when he found they would permit him to see her no more, giving somewhat of a Loose to his Passion, the Keepers, with the Assistance of such of the Patients as were a little recovered from their Disorders, beat him heartily, and turned him out of Doors.

It was now Evening when *Pamphilus* recovering from a Swoon, into which his Wounds and his Grief had thrown him, found himself in the Arms of a young Man who wept over him, and endeavoured to bring him to himself; alas! alas! said the *Pilgrim*, where am I! where am I! You are, answered the young Man, at the Door of the Hospital for Lunatics; and why, rejoined *Pamphilus*, am I not within; because returned the young Man, your Malady seems rather to be in your Body than your Mind. You judge by the Face only, added *Pamphilus*, but if you were to penetrate my Heart, you would find that the Source of my Uneasiness is seated in my Mind. Well returned the Youth, that may be, but since you know your Malady, you are not fit for that Place, since
such

such are as therein deny their Indisposition; fit or unfit, said *Pamphilus*, I ought to be there, since if I am any where else, I shall never enjoy Ease. You can have no Distemper said the Stranger, which hath not its Cure; Love, quoth the *Pilgrim* sighing, is Proof against the Power of Herbs and the Skill of Physick; why, continued the Youth? will not Marriage cure Love? alas! added the *Pilgrim*, if it would hitherto, it has not been in my Power, and now it seems as if it would never be so; sometimes I have suffered my self to be flatter'd with Hopes, but alas! I now feel that Hope is what *Plato* call'd it, *The Dream of Men awake*. It seems cried the young Man, that as Love is the Source of your Care, it is also the Cause of your Pilgrimage; it is, said *Pamphilus*, and from thence you may guess how unfortunate I am, and how desperate my Case. Desperate indeed, returned his Companion, yet not more so than mine; than yours, cried *Pamphilus*, why do you Love? and are you from thence unhappy? yes, replied he, I am as you are, a Lover! a Pilgrim! a Stranger! a Man outrageously injured by Fortune, and who, according to your Doctrine, therefore ought to despair; that would be strange, returned *Pamphilus*, for in all my Travels I have never hitherto met a Man who had equal Occasion with me to reproach his Destiny. A Christian said the Youth, attributes nothing to Destiny, and therefore never repines at it.

THE Heathens indeed fancied that there were Sisters, who at the Birth of an Infant, gave a Bias to his Fortune; but with us such Stories deserve Contempt, rather than Credit; I know very well,


replied *Pamphilus*, that the Poets attributed such Things to the Sisters, and that the *Stoic* Philosophers again affirmed that Fate depended on a Chain of second Causes, which Mortals had no Power to alter; we are better Instructed, and from thence understand, that there are neither Sisters nor Fate arising from second Causes, but that all Things depend on divine Providence; yet since the Terms of heathen Theology are common, a Christian may make use of them without Injury to his Faith; that is true, returned the Youth, and I perceive by your Discourse, that I was not mistaken when even in the Condition I found you; I surmised that you were no common Person, your Look shews that you are a Person of Quality, and your Speech, that you are a Man of Learning.

I AM obliged to you, return'd the Pilgrim, by your kind Opinion, but I should think it a stronger Proof if you would communicate to me the Story of those Ills you have sustained. Most readily, replied the young Man, you who have suffered the like Injuries seem to have a right to be acquainted with them, and therefore without Disguise, I will inform you of my Name, my Quality, and my Misfortunes; Grievs like Pleasures should be shared when ever we meet with Men who are worthy of partaking them, thus then without Ceremony let me begin,

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*The HISTORY of PAMPHILUS
and CELIUS.*

HE City of *Toledo*, in the Heart of *Spain*, strong by Situation, noble from its Antiquity, illustrious for preserving the Faith from the Time of the *Goths*, renowned for Letters, and celebrated for having a sweet Climate, and a fertile Soil environed by the famous *Tajo*, which is in itself environed with a high and yet an agreeable Mountain, was my Parents Country and my own; my Ancestors indeed were of that Part of the Principality of *Asturias*, which is called *Santillana*, an ancient Title belonging to the House of *Mendoza*, there I was bred up in my younger Years, but when my Parents found that my Parts were such as required a proper Cultivation, they immediately sent me to the University of *Salamanca*, where having attained a Proficiency in the *Latin* Tongue, I next applied myself to the Study of the Law; but before I proceed further, it will be necessary to me to give you some Account of another Person's Adventures, upon which mine do most unaccountable depend. My Father had besides me, two Children, a Son named *Lysardus*, who attained to no small Reputation in the Service of the Archduke *Albert*, in the
Low

Low Countries, and a most beautiful Daughter whose Name was *Nisa*, who lived with a Reputation which suited the Dignity of her Birth, and the Care with which she was brought up by her Parents.

AT this Discourse *Pamphilus* began to fetch heavy Sighs, and to cover his Face with his Hands, of which when the young Man who was speaking demanded the Reason; I am, said he, so overcome with the Remembrance of those Misfortunes, which threw me into the sad Condition wherein you found me, that I find myself ready to sink again into a senseless State of Grief. *Pamphilus* was constrained to say this, to hinder the young *Toledan* from penetrating the true Cause of his Uneasiness, which was no other than that he found him about to enter upon the proper History of his own Adventures. If, said the young Man, your Concern is of such a Nature that you cannot call it off so far as to attend another's Story, I will leave off, just as I began; since I well know there cannot be a more tedious Thing than to proceed in a Narration to a Person unattentive. I beseech you to proceed, continued *Pamphilus*, for I have great Hopes that the Story of your Misfortunes will in some Measure soften that Sense I have of my own. I was telling you then, continued he, that there was a certain noble Gentleman of *Madrid*, who was my Father's intimate Friend, their Acquaintance commenced in the War of *Grenada*, Time strength'ned it, and a Kind of Brotherly Love was sealed in their sharing together in the Glory and Danger of the Battle of *Lepanto*. In Time of Peace they contrived the settling of their Estates and Fortune, for their mutual Benefit; where -

wherefore they treated of a Marriage between my beauteous Sister *Nisa*, and the Son of this Cavalier, a very deserving young Gentleman, whose Name was *Pamphilus*. But the Gentleman dying before the Matter was thoroughly concluded, my Father proceeded in it no farther. But *Pamphilus* it seems, having heard some Rumour of my Sisters Beauty, and having that confirmed to him by the Sight of her Picture, he began to grow excessively enamoured of a Woman he had never seen, a Passion in Pursuit of which he did a Thing the like was never heard, a Thing which were it otherwise possible, might serve to persuade one that Fate and Destiny are not mere Terms of Discourse.

He intreated Leave of his Mother to go and serve in *Flanders*, and she having equipped him with all Things that were convenient for a Gentleman of his Birth, he set out as every Body apprehended in order to accomplish his Design. But alas! nothing less was in his Mind, he had no Inclination to serve under any other Captain than *Cupid*, wherefore having properly disposed of his Valets, and given them Instructions, he came in a plain Habit to my Fathers, who struck with his genteel Presence, and the easiness of his Address, readily received him for a Servant. Never did Man conceive a stranger Design than this, nor was ever any Design executed with such amazing Facility. He deceived us all, and though every one admired his excellent Qualities, yet no body suspected that he was of a higher Descent, or better Family than became his Condition; and as he affected a deep Silence on this Head, so no body pretended to enquire who, or what he was.

THE first Thing he sought, after he came within our Doors was, to render himself agreeable to *Nisa*, and as there is no Guard against the Domestic Enemy, so by continual Affiduities and a Diligence so dissembled, as not to be at all distrusted, he effected what in a great Measure he aimed at, and we too late perceived, that like the simple *Greeks*, we had received with Joy the *Trojan Horse*, which was to set our Dwelling in a Flame.

WHEN *Pamphilus* saw that what he aimed at, began in some Measure to take Place, he pretended to be Sick, or else the Hurry of his Cogitations threw such a Fever on his Spirits, as made him really out of Order; however it was, my Parents, who by this Time grew as fond of him as if he had been their own Son, sent for Physicians, and spared no Cost for the Recovery of his Health.

THE Physicians attended him but a small Time, before they declared that his Case was out of the reach of Physick, that he was profoundly Melancholly, and that the only Remedy which they could advise, was the Use of Musick; as if Musick, because it chas'd away and dislodged the Evil Spirit when it seized on *Saul*, could disperse Care in the Mind, when conceived perhaps through violent Desire.

TRUE, interrupted *Pamphilus*, what could be more wisely advised, perhaps Men in Love are indeed under the influence of some evil Spirit, for evil Spirits love silent and melancholly Places, and Love introduces Silence, and Melancholly as it's
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Companion into every Bosom where it is admitted. But pray Sir proceed, methinks I long to hear the Issue of this Business. Why, my Friend, continued the young Man, my Sister being extremely well skilled in playing on the Lute, my Parents directed her to make use of its Musick, to soften the Care of their sick Valet; and she who was her self not a little concerned for his Illness, readily complied.

To his Apartment therefore went the lovely Maid with her Lute in her Hand, and sung there a Ditty of her own composing; but he far from lifting up his Eyes, or shewing any Signs of Ease, wept without ceasing, and seemed to be infinitely more affected while she play'd, than he had ever been before. Alas! said *Nisa*, seeing him in this Condition, Musick which relieves others, serves only to augment your Malady, let me not therefore enhance that Misery which I came to cure. Fair One, returned *Pamphilus*, nothing eases my Care so much as Musick, no Musick could so much as yours, no not the Musick of the Spheres if there were really any such Thing; but I despair of Remedy, because I desire it not, contenting my self with continually bending my Thoughts to the Contemplation of that Beauty who caused this Care, I wish not to have removed. Pray, said *Nisa*, what Care is that which you desire not to remove? It is a Care, said *Pamphilus*, which while it pains, pleases me, because I know that I suffer from the Rays of the most perfect Beauty in the World. That Freedom with which we have hitherto lived, replied the Lady, gives me a Right of enquiring what this Disease is, under which you Labour, neither am I much at a Loss to find it out; what you have told

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me, makes me guess that it is Love, and I hold my self greatly obliged to you for revealing to me what you concealed from the Physicians; but I conjure you by that Kindness, which I have already shewn you, since you have lived in our Family, that you tell me, whether I know her whom you Love, and whether I can be of any Use to you; for the Tears which you have shed, make me pity you from my Heart. Ah! lovely *Nisa*! cried out *Pamphilus*, your Pity is all the Relief I can have, my Care depends on no Hand but yours, for the Author of my Sorrows is as well known to you as yourself.

THE *Pilgrim* at this, could not help interrupting *Celius*, in order to enquire of him how he came to be so perfectly acquainted with this Business, as to know not only Matters of Fact, but the very Words which passed between *Pamphilus* and his Sister, being himself all this Time at *Salamanca*. As to that, said *Celius*, let it not trouble you, neither distrust the Fidelity of my Narration from this seeming Inconsistency, *Pamphilus* himself put all I have told you into Writing, and left it in the Hands of a Friend, from whom I received those Lights which were necessary to set forth this Matter as I have done. I am perfectly satisfied, returned our *Pilgrim*, please Sir to go on.

THE rising Colour in *Nisa's* Face, continued *Celius*, discovered clearly, that she was not without some Apprehension of what *Pamphilus* had said, though she did not perfectly understand it. She feigned however to be quite at a Loss, and seemed to be more in the Dark than ever, she therefore pressed *Pamphilus* to tell her the Name of her who
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was the Cause of his deep Sorrow and Confusion of Mind. Alas! fair Lady, returned he, I am not at Liberty to mention her Name, who is the Cause of all my Grief, but I can shew you her Picture, the Picture of her, for whose Sake, though I am noble by my Family, I have quitted my own House to serve here, since the Death of a Father whose Life would have made me Happy.

AT these Words, he presented her the Picture drawn by the Masterly Hand of *Philip de Liano*, the greatest Artist of our Time, never was any Thing more like or more beautiful. *Nisa* looking upon it with a disdainful Smile, said, she knew it not. I know then said *Pamphilus*, though I knew it not till now, why the old Philosophers made the Knowledge of one's self such an extraordinary Mystery; but stay, Madam, I have another Picture of her with which perhaps you may be better acquainted; saying this, he presented her with an Ebony Talbet, enclosing a small but excellent Mirror. *Nisa* having looked upon it, threw it back to him, and rising to go out of the Room, said, thy Boldness shall cost thee thy Life; can I then Madam replied *Pamphilus*, derive my Death from a brighter Cause than your Beauty?

SHE answered well, interrupted the *Pilgrim*, if she performed what she said. She performed it so ill said *Celius*, that in a few Days she was more in Love than he; that is strange, returned *Pamphilus*, considering the fierceness of her Answer. Do you wonder at that, returned *Celius*? Women first consult with Shame, and afterwards with the weakness of their Temper. I should rather have thought,

said the *Pilgrim*, that some Charm or other had wrought this Effect. Charm! what Charm, said *Celius*? there is more Witchcraft in Love than in Hell, and more Danger from a Man really stung with that Passion, than from all the Sorcerers in *Spain* besides; how should a young Cavalier, well made in his Person, a Man of Wit, genteel Education, and great Accomplishments fall into such Notions. *Pamphilus* loved my Sister, which has proved fatal to our House, what then? *Pamphilus* was a generous Gentleman, and far be it from me to load him with Calumny. But to proceed in my Story.

A MOST extraordinary Accident drew on our Lovers a Scene of Misfortunes scarce to be paralleled, I may call it extraordinary, because I am positive nothing like it was ever Recorded. A flying Report of *Pamphilus's* Return from *Flanders* having reached my Father's Ear, he immediately wrote to that young Gentleman's Mother, to congratulate her thereon, and to assure her that the Death of his Friend had made no Alteration in his Resolution, of disposing of his Daughter to her Son, whom he questioned not when he should see, he should find a most accomplish'd Knight. At the same Time, he informed my Sister that she must prepare herself for a speedy Marriage, without telling her to whom, farther than that he was a young Soldier just returned from *Flanders*, who would shortly arrive from *Madrid*.

THE quickness of this Accident, made *Nisa* feel the Vehemence of her Passion sooner perhaps than she would otherwise have done. She went immediately

diately to inform *Pamphilus* of their common Misfortune, and thereby gave him to understand, that her Passion was no ways inferior to his. This News had well nigh deprived him of his Senses, he grew so outrageously jealous of himself, having not the least Suspicion that the Cavalier mentioned by my Father could be him, that he burst into a Torrent of Sighs and Tears, which threatned to put a Period at once to his Understanding and Life. *Nisa* gave him some Relief by her kind Looks and Sympathizing Tears, from whence he at length recovered Strength enough to declare, that he would instantly quit the House, that he might not be Witness to his own inevitable Destruction. *Nisa* at these Words threw herself upon her Knees at his Feet, swear to me, said she, that thou wilt never make any Attempt upon my Honour, and I will never separate my self from thee, or from thy Fortunes. *Pamphilus* readily swore, and thereupon they agreed to abandon my Father's House, and to trust them to the worst of all Guides, a blind and furious Passion.

THIS mad Resolution once taken, both Parties were alike impatient to put it in Execution, they therefore chose the first dark Night which offered, and without reflecting at all on the mighty Hazards they were about to run. They caused themselves to be conveyed down the River, and so were quickly out of Reach: Hitherto I have pursued *Pamphilus's* Memoirs, of this Business which he wrote from *Valencia* to a Friend of his at *Sarragossa*. Hence forward I am to speak to you of my Affairs, but as I have digressed from them so long, I will make you amends by treating them very briefly.

briefly. In the mean Time I doubt not but you will own that I had Reason to exprefs myself in the Manner I did, concerning the Flight of *Pamphilus* and my Sister, for what more whimsical Adventure ever happened, than for a Man to fly for Fear of himself, for a Woman to run away with her Lover, to escape from another Lover who was yet the same, and for them both to rush into Misfortunes to avoid what they sought, and to seek what they were avoiding; in a Word, to dare all Things to escape Felicity, and to brave every Danger that they might be wretched. Such my dear Friend are the Consequences of forgetting Duty, and despising Providence to follow youthful Inclinations, and those Desires which are the Effect of Indiscretion and warm Blood.

My Father on Account of this Accident in his Family, recalled me from *Salamanca*, and at my Return, I found all our House in Tears for the Loss of my Sister. My Father, who was pierced to the Heart with this Misfortune, enjoined me in Terms at once, the most tender and the most strict, that I would never cease thinking of restoring to him his Daughter, and wiping off this Stain from our Family. To this I swore with all the Duty and Fidelity of a Son, and in order to fulfill my Oath, set out immediately for *Madrid*, not doubting but that I should there hear some News of this Enemy to our House.

I fought with all the Industry that Man could do, but never Industry availed so little, I could hear no News of *Pamphilus*, nor did any Body pretend to direct me where I might hear News. Stung with
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these Disappointments, I determin'd at length with my self to go to his Mother's House, taking for granted that there I should without Question learn the Place of his Residence. At the House of this Widow, I disssembled my Intentions, and made the strictest inquiry I could under the semblance of a Friend; but to no End, she assured me that since the going of her Son into *Flanders*, which happened two Years before, she had received no News from him, and therefore imagined he was dead.

THIS kept me some Moments in Suspence, and hindered me from being able to speak, but I was quickly awaked from this Reverie, by a Glance from a young Lady's Eyes who was working at her Mother's Side. She appeared so amiable in my Sight, that I could not help adoring her, and from that very Moment I bent all my Thoughts to the withdrawing her from her Mother's House, which seem'd to me the best beginning of Revenge which I could possibly take upon this Family.

It would employ a great deal of Time, and occasion a prodigious waste of Words, should I attempt to give you a circumstantial Account of all the Arts I put in Practice to accomplish my Design, let it suffice then, that I acquaint you with the Conclusion thereof, which was entirely to my wish; the young Lady yielded to my Intreaties, and I engaged her to go with me as *Pamphilus* had done by my Sister; this once brought to pass, we rambled together into *France*, where the Beauty and other Accomplishments of the Lady, induced a Person of great Rank to become her Lover, whom for that very Reason I fought and killed, and upon
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this was obliged to quit *France*, where I have left her, not with any Design of abandoning her to Misfortunes, but with an Intent to return thither, and to bring her from thence as soon as my Affairs will give me Leave, as well in regard to my own Honour, as because the Lady has deserved this, and indeed every Thing from me, by the steadiness of her Behaviour, and by her exalted Virtue.

THE Night now began to spread her self over the Earth, the Houses were enlightned with Candles, as the Canopy of Heaven was embroider'd with Stars, when the young Man finished his Discourse, and *Pamphilus* had the Chagrin of understanding from his own Mouth, that he had made his Family as unhappy, as himself, had done that of *Celius* by withdrawing *Nisa*, yet far from thinking of Revenge, he began to conceive in his Mind that Heaven had justly punished his Rashness, and that it became him to act upon better Principles hereafter. He therefore determined in his own Mind to make no other Use of the Information he had received, than to persuade *Celius* without discovering himself, to act honourably towards his Sister. Having therefore thanked him in the warmest Terms for his Condescension, in giving him, though a Stranger, so distinct a Detail of his Affairs. He took the Liberty of observing to him, that though Men of great Families may be drawn to take wrong Steps in their Youth, yet in consequence of an advance in Years, and attaining a riper Understanding, they distinguish'd themselves by repairing past Miscarriages by the Excellence of their future Conduct, to which he encouraged *Celius*, by shewing him how Honourable it would be for him to return

to *France*, and bring so deserving a Woman to her own Country. *Celius* received this Advice as it was intended, he thanked the *Pilgrim* for it, and promised to follow it. They then retired to this young Gentleman's Lodgings, where they supped, and afterwards spent the Night together. He began instantly to make Preparations for his Journey into *France*, but these taking up unavoidably several Days, they spent them together, and entered in that Space into a most dear and intimate Friendship. *Pamphilus*, who knew perfectly what *Celius* had done to his Family, forgave him heartily, and *Celius* who knew not *Pamphilus*, grew through his Persuasion inclined to forgive him, and so compromise their Difference. When they came to part, they swore inviolable Friendship to each other, and appointed the City of *Pampelona* for the Place of their Meeting at the End of six Months; this done, *Celius* parted for *France*, leaving *Pamphilus* where he found him, the unhappy *Pilgrim*, not caring to part from a City where the Treasure of his Soul remained shut up in a lonesome Hospital.

ONE Night when the Moon shone pretty clear, our unfortunate *Pilgrim* sallied from his Lodgings, in order to go and Sigh away some of his melancholly Hours before the Grates of that Place, where his Charmer was confined. As he traversed the City, he heard at the Corner of a Street a Gentleman cry out for Help, and making as much Haste thither as he could, he saw a young Man sorely pressed by several Assassins, the *Pilgrim* flew to his Assistance, and though he had no other Arms than a Staff, he managed it so dextrously, that he wounded two or three of the Bravoes, upon which
they

they and their Companions finding it impossible to effect their Purpose, thought fit to provide for their own Safety, by a quick Retreat, which they made with all the Precipitation imaginable. The young Cavalier who had been so happily drawn out of so dangerous an Adventure, by the Assistance of our *Pilgrim*, most earnestly entreated him to tell him his Name, which *Pamphilus* declined, as he would have done going to his House, but the Gentleman would not be denied; he said it was inconsistent with his Honour to part in such a Manner from his Deliverer, and therefore notwithstanding all the *Pilgrim* could say, he obliged him to accompany him Home. When they were come to the Gentleman's House, he acquainted all his Family how generously the *Pilgrim* had assisted him, and how without any manner of Doubt, he owed his Life to his Valour; his Family thereupon conceiving themselves no less obliged than himself, loaded the *Pilgrim* with Civilities, and constrained him whether he would or no, to make this House his Home, where indeed he was treated with the same Tendernefs and Respect, as if he had been a Brother, or some very near Relation.

A FEW Days which our *Pilgrim* spent with this Cavalier, whose Name was *Hiacynth*, engaged that Gentleman to communicate to him the Story of his Love for the amiable *Lucinda*, which had occasioned these Assassins to come from *Seville* to *Valencia*, where his Charmer resided, in order to take away his Life. The *Pilgrim* heard him with the utmost Complacency, and when he had done, the Knight would fain have heard from him the Story of his Amours. *Pamphilus* begged to be excused,
and

and throwing himself at his Feet, told him, That he had but one Favour to ask of him, which he hoped he would have the Goodness to grant him. *Hyacinth* promised him that he would not fail to yield to his Request, whatever its Nature might be.

WHEN *Pamphilus* had received this Assurance, he told him without more ado, That the Favour he had to ask, was, to get him conveyed into the Hospital of Fools. The Gentleman was amazed, and could not conceive how a Man that appeared to be in his Senses, could desire to get into a Place, out of which those who wanted Senses from an imperfect Knowledge of their Usage, were desirous of escaping: He therefore dissuaded him all he could, and when he found Persuasions had no Effect, he earnestly desired him to communicate the Cause of this extraordinary Demand.

PAMPHILUS did not positively refuse him, but told him, That at present he could not part with his Secret, but when the Time came that he could do it, he would not fail to gratify his Curiosity; in the mean Time he pressed the Preformance of his Promise with such Eagerness, that *Hyacinth* conceiving there must be some great Cause, and believing that every Man knew his own Business best, sent for three or four Men that belonged to the Hospital, and ordered them to seize the *Pilgrim* and carry him thither. *Pamphilus*, when he saw the Men, appeared troubled, and struggled with them in such a Manner, as that he prevented all Suspicion of his being other than out of his Senses.

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HE was no sooner gone, than all *Hyacinth's* House was in an uproar ; every Body was greatly offended at the Thing, but nobody so much as *Hyacinth's* Sister *Tiberia*, who, charmed with the frank Behaviour of the Man, began to entertain an high Esteem for him. *Hyacinth* was forced to have Recourse to a thousand Excuses ; he said he was convinced his Guest had lost his Senses, otherwise he would never have permitted him to have been so used : But this would not pass upon his Father, who said, That if a Man that saved his Life became afterwards disordered in his Senses, it was his Son's Business to have taken care of him at home, and not to have had him torn away to an Hospital, where he knew People were so ill used. Their Clamour grew at last so high, that *Hyacinth* was forced to discover the whole Truth, and so confessed, that what he did was entirely at the Man's own Request. This removed, indeed, the Blame from him, but his Family remained not a Bit the less concerned ; they formed one Conjecture, then another, and still perceiving them all wrong, they at last determined in their Minds, that the Man must be undoubtedly a Spy, and that fearing to be discovered, he had fallen upon this Method of pretending to lose his Senses, to preserve his Life ; but in the Midst of their Conjectures, the resolved at all Events, not to suffer their Sentiments to take Air.

IN the Interim *Pamphilus*, pleased with the Success of his Scheme, bore with all the Serenity imaginable, Things that would have made another Man really mad ; he did such extravagant Things on
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his first coming into the Place, to possess the People that he was thoroughly distracted, as made them for their own Security put him into a streight Cell, where he had only a little Straw to lie upon, a very thin Diet, and Bolts upon his Hands and Feet; by Degrees he grew a little tamer, which engaged them to use him with greater Tenderneſs, and ſuppoſing the Force of his Malady ſomewhat abated, they brought him at length out of the Cell to dine with the reſt, who were in a fair Way of Cure, which was all he fought by this extravagant Act; for now he every Day beheld his adorable *Niſa*, next whom, without Suſpicion, as ſhe was in a Man's Garb, he ſeated himſelf every Day at Table, and afterwards converſed with her freely; nothing being more common than for Lunatics to affect each other, and to converſe together, in which their Keepers readily indulged them, becauſe they conceived it kept them quiet, and conſequently left them the leſs to do.

NISA blamed loudly his Conduct, and told him, that he had acted very indiſcreetly in throwing himſelf into this Place. *Pamphilus* on the other Hand aſſured her, That he did not do it without Hopes of ſeeing one Day their Fortunes mend; adding, that ſince the Evils which had overtaken him had brought her thither, it was but juſt he ſhould participate of thoſe Sorrows which in ſome meaſure he had cauſed; and notwithſtanding the Variety of Plagues they had daily endured from the Roughneſs of the Keepers, yet ſo much did the Sight of each other ſooth them, that they became in a Manner inſenſible of all things but their Paſſion, ſo that the Time ſlid away leſs uneaſily

to

to them both, than if they had been in Palaces separate from each other.

WHILE these Things passed in *Spain*, *Celius* went by the Way of *Sarragossa* to the Frontiers of *France*, not a little apprehensive on Account of the War which then raged between the Nations, which made it very difficult for a *Spaniard* to pass on the Frontiers; but happily for him, before he quite reached them, Peace was proclaimed, which taking away all Fear, he proceeded on his Journey with greater Alacrity, spurr'd on with an earnest Desire to recover his beautiful *Phania*, who appeared more engaging in Idea, than when she was present. Having conducted their Stories thus far, let us here conclude our *Second Book*.





THE
PILGRIM:

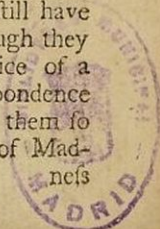
Or the ADVENTURES of
PAMPHILUS *and* NISA.

A *Spanish* HISTORY.

BOOK III.



IF *Pamphilus* and *Nisa* could have spent their whole Lives in the melancholy Hospital of Fools and mad Folks, their Passion would still have represented it a Paradise, though they were reduced to the Practice of a thousand Arts for carrying on their Correspondence without Suspicion: Love, however, made them so ingenious, that they practised all the Acts of Mad-
ness



ness with the utmost Address; nor can this be thought extraordinary, if we consider that violent Love is in itself a Frenzy, and those who obey its Dictates, need scarce use any Arts to be thought mad.

THESE little Pieces of Ingenuity made our Lovers pass away their Lives as in a Dream; but it was a Dream, out of which they were quickly awakened by an Accident which they could not either prevent or foresee.

A certain *Italian* Count of the House of *Agui-lara*, whose Name was *Emilius*, came to this City, and sending for the Governors of the Hospital, entreated them to furnish him with a mad Man whose Fury was tamed, promising them in Return to give a large Sum of Money to the House. These Officers readily accepted the Proposal, and brought to the Count's Lodgings several Patients who were thought to have recovered in a great Measure their Senses, and among the rest *Pamphilus* and *Nisa*, that he might take his Choice.

THE Count was mightily pleased with their Readiness in yielding to his Demands, and began to ask abundance of Questions in Relation to those Maladies, with which these People had been formerly afflicted, and was answered according to the best of their Knowledge. This Man, said one of the Attendants on the Hospital, was formerly a Soldier, and served with great Reputation in the Wars; but was on a sudden, through excessive Application, seized with a Fit of Melancholy; he lost his Senses without losing however his Propensity to War,

War, for when he was first brought into our House, he raved continually of Bastions, and Parapets, Horn-works, Crown-works, Retrenchments, and Pallisado's; but by Degrees, and the proper Use of Medicines, he is now tollerably in his Senses, and no longer fights Battles, or demolishes Towns. This other whom your Lordship sees so pale and wan, lost his Wits by seeking to stretch them; he would needs penetrate the most abstruse Points in Philosophy, and his Capacity being not altogether strong enough, crack'd in the Attempt. Very well, said the Count, but let me ask this Philosopher a Question; pray, Friend, what is that which is called the *Primum mobile*, the *Empyreum*, or the *Crysaline Heaven*? I will tell you, answered the poor Man; the Divines say, that above those Heavens which are visible to us, and wherein the Planets have their Orbs, there is an immense Field of rarify'd *Æther*, wherein dwell innumerable Multitudes of blessed Spirits; this Place they style the *Empyreum*, because they conceive it to be clear and bright as Fire; and here also they apprehend are placed those Thrones whereon the happy shall sit after the Day of Judgment, encircled with a Brightness as insupportable to human Eyes, as the Sun's purest Rays to the obscene Birds of Night.

ALL the Assistants at this extraordinary Audience, were extremely surprized at the Answer of the Madman, which they held more Rational than most of themselves could give; but they were presently interrupted by another Madman, who set up such a Hollowing and calling of Hounds, that the whole Company were almost stunn'd; though they could not help laughing at the whimsical Humour

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of the Man. *Pamphilus* interrupted their Mirth, what Wit, Gentlemen, said he, is there in deriding the Oddities of a Madman, or perhaps you laugh at Hunting itself; if that be the Case, let me tell you the Antients esteemed it a noble, a pleasant, and a useful Exercise: *Xenophon* highly commends it, so also does *Homer*; *Athenæus* is of the same Mind; and *Horace* says, that Hunting makes a young Man hardy, and teaches him to abstain from sensual Pleasures; *Philo* the Jew, is exactly of the same Cast of Mind, and sets down many favourable Things concerning Hunting; *Cicero* in his Discourse of the Nature of the Gods, professes himself a great Admirer of this Exercise; and one of the antient Father's alledges, that it began in the Infancy of the World, when Men were obliged to exert themselves powerfully in this Way, in order to deliver themselves from wild Beasts. It is true said the Count, who was a Man of Learning, Hunting is far from being a ridiculous Thing, when Men pursue it not to the Prejudice of more important Affairs, but when they do, it deserves to be censured.

- You know the Fable of *Actæon*, who is said to have been devoured by his Hounds; does it not justly expose the Folly of such as suffer their Dogs to eat them; and you know what happened to *Æneas* and *Dido*, when they rode a Hunting; if I were inclined, I could put you in Mind of several other Stories, sufficient to shew that we expose ourselves to many Dangers by following this Sport too closely.

AT this one of the Fools burst out into a Laughter, are you very wise, my Lord, said he, who
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Reason thus with a Fool? Friend, said the Count, at Play we never enquire a Man's Character, if he has Money to stake down; and in Conversation we ought never to ask who a Man is, if what he says be Sense; as this Man talked rationally of Hunting, I gave him a rational Answer. While he was speaking, one of the Lunatics fell suddenly a Singing with such a Rapture, that it was easy to perceive that Musick was the Source of his Madness; the Count thereupon asked him who was the Inventor of Musick? *Josephus*, answered the Man, was of Opinion, that *Tubal Cain* was him to whom it ow'd its Birth; but, continu'd he, the Philosophers are divided upon this Subject, some ascribe it to one, some to another, all agree, that it is a noble Science, and worthy of the Consideration of the Learned.

THE Officers of the Hospital presented in their Turns to the Count, a Man, whom Star-gazing had induced to Lunacy; a Mathematician, whose Intellects were disordered about squaring the Circle; a Painter, stark-mad because the World did not think him a greater Man than *Mark Angelo*; a Politician, Melancholy for want of a Seat in the Privy Council; and a Poet out of his Senses, because nobody would repeat his Verses but himself.

THE Count was mightily pleased with them all, but he fixed upon none; at last turning his Eyes on *Nisa*, whose melancholy Beauty could not be beheld without Emotion; he only asked whether this Lunatick was pretty gentle, and being answered in the Affirmative, he gave the Officers of the Hospital a hundred Crowns, and desired them to conduct the rest back to their Apartments.

WHEN *Pamphilus* perceived this, he took a sudden Resolution of declaring that he was in his Senses, and immediately address'd the Count in a very sober Tone. The Count at first was inclined to listen to him, but the Officers and the rest of the Lunaticks being all against him, and being all positive that he was as mad as a *March Hare*, the Count ordered him to be turned out of Doors, which as soon as his Servants had performed, the Companions of *Pamphilus* put him before them, and drubb'd him to the Hospital with their Staves, while he deplored with Tears his Misfortunes, and the Loss of his beloved Mistress.

PAMPHILUS after this unlucky Accident, studied nothing so much as to convince those who had the Direction of the Hospital, that his Senses were perfect; but he laboured for a long Time in vain, the People growing more and more outrageous, the more he press'd this Matter upon them; when, as his last Resource, he gave them to understand, that he had procured himself to be sent thither, in order to converse with the young Lunatick they had parted with; and whom, notwithstanding they took for a Man, was in Truth his lawful Spouse, though to avoid her Father's Anger, she had laid aside the Habit of her Sex.

AT this they laugh'd aloud, conceiving it a phrenetical Fiction, alike destitute of Probability and Truth. As nothing puts a Man in such a Rage as being disbelieved when he speaks Truth, so the Usage of these Officers to *Pamphilus*, made him almost sink into that Condition wherein they

con-

ceived him to be ; but he was forced to moderate his Sorrows, *Hyacinth* being out of Town, and of consequence no Gate open to his Deliverance.

IN the Interim *Nisa* was carried away to *Barcelona*, where *Emelius* intended to embark for *Italy*. The silent Sadness of our *Pilgrim* made that Lord sometimes repent of his having purchased so unentertaining a Madman ; at other Times he compassionated his melancholy Companion, and by Degrees began to suspect her Sex ; the Discovery was not hard to make, he spoke of it, and pressed it in such Terms, that she was constrained to tell him the Truth ; whereupon, though the Vessel afforded little Conveniency, he ordered a Person on Board to make up a Woman's Habit, in which when *Nisa* was dressed, she appeared Beautiful beyond Description, and easily subdued the Heart of the Count, whom Wealth had made her Master.

He did not fail to discover his Love, though to very little Purpose, yet did not give over his Hopes, conceiving that Time, which alters many Things, might also alter her Affections. With this View he continued his Assiduities, though he treated her with all the Respect imaginable ; but the Possession of *Nisa*, like that of *Sejanus's* Horse, was ever productive of mighty Mischiefs.

WHILE *Emelius* amused himself with his Passion, and she tormented herself with uneasy Apprehensions, the Mariners gave Notice, that by certain never failing Prognosticks, they apprehended a mighty Storm was coming on, the roaring of the Wind, and the rousing of the Sea, quickly shewed the Rectitude of their Conjectures.

IMMEDIATELY all Things were in Confusion, the Captain was affrighted, the Pilot looked pale, the Seamen abandoned the Vessel to the Fury of the Winds, whereby they were shortly thrown on Shore not far from *Barcelona*. By this unfortunate Accident many of the Ship's Crew were lost, those who were saved were reduced to miserable Circumstances; as for *Nisa*, she found herself delivered from the Power of the Count, but at the same Time destitute of Friends and Support.

IT is hard to say whence People in Distress take Council, sometimes they listen to their Despair, at *some* such Times, though seldom they consult their Reason, and sometimes they suffer themselves to be guided by those secret Directions of Providence, which like Flashes of heavenly Fire, suddenly break in upon the Mind; this last was the Case of our *Pilgrim*: She conceived in her Heart a pious Desire of worshiping in the miraculous Chapel at *Marseilles*; thither therefore, in her old Pilgrim's Weed she went, subsisting herself in her Journey on the Alms bestowed by the Faithful: When she was arrived at the Place whither she determined to go, and knelt down to offer up her Prayers before the great Altar, she saw at no great Distance from her, another *Pilgrim*, whose Visage and Dress declared her to be a *Spaniard*? The Heart of poor *Nisa* leaped within her at this Discovery; she, therefore, after the performing her own Devotions, waited at the Door of the Chapel, that she might have an Opportunity of speaking to her Countrywoman as she went out.

WHEN

WHEN that Fair One had finished her Devotions, she withdrew from the Chapel, and *Nisa* having followed her a little Way, that they might be thoroughly out of Hearing, address'd her at last in these Words.

TELL me, lovely *Spaniard*, of what Kingdom in that Noble Empire art thou? Of its most Noble Kingdom, answered she, that of *Toledo*, and of the Royal City of *Madrid*. Alas! cry'd out *Nisa*, how nearly are we related in Country, I am also of the Kingdom of *Toledo*, and of the City of the same Name. Then, returned the *Spanish* Lady, you are of the same City with him who hath been the Cause of my undoing. Your Youth and Beauty, returned *Nisa*, leave me no Room to doubt that Love has been the principal Cause of your Misfortune; it is impossible that you should love any but a Gentleman, nor is there any Gentleman of that Province whose Name I have not heard; tell me, Fair One, him who is honoured with your Affections. I run no great Hazard, reply'd she, in gratifying your Curiosity, and I am inclined to do it, the rather because your Face nearly resembles his whose Name you desire to know; the worst of it is, that I can tell you little of his Family, and not to keep you long in Suspence, he is called *Celius*, and hath a Sister called *Nisa*. It is impossible to express the Surprise of our *Pilgrim* at hearing herself named, for this unknown Fair One proved to be *Phania*, *Pamphilus's* Sister. *Nisa* express'd a strong Desire to be acquainted with the History of her Misfortunes.

TO this *Phania* without much Hesitation consented, and gave her the same Story which *Celius* had revealed to *Pamphilus*, and which, therefore, there is no Occasion for repeating; she expatiated much on the Cruelty of *Celius*, which prompted him to kill a *French* Gentleman for having barely signified his Affection for her. *Nisa* condemned his Fierceness as well as she, and at the same Time owned that she knew her Brother *Pamphilus*, and that she had seen him not long ago in *Spain*.

PHANIA inquired how she came to know her Brother; and *Nisa* being desirous to conceal as yet the Truth of her own Story, said, that it was at *Constantinople* where they were both Slaves: She then entered into a Detail of her Adventures, wherein, with some artful Strokes of Fiction, she for the most Part delivered Truths.

THE lovely *Phania* listened with Pleasure to her Story, being as much delighted with her Resemblance of *Celius*, as *Nisa* was secretly overjoy'd at beholding the very Picture of her beloved *Pamphilus* in his charming Sister.

WHEN *Pamphilus*, said the lovely *Nisa*, addressing herself to *Phania* his Sister, withdrew from *Toledo*, and carried away the Object of his Love, from an Apprehension that her Father intended to give her to another, whereas that Other was in Truth himself: He and the Lady went both to *Seville*, that Pride of the *Spanish* Nation, alike remarkable for the Pleasantness of its Situation, and its noble Port, whence the *Spanish* Monarchy derives

rives those Riches, which places it so high above the rest of *European* Powers; there the Lovers remained for some Time quiet, enjoying those innocent Pleasures of Conversation, which none but Lovers feel; when *Pamphilus*, urged by the Warmth of his Passion, would have trespassed on those Bounds which had been fixed with repeated Oaths by both; but *Nisa*, whose Respect to Honour was alike superior to her Love of Life and *Pamphilus*, to punish him for a Time, retired from him and hid herself, where he was unable to discover her. *Pamphilus* during this Space, behaved like a Man deprived of Senses, he wandered about without speaking, he raved, he tore his Hair, but at last, *Nisa* taking Pity on his Affliction, came back, and on his renewing his Promise, solemnly engaged never to leave him more. Thus this, like all Quarrels proceeding from Love, ended in a stricter Union than ever.

SOME Days after this, a *Portuguese* Captain, who had served with *Nisa's* elder Brother in *Flanders*, received from him a Letter, entreating him to make the strictest Search after *Pamphilus*. This Gentleman, in spite of all his Care, could learn no News of the Lovers till he arrived at *Lisbon*, whether out of a Desire of Safety they had retired, and where with much ado, he found the House in which they lodged: When he had done this, he came with a Guard of Soldiers when *Pamphilus* happened to be out, and *Nisa* who had cut off her Hair and wore the Habit of a Lacquey, was alone in the Lodgings; he presently demanded whose Servant he was; to which *Nisa* suspecting no Danger, when at such a Distance from *Madrid*, an-

swered readily of *Pamphilus de Luxan*, a Knight of *Madrid*. It is him whom I seek, said the Captain, where is he? and where is the Lady whom he stole from her Relations? *Nisa*, frighted to Death, yet concealing her Concern, answered, that both he and the Lady were gone to *Belem*, to divert themselves with the Sight of the Sepulchres of the Kings of *Portugal*.

THE Captain readily fell into this Snare, and immediately gave Orders to his Soldiers to repair to the Gate leading to that Village, in order to wait for their Return; he staid a little at the Lodgings, and being mightily taken with *Nisa's* Presence, strongly importuned her to quit *Pamphilus* and enter into his Service, which she readily promised to do as soon as she could obtain her Master's Discharge.

AFTER he was gone, she took Care to find out *Pamphilus*, and having acquainted him of their mutual Danger, he readily proposed the only Remedy which could be offered, viz. that of retiring immediately; which she agreed to, and by the Favour of a *Portuguese* Knight, they were convey'd over to *Ceuta*.

THIS Fortrefs you must know, is seated in *Africk*, directly opposite to *Gibraltar*, and it is said that the *Moors* passed over from hence, under the Direction of Count *Julian*, when they came to conquer *Spain*. It is strongly seated on the Confines of a narrow Territory taken from the *Moors*, whom it is a Bridle; to any but these Lovers it would have proved a very melancholy Retreat, but to them, miserable as it was, it seemed a Paradise.

AFTER

AFTER a small Time, *Pamphilus*, in spite of all his Protestations, began again to press on *Nisa*, and the more effectually to overcome all Scruples, besought her to espouse him; but she putting him in mind of her Duty towards her Father, and that she fled not with an Intent to cross his Will, but with Intent to prevent his forcing her's: Intreated *Pamphilus* to defer their Espousals to more quiet Times, when they might be performed with a Dignity and Security suitable to the Honour of their Families. *Pamphilus* took this Matter so ill, that for a Fortnight he never spoke to *Nisa*; and at the End of that Space, after sending a Thousand Sighs as Messengers to negotiate a Peace, he entreated her Forgiveness, and seemed to acquiesce under her Advice; yet his Tranquility was not restored, a visible Chagrin appear'd in his Countenance, and he affected a Reserve which he had never worn before; the Issue of all this was, that conceiving it dishonourable for him to remain idle and unactive, when the Garrison every Day fought with the *Moors*: he provided himself with compleat Armour, and a good Horse, and taking an unsuspected Leave of *Nisa*, he issued out armed *Cap a Pe*, bearing on his Shield a Mount of Snow vomiting Flames.

THE Despair and Rage with which *Pamphilus* burned, made him perform Prodigies of Valour in that Day's Combat, wherein he fought at the Head of the *Portugueze* Horse; yet it unfortunately happened that the *Moors* receiving a great and unexpected Supply, charged with such Vehemence, that over-born by Numbers, the Christians were constrained to retire, and *Pamphilus* having his Horse slain

slain under him, fell, and was taken Prisoner by a *Moorish* Commander, who carried him streight to *Fez*.

THE News of this sad Adventure reached *Nisa* almost as soon as it happened; it is needless to acquaint you that the Torrent of her Grief was excessive. Banished as she was from Parents, Friends, and Relations, removed from her Country, and which to her was more bitter than all this, separated from the Man she loved: In this Distress she took a Resolution, warranted only by her Despair.

SHE contracted a strict Correspondence with a *Moor*, who had a general safe Conduct for providing Necessaries for the Garrison and the *Moorish* Army; she had studied *Arabick* assiduously, and being now able to speak tollerably well, she put herself under the Conduct of this *Moor*, in order to go to *Fez* to relieve the Distresses of her Lover, who was infinitely dearer to her than Life or Liberty.

SUCH are the noble Effects of a laudable and generous Passion, founded on worthy Motions, and directed to virtuous Ends, which however wild or inconsiderate they may seem, are still under the Protection of Providence, which suffers not the Innocent to perish.

NISA liv'd in the City of *Fez* in the Habit of a *Moor*, under the Name of *Azan Rubin*, and under the Character of Nephew to him, under whose Protection she was: The Name he bestowed upon

upon her, was that of a beloved Son of his, of whom he thought she had some Resemblance.

By Degrees her obliging Behaviour not only won the Heart of *Alijafer*, but of his whole Family, and especially of his Daughter *Axa*, so that she governed absolutely him, his Wife, and his Slaves; the *Moor* labouring incessantly to make her change her Religion, in Case of which he promised to make her as happy as her Heart could wish. *Nisa*, knowing well how dangerous a Thing it would be for her to offend him, seemed to lend an Ear to his Discourses, which answered the End she proposed, keeping all Things quiet, and gaining Time.

WHEN *Nisa* had dwelt some Time at *Fex*, and had found Means several Times to converse with a Slave which belonged to *Alijafer*, she at last came to have such a Confidence in the poor Man, that she gave him private Instructions to enquire with as much Secrecy as possible, in whose House at *Fex*, there dwelt a Christian Slave named *Pamphilus*? Her Instrument being very assiduous in the Execution of her Commands, brought her Advice the same Day, that *Pamphilus* lived with *Saly Morat*, who had taken him Prisoner in a Sally at *Ceuta*, and that he wrought as a Labourer at a new House his Master was building, where she might see and speak to him if she thought fit.

THE next Day when it was near Evening, *Nisa*, dressed in a rich *Morisco* Habit, with a Cloak embroidered with Gold on a Bay *Arabian* Mare, travers'd the Street where *Saly Morat* lived, when turning towards the new Buildings as if to take a
View

View of them, she perceived *Pamphilus*, whose Wounds were scarce cured, with a coarse Canvas Shirt, without Coat or Shoes, carrying with another Christian Slave Stones and Mortar for the *Masons*.

THIS Sight threw her into such an Agony, and drew from her Eyes such a Flood of Tears, that she was constrained to turn her Horse's Head another Way, to prevent its being perceived, but when the Sun Beams of her Looks, had in some few Moments dried up the Moisture of her Eyes, she turned again to the Slaves, and addressing herself to *Pamphilus* in the Language of *Fez*, asked him, How his Master came to trouble himself with building a new House, when his old one was so fine?

PAMPHILUS answered, these Buildings were intended only for Baths and Habitations for his Slaves, of whom he had acquired many, and had from the War a Prospect of more. And are you, Sir, said *Nisa* in the *Castilian* Tongue, his Slave? Such is my Misfortune, answered he in a great Surprise, and looking on the Person who spoke to him, when he perceived so strong a Resemblance of his beloved *Nisa*, he dropt the Stone out of his Hand and stood motionless, not being able to persuade himself that it could be really *Nisa*, on Account of her Dress, the Language and Equipage of the *Moorish* Cavalier, compared with the small Space of Time he had left her at *Ceuta*. *Nisa* drew him out of this Reverie, by asking him in *Arabick*, If he was a Knight? *Pamphilus*, after some Hesitation, occasioned by the Difference between

tween the Tone, and the Language of the Person speaking to him, the former persuading him that it was *Nisa*, and the latter that it could not be her; answered at length, I tell indeed *Saly Morat* that I am a poor Man, but in as much, Sir, as you resemble a Master of mine, to whom I never told a Lie, I will not deceive you; I am a *Castilian* Knight, of the Kingdom of *Toledo*, and of a Place, the Name of which you must have heard, for the Capitals of all Countries are known in every Country, and the City of which I am is *Madrid*.

BUT tell me, gentle *Moor*, who you are, and why you so carefully enquire after my Country and Quality? I am, reply'd *Nisa*, Nephew to the Governor *Alijafer*, the Son of *Muly Nazar*, by a Christian Woman, Native of *Toledo*, my Name is now *Hasan Rubin*, but I was formerly called by my Mother's Name *Mendoca*; my Uncle brought me from *Morocco*, where I was born, hither; and obliged me to take the Name of his beloved Son, who is dead, intending to give me his Daughter *Axa* in Marriage, the most beautiful Woman in *Africk*. As my Mother was a Christian and a *Castilian*, I have a tender Regard to all Christian Slaves, especially *Spaniards*; and since you have been so unfortunate as to fall into the Hands of *Morat*, who is famous for treating his Slaves ill, I will engage *Alijafer* to purchase you, and will take Care, while you live with him, you shall want nothing but Liberty. *Pamphilus* bow'd and thank'd her, and with profound Humility, kissed the Hem of her Robe. *Nisa*, as soon as she returned home, address'd herself to *Alijafer*, telling him that there was a *Spanish* Slave who was very ill treated by
Saly

Saly Morat, and who might be very useful to him in his House. *Alijafer*, who watched every Opportunity of paying his Court to *Nisa*, and who would have done it at the Expence of all he had, went the next Morning to *Morat's* House, and after a short Conversation, asked him, if he would dispose of his Slave, and at what Price? *Morat* answered, That he was willing to part with him, but not under a thousand Ducats, because he took him well hors'd, arm'd *Cap a Pe*, and with a Scarlet Scarf fring'd with Gold, wrapped round his Left Arm, a Singularity which he had remarked in the Pictures of some Kings of *Spain*. *Nisa*, who was present at this Conference, interposed, and having assured *Morat* that the *Spanish* Soldiers, where they could afford it, were vain enough to wear what might suit their Kings: Upon this he abated half his Price, and *Alijafer* agreeing to this, *Pamphilus* was immediately conveyed to his House, where *Nisa* took Care that he had a good Room, new Cloaths, and whatever else he wanted.

WHEN she came home she spoke to him kindly, but in such Terms as left him still in Doubt, whether she was *Nisa* or not; however, when she departed, he knelt and kissed the Place where she had stood. As soon as she was gone, he betook himself to solitary Cogitations on the Misfortunes he had met with, and perplexed himself in tedious Enquiries, whether this kind *Moor* were his Mistress or not, which so strongly wrought on the Frame of his Mind, and that of his Body, as to impair his Health, and even to endanger his Life.

It is impossible for one to see a Person we love long in Distress or Suspence: This was the Case of our enamoured Pair. *Nisa* was severely tormented in beholding the Torments of *Pamphilus*, and *Pamphilus* began to grow positive that the *Moor* so generous and indulgent, was no other than his incomparable Mistress. At length, *Nisa* determined to disclose herself, and at the same Time to make a Trial of her Lover's Fidelity. She executed her Project almost as soon as she formed it, thus: She watched an Opportunity when *Pamphilus* was alone, and in one of his melancholly Moods, and after enquiring tenderly after his Health, addressed him thus. "Dear *Castilian*, I have observed with
" much Chagrin your disordered Mind, and have
" considered carefully how to relieve you. At
" first, I thought to persuade *Alijafer* to give you
" Liberty on your Parole, but then I found my neglect of my own Interest was too severe for your
" Frailty of Human Nature. With much ado I have
" fallen on another Scheme, more profitable for you,
" and more agreeable to my self. It is this, I
" will prevail on my Uncle to give you my Sister
" *Fatima*, who is thought the greatest Beauty in
" *Barbary* to Wife, and that Gift alone, will
" make you the richest Man in this Part of *Africk*,
" for besides a large Sum left her by my Uncle,
" *Alijafer* has promised to add a considerable Boon,
" and I will also contribute not only a Share, but
" all that I am worth, to augment your Riches,
" by throwing in my Fortune, and coming to live
" under your Direction, with my Spouse and little
" Family. Tell me, gentle *Spaniard* in few
" Words, and with that Sincerity for which your
" Nation

“ Nation is so famous, what your Sentiments are
 “ on this Proposal. Be not apprehensive of for-
 “ feiting any Part of my Favour, by refusing it,
 “ since my Offer is the Effect of an indissoluble
 “ Affection. Your declaring therefore the Di-
 “ states of your Heart, will rather strengthen than
 “ diminish it. Speak then, my Friend, the
 “ Thoughts of a Friend, be those Thoughts what
 “ they will.”

PAMPHILUS, who had framed in his
 Mind a Resolution to extract from *Nisa* her whole
 Secret, and at the same Time to punish her in some
 Measure for tormenting him so long, answered with-
 out Delay. “ I am exceedingly obliged to you,
 “ my dear Friend, for your good Wishes, I saw
 “ *Fatima* by chance, as she came from the *Bath*,
 “ and I esteem her to be as you say, the loveliest
 “ Woman in *Africk*; that Sight has made such an
 “ Impression on me, that I have never enjoined
 “ Ease since, but have pined away with all the
 “ Miseries of hopeless Love.” Ha! Traitor, cry’d
 “ *Nisa*, has thou so soon forgot the Ties which
 “ ought to bind you to your Religion, your Coun-
 “ try, and your Love. Is it thus base Man, is it
 “ thus, you repay the Fidelity of her, who for
 “ your Sake, quitted Land, Friends, Father, Hap-
 “ piness, and Hopes.” “ Alas, my dearest *Nisa*,
 “ cry’d out *Pamphilus*, I was aware of your amo-
 “ rous Fraud, and knew no Way to force you to
 “ an open and frank Discovery but this, which once
 “ more puts you me into my Arms.” Saying this, he
 endeavoured to embrace her, but *Nisa* starting from
 him, cry’d out, “ Begone ungrateful Wretch, be-
 “ gone, seek not by Flattery to gloss thy Treason,
 “ I

“ I know now the blacknest of thy Soul, and see
 “ with Horror him whom I so much admired.”
 It was a long while, and not without much Entreaty, that *Nisa* listen'd at all to her affrighted Lover; but at length the Eagerness with which he spoke, the Warmth of his Expressions, and the Air of Sincerity with which they were delivered, overcame her Suspicions, and her Quarrel with *Pamphilus* ended as most Love Quarrels do, in a Reconciliation, which heightned their Passion.

THE Time after this Discovery rouled on heavily enough, for though *Pamphilus* and *Nisa* often met and consulted about obtaining their Liberty, yet unlucky Accidents threw many Obstacles in their Way, and even raised new Disturbances amongst them. *Nisa* found herself embarrassed by the Vehemence of *Alijafer's* Passion, and it plainly appeared that *Fatima* hoping that *Pamphilus* to obtain her, would turn *Mohammedan*, grew strongly enamoured of him, and according to the Custom of the Country, took no great Pains to conceal it. This lighted a new Flame of Jealousy in the Bosom of the fair *Castilian*. Such are the Joys, the Pains, the Fears of Love, and thus do they torment every amorous Heart.

MANY and long Conferences were held concerning the Retreat of *Alijafer's* Family into *Europe*, I say of *Alijafer's* Family, for *Axa* and *Fatima's* Niece and Daughter, perceiving the Folly of the *Mohammedan* Law, and the bright Truth of the Gospel shining in at the same Time on their Minds, they determined to quit their Native Soil, and to retire where they might freely profess that Faith which

which they already believed. It so happened that *Alijafer* making a Journey to *Tarudan*, where at that Time the King of *Morocco* was, the young People took this Advantage, and in a Moon light Night carrying with them whatever Things of Value they could meet with, they fled with all the Expedition they were able to *Ceuta*. The Governor of this Fortrefs received them kindly and magnificently, and by the first Conveyance which offered, sent them straight away to *Lisbon*.

ON their Arrival in that City, *Pamphilus* and *Nisa* perswaded *Axa* and *Fatima*, that it would be necessary for them to go to *Rome*, in order to be received into the Bosom of the Church by his Holiness himself; they readily consented, and passing over into *Italy*, both the Ladies were baptized, *Axa* being called *Clementius*, from the Name of his Holiness, and *Fatima* was called *Hippelita*, from the Name of her Godfather. There remained nothing now, but that the Lovers should at length see their Marriage accomplished with the Consent of their Parents, which they now no longer doubted, since it is a standing Maxim, that if Love Crimes are not punished upon the Spot, a Respit naturally induces a Reprieve, and a Reprieve is succeeded by a Pardon, which draws a Reward at its Heels.

IN order to effect all this, they found out a Vessel which was ready to depart for *Barcelona*, on Board of which they all embarked, doubting not that their Arrival in *Spain* would restore them to Peace and Pleasure; but alas! how uncertain are human Pleasures, in Empire or in Love. The Vessel which with a propitious Gale, bore him to the

the Road of *Barcelona*, was on a sudden tossed by a squal of Wind, which by swift Degrees, swelled into a Storm, and blackned the Shore with the Ruins of their Shipwrack. In this fatal Day, *Nisa* is thought to have perished, and the two *Moorish* Ladies have never since been heard of; as for *Pamphilus* himself he was saved indeed, but saved to indure greater Misfortunes, falling into the Hands of certain *Moors* of *Biserta*, who carried him away to *Constantinsple*, where I saw him, and received from his own Mouth, that Account of his Adventures which I have given to you: *Phania* returned her a thousand Thanks for the News she had given her of her Brother, and shed not a few Tears for the supposed Death of the constant *Nisa*. The Reader will observe, that this Relation determines exactly where we began our first Book, the other Particulars did not in the Opinion of *Nisa* fit the Ear of *Phania* at this Time, and therefore she concealed them.

It is now a long Time since we left *Pamphilus*, let us therefore return to him and his Concerns. When *Hyacinth* and his Family came back to the City of *Valencia*, he gave out that he had received five hundred Crowns from *Castile*, for the Use of this Madman, and on that Account took him Home again to his House; the Governor of the Hospital giving this Character of him, that he never seen a Madman so much in his Senses, or a Man who had the Appearance of Senses so very Mad. A little after, he set out a second Time for *Barcelona*; within a Day or two after his Arrival there, he was known and impeached by some of the People he had beat at *Montserrat*, whereupon he was instantly
taken

taken and committed to his old Prison, where he found his Acquaintance the *German Pilgrims*, who had lain there ever since that Adventure. Thus our amorous *Spaniard* in a narrow Corner of his own Country, underwent Misfortunes, and past through a Chain of strange Accidents, scarce inferior to those of *Ulysses*, in his Rambles through *Greece*, or of *Aeneas* in his Voyage to *Italy*. *Nisa* and *Phania* during this Space, proceeded from *Marseilles* to the high Mountains which separate *France* from *Spain*, and in due Time arrived at *Perpignan*.

The End of the Third Book.



T H E



THE
PILGRIM:

Or the ADVENTURES of

PAMPHILUS *and* NISA.

A *Spanish* HISTORY.

BOOK IV.



AMONGST the various kinds of Love, which those who have studied the Passions of Mankind, have with great Sagacity distinguished and described, the most noble is, that divine Flame which unites Hearts from a Contemplation of the Excellence of intellectual Qualities, rather than the Consideration of exterior Beauty. Of this kind was the Love of *Pamphilus* and

and *Nisa*, and therefore though Fortune seemed industriously to thwart them, yet the Warmth of their Affections giving continual Life to their Endeavours; how far so ever they were thrown asunder, they moved towards each other by a sort of sympathetic Attraction. We have seen how *Pamphilus* setting out from *Valencia*, bent his Course towards *Barcelona*, *Phania* and *Nisa* on the other Hand continued their Journey from *Perpignan* to the same City.

As soon as the last mentioned Travellers entered the celebrated Capital of *Catalonia*, they found the Streets throng'd with People, and the Officers of Justice with a strong Guard leading at a Distance a Criminal to Execution. Our Travellers inquiring earnestly into the Reason of this Business, an old Gentleman who stood near them, gave them an Account of the Affair in the following Words. The Prisoner, said he, just now carried to have his Head struck off, is a *Castilian* Knight, and the Crime for which he suffers, is the abusing certain Officers of Justice, in Company with some other Pilgrims, so that one of them is dead of his Wounds, but the principal Cause of his Condemnation was his having a Pilgrim's Staff of an extraordinary Size, which was absolutely forbidden by the Law; had you seen him, the Concern you express would have been double, nay treble, from the Consideration of the Beauty of his Person, his noble Deportment, and that generous Grandeur of Soul which discover'd it self in all he did or said.

BUT Sir, cryed out *Nisa*, can you not tell us what this Gentleman's Name is, for as you cannot
but

but know from our Discourse we are *Castilians*, and therefore in right of our Country, extremely concerned for this young Gentleman's Misfortune. His Name, replied the good old Man, I have with much Difficulty discovered, and I question much if except the Person who informed me, there be another in *Barcelona* who knows his Name; he is called *Pamphilus* of *Luxa*, and is a Native of *Madrid*. He had scarce pronounced these Words, before our Pilgrims were in such an Agony, that it was with very great Difficulty he got them cross the Way into a Friend's House, where he procured them some Refreshments, and brought them so much to themselves as that they were able to speak.

WHILE they were venting Part of their Grief in Words, a new Commotion began in the Streets, a Horseman spurring through the People, and the People throwing themselves into Houses, or lying prostrate one on another to give him way; the *Pilgrims* as soon as they saw this, intreated the old Man who was with them, to go out and bring them some Account of the Matter, which he readily did, and on his Return, acquainted them that the Cavalier they saw riding so hastily was named *Hyacinth de Centilas*, a Knight of *Valencia*, who some short Time before, coming to *Barcelona*, and finding there *Pamphilus* under Sentence of Death, he had declared that he knew him well, and that the Sentence was very unjust, in Regard he had not his Senses, but had been very lately in the Hospital for Persons disordered in *Valencia*. The Viceroy on Account of this had ordered the Execution to be for some Time suspended, assigning *Hyacinth* a

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Day

Day against which he was to produce authentic Testimonies of *Pamphilus's* Lunacy; but that Day having elapsed, and no News of *Hyacinth*, he was order'd for Execution, but that this was again prevented by the Arrival of that Gentleman, who had now brought authentic Proofs which were strongly supported by the Prisoners earnestly requesting that he might suffer according to his Sentence, whereby the Viceroy was determined to discharge him, not only from the Criminal Prosecution, but from his Imprisonment here, and to remit him to *Valencia*.

PHANIA and *Nisa*, who still covered herself under the Name of *Felix*, were exceedingly rejoiced at this News, and went the next Day to visit *Pamphilus* in Prison. But when they drew near to the Place of his Confinement, they saw him to their great Surprise mounted on a Mule, his Hands tied behind him, and three or four Fellows round him with Clubs in their Hands; they endeavoured to press through the Mob which was gaping round him, but before they could reach him, an Officer of Justice seized *Phania*, and presently after *Nisa*, supposing her to be a Man. In vain they cried out that they were innocent Persons, and in vain *Pamphilus* desired to speak with one of them as his Brother; they treated him as a Lunatick, drubbed him with their Battons, and forced him to go on, while in the Interim *Felix* and *Phania* were conducted to Prison. The Reason of this Treatment was this, Pilgrims in *Spain*, though they pretend to a great deal of Religion, are too frequently Persons of very immoral Lives; the Youth and Beauty of *Felix* and *Phania*, exposed them to Suspicion, it being no easy Thing to conceive that young Man and a
young

young Woman had travelled many hundred Leagues together, with nothing in their Heads besides Devotion.

CELIUS, while these Things fell out, after having traversed the principal Cities of *France*, crossed the Mountains and came to *Barcelona*, and continued there to inquire with the same Assiduity as he had done every where else for his beloved *Phania*. By Chance he heard the two *Castilian* Pilgrims were committed to Prison on Suspicion of their being less Saints than they appeared to be. To the Prison he went, and there unfortunately met his Mistress before he saw his Sister *Nisa*. He no sooner beheld her, than he began to load her with Reproaches; he called her ingrateful, perfidious and scandalous Woman, bidding her, as he turned from her, never to acknowledge that she had any Knowledge of him, if it so happened that they came together again: Adding, that if she disobeyed him, he would sacrifice her to his just Wrath. Poor *Phania* having a Grate between him and her, could not stop him, but remained inconsolable in the Prison, while *Celius* unsatisfied with rating her, determined in his Mind to kill her Paramour, and therefore waited till such Time as *Nisa* under the Name of *Felix* was discharged, which was not done, but with a strict Injunction to quit the City immediately, and meeting his supposed Rival without the City Gates, attacked him so furiously, that with two desperate Wounds, he left *Nisa* for dead. A Citizen who saw the Fray, carried the poor Lady into his House out of Compassion, and from a Zeal for Justice, apprehended the Murderer. A few Days after, the Judges ordered *Celius* to be brought before them, in order

der to hear what he would say against Judgment passing on him to loose his Head. The Criminal alledged that *Phania* was his lawful Wife, that hearing of her being in Company with a young Man, and in so suspicious a Manner as to deserve being put in Prison, he had determined to vindicate his own Honour by putting them both to Death. The Judges upon this, ordered *Phania* to be re-apprehended, though she had her Liberty but the Day before; but this Order came too late, for the Moment she was set at Liberty, she made all the Haste she was able from *Barcelona*.

PAMPHILUS, by the Friendship of *Hyacinth*, was in a short Space delivered for the second Time from the Hospital of Lunatics, and taken for a short Space into his own House, where his Presence rekindled those Flames of Love, which during his Absence had scarce appeared in the lovely *Tiberia*, the Sister of his Friend. All her Caresses could not however hinder him from returning to *Barcelona*, for which City he set out while her Brother was Abroad. On his Arrival there, he went immediately to look for *Nisa*, in the Prison whether he saw her conducted, when he was carried to *Valencia*. But guesst at his Surprize, when he perceived himself not only disappointed in his Hopes of recovering his Mistress, but found also *Celius* lying imprisoned there under Sentence of Death. On inquiring into the Case, and hearing that it proceeded from a Jealousy, conceived of *Phania* and a young Pilgrim in her Company, whom in Revenge *Celius* had slain. *Pamphilus* immediately discerned that it could be no other than *Nisa*, he could not help therefore crying out: O! cruel *Celius*, thou hast deprived

prived of Life thy own Sister and my dear Spouse, who in the Disguise you saw, was the constant Companion of my Fortunes, and it may be *Phania* my Sister is perished too, for whose Sake you kill'd my adorable *Nisa*. I am thy Enemy *Pamphilus*, to whom thou toldst thy melancholy Story at *Valencia*, and on whom you acknowledged yourself sufficiently revenged by carrying off my Sister *Phania*.

CELIUS heard with much less Concern the Sentence of Death pronounced against him, than this strange Explication of his extraordinary Adventures by *Pamphilus*, he was so much dejected with Sorrow, that he could neither Speak nor Look like a Man in his Senses, and though he was very well furnished with Matter to have procured his Sentence to be reversed, yet he attempted nothing of that Nature, but remained Silent and dejected, as determined to submit to the Fate which Providence had assigned him. As for *Pamphilus*, he returned to his Pursuit of *Nisa*, searching every Corner of the City to hear News of her, which the Inhabitants construed to proceed from his Distraction, conceiving that a Man must be Mad indeed, who, like him, would return so soon to a Place whence he had so narrowly escaped with his Life.

One would have thought that the Misfortunes of this Gentleman were now at a Pitch not to be increased, yet an Accident fell out so as to double them immediately, and to perplex the unhappy *Pamphilus* much more than with all the vexatious Turns of Fortune who had experienced in the Course of his Life. *Tiberia* excessively grieved at the Departure of the Man she Loved, suffered that Grief in

a short Space of Time, to convert itself into a warm and inveterate Indignation, to gratify which, she framed a Plot blacker much than if it had come from Hell, and in one Word, worthy of a Woman. She wrote to her Brother *Hyacinth*, acquainting him that in his Absence, his ingrateful Friend had solicited her as a Lover, and under the strongest Promises of Marriage, dishonoured his Family, after which, without any Regard to her Prayers and Intreaties, he had quitted *Valencia*, and was gone to *Barcelona*. She imbellished this artful Story with a Number of feigned Circumstances, and gave the whole such an Air of Truth, that it might have deceived any indifferent Person, much more a Man so much interested in her Cause as an affectionate Brother.

CELIUS remained languishing in his Prison, *Pamphilus* was inquiring every where for his beloved *Nisa*, when *Hyacinth* arrived at *Barcelona*, and sought with no Assiduity to find him whom he believed to be the Dishonour of his Family. It was not long before he found out *Pamphilus*, and the Moment he found him, he saluted him with a Shower of hard Words, holding his Sword drawn in his Hand. *Pamphilus* did all that was in his Power to abate his Passion, and quiet his Resentments. He assured him they were Groundless, he appealed to his own Conduct, he put him in Mind of his Passion for *Nisa*, he gave him a Detail in few Words of the present Situation of his Affairs, and legg'd him by laying all Things together to convince Himself of the Impossibility of the Charge. It was all in vain, *Hyacinth* prepossess'd by his Sister's Letter, return'd him nothing but ill Names, upbraided him with Cowardice, and struck him in the
Face

Face with his Sword, which so provoked *Pamphilus*, that at length he drew, and with a few Passes laid his Adversary at his Feet.

THE Confusion of Mind under which *Pamphilus* laboured, allowed him not to reflect wherefore or whether he went; but at Length having well nigh reached the Borders of *Catalonia*, he sat him down on the Banks of the *Ebro*, to deplore the Misery of his Condition, and to Sigh over the Ruins of a Fortune which his Fears told him could never be made whole.

It was there, that swelling the River with his Tears, and adding Strength to the Winds with the impetuous Gusts of his Passion, Heedless of the sweet Singing of Birds which might have dispelled his Anguish, and Careless of that lovely Landkip which might have amused his Griefs. Is it possible, said he, that to save this wretched, this burthen-some Life of mine, I should have left so far behind that Country to which I owe not only my Birth, but my Mistress! How to retain a Thing so vile in my Sight, so heavy on my Soul, and so tedious to my View! Have I lost that which was the Delight of my Mind, the Joy of my Memory, and the Idol of my Will! Thee adorable *Nisa* who over the rugged Mountains of *Toledo*, rushed through the burning Sands which deform their Foundations to follow me! Thee who in the Battle of *Ceuta* wept so bitterly my Captivity! Thee who to relieve me therefrom hazarded thyself, thy Honour and thy Life! Thee who in all the Changes of disastrous Fortune hath been constant to my Love, who in Spight of all the weary

variety of Woe, thou hast experienced true to thy Faith, and unmoved in thy Resolution, by Time Misfortunes, and those prodigious Mutations of Events, which seem designed to have shock'd thy Resolution, but have served only to render it admired. Yet who am I? Who is it that thus idly Complains, and madly vents his Woe, in Words and Tears? Am I not descended from the noble House of *Luxan*, who so gloriously defended *Madrid* against the *Moors of Tolata*: No! No! It is not so, it is impossible, I cannot be myself, Misfortunes must have changed me into another, a Lover and Coward I cannot be, to deny that I Love, would be to deny that the Sun shines, that the Clouds are dark, or that I ever saw the lovely *Nisa*, for to confess that I saw her, is to own that I Love her, but if I Love, why did I leave her, or since I have left her, why do I live?

Thus the mourning *Pamphilus* accused himself for having on any Account left the Place where *Nisa* was, and then with a sudden Start like One who had lost some Jewel of high Value, measured the Way back with more impetuous hast than he had come thither. He continued Walking 'till Evening, and as the Sun began to decline, as he moved along full of uneasy Thoughts, he heard certain Groans proceeding from a narrow Plain overshadow'd by a steep and craggy Hill. Thither the adventurous *Pamphilus* directed his Steps, and when he arrived there, he found the young Man stretched at his Length upon the Grass, groaning faintly, by which Groans only it was to be discerned that he was living; when *Pamphilus* drew near him, he asked the Cause of his Distress, the dying Man intreated

ed him to draw near, and at the same Time made use of these Words. I beseech you charitable Stranger to take me if thou can'st upon thy Back, and bear me to a Monastery hard by; this will certainly be an Act of Charity, and perhaps the saving of a Soul. *Pamphilus* exceedingly moved at his Misfortunes, laying down his Pilgrim's Staff, did as the poor Man desired him, and bore him with great Difficulty to the Place he had mentioned; when he came thither, he laid his Charge under an Image of the Virgin, and exhorted him to recommend his Soul to her Care, while in the Interim, our Pilgrim knock'd fiercely at the Gate, till he receiv'd for Answer, that he could have no Admittance 'till they acquainted their Superior. Acquaint him quickly then, said *Pamphilus*, because I have a dying Man under my Care; there was however, a Garden between the Gate and the House, and therefore before that Space could be twice traversed, the poor Man died, having first as well as he could, told the Manner in which he received his Wounds.

WHEN *Pamphilus* perceived that he no longer Breathed, he looked as Pale and stood as Mute as if he was about himself to expire. When he recovered himself a little, he pluck'd two Sprigs of Mirtle, and laid them cross-wise upon the Breast of the Deceased, then kneeling down with the dead Body, he began to offer his Prayers to Heaven, when the Approach of Men on Horseback obliged him to rise, and perceiving that they sought the Deceased, he shewed them the Body, and told them how he brought it thither. It so happened that amongst these came *Thirsis* the Brother of the Deceased; he taking a sudden Suspicion into his Head, and suf-

fering his Passion to over-rule his Prudence, cried out; cruel *Castilian*, thou art the Traitor who hast slain my poor Brother. Alas! Gentlemen, cried he, is it thus you repay my Tenderness for this unhappy Man, what I have told you is strictly true, and I can tell you further, that he fell by the Hand of his dearest Friend, or at least him whom he esteemed so.

AT these Words *Tanfilus*, who had done this detestable Deed, and who accompanied them thither only to skreen it, alarmed at this Discourse, discharged a Pistol at him, wherewith he wounded him, though not mortally. He would fain have left him in the Condition he was, but the Brother of the Deceased, and the rest of his Friends disapproving his Conduct much, took *Pamphilus* off the Ground, set him on a Horse, and laid the dead Body cross another. As they travelled *Pamphilus* deeply sighing, and upbraiding himself with leaving *Hyacinth* dead, and *Nisa* wounded, *Tanfilus* presently infer'd that he had murdered the Gentleman for the Sake of some Woman, and almost persuaded his Relations, that the poor Man had confessed it, and in Consequence of that Belief, they loaded their Prisoner with a thousand Reproaches, to which they were especially inclined from his being a *Castilian*. Difference of Countries leading weak Minds to forget that Men, where ever they are born, are Men, and that of Consequence Men ought every where to love each other.

THEY did not carry *Pamphilus* as he expected to any Village, but hurried him to a Castle about half a League from the Monastery; the Gate of this
Mansion

Mansion was between two strong Towers, *Thirfis* knocked thereat, and a Servant looking out at the Window, *Go tell my Mother and Sister, said he, that I bring the Body of Godfrey, and with him his Murderer.* The Moment he had spoken, the whole Castle echoed with Cries, Complaints, and Lamentations; *Pamphilus* easily perceived what a Reception he was like to meet with, but as Death was become a Thing desirable, he resolved not to defend with his Voice that Life which he had now no other Arms to protect. The Gate being opened, *Pamphilus* perceived by the Light of some Torches, a Multitude of Women, who after receiving the dead Body, and depositing it upon a Couch, came running about him, upbraiding him, cursing him, striking him in the Face, pulling him by the Beard, and offering him a thousand other Injuries, all which drew from him nothing more than a frequent Repetition of these Words: *I have deserved all this and more for leaving Nisa as I have done.* After they had thus vented the first Fury of their Resentment, they shut him up in one of the Towers, while in the mean Time they provided for the Funeral of their deceased Brother. During the Night, the Pilgrim was entertained with their vociferous Lamentations, intermixed now and then with some Conjectures concerning *Nisa*, of whom the Pilgrim spoke so much.

THE next Day pretty early in the Morning, the Mother and Sisters of *Godfrey*, entered the Apartment where he was confined, demanding of him in a fierce Tone, why he had slain so gentle a Knight, to whom giving no satisfactory Answer, they fell upon him in so outrageous a Manner, that they left him for dead; when they saw him in this piteous
Condi-

Condition, far from commiserating his Condition, they left him without Help, with a Resolution that he should end his Days by Famine; but about Noon when the Body was born with great Solemnity to the Chapel, *Florida* the youngest Sister of the Deceased came to the Pilgrim's Apartment, and after looking through the Lock, said in a low Voice, *Unfortunate Castilian, be of good Courage, and rest assured, that in Spight of all the Care my Mother and Brothers can use, I will procure your Enlargement.* Pamphilus at this, crawling from the Floor, drew as near as he could to the Door, and answered her in the following Terms. *To whom fair Lady am I indebted for this extraordinary Favour. I am,* answered *Florida, the youngest of Godfrey's Sisters, moved by the miserable State you are in, and from an inward Persuasion of your Innocence, I have determined to deliver you from that cruel Death for which you are design'd. So may Heaven prosper your charitable Intent,* replied Pamphilus, *as I am indeed innocent of the Death of your Brother: I found him in a Wood, near the Monastery, at the very Point of Death, I carried him thither at his own Request, and he expired in my Arms before they would open the Gate; this amiable Florida is the real Truth, and further Concern in your Brother's Death had I none. If you are so Kind as to extend this Favour to me, know that I am a Knight, descended of an antient and noble Family, from which there never sprang either a Traitor, or an ingrateful Man. There is no* Occasion answered *Florida, for these or any other Reasons to influence me to persist in my Resolution, a Woman of true Virtue, inclining to do a great and commendable Act, will persist in her Inclination, maugre all the Difficulties that Fortune can* throw

throw in her Way. *Thirst* was to be Abroad nine Days, in order to see the Funeral of *Godfrey* performed, at a Cathedral Church, whither his Body was removed thither; while he was going, *Florida* contrived the Means of *Pamphilus's* Escape, and till this could be brought about, she found a Way by pulling a corner Board out of the Floor to furnish him with Victuals; her Mother and Sisters in the Interim, went every Day to maltreat and torment him, much they wondered, that in Spight of ill Usage and Want of Sustenance, they found him still alive, yet their Wonder did not lessen, but Increase their Malice, insomuch, that they determined not to wait any longer, the slow Method they had chosen, but to hasten his Death by Violence. *Florida* hearing this Resolution, gave him the Night before it was to take Effect, iron Tools to raise up more Boards, and strong Cords to let him down, promising to receive him, and to further his Escape, when he should have descended into the lower Room of the Tower.

PAMPHILUS returned her his humble Thanks, and at the appointed Hour began to work briskly, in order to free himself from so irksom a Confinement; Providence favoured his Design, the Planks easily gave Way, and in the Space of a few Minutes, having fixed the Ladder of Ropes to the Beams of his Apartment, he slid down into the Hall, where *Florida* waited for him. That excellent young Lady received him with open Arms, she bestowed on him a thousand kind Wishes, and forced him whether he would or no to accept of some Jewels. He, at his Departure, told her that if she at any Time came into *Castile*, and there applied herself to a Knight of
Madrid

Madrid called *Pamphilus de Luxan*, she would be sure to meet with a grateful Recompence of so extraordinary a Favour, as she had now conferr'd on him.

PAMPHILUS, as soon as he was out of the Tower, continued his Road to *Barcelona*, where being able to learn no News of *Nisa*, he continued his Journey towards the Frontiers of *Castile*, but with all imaginable Precaution, lest he should be overtaken by the Brethren of *Florida*, or any sent by them in Quest of him. At Length he arrived at a little Town on the Frontiers of the two Kingdoms, it happened to be in the Dusk of the Evening, and therefore the first Thing he sought was a Lodging. The Inhabitants of the Place observing the wretched Condition he was in, his Habit mean, his Feet not only bare but bloody, his Face torned, his Hair clotted, and his Look wild and fierce, refused to let him enter their Houses, so that he was forced to walk on to the next Hospital, the common and certain Receptacle of the Distressed; when he came thither, he found it absolutely deserted, and without any Person in it. Upon inquiring into the Occasion, he was told that since a Person had died there, the Place was so much disturbed, that nobody could rest in it. He was however informed, that a certain Holy Man lodged in a little Chapel at the Corner of it, by whom he might be acquainted where he might sleep without Peril. *Pamphilus* hereupon entered the Passage, and perceiving a Lamp at a Distance, crept towards it 'till he perceived the Door, at which he knock'd. *What wouldst thou Evil Spirit, said the old Man?* You are Sir, said *Pamphilus*, mistaken, I am no Evil Spirit, but a poor

poor Pilgrim seeking for shelter. The Hermit hearing this, opened the Door, and *Pamphilus* discovered a tall meagre Man in a long coarse Habit, with a matted Beard, long Hair, and Nails growing like Talons; in the Chapel he found a small Altar, the lowest Step of which served the good Man for a Bed, as did a Stone for a Pillow, his Pilgrim's Staff for a Companion, and the Skull of a Person deceased, for an Emblem of Mortality. Such was the Host, and such his Mansion.

It is strange said the good old Man to *Pamphilus*, that nobody should inform you of the Terrors which attend this Mansion; and it is to me no less strange if any Body did inform you, that you had Temerity enough to venture your self in such an Apartment. Truly, answered our *Pilgrim*, I have experienced so many Hardships, have been in so many Prisons, and suffered such variety of Disasters, that Custom hath persuaded me, there is no Sort of Reason for Fear. Very well, answered the old Man, it is you who are to run this Risque, not I, therefore come along. Saying this, he took a Candle in his Hand, and our *Pilgrim* following him, they traversed together a Garden over grown with Weeds, and coming then to a handsome Fabrick, the old Man opened the Door of a spacious Apartment, and took his Leave of *Pamphilus* in these Words: *Young Man, make the Sign of the Cross, recommend yourself to the divine Protection, and this done, take your Rest without Fear.* The *Pilgrim* thank'd his Host, sat down his Candle on the Ledge of the Wall, threw off his Cloaths, and went to Bed. His great Weariness, the lowness of his Spirits, and the softness of his Lodging, did not suffer him

him to be long awake, so that after he was in Bed, he fell presently into so sound a Sleep, that no ordinary Noise could possibly awake him.

WHEN Night had passed her Noon, the *Pilgrim's* Rest was discomposed by the Sound of Horses Feet, the Trampling seemed so near him, that he lifted up his Head, and beheld with Astonishment, a whole Troop of Cavaliers pass two by two before his Bed with Torches in their Hands, which having lighted at his Candle, they began to flourish about the Chamber as if they intended to set it on Fire. Sinking at this under the Bed Cloaths, he lay still a while, expecting what should happen; but the Noise ceasing after some Time, he was encouraged to look forth once more, which when he did, he saw to his great Surprise, four of these Cavaliers sitting very quietly at a Table playing at *Primera*. They staked Money, pushed it from one to another, put it into their Pockets, and in short, behaved like ordinary Gamesters: At last a Quarrel happened, they then started from the Table, drew their Swords, and fell to fighting promiscuously just over the *Pilgrim's* Bed. *Pamphilus* got once more under the Cloaths, half dead with Terror and Astonishment, and there lay sweating 'till Things grew once again quiet, then looking abroad, he perceived a Man enter the Room with a Torch, followed by two others, one of them having a large Copper Bason, the other a Razor. They advanced directly towards the *Pilgrim*, and when they were pretty near the Bed-side, the two Men murdered him who held the Torch; at the Sight of which, *Pamphilus* already conceived that his Throat was cut, and his Blood running into the Copper Bason:
He

He was desperately frightened, and at the same Time very desirous of speaking, but his Tongue refused to do its Office, 'till the Men began to handle the Bed Cloaths, and then the *Pilgrim* screamed out aloud, vowing at the same Time that he would visit our Lady of *Guadalupe* if he escaped; immediately the dead Man started up, lighted his Torch again, and two great Mastiffs springing up out of the Ground, seized the other two Men, and held them fast. My God, cried the *Pilgrim*, when will my Troubles cease, at these Words all the Illusions vanished, and the *Pilgrim* found himself alone, and at Peace, but so weak and so frightened, that naked as he was, he ran cross the Garden towards the Chapel, where the old Hermit dwelt, who seeing him pale, trembling and naked, readily opened the Door for his Admission. As soon as he was got in, *Young Man*, said he, *I am afraid you have had but a bad Night of it*; yes, replied *Pamphilus*, bad enough indeed, insomuch that I have been heartily glad to leave my Cloaths for my Lodging; I do not wonder at it, said the Hermit, but come put this Cloak about you, sit down, refresh your self, and let me tell you what has happened to some Predecessors of yours in that Lodging; but after some short Discourse, they fell both asleep, and *Pamphilus* in some Measure indemnified himself for his late Fatigue, by snoring 'till it was almost Noon; then waking after some Refreshment, they resolved to go together into the *Pilgrim's* Apartment, in order to recover his Cloaths.

WHEN they came into the Apartment, they found all Things in order, the Cloaths lying on the Bed, and neither any Thing burning, or so much

much as the Smell of burning in the Room. *Pamphilus* was exceedingly surprized, and not a little ashamed, fearing that the old Man should suspect his Veracity, when he saw Things correspond so little with his Account. He therefore dressed himself as fast as he could, so departed, taking a civil Leave of his kind Host, but without speaking much, for the Reason before assigned, taking the Road to *Guadalupe*, determined not to turn aside on any Account 'till he had fulfilled those Devotions, which he thought so justly due to our holy Lady, worshipped there. Thither therefore being come, and having ascended to her Chapel, paid his Vow, He then began to descend the Hill with greater Serenity of Mind, and lightness of Heart than he had experienced for a long Time before. This however was interrupted by a Stranger's advancing towards him, and demanding of him in a pretty quick Tone, whether he could give any Account of one *Pamphilus de Luxan*, a Knight of *Madrid*, who travelled in the Habit of a Pilgrim. *Pamphilus* immediately conceiving that this was some Person coming to apprehend him for the Death of *Godfrey*, ran from him as fast as he could; the Man however followed him, crying out as he ran, *Stay Sir, stay, I come to do you no Hurt, besides you are now in a Sanctuary, where if I would, I could not arrest you, all I want is to give you a Letter from Florida.* The Pilgrim hearing this stopped, and received from the Messenger the following Epistle.

TO the PILGRIM of *MADRID*.

THAT I may divide with you my Joy, and free you from all Grief, I send you this; my Brethren
at

at their Return, were no less offended with your Escape, than they had been with the Death of Godfrey; but two Days after it so fell out, that two Ladies in our Neighbourhood quarrelling, the one reproached the other with being the Occasion of my Brother's Murder. Upon this, the Woman was seized, who confessed the Fact, and charged Tansilus therewith. He likewise being apprehended in three Days time, such strong Proofs appeared, that he confessed Jealousy moved him to kill his Friend, for which on a Scaffold he lost his Head. My Mother and Brethren being convinced of your Innocence, most earnestly wish for your Return, that by their Caresses, they may efface the Memory of those Injuries which they have done you. Your Return is also wished by me, that you may make some Amends for the Tears I have shed for you.

FLORIDA.

THE amorous *Pilgrim* received with Joy the Letter of the lovely *Florida*, he constrained the Messenger to accept some Recompence for the Trouble he had had, and then dismissed him with an Answer full of Thanks, and Testimonies of Affection, yet such as were perfectly consistent with his Fidelity to *Nisa*; this Correspondence he kept up not only with her, but with her Brethren, 'till such Time as the Lady married with a Knight of *Andalusia*, who carried her to the *Indies*. After parting with this Messenger, *Pamphilus* retired into the Woods and Defarts, and gave himself up entirely to his Despair. One Day as he was ruminating in the midst of a Forest, on the long Train of Misfortunes he had run through, he heard suddenly

denly a Musket Shot, which awakened him out of his Reverie, and forced him to look behind him, where he perceived a young Man with a Piece in his Hand, looking after some Goats which were there feeding; *Pamphilus* saluted him with great Civility, and the young Man returned his Salutes in the same Manner. They fell afterwards into a long Discourse, and *Fabio*, so the Stranger was called, informed him, that the Herd of which he took Care, belonged to *Nisa's* Father, who was very rich in Cattle, and whose chief Herdsman lived in a Valley hard by. They afterwards discoursed of various Matters, and *Fabio* at his Request, gave him a Detail of his Adventures, and how ill Success in Love had driven him to this Solitude, where he compensated himself for the Injuries a mortal Beauty had done him, by contemplating the Effects of immortal Goodness in the Volume of the Creation, and its several Leaves of Creatures. *Pamphilus* spent his Time agreeable enough with him, and at Night retired to the House of the Herdsman before-mentioned, to whom he discovered his Intention of becoming Fellow-Servant with *Fabio*. The Herdsman received him readily, promised him Protection and Subsistence, for which the *Pilgrim* thanked him, and addressed himself to wear out in Solitude a Life broken with Misfortunes. Here then let us leave him for a Time, to speak of *Nisa*, whose Adventures no less concern our History.

NISA by Degrees, recovered the Wounds she had received at her Brother's Hands, and saw with the utmost Satisfaction, herself in a Condition to follow *Pamphilus*. At first she interceded with her kind Host, to surcease his Prosecution against *Celius*,
since

since they were sprung from the same Bed, and
 since his seeming Malice against her, was in Truth
 no more than Zeal for his own Honour. Her Pro-
 tector list'ned to her Request, and all Things seem-
 ed now in a happy Train, when again her Beauty
 betrayed her Fortune, and her Charms kindled a
 new Flame, which had well nigh consumed them
 all. The Gentleman in whose House she dwelt,
 had a Son named *Thersander*, and this Son learning
 that the Person whom his Father had protected,
 tho' in a Man's Garb, was in Truth a Woman,
 by Degrees fell passionately in Love with her, and
 discovering his Passion to his Father, besought him
 to obtain this Fair One for his Wife. The good
 old Man perceiving the Violence of his Affection,
 and having a proper Tenderness for an only Son,
 spoke of it to *Nisa*, with as much Passion as even
Thersander himself could have done; she for a
 Time defended herself against his Attacks, but in
 the End, finding that his paternal Affection would
 overcome that Regard which he had shewn to her,
 she related to him the whole Story of her Life, and
 laying open to him the Obligations she was under
 to *Pamphilus*, put a stop to his Intercession, tho'
 neither he nor she, could at all diminish the eager
 Desires of his Son, who growing more resolved
 from the Opposition made to his Wishes, daily ex-
 pressed himself with greater Warmth, 'till at length
 giving Way to Despair, he sunk into a deep Melan-
 choly, and fell into such a declining State of Health,
 as threatned to put a Period at once to his Love and
 his Life. It was then that not only his Father, but
 all his Relations interposed for his Preservation, and
 objected to *Nisa* the Obligation she lay under from
 Gratitude, as sufficient in some Measure to relax
 the

the Ties of Love. At first, she was deaf to these Sollicitations, but Time and Repetitions of the same plausible Suggestions, softned her Constancy a little, and engaged her to give fair Words and kind Hopes to the languishing *Thersander*; for it is the Nature of Women, as of ambitious Princes, to covet Conquests which they can't maintain; to be proud of Victories, tho' cruel, rather than glorious, and to indulge their Vanity, tho' somewhat to the Prejudice of their Virtue; this I say, is the Nature of Women, and these are Failings which we in the best of them must find. Those of frailer Constitutions have Follies of another Cast, too numerous and too gross to be the Subject of any Writings but their own, which is the Reason that Pieces penn'd by Females are as dangerous as themselves to the Eyes of the Beholders, and strike like Summer Lightnings with a sort of Fire, which tho' it seems to fall from Heaven, betrays itself by its Scent, to be but infernal Sulphur.

THE Love-sick *Thersander* provided with the Cordials which *Nisa* administred, recovered in a few Weeks from his Disease, tho' not from his Love. As his Strength increased, she like an ill paid Physician, made fewer Visits, and tho' she concealed her Passion for another, pretended to mistake Pity for Love. *Thersander* pursued her with his amorous Complaints, and having one Day before much Company importuned her to sing, she at last with an agreeable Carelessness sung them the following Air.

A I R.

A I R.

A *Stranger I to this same Love,
And yet I dread his Fire,
Taught by another's Pains to move,
From such a fell Desire.*

*No Sighs shall Cupid boast of mine,
My Soul shall still be free,
It shall his utmost Force decline,
While charm'd with Liberty.*

*Let him some softer Breast assail,
And vanquish in a Trice,
My Bosom is a Coat of Mail,
Which guards a Heart of Ice.*

The Company, however pain'd with her Sentiments, applauded her Voice, and her Wit, whilst *Thersander* having for some Moments cast his Eyes on the Ground, in a low Voice, sung the following Lines.

YOU must to Love a Stranger be,
*Who thus the God blaspheme,
Be wiser and be taught by me,
To bless his sacred Flame.*

*The Sighs of Love like Zephyrs Fan,
A Fire which gently warms,
And pleases more than Freedom can,
With all its various Charms.*

Some

*Some chosen Dart would Cupid throw,
'Twould through your Steel be felt,
And raise within so warm a Glow,
Your Heart of Ice would melt.*

THE lovely *Nisa* joined with the rest of the Company in applauding the Wit of *Thersander*; and the elegant Tenderness of his Verses, but tho' on this and other Occasions she soothed his Passion; she nevertheless sought in her Mind how to contrive an Escape, whereby she might rid her self of the Importunities not only of her Lover, but of all his Relations, who were as vehement in their Addresses as himself; at length, when she perceived that *Thersander's* Health was perfectly re-established, she took the Advantage of a Moon-light Night, and when all the Family was fast asleep, withdrew privately, and took the Road to *Lerida*. *Thersander* awakened early in the Morning from an astonishing Dream, wherein the Flight of *Nisa* was perfectly represented to him. As soon as the Day broke he rose, and guided only by the Vehemence of his Passion, ran to the Chamber where *Nisa* lay; when he found her not there, his Heart immediately pre-saged that his Dream was true, and therefore Maugre all the Persuasions of his Father, immediately set out in search of her.

LISARDUS, the elder Brother of *Celcius* and *Nisa*, in the mean Time returned out of *Flanders*, with large Testimonials as to his Valour and Conduct, but when he came Home, and found both his Brother and Sister in a Manner lost, he grew very uneasy, and would fain have diverted his Melancholy;

lancholy, by taking a Journey to Court, in Order to claim some Reward for the Services he had performed; but his Father so warmly insisted on his remaining, to be the Staff and Comfort of his Age, that *Lisardus* was forced to give Way, and to remain, tho' sore against his Will in his Father's House. One Thing indeed contributed to the Alleviation of his Sorrows, which was this; he had on the Road encountred a fair young *Pilgrim*, who seemed to be in Distress, and whom on that Account he conducted to his Father's House, where she received not only a civil and charitable, but a very kind and courteous Entertainment. This fair One was *Phania*, the Sister of *Pamphilus*, who flying from the Rage of *Celius*, the Brother of *Lisardus*, gladly accepted the kind Offer of the latter, and was wonderfully pleased with the Reception his Parents afforded her. It happened one Day that our young Soldier going out to amuse himself with Shooting, near the Place where his Flocks and Herds were kept, met there with *Pamphilus*, who as we have shewn, spent his Days in the servile Occupation of a Herdsman. *Lisardus* as soon as he saw him, perceived in him an Air of Greatness, which little suited the Station of Life in which he found him; he therefore took an Opportunity of conversing with him seriously, in order to find the Reason which had determined him to this kind of Life. *Pamphilus* gave him only general Answers, and received with no great readiness, the Proposition *Lisardus* made him of quitting the Country to live in his Father's House, and look after two of his Horses. The Fear *Pamphilus* was under of being discover'd in a House where he was so well known, and the small Satisfaction he propos'd

G

to

to himself in the Station he was to live in there, made him at first decline the Offer; but having maturely considered it, he at last determined to accept it, flattering himself that his long Absence must have effaced all Memory of his Countenance, and that the old Man would never think of seeing *Pamphilus* in the Service of his Son *Lisardus*; besides Solitude, however Charming at first, by Degrees began to grow insupportable, and therefore come what would, he resolved to follow *Lisander*, and to visit once more that Mansion where he had first seen, and from whence he had taken the adorable *Nisa*.

THERSANDER quickly reached the City of *Toledo*, for no Courier flies faster than a disappointed Lover in search of the fair Author of his Pain; but when he arrived, he found his Hopes disappointed, and himself destined to new Searches. The Inquiries he made were so strict, and his Encomiums on *Nisa's* Beauty so extraordinary, that they quickly reached the Ears of *Nisa's* Family, and *Thersander* conceiving that the publishing his Passion might conduce to the Discovery of its Object, took no Precautions either as to himself or her. *Lisander* when he was informed of this, made no doubt but it was *Pamphilus*, who having lost *Nisa*, fought her with such Impetuosity. At first he determined to go himself and revenge the Honour of his Family upon the Ravisher, but at the Persuasion of his Father, he changed his Mind, and committed to his Valet *Pamphilus*, the Charge of destroying him whom he took to be *Pamphilus*. His Servant readily undertook the Execution of his Master's Commands, being no less concerned than he,

to discover who this new Lover was, who thus impatiently sought his Mistress *Nisa*. To the City of *Toledo* therefore he went, and easily found out *Thersander*: He was far from accosting him roughly, on the contrary he soothed his extravagant Passion, invited him to a Repast, promising him News of the Fair he sought. *Thersander* charmed by her Name, readily obeyed the Summons. After they had eat and drank together, he related to him without Disguise, the Story of his Passion. *Pamphilus* heard with Pleasure, with what extraordinary firmness *Nisa* had preserved her Fidelity to him, and having by fair Promises drawn *Thersander* to take upon him the Name of *Pamphilus*, he brought him to dwell in his own Lodging. *Lysander* in the mean Time hearing nothing from his Valet, grew very uneasy, fearing that he might be imprisoned for killing *Pamphilus*, and that he would not send any Message that he might not bring any Imputation on their Family, of having any Hand in directing the Murder. His Father perceiving *Thersander* *Lysander* melancholy, and knowing that he had given Orders for a Journey, was very pressing to know the Cause, with which when he was once acquainted, he absolutely refused to let him go, unless he accompanied him to *Toledo*.

LYSANDER and his Father arrived at *Toledo*, and went directly to the Place where the Valet of the former was by his Direction to have taken up his Lodging: There as soon as they entered the Room, they perceived *Pamphilus* and *Thersander*; the young *Castilian* immediately demanded of the former, who was a Stranger to him, his Name and Quality: To which *Thersander*, as he had

been instructed, answered, *Pamphilus*; whereupon *Lysander* without more ado, drew his Sword, and would immediately have killed him, had not his Father, by catching him in his Arms, prevented it; he endeavoured also to moderate his Fury, by representing to him that he had mistaken the Person, for the old Man recollecting the Countenance of *Pamphilus*, assured his Son that *Thersander* was not he, but the other.

LYSANDER could not believe this, but apprehended that it was a Device of his Father to quiet him, because he imagined this other Person was his Valet *Maurice*: Redoubling his Rage therefore against *Thersander*, he sought once more to have put him to Death; but was again hindered, with such Difficulty however, that all the House was in an Uproar; and the Officers of Justice being called, *Thersander* and *Pamphilus* were both committed to Prison, till farther Light could be had in the Matter.

HYACINTH having happily recovered the desperate Wounds which he received from *Pamphilus*, made it his Business to search him out, that they might set all their Differences right; but while he was searching for him, receiving a Command from his lovely *Lucinda* to come to her at *Madrid*, he instantly took that Road, and in the Neighbourhood of *Seragossa*, met with the Pilgrim *Nisa*, whom he easily knew, and she also knowing him, and how good a Friend he was to *Pamphilus*, readily confided in him; and having laid by her Habit and Pilgrim's Staff, assumed a Garb and Equipage suitable to her Quality, and travelled as he desired her in his Company.

THEY

THEY agreed together to proceed first of all to *Madrid*, and there to enquire for *Pamphilus* at his own House; they did so accordingly, but finding no body there except his afflicted Mother, they consoled her as well as they could for the Loss of her Children, by strong Assurances of their being alive and well, and engaged her to go with them to *Toledo*, where they were in some Hopes to find them. The good old Lady suffered herself to be persuaded, and taking with her only remaining Child *Eliza*, the Staff of her Age, and one of the most beautiful young Women in *Castile*, she went with these illustrious Persons to that City.

THE miserable *Tiberia*, Sister to *Hyacinth*, fearing that her whole Plot was unravell'd, and dreading her Brother's warm Sense of Honour, quitted *Valencia*, and with such of her Family as were contented to follow her, resolved to go and live in *Toledo*.

THIS Resolution once taken, she conceived it best to execute it immediately, and therefore took the Road to that famous City without Delay. In her Journey she met with *Celius*, who despairing to hear either of *Pamphilus* or *Nisa*, and unable to find *Phania*, determined to return Home. He learning from *Tiberia* the Source of her Misfortunes, and the Duel which on her Account had been fought by her Brother and *Pamphilus*, comforted her as well as he could, and persuaded her to take Refuge in his House, till such Time as he could pacify *Hyacinth*, which they both apprehended would be no easy Matter to effect.

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THUS

THUS by an extraordinary Revolution of Things, there arrived in one Day in the House of *Leonice*, a Woman of great Quality, *Aureliana*, the Mother of *Pamphilus*, *Phania* and *Eliza*, *Hyacinth*, *Tiberia* and *Celius*, who had been so long lost, that his being either dead or Captive, was no longer doubted. Never was a House so full of Joy, Surprise, and agreeable Confusion, as this of *Leonice*. *Aureliana* rejoic'd to see her long lost *Phania*, and to find that her supposed Seducer, was in Truth her Husband. *Celius* received that Fair One from her Mother to his Arms, with the tenderest Joy; and then going to his Sister *Nisa*, he with Tears besought her Pardon, for having in his Jealousy wounded her so grievously. *Hyacinth* was at first not a little troubled at the Sight of his Sister *Tiberia*, not being able to comprehend how she came to *Toledo*, and into this Company. At last when this Matter was better cleared up, he suffered himself to be pacify'd, and to afford her his Pardon.

THERSANDER and *Pamphilus* were immediately sent for out of Prison, there remaining now no Rancour among any of this illustrious Company; on the contrary, *Lysander* was so charmed with the Beauty of *Tiberia*, and with that melancholy Sweetness which appeared in her Behaviour, that he demanded her of her Brother for his Wife, which was readily agreed to. *Thersander* suffered his Passion for *Nisa* to be overcome by the blooming Beauty of the lovely *Eliza*, whom with the Consent of her Mother and Brother, he immediately espoused. *Lucinda* arrived the same Day, and was married in the same Place, and by the same Priest who joined *Nisa* unto her beloved *Pamphilus*.

HERE ended the Misfortunes of all these faithful Lovers ; now did *Pamphilus* consecrate his Pilgrim's Staff as a Memorial of his Adventures, and here let me also consecrate that Pen which hath recorded them, and after so noble an Employment, discharge it from future Service.

F I N I S.



D I A N A.

A PASTORAL

NOVEL.

From the *Spanish* of

GEORGE DE MONTEMAYOR.

*This noble Piece in pure Castilian wrote
With honest Pride, the Spanish Writers quote:
Own that its Worth, tho' from a Foreign Hand,
Makes it with Justice on the Summit stand.
Of all their Wit — O! may this Transcript find,
Usage as just, or at least as kind.*



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDC CXXXVII.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

D I N A

A FANTASY

NOVEL

IN TWO VOLUMES

GEORGE DE MONTEMAYOR

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF
THE LIFE OF DON ALONSO DE
CORTES, AND HIS CONQUESTS IN
MEXICO, AND THE ISLANDS OF
THE WEST INDIES, IN THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



LONDON

Printed by J. B. GALT, in the Strand.



THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.



THE Coins of antient Greece and Rome are Bits of Silver and Brass in the Hands of those who have no Taste for Antiquity or Sculpture ; in the Eyes of the Litterati, however, they are more precious than Jewels, and with Reason, since the Lustre of those only dazzle the Eyes, while the Beauties of these delight and improve the Mind. The same Thing may be said concerning the Writings of the Antients, not only in the Greek and Latin Tongues, but in Languages which are yet living and currently

The PREFACE.

rently spoken. *Who knows not that both in France and in Britain the Labours of the Learned in the Sixteenth Century, and some even of a higher Date, are in great and just Esteem? Montaign and Rabelais are considered as the Classicks of our neighbour Nation, as Spencer and Drayton have, and will have, their Admirers amongst us, as long as Productions of Spirit are read and understood. Reflections of this Sort, led me to the Publication of the PILGRIM, the Work of that immortal Spanish Wit Lopez de Vega; and the kind Reception the present Age gives to all Writings of this Nature, hath engaged me to revive another more antient Piece, written in the same Language, and received with the like Applause.*

CUSTOM hath now so well established the Right of prefixing Prefaces before Books of all sorts, that I may without Apology, offer my Reasons in this, for translating so antient a Work, rather than any of those numerous Pieces which daily flow from the Pens of French Wits, and are received with such Avidity in our Country. In few Words then, the Piece of which I am speaking, hath such an established Reputation in Spain, hath been so much commended by the most celebrated Writers in that Nation, hath been so often translated into French,
and

The PREFACE.

and hath been so lately reprinted in that Language with Applause, as it had been formerly in Latin at Hanover, under the Title of NEMORALIA, that I conceived its Character established beyond the Reach of Censure, and that my own Judgment would not be called in Question, when supported by such Authorities as these. Having thus opened Matter sufficient to gain the Reader's Attention, I shall proceed to offer to his Consideration some Account of the Author, the Work itself, and of this Translation.

*It was written by George de Montemayor, a Portuguese, of so mean Extraction, that we know nothing of his Parents, nor so much as his or their Names; that which is prefixed to his Work, is derived from the Place of his Birth; and it is uncertain whether he took it himself, or whether it was bestowed on him by his Companions when he came to live at Court. To some, perhaps, these Circumstances may appear in the Light of Misfortunes; but to me they seem singularly beneficial to the Author, for inasmuch as he was a Person of no Family, his Merit must have been conspicuous indeed, to raise him to such a Degree of Eminence as he attain'd; and as he was not born a Spaniard, all who are acquainted with the Genius of that People must know, they could
not*

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not be much prejudic'd in his Favour. He had, it seems, some Skill in Musick, which procured him the Honour of being entertained in the Service of Philip II. one of the greatest and wisest Monarchs who have worn the Spanish Diadem. Our Author by this Means had an Opportunity of learning the Castilian Tongue in its utmost Perfection; and as he was a Person of singular Modesty, as well as of a great Genius, he submitted his first Poetical Pieces to the Correction of such as were eminent in his Time, till by Degrees his Character was established, and all Castile acknowledged him an excellent Poet. As to the Piece before us, he died before he had finish'd it. The first Part of it appeared in 1560, and was greatly admired, all the World regretting the Death of its Author, which happened in the Flower of his Age, or rather while he was a very young Man. In 1564 Don Alonzo Perez published a Continuation of our Author's DIANA, divided into eight Books, which did not however, hinder Gaspard Gil Polo from publishing a Third Part, divided into five Books. What Judgment the Criticks have made of our Author's Work, and of these Continuations, shall be next seen.

Lopez de Vega in his Poem called Apollo's Laurel, bath these Lines in Relation to our Author.

Quando

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Quando Montemayor con su Diana
Ennoblecis la Lingua Castelliana.

When Montemayor who shall flourish long,
With his Diana first enrich'd our Tongue.

IN various other Parts of his Works, he makes also honourable Mention of this Author and of his Work. The celebrated Dramatic Poet of the Spaniards, Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, hath not only commended Montemayor, but hath transcribed some of his Verses into his Works; but he who hath done most Honour to our Author, and particularly this Piece of his, is the justly fam'd Cervantes, who, in his inimitable Don Quixote, on the Discovery of this Romance, with its several Continuations, in the Library of the Knight of la Mancha, gives the Diana of Montemayor the Preference to all Works of the same Kind, condemns the first Continuation to the Flames, and orders the last to be preserved, as if it came from the Pen of Apollo. To add more on this Subject would be at once needless and tedious; proceed we then to the Translation.

IT consists not only of the Diana of Montemayor, but also of the Continuation last mentioned, not indeed in their full Length, but
with

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with the Retrenchment only of such Parts as are purely in the Spanish Taste, and would be neither beautiful nor intelligible in any other Language. The Reader will find a Simplicity of Sentiment, a natural Turn of Words, a pleasing Series of History, in fine, an agreeable Amusement, full of just Representations of Nature, which, as I conceive, is the utmost he can expect; as for my Share therein, I have done the Author all the Justice I was able, and how far I have succeeded, every learned Peruser will determine for himself.



DIANA.



D I A N A.

A PASTORAL

NOVEL.

BOOK I.



*S*IRENO descended the Mountains of *Leon*, resolved to experience what Effect Time would have on an inconstant Mind. Cross'd by Love and Fortune, he endured Pains inexpressible by Words; and flying as he did from the Object of his Wishes, thought not of the dangerous Effects of Absence; his Jealousy had already tormented him with all that Thought could suggest, and its Stock of Evils exhausted, he had now nothing worse to fear.

As

As he drew near the Meadows, his Mind was struck with the Remembrance of all the Pleasures he had tasted in them while his Heart was free. His Flocks fed happily then, and he was no less happy than they; his only Care to find fresh Pasture, and when found, to waste the flying Time in sportful Tunes, while the glad Echo repeated the brisk Notes, untaught to languish yet in Strains of Love. If any of the Shepherds drew near the Place, they blessed the Youth's sweet Voice and sweeter Pipe, while he minded less the Inconstancy of Fortune, than the Seasons, and was alike a Stranger to the Pride of Courts, the Fraud of Cities, and the Inconstancy of the Fair. Born in a rural Solitude, his Thoughts like it were innocent and free, till Love! almighty Love! taught him to know those Pains which he delights to inflict on such as boast of Liberty.

His Heart was now incapable of Content, his Visage changed, his Habit negligent, all futing with his sad Condition: After he had a while rambled over the Plain, and fixed his Eyes on the Place where he had first seen *Diana*, that lovely Shepherdess, whose Inconstancy was her sole Defect, and who possess'd a Treasury of Charms, capable if scatter'd, of enriching all the World with Beauty; at the Remembrance of this first Meeting, *Sirens* broke out into long and loud Complaints, and after having vented the first Dictates of his Grief, he pulled a little Cabinet out of his Portmanteau, and taking from thence the Bracelets *Diana* had presented him at parting, after contemplating them a while, his Muse resumed his Tale of Sorrow in these soft Strains.

Frail

*Frail Pledges of Love insincere,
Why is that Green among you spread?
Ah! why should I Hope's Liv'ry wear,
When every Hope is from me fled?
Here while her Hair unchang'd I see,
I'm conscious that her Heart's not so,
The one in Dust she wrote to me,
One Date my Love and Life shall know.
How feeble is the Lover's Mind,
Whom such a Promise so could move,
Why, knew I not a Gust of Wind;
Could scatter both the Vow and Love.*

HIS Grief would not permit him to proceed, he dropped his Pipe, Companion of his Song, and with folded Arms and streaming Eyes, look'd on the Bracelets which lay before him. Alas! cry'd he, what are ye but the fatal Pledges of a delusive Passion, bestowed by the fairest and falsest of her Sex, to cheat my credulous Mind, and cause my continual Grief: How blind was I? How blind am I still? Here too is her Letter! saying this he pulled a Paper out of the Casket, and read to himself the following Billet.

DIANA to SIRENO.

*IT would be impossible for me not to be offended with what you say, did I not know you speak the Dictates of your Love: You say my Passion is too faint, inform me whence you gather this, and which may prove a harder Task, how I may love you more than I do: My Tenderneſs for you made me believe
the*

the Assurances you gave me. Let yours for me engaged you to give Credit to mine. You say that my Tenderness is not as great as yours; it may be, that you are deceived in your Notions of your own Love: Regard my Honour, desire nothing which may injure it, and I shall readily grant what you desire. Conceive not Suspicions which may offend me; those who are subject to Jealousy, hinder their own Repose as well as that of others, and never taste the Joys of a peaceful Life. This will never be your Lot, but long and lasting Pleasure will attend you, if Providence can be conducted by my Wishes.

Ah! cry'd *Sireno*, who could have believed that she, who so well conceived of Love, could so soon forget her Promises, and become almost as false as she is fair: How dearly have I paid for that transporting Pleasure I felt, when first I saw this Letter; yet why should I repine, Women are by Nature inconstant; my Fate, then, is no way strange; for I could have no Reason to expect that Heaven should vary its Proceedings for my Sake, or fix that roving Disposition which constitutes the Sex.

SIRENO had scarce spoke these Words, before he saw advancing from the Village a Shepherd, who came directly towards him, his Air, his Looks, his Habit, bespoke a Sadness equal to his own: Hapless Youth, cry'd *Sireno*, to me and you alike belong that Name; the Cause, the fair, the cruel, the faithless *Diana*: You have always suffered from her Scorn; it is, however, a Lot less severe than mine, who, for a short Interval of fleeting Pleasure, am tormented not only with all the Pains that you feel, but with those more pungent still, which a too quick

quick Memory of former Joys inflicts, and makes me doubly wretched.

SILVANUS, who had been long his Rival, advancing with a quick Pace, as he drew near him sung these Lines.

*Slaves to a capricious Fate,
We in vain lament its Sway,
Doom'd to love, or doom'd to hate,
We against ourselves obey.
Reason we in vain invoke,
To release from Passion's Pain,
Scorn'd when we receiv'd the Yoke,
Reason scorns us now again.*

THIS unhappy Shepherd was no less faithful to *Diana* than the other, notwithstanding she treated him always with the utmost Rigour. His Soul was no less firm than hers, and his Constancy equall'd her Coldness. He easily conceiv'd whence *Sireno's* Sorrow sprung, yet thought it unjust, believing that if himself had tasted any of the Favours with which his Rival had been covered, his Life had thence forward been a Scene of Joy. Embracing each other, they sat down upon the Grass, and seated, *Silvanus* spoke thus. "My dear *Sireno*, it is to you I owe
" my Sufferings, or at least you are the Cause that
" *Diana* look'd on them with Disdain; yet think
" not from thence I take Pleasure in your Misfor-
" tunes, as if in them I saw my self reveng'd, no,
" the Love I bear *Diana* forbids me, and I cannot
" help revering him, whom she once honoured
" with her Love: Think not her Favours create
" Hate in me, blinded by my Love, my Senti-
" ments

“ ments wait still on her's; and the Tenderneſs ſhe
“ has expreſs'd for you, creates in me an inviolable
“ Friendſhip.

SIRENO admired the Generoſity of *Silvanus's* Sentiments, and answered him in Language ſuited to his own: Heaven, ſaid he, dear Shepherd, ſeems to have form'd thee to ſuffer with a good Grace: Loaded as you are with Miſfortunes, you ſeek to ſoften thoſe of others; and ſeem to ſtand poſſeſſed, not only of Courage ſufficient for your ſelf, but alſo for all ſuch as ſhall be wrought on from your Example; vain Hopes amuſe you not, you trouble not Heaven with unavailing Prayers; thy Character is new and admirable, and the Grandeur of your Soul ought to induce me rather to wiſh myſelf in your Place, than my ſeeming Happineſs in poſſeſſing for a Time the Favour of *Diana*, ſhould excite a Deſire in you to be in my Condition. If I had ever tempted the Anger of that beautiful Shepherdess, by a Language unworthy of her Ear, I ſhould not repine at my Sufferings. I believe you, ſaid *Silvanus*, there is ſuch a becoming Severity mix'd in the amiable Softneſs of *Diana's* Looks and Behaviour, as naturally imprints Reſpect as well as Love.

I remember once I ſaw her ſitting near a Fountain combing her Auburn Hair, and while as ſhe divided and ſettled the Trefſes, you held the Glaſs; I know you thought yourſelves alone, but hid in the Buſhes, I ſaw without envying your Felicity: The Verſes you made on that happy Accident fell likewise into my Hands. Ah! cry'd *Sireno*, how? I went, returned *Silvanus*, the next Day to walk
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in the same Place, and there I found the Paper in which they were writ, and read them; I had scarce considered and imprinted them in my Mind, before *Diana* came to the same Spot, weeping for the Loss of those pretty Lines: I was so transported with the Thoughts of having it in my Power to dry up her Tears, that with an Air of Transport I had never worn in her Presence, I presented them on my Knee: *Diana* received them with an Air, and spoke to me so kindly, that I looked on this Adventure as equally happy both to you and me: The Lines I remember were these.

*Love! propitious Love! thus aids me
To display thy matchless Power;
Let reflected Charms persuade thee,
With what Justice I adore.*

*For a Pleasure so amazing,
Double Thanks from me is due;
Since while I'm on Beauty gazing,
You its Image only view.*

FRIENDLY Shepherd, cry'd *Sireno*, let my Anguish be as lasting as my Life, if in my Judgment any Thing can be more agreeable than thy Conversation; I am so sensible of thy Merit, that I almost blame *Diana* for not having treated thee better. Dear *Sireno*, added he, my Hopes were so bound-ed, that the lovely Authoress of my Woes might have contented them without constraining herself much, or at all injuring you; a Look, a Smile, an obliging Answer, would have soothed all my Pain, and made me happy; but *Diana* denied me these, conceiving that her Friendship and her Love were due to you alone.

I remember once you left her, and in your Absence I hoped for some Relief; but when I saw her Tears, and heard her heaving Sighs, when I perceived what Care disturbed her Thoughts, how much her Air was altered, and her Looks, my Hopes took Flight, yet rested soon on Time. Time, said I, will abate her Anguish, gentle Grievs are lasting, the Fury of too fierce a Fire exhausts itself; but, alas, my Hopes were still vain.

SOME Days were past after your Departure, when going into the Forest, I saw *Diana* sitting on a little Bank, under the Shade of a spreading Tree; her Face was towards me, but her Eyes were so filled with Tears, and she was herself so buried in Thought, that she knew not what she saw; happy Shepherd, thy Absence caused her Grief, which to assuage, she took her Pipe, and to it sung these Words.

THIS SONNET may be Sung to the Tune of *The
Bonny Broom.*

*Ye verdant Meads, ye shady Groves,
So pleasant to my Swain,
As once ye witness'd our true Loves,
So witness now my Pain.*

*Bewail with me his Absence now,
Who won my tender Heart,
And taught me Love's soft bliss to know,
A Stranger to it's Smart.*

*Remembrance of past Joys delight,
Yon Glade, and this green Tree!
Recall Sireno to my Sight,
Oh! that's enough for me.*

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*My Name, which then to him was dear,
He cut in this soft Rind;
Ah! will not Time, which shews it here,
Efface it in his Mind.*

*Tè verdant Meads, ye shady Groves,
So pleasant to my Swain,
Tè sweet Companions of our Loves,
Ah! help to ease my Pain.*

How could I suspect, said *Sireno*, almost transported beyond himself, that this fair One would ever change; Oh! Constancy! Oh! Fidelity! Virtues which rarely lodge in Female Breasts, where in Proportion as their Passions are lively, they are weak, and as they sparkle like Lightning, so before we can contemplate their Brightness, they are gone; from these Foibles, lovely *Diana*, I believed thee free, but my Belief was vain.

I drew nearer, said *Silvanus*, so gently, as not to disturb her, and could hear her say with a Sigh, *Will not Sireno return before Winter, before the Trees drop their verdant Cloathing, and leave us only bleak and dreary Vales?* As she pronounced these Words, she turned her Eyes on me; she would have concealed her Sorrow, but feeling the trickling Tears run down her Cheeks, *Silvanus*, said she, you are revenged; I suffer more than I inflict, if it be true that I am the Author of your Pain.

AMIABLE *Diana*, cry'd I, do you doubt of this? there wanted that only to compleat my Dispair. Who, but you, lovely Maid, could have kindled in my Bosom

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the Flame which consumes me? Who, but yourself, could behold that Flame without being moved? Speak to me, said she, *Silvanus* of *Sireno*; or tell that Fountain of a Love, which I disdain to hear. The Fear I had of losing her, made me stifle my Love; I forbore to speak that I might not offend her; and beholding her for Hours in Silence, at last the Night drew on; and then driving our Flocks together, we took the Road to the Village. Such *Sireno* was then her Constancy, and such our Interview.

My Friend, said *Sireno*, what Anguish hath thy Story wrought in my Mind; Partners alike in Pleasure and Pain; as we ador'd the Beauty, so we faint under the Despair of attaining the most amiable of her Sex, the unconstant *Diana*; yet shall she in her Turn, experience the Miseries of Love, and a too late Repentance shall compell her to compare the Misery she feels, with the Pleasure she might enjoy'd: But tell me, does she not begin already to repine at her Choice? Does she still relish the Delights of *Hymen*? I know not, replied *Silvanus*, but I think it impossible she should; her Spouse *Egon*, though he makes an excellent Judge at our Country Sports, and is very much indebted to Fortune for the precious Gifts she has bestow'd upon him; yet owes but little to Nature, which hath not enable him to shine in our rural Sports; with such a Spouse, so sprightly a Woman can hardly be well pleased. Time perhaps will ripen her Grievs, and give us some Knowledge of her Complaints.

WHILE they were speaking, a Shepherdess drew near, whose Beauty appeared to have been exquisite,
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sife, till blighted by the Wind of Sorrow, *Sireno*, who had been long absent from the Country, could not help asking *Silvanus* who this Fair One was? A Shepherdess, returned he, who pines herself away with an unaccountable Chagrin; some there are who think her Sorrow is well founded, while others are positive that it arises only from her own Humour, and that her Cure depends upon herself. That is indeed odd enough, replied *Sireno*, but I can easily believe a Woman would feign a Grief she never felt, and think unjustly of herself in Point of Charms. I am of another Opinion, said *Silvanus*, quite; I cannot believe that Love can blind a Woman's Eyes, so as to hinder her from perceiving whether she is beloved or no. I believe it may, said *Sireno*. I wonder at that, answered *Silvanus*, especially when in Respect of the fair *Diana*, you are so credulous, and suffered so dearly for your Pains. What say you my Friend, do you think she never feigned? Let me too, replied *Sireno*, enquire in my Turn; did she ever practice thus upon you? Never returned *Silvanus*, but her Coldness to me, concludes nothing as to her Truth to you; but let us quit this Discourse, which can only serve to renew our Sorrows, and attend to what this fair One says; I can assure you she merits well your Consideration, since the lovely *Diana* honoured her with her Friendship.

SILVAGIA, so the Shepherdess was call'd, drew near our complaining Lovers without perceiving them, so much her own Grief took up her Thoughts; she sung softly to herself a moving Complaint of the Sorrows created by Love. Your Complaints are just, interrupted *Silvanus*, especi-

ally when a Woman's the Cause; there is something so fickle in the Sex, that we ought never to depend on their Fidelity, or to hope any Thing from them but Delusion or Despair. Methinks, reply'd *Silvagia*, your Discourse is a little too extravagant, and suits little with your having lov'd *Diana*, the Ornament and Glory of that Sex against which you rail; besides, what Justice have you in your Complaint; you have no Reason to accuse her of Inconstancy, since she never pretended to Love you. True, said *Silvanus*, but if I adore *Diana's* Beauty and Virtues, I am not at all in Love with her Faults; there is *Sireno* had the good Hap to be better received than I, but I pray, how long did his Happiness last? Do you think that a Physician minds no Diseases but those he has felt himself? And as to my Right of complaining of your Sex, safely can I affirm, that never was Passion stronger or more sincere than mine, yet what did it procure, Sights, Neglects, Scorn, Tears, Anguish, and unextinguishable Grief; have I then no Cause to complain of Women!

SIRENO, who had hitherto kept Silence, now took his Share in the Discourse; Shepherds, said he, hear but what I have to offer, and you will do Justice to *Silvanus*, and confess the Truth of this Charge: A Lover can never be happy with you long, who suffers so small a Space to intervene between your Professions of external Constancy, and a sudden Disgrace: You talk, indeed of Love, but you are incapable of it: There is a Generosity inherent to that Passion, which unsuits it for Female Bosoms.

SIRENO,

SIRENO, said the Shepherdes, we are fickle only as our Lovers are ; the Deity of Love is sometimes the Deity of Hate: Time as it feeds and strengthens Passion, so it also ruins and destroys it ; if its Decline is sometimes too quick, you ought not to accuse the Fickleness of our Sex, but that Destiny which we can neither evade nor avoid. You wrong us much in the Notion you have form'd of the Texture of our Minds. We both know what Love is, and feel its Effects ; but the Laws by which it operates on our Affections, are not either known to us or you, but depend on Nature, who is pretty tenacious of her Secrets ; yet give me Leave to say, a Woman belov'd is in the most unhappy State in the World ; her Looks, her Actions, her very Thoughts are scann'd, often censured, seldom approved ; if she is a little coy towards her Lover, that Coyness is Humour ; if she inclines to Silence, it proceeds from want of Wit ; if she talks, her Prudence is suspected ; if she asks Questions, she is suspicious ; her very Love is criticized, her Virtue is doubted, her Modesty may be feign'd ; her avoiding Tales of Love, may proceed from Caprice or Affectation ; in a Word, except Complaisancy for her Lover, and a blind Resignation to his Humour, as much as he adores her, he will except to every Quality besides.

AMIABLE Silvagia, reply'd *Sireno*, we may possibly be inclined to bear more easily with the Foibles of your Sex, if all Women had the same Wit and Vivacity that you enjoy ; but alas ! how many are there who abound with Faults, and will apologize for none. Let me invoke the God of Love

to relieve you a few Moments from your Pain, that you may divert us from the Remembrance of our Woes, by the Recital of the Occasion of yours; there is nothing sweetens Affliction so much as communicating its Cause, and deriving thereby from generous Minds those consolatory Approbations of one's Conduct, which best reconcile us to ourselves. Lovely *Silvagia*, you know our Adventures, confide to us therefore your own.

I consent reply'd the Shepherdes, lay by then your own Sorrows, and attend to the Story of mine.



The HISTORY of SILVAGIA.



AFTER watering a Part of *Spain* and *Portugal*, two celebrated Rivers roul into the Sea; happy that Tract of Country which they embrace! happy in its fertile Produce! hapless in that Indolence which its Fertility produces!

THE contented People having no Desires unregulated by the Laws of Reason, and having more than enough to satisfy those Desires, lead their Lives in Plenty, and I might say in Peace, did not Love incommode them, and the Beauty of their Women

men destroy that Tranquility, which their Soil^r and Climate would otherwise bestow.

AN agreeable Plain, bounded by the *Douro*, and having on the Banks of that River, one of the most agreeable Villages in the World, was the Place of my Birth. A religious Stranger came thither to admire a Temple consecrated to *Minerva*; it was at the Time her Feasts were coming on, and all the necessary Preparations were on Foot for celebrating them with all rural Magnificence: A Pipe, a Garland, and an Ashen Crook, were the Prizes destin'd the Shepherds, who should be Victors in the Sports; these were sought by the Swains, meerly that they might present them to the Shepherdesses they loved. It was the Mode in our Country, for the Maidens to pass the Eve of the Feasts in the Temple; I accordingly went thither, and having offered pursuant to my Vows, sat down with some of my Friends: We were scarce seated when some other Shepherdesses came, who went directly to the Altar, offered there, and then came and sat down by us. It happened that she who sat nearest to me was call'd *Ismenia*; this I knew, and that was all: She looked upon me with particular Earnestness, and I again upon her: She seemed to betray a very great Desire of entering into a Conversation with me; I confess I was not less desirous of it than she, yet I know not how, something deterr'd me from speaking, and made me fear her speaking to me: My Desire had at last got the better of my Suspensions, and I had certainly spoken to her, if with the finest Hand in the World, she had not taken hold of mine. This began our Intercourse; and I could not

not help saying, This Hand, fair Shepherdess, is no less yours, than that with which you hold it. Lovely Damsel, reply'd she, how gladly would I accept your Friendship, if your Beauty were not so dangerous. By what Chance, returned I, have you turned your Eyes so long on Charms so inferior to your own? What Merit is there in me worthy of what you have been pleas'd to say? And what, except the Sameness of Sex could hinder our Loves from being immortal. Persons of the same Sex, added she, Love another best and longest. What you say, added I, passeth my Understanding; this I know, that my Heart is devoted to your Service.

WE then embraced each other, and our Conversations became so brisk, so full of Life and Spirit, that it equally amus'd us, and all who were present: At length taking Confidence from what had pass'd, I sail'd would have removed the Mask from the lower part of her Face; for it is our Mode to wear half a Mask at these Solemnities. *Ismenia*, however, declined it with more Address me-thought than Complaisance; at which I was vexed, tho' not offended: I expostulated with her, therefore on what I attributed to want of Kindness. I have answered, said I, readily, whatever Questions you have ask'd me; I have made no Reserve in the very Dawn of our Friendship; whereas your Caution is so great, that I ought to question the Sincerity of your Profession: The Night passes, the Day will come, you will be gone, and our Friendship together, since I have neither seen the whole of our Face, nor am inform'd of your Country.

ME AUGRE

MEAUGRE all I could say, *Ismenia* neither withdrew her Mask, nor yet gave me a satisfactory Answer to my Demands; however, when the rest grew sleepy, and Day did almost appear, she drew me to a Part of the Temple where there were none to over-hear, and then she addressed me thus.

My Secret, lovely Shepherdess, lies in few Words; and could I be sure it would not offend you, you should instantly know it all. First then, let me inform you, that our Sex is not the same: Those Shepherdesses with whom I came, advised me always to retain my Mask, that the Cheat might not be discovered. Saying this, she took it off, and discovered the best and fairest proportioned Countenance that I had ever beheld. I look'd upon her with the utmost Attention, and could easily perceive, that in the midst of much Beauty, there was a Robustness and Strength of Feature, which agreed well with what she said; I, however applauded the Fault she had been guilty of in my Heart, and to speak the Truth, was not at all displeased with the Discovery she made.

To what End, said I, did you take the Habit of my Sex? Why was there so much Artifice used, where there needed none? In any Dress you must have been lovely, at least to me: It is in vain for me to retreat what I have already said, or to deny to you as a Man, what I owned to you while I thought you of my own Sex: If I am but as happy in my Love, as I am convinc'd I should have been in my Friendship, we shall neither of us have

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Cause to repent of this happy Day ; which I confess would have been more agreeable to me, if for my Sake you had come in this Dress to the Feast : I wish you may Love me with the same Sincerity which will till Death attend my Passion ; I wish, I say, and hoped it ; it depends solely upon you, that my Wishes and Hopes are not in vain.

THE Answers of *Ismenia* serv'd to augment my Error, and compleat her cruel Design. My Name, said she, is *Alanio* ; I live at a Village three Leagues distant from yours ; it will be easy for us to see each other, and to make ourselves happy by a reciprocal Affection. We concerted upon the Spot variety of Methods for this Purpose, and then *Ismenia* withdrew to join her Company who began to approach us, and who, as soon as she had spoken to them, set up a loud Laugh, of which at that Time I took little Notice, having not the least Suspicion of the Cause ; for Love in the Beginning is not suspicious like other Passions, it is sweet in the Mouth, and Bitterness attends it only on Reflection.

THIS *Alanio*, whose Name *Ismenia* had took upon her, was a Relation of her's with whom she was in Love : They were so perfectly alike, that except the Difference of Sex, Nature had left none between them. From thence sprung their Tenderness for each other. When therefore *Ismenia* had Occasion to take a Man's Name, his presented itself immediately to her Thought ; for when the Imagination is on the Wing, and the Mind hath not Leisure to reflect, the Heart dictates to the Lips, and we say then more in a few Words, than could be otherwise extracted from us in whole Years.

ALANIO

ALANIO knowing the Time when the Shepherdes would return, went to meet her; and she advancing from her Company, gave him her Hand, and as they walked together, diverted him with the Recital of our Adventure. *Alanio* seemed mightily pleased with her Story, and entered particularly into the minutest Circumstances. *Ismenia* was in high Spirits, full of the Conquest she had made, and proud alike of her Beauty and her Wit, she therefore concealed nothing, but dealt with him as freely as he could have wished.

A WHOLE Week elapsing before I heard any News of my Shepherdes, I grew extreemly uneasy, and resolved if it were possible, to extinguish a Passion, which I foresaw would give me so much Pain. Full of these Thoughts, I insensibly drove my little Flock to the Bank of a certain Rivulet, which *Ismenia* had assigned for the Place of our Meeting; there I found *Alanio* waiting, my Passion blaz'd again at the Sight of him, and I even forgot those Reproaches, which I had meditated in my Mind against that Time. *Alanio* fell as deeply in Love with me as I was with him; we met frequently, and though we managed our Interview with all imaginable Privacy, yet the Jealousy of *Ismenia* made her too vigilant to be deceived; she discovered our mutual Passion, which she thought she should extinguish by acquainting them with the true State of the Matter. She therefore took Pains to explain the whole Cheat, and to convince me that it was not *Alanio*, but herself, whom I had conversed with in the Temple. All this was to no Purpose; I loved *Alanio* so much the more, nor was his Passion for
me

me any thing the less. *Ismenia* distracted at this, determined to push the Business still farther, and in Order thereto, wrote me the following Billet.

ISMENIA to SILVAGIA.

IF Kindness on all Occasions be due to those whom we have once loved, how much is there due from you to me? If one may be allowed to hate a Rival, and a Rival preferr'd to ones self, how ought I to hate you? Yet do I not accuse you on Account of that Passion, of which I was the imprudent Cause. I cannot pretend to justify the Oddity of my Conduct, in pushing a whimsical Affair so far: I can still less forgive myself the Repetition of it to *Alanio*, the Source of all the Woes I feel: It is from your Pity alone, lovely *Shepherdess*, that I can possibly hope to avoid a whole Life of Sorrow: Forget the Injury I have wantonly done you, disown the Conquest you have usurp'd, and suffer *Alanio* to Love me once again. Ah! lovely *Shepherdess*, all Things I expect from you, if you can but vanquish your Love.

I, who conceived myself secure of *Alanio's* Heart, suffered the Affliction of *Ismenia* to give me very little Disquiet; I wrote her indeed an Answer, but an Answer that could not console her much. Thus it ran:

SILVAGIA to ISMENIA.

OUGHT I to have any Kindness on Account of the Love you inspired, or have I not the highest Reason to complain of your Conduct; how had I yet been embarrass'd, if I had waited for your Decision.

I am not insensible of your Anguish, but I know at the same Time that you have deserved it. I have recovered that Ease of which you have depriv'd me, and you have lost yours, both owing to yourself. Forget Alario you say, how Ismenia! he may be as easily forgot by you: You have yielded me his Heart, and the Obligation I am under to you for the Present, forbids me to restore it. If you would be yet more obliging, teach him to love me; he has of himself learned to forget you: You desire Happiness, I wish it you, but not at the Price of my own. Farewel.

ISMENIA, when she had read half my Letter, burst into Tears, and could scarce in a Week peruse the rest: It roused in her Bosom a thousand different Passions, but her Love for *Alario* was the strongest of them all; she sought him with the same Industry with which he shunn'd her, and heard with inexpressible Indignation this constant Answer when she enquired for him, He is gone to visit *Silvagia*. In those happy Times only she was miserable, and I triumph'd; but they lasted not long, Chance or my ill Fate, dictated to her a Method, which succeeded too well.

THERE was one *Montanus*, the Son of *Alphiseus*, who was as much in Love with *Ismenia*, as she was now despised by *Alario*; the subtle Shepherdess thought that shewing him some Countenance, might pique her old Lover, and re-kindle his Flame. Alas! her Conjecture was not amiss; a Good, of which we have no great Conception while it is in our Hands, is mightily raised in its Value when we see it possess'd by another. *Alario* had quitted *Ismenia*, but he could not bear that she should

should quit him ; he no sooner heard that she listened to the Passion of *Montanus*, than he again pursued her with his Addresses, but in vain, the Love she had feign'd towards that Shepherd, became of a sudden real. Thus were we all happy and wretched in our Turns.

ALANIO fancied that his Assiduity would rekindle her Passion, he therefore remained constantly at Home, attended her wherever she went, reproached her sometimes with her Inconstancy, and at others besought her to forgive his own ; she heard him with a Coldness which made him distracted, while in the mean Time his Absence almost distracted me. One would have thought this Scene would never have been more perplexed than it was now, yet an unforeseen Accident doubled our Perplexities : My Father and *Alphiseus* differed about the Boundaries of their Farms ; this gave *Montanus* frequent Occasions of coming to our House, and these Visits produced Infidelity towards *Ismenia*, and a Passion for me. How wild the Maxims of the Court of Love !

WHILE I deplored the Inconstancy of *Alanio*, *Ismenia* lost to me the Man she lov'd, whom tho' I treated with all the Indifference imaginable, yet I could not shake off, for as Success cures, so Difficulty nourishes Love. It happened one Day, that *Ismenia* went to visit an Aunt of *Montanus's*, in Hopes of finding him there ; *Alanio* being informed thereof, followed her ; and I, on the News of this, threw myself in their Way, under Pretence of looking for some Kids that had stray'd from my Flock ; when I had found them, *Ismenia* was leaning against
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the Beach, and *Alanio* on his Knees before her. The Scene was by far more pleasing to her than to me: We saluted each other, and our Conversation turned on the Adventure in the Temple; *Ismenia* excused it in so polite a Manner, condemned her own Conduct so frankly, and commended mine with such an Air of Sincerity, that I could scarce think she had done amiss.

There are some People who have an Eloquence in their Manner, who persuade with their Looks, and who therefore never speak in vain; from these, if we resolve not to forgive, we ought to fly; our Passion is vanquish'd by their Complacency, and by seeming to yield, they always conquer.

MOST lovely Shepherdess, continued I, Fortune hath drawn us to injure each other, and the same Fortune hath revenged us on each other: You deceived me; I took from you *Alanio*; you gave your Heart to *Montanus*; again *Alanio* loves you, and by the irretrievable Stroke of Destiny, *Montanus* sighs for me. By this Time that Shepherd hearing I was gone towards the Wood, followed me with all the Ardour of a Lover. He found us all perplexed as we were; he was himself no less confused, and by his amorous Complaints to me, heightened the Whimsicalness of this Scene of Love at Cross-Purposes.

CHARMING *Ismenia*, cry'd *Alanio*, look with Pity on him who adores you, and who cannot endure the Load of Life, heightened by your Disdain: If too late I was sensible of your former Tenderness, too soon have I endured the Smart of your
Scorn;

Scorn; my Repentance ought then to atone for my Crime, and rekindle that Passion which my Neglect destroy'd. Look, Charmer, look on me without Resentment, and restore me either your Heart or my Liberty. Why, ah! why do you think longer of an Ingrate, who disdains your Charms? If I offended, it was thro' you; and my Sufferings have long ago expiated my Folly. Any Heart would be touch'd but yours, and hard as that is, you can invent no Punishment more tormenting, than what I have sustained.

ALANIO having made an end of Speaking, I could not forbear wishing that with his Words my Life finished also. To see myself neglected, to behold my Rival ador'd, to hear all my Lover's tender Speeches address'd to her, what could be more tormenting? Yet not being alone, I could vent neither Tears nor Reproaches. Wretched State! wherein Sorrow rung my Heart, and Modesty forbid me to complain.

ISMENIA all this Time looked with flowing Eyes on *Montanus*, sighing and beating her Breasts; "Alas! alas! cry'd she, vain, vain, are all my Complaints; vain my Tears, vain my Passion, since *Montanus* vouchsafes me not a Look; cruel Shepherd! How wise my first Conduct. While I seem'd indifferent, or prejudiced in Favour of another, how ardent was your Flame? When I consented to Love you, how quickly did my Love cloy? How ingratelously do you now carry all your Vows even in my Presence, to her who disdains both you and them? Return, *Montanus*, return to your first Passion; give me again your
"Heart;

“ Heart ; I will then triumph in my Choice, I will
“ be proud of all my Transports ; your Virtues
“ shall so justify my Love, that its Ardour shall be
“ esteemed Wisdom. Ah ! what Good can I en-
“ joy, deprived of thee ? Possessing thee, what
“ could I fear, except thy Loss ? Ah ! *Montanus*,
“ now obdurate is thy Heart, when all my Ten-
“ derness draws not one kind Look. ”

THE pathetick Declaration of this Shepherdess
revenged me on *Alanio* ; he seemed too in the midst
of his Distress, to be piqu’d at *Ismenia’s* Language ;
he went so far as to answer her in such a Manner,
as discovered Resentment ; but alas ! a Resentment
flowing from Love : He said her Inconstancy had
ballanc’d his, but that his Repentance threw an in-
delible Blot upon her Conduct : He conjured her to
consider this, to smother so weak and mean a Pas-
sion for a Man, who slighted her to her Face, and
to come back to him who had first loved, and con-
tinued to love her. Thus did his Anger please, his
Passion pain me.

“ ADORABLE *Silvagia*, cry’d *Montanus*, turn
“ those lovely Eyes from the regardless *Alanio*, on
“ me, who die for you, whose Destiny depends on
“ you, and whose Love can have no other Date
“ than his Life. Look kindly on me, have the
“ Charity to flatter my Passion, at least have the
“ Goodness to free me from the Apprehensions of
“ your Disdain. Say, Fair, say that you will not
“ hate me, and save *Montanus* from Despair. If
“ you are determined not to afford me Love, in
“ Pity give me Hope ! ”

I, who alone had no Inconstancy to be reproach'd with, could no longer preserve Silence, or suffer my Heart to consume with unreveal'd Fire. O Heavens! cry'd I, what I have suffer'd, is less painful than if I should permit my Reputation to be stained with the Imputation of Change; it is true, that would procure me *Montanus*, but would render me unworthy of him: I do not, neither can I, harbour so mean a Thought. Dissimulation I abhor, I will not practice it, my Constancy shall rather give me Death, and then do Honour to my Grave. These, Shepherds, these shall ever be my Sentiments; true to my first Love, I will think of none but him; it may be his Passion will never return, but a Conduct so just, will ever preserve me his Esteem.

THEY all joined in applauding my Declaration, they conspired in pitying and praising me; and as the far extended Shadows shewed the Sun was about to set, to avoid approaching Night, we hastened Home, all full of Perplexity and Care, the Effects of Love ill-plac'd.

THE next Morning early my Father entered my Chamber, but with an Air so cloudy, and a Look so angry, that surprized as I was, I easily guessed that I was fallen into Disgrace. Dress yourself and follow me, said he. I obeyed without opening my Lips; he then conducted me to my Aunt's, to the grave, and good *Albania*, under whose Care he left me. There it was not long before I was informed that *Ismenia* had married *Montanus*, and that *Alanio* to spite her, intended to espouse *Silvia*.

THIS

THIS added to my Grief, but affected nothing my former Resolution: *Alanio* I loved for his own Sake, him do I still, him will I always love. Happy may he be in his new Wife, happy she in him. My Passion is unmixed with Envy; I cannot but respect *Silvia* because she is *Alanio's* Choice. The Tears of the Shepherds at the Conclusion of her Story, trickled faster than hers.

“ FAIR One, cry’d out *Sireno*, thy Story would
“ wound a Heart of Flint. Heavens! How cruel
“ thy Destiny? How noble thy Sentiments? Sharing
“ Griefs consoles them: some other Time,
“ then you shall hear ours. ”

THE declining Day warned them to withdraw. Let us, said *Silvagia* meet here again, and amuse ourselves with Discourses of Pains we cannot cure. Amiable Solitude! how happy might I be in the Enjoyment of thy Silence, if my own uneasy Thoughts did not banish that Quiet thou would’st give. Agreed, added *Sireno*, and now, oh! pleasing Dreams of an Imagination full of Love, soften the Pains I feel, by recalling to my Mind those Scenes of Joy, which heretofore adorn’d these Groves. Ah! now begone distracting Thoughts, tormenting Memory of Pleasures past, be gone; present Pains are yet more bearable than these Heart-breaking Views of long lost Delights.

FOR me, said *Silvanus*, I will continue to love *Diana* incapable of Change. The Evils Death can cure, easier meet their Remedy, than those which depend on Fortune. My Death would displease, divided as I am from her, and what in Life can please, while under all this Pain?

The End of the First Book.



D I A N A.

A PASTORAL

N O V E L.

B O O K II.



AS soon as Day began to break, the Shepherds rose, waked by their Cares, and led their Flocks to the best Pastures in the Neighbourhood. Some Time after *Silvagia* brought hers to the Bank of a little Rivulet, which by the gentle Murmur of its Streams, seem'd to be mark'd out for the Rendezvous of the Unhappy; when I say this, I don't mean that Melancholy can be attach'd to Place; all that I intend by it is, that

that as gay Scenes please the Sprightly, so savage Rocks and barren Mountains, the deep Recesses of Light-excluding Woods, and the soft Thrilling of gliding Waters, sooth distemper'd Minds, and because they are distemper'd, seem to sympathize with their Misfortunes; whereas in Nature nothing is more or less gay, the Universe is throughout magnificent, and every Part thereof alike well dispos'd, tho' Man! frail Man! is pleas'd now with this Scene, and then with that.

THE lovely *Silvagia* gave a speedy Issue to her Tears and her Complaints. Alas! said she, *Alanio's* Flames seem'd once as warm as mine, and without Doubt the Shepherd seeing mine as violent as his, conceived it would be as sharp. I thought him virtuous, and therefore I loved him; Thanks be to Heaven I am so, and yet he loves not me; yet because I am virtuous, his Inconstancy has no Effect, I still adhere to the Idea I first formed, and love him as he ought to be. Gentle Stream, permit my Tears to mingle with thy Waters, they flow from no ignoble Cause; nor am I insensible of that Beauty thy wandering Current and these verdant Banks can yield to other Eyes than mine; were but *Alanio* here, did he again confess a Love for me, my Eyes would cease to flow, and I should own this rural Scene a Paradise.

SILVANUS, who all this Time was wrap in a profound Reverie; at length, unable to bear a Solitude, alike insupportable and inexpressible, burst out into these Gusts of Passion: Oh! Heavens, why are these fair Ones furnish'd with such Care merely to torment? Or why do I drag longer a Life, the
last

last Hour of which can only be still'd happy, and that happy only as it is the last?

As he pronounced these Words, he perceived *Silvagia*: Lovely Shepherdess, said he, of all the Pains endured by Lovers, I take that to be the greatest which rises from the Loss of Love. I cannot say that I have ever experienc'd this further than Imagination, and so far I have. My Thoughts have sometimes deluded me into an Opinion that I was belov'd, but the Delusion was too short; and when I returned to a just Sense of Things, I found my Uneasiness infinitely greater than it was before. If fancied Favour then could torment so much, how much more the Loss of real Love.

To give you a proper Answer, Shepherd, said *Silvagia*, my Mind ought to be at Liberty; to judge of Love, one must be a Judge to describe; moderate Passions are subject to this, but such as we feel, admit not either Bounds or Rules.

THEN lovely Shepherdess, returned *Silvanus*, is there a Cure for the Ills we feel? I know of none, said she, but Inconstancy. And would you, added he, make use of that were it in your Power? Perhaps I might cry'd she. Then Fortune, said the Shepherd, has done you no wrong; a Passion you would part with, can never be so violent as to inflict intolerable Pain. Why, reply'd she, Have not Death, Scorn and Absence, the same Power over you as over others? None at all, said the Shepherd: He who can ever love less, is a Lover in Shew. Your Sentiments are very sublime, reply'd *Silvagia*; but give me Leave to say, that though I am confident

ident my Passion will never be extinguished, yet I wish it may grow less, and that Time and Fortune which alter all Things, may lessen it. At these Words *Sireno* joined them, and by that Time they had saluted each other, *Silvagia* cry'd out, don't I hear them in yonder Grove singing? Sure I do! and a Variety of Voices; come, Shepherds, let us go as softly as we can, that we may not disturb those Diversions we cannot increase, and which however may conduce to lessen our Pains.

THE Shepherds followed at her Request, and she led them rather by her Ear than her Eye: When they were advanced a good Way, they concealed themselves behind the Trees, and there beheld at leisure those who were thus entertaining themselves. They appeared to be three Nymphs of more than mortal Mein, arrayed in Robes whiter than the driven Snow, resplendent with golden Borders, more beautiful from the Elegance of the Work, than the Richness of their Materials; their Silver Tresses in easy Curls hung wavering o'er their Backs, divided from each other by Strings of Pearl. One of them drawing nearer the Bushes than the rest, sung in an easy artless Manner, these Words:

*Thou who must so soon away,
Why so fickle whilst thou art here?
Joys which for a Moment stay,
Make their Presence much too dear.*

LOVELY *Glycira*, said she, who sung to one of her Companions, *Sireno*, whose unconquerable Love for the fair *Diana* hath rendered him famous, lives in this Valley. It was here that when he was about

to

to make a Journey, a long and tedious Journey, he took his last Adieu of his beloved Maid, it was at once so tender, passionate, and sincere, that the God of Love hath ever since rever'd the Place, and made it his peculiar Retreat; lovely as it seems, 'tis here the God delights; these are his favourite Shades, these Lawns he loves, and o'er this Vale in awful Silence reigns.

JUDGE of the Surprise that *Sireno* and his Companions were in, when they heard the Mention of his Name, nor could divine who they could be who mentioned it; lost in Astonishment, they gaz'd in Silence, listening for somewhat which might disclose the Secret.

THE Power of Love, reply'd *Glycira* to *Daphne*, is easier conceived than described by those who have ever felt that Power. But tell me, dearest Friend, how came you to be so exactly informed of what passed at the Parting of *Sireno* and *Diana*. I will tell you with all my Heart, returned *Daphne*; at the Bank of that Rivulet they took Leave: *Celius*, who over-heard all that passed, informed me of it the next Day with the utmost Exactness, and the Impression it made upon me was so strong, that at this Distance of Time I am positive I can repeat all that I then learned.

CHARMING Companion, said *Glycira*, may Heaven be over propitious to your Vow, if you give us a Recital of that Scene of Constancy of which we have heard so much.

DIANA.

D I A N A.

CLOSE by a Stream, whose flow'ry Bank might
give,

Delight to Eyes, that had no Cause to grieve;
The sad *Sirens*, fate and fed his Sheep,
Which now alas! he had no Joy to keep,
Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart,
From her dear Sight, who long had charm'd his
Heart:

Fix'd were his Thoughts upon the fatal Day,
That gave him first, what this must take away,
Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
And nought forgot that might increase his Pain;
Then with a Sigh raising his heavy Eyes,
Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he spies,
Sad as she was, she lost no usual Grace,
But as she pass'd seem'd to adorn the Place,
Thither she came to take her last farewell,
Her silent Look did her sad Business tell.
Under a neighb'ring Tree they sat 'em down,
Whose Shade had oft preserv'd 'em from the Sun,
Each took the other by the willing Hand,
Striving to speak but could no Word command;
With mutual Grief both were so overcome,
The much they had to say had made them dumb,
There many a Time they two had met before,
But met alas! upon a happier Score,
Cruel Reverse of Fate, which all the Joys
Their mutual Presence us'd to bring, Destroys.
Sireno saw his fatal Hour draw near,
And wanted Strength the parting Pang to bear,
All drown'd in Tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
And she with equal Grief the Swain survey'd,

I

Till

Till his imprison'd Passion forc'd its way,
And gave him leave faintly at last to say.

S I R E N O.

O MY *Diana*! who would have believ'd,
That when the sad *Sireno* most had griev'd,
Any Affliction cou'd have fall'n on me,
That wou'd not vanish at the Sight of thee?
Thy charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds dispel,
Let but *Diana* smile and all is well.
Absent from Thee, my Soul no Joy could know,
And yet alas! I die to see Thee now.

D I A N A.

TURN, O *Sireno*, turn away thy Face,
While all her Shame a blushing Maid betrays,
For tho' my Eyes a secret Pain reveal,
My Tongue at least should my fond Thoughts conceal;
Yet I wou'd speak, cou'd speaking do me good,
And since it is to Thee methinks it should.
O! Shepherd, think how wretched I shall be,
When hither I return depriv'd of Thee,
When sitting all alone within this Shade,
Which thou so oft thy tender Choice hast made.
I read my Name engrav'd on every Bark,
Of our past Love the kind affecting Mark;
Then my despairing Soul to Death must fly,
And must then be content to let me die:
Why dost thou Weep? alas! those Tears are vain,
Since 'tis thy Fault, that both of us complain,
By this the Falshood of thy Vows I know,
For were thy Sorrow true thou wou'dst not go.

SIRENO.

S I R E N O.

CEASE cruel Nymph, such killing Language cease,
And let the poor *Sireno* die in Peace,
Witness ye everlasting Powers above,
That never a Shepherd bore a truer Love!
With thee I wish't had been my happy Doom,
With thee alone to spend my Life to come,
That we now Part, is by no Fault of mine,
Nor yet my dearest Shepherdess of thine,
For as no Faith did ever mine excel,
So never any Nymph deserv'd so well,
But the great Shepherd whom we all obey,
'Tis his Command that forces me away,
Whatever he ordains none dare refuse,
I must my Joy, or else my Honour lose;
Should I to him deny th'allegiance due,
Though might't to Thee think me disloyal too.

D I A N A.

No, No, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
How fond she is, that can believe Mankind,
Who such Excuses for himself pretends,
Will eas'ly bear the Absence he defends.
A little Time I fear will quite deface,
Thy Thoughts of me, to give another Place;
Fool that I was, my Weakness to betray,
To one not mov'd with all that I can say.
Go, cruel Man, imbark when e'er you please,
But take this with you; as you pass the Seas,
'Tho' with the fiercest Winds, the Waves should
roar,
That Tempest will be less than mine on Shore.

S I R E N O.

'Tis hard, unjust Suspitions to abide ;
But who can such obliging Anger chide ?
Fair as thou art, that Charm could never move,
My Heart, to this Degree, without thy Love ;
For 'tis thy tender Sense of my sad Fate,
That does my sharpest deadly Pain create ;
Ah ! fear not to what Place so e'er I go,
That I shall ever break my sacred Vow :
When for another I abandon Thee,
May Heav'n for such a Crime abandon me.

D I A N A.

If ever I my dearest Swain deceive,
Or violate the Faith that here I give
When to their Food, my hungry Flocks I lead ;
May the fresh Grass still wither where they tread,
And may this River when I come to drink,
Dry up as soon as I approach the Brink.
Take here this Bracelet of my Virgin Hair,
And when for me thou can'st a Minute spare,
Remember this poor Pledge was once a Part,
Of her, who with it gave thee all her Heart ;
Where e'er thou go'st may Fortune deal with thee,
Better than thou alas ! hast dealt with me.
Farewel ; my Tears will give me leave to say,
No more than this. To all the Gods I pray,
These weeping Eyes may once enjoy thy Sight,
Before they close in Death's eternal Night.

SIRENO.

S I R E N O.

Then let *Sireno* banish all his Fears,
Heav'n cannot long resist such pious Tears.
The righteous Gods from whom our Passion came,
Will Pity sure, so innocent a Flame,
Reverse the hard Decree for which we mourn,
And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
I shall again my charming Nymph behold,
And never part, but in her Arms grow old,
That hope alone my breaking Heart sustains,
And arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

DAPHNE, when she had finished the Repetition of these Verses, informed her Companions, that *Diana* soon found in her own Inconstancy, a Cure for that Passion which in its Nature appear'd too violent to last. The Ladies thank'd her kindly for the Pains she had taken, in giving them this elegant Entertainment, and at the same Time, testified their Amaze, that a Nymph who knew so well how to wear the Appearance of a Passion lasting and sincere, should so quickly throw it off, and forget at once that Reputation and Pleasure, which are derived from honourable and constant Love: *Silvania* and the Shepherd endeavoured to cheer *Sireno*, who appeared not only to be astonished, but exceedingly dejected at this unexpected Detail of his Misfortunes; but in vain, he hung down his Head, and scarce afforded an Answer to what they said.

THE Nymphs were now retired to some Distance from the Fountain, where on a sudden three Men issued from the Wood, equally terrible in Af-

pest and in Habit, and were rendered still the more so, in that they were armed. They immediately laid their Hands upon the Ladies, and one of them, as if he spoke for the rest, address'd himself to the frighted fair Ones in these Words. Cruel and obdurate Tormentors of human Hearts, it is now Time that Force should compel you to afford that Relief which out of Compassion ye refused to give.

LOVE, reply'd *Dorinda*, (one of the Nymphs) is independent in its Nature, can never yield to any constraint, nor can it be conquered by Force of Arms; to what End therefore have you recourse to force against a Sex whose sole Dependance is on their Innocence. But know, bold Invader of our Liberty, of this we are assured, that neither Threats nor Torments shall deprive us of our Honour. Wasse not the Time, said one of the Men to the other, we have worn their Chains long enough, it is now fit they should wear ours.

HE thereupon instantly bound both *Dorinda's* Hands with a Bow-string, and his Companions did the same by the other two Ladies: The Shepherds seeing this, and pitying the Distress of the injured fair Ones, picked up a few Stones that lay at their Feet, and having put them into their Srips, began to sling them at the Ravishers, in hopes that while they turned to defend themselves the Women might have an Opportunity of getting away. The Men perceived well the Intention of the Shepherds, they therefore left one of their Companions to guard the Ladies, and the other two address'd themselves to sustain the Combat. The Shepherds were quickly
out

out of Stones, and consequently in no Condition of carrying on the Contest, so that Victory seemed to incline where Justice would never have placed it.

ON a sudden a Majestick Shepherdess appeared with her Bow slung behind her, her Quiver full of Arrows, with a half Pike in her Hand, she drew near the Scene of Action, and perceiving where the Distress lay, she directed two Arrows so justly, that they pierced through the Breasts of two of the Ravishers, and laid them on the Ground; the third by his great Agility, sought to avoid the same Fate, which however he could not do, a Shaft from the same Hand reached him, and sent him to the Shades with his Companions.

THE Nymphs delivered from the Slavery which threatened them, the Shepherds saved from that Destruction which seemed to hang over their Heads, hastily ran to return their Thanks to their lovely Protectress. Lovely Nymphs, said she, how come you to wear those Claims you should bestow? and by what ill Fate are you, who are born to reign now in the Guise of Slaves? Happy am I in avenging you! Happy had I been, if in saving you, I had lost my Life! but why do I talk of saving you, that Merit is solely due to these Shepherds: Lovely Shepherdess, said the Nymphs, we are no less amazed at the Politeness of your Behaviour, than we were just now at your extraordinary Courage; we have hitherto lovely fair One, taken you for the Daughter of *Mars*, by the Goddess of *Beauty*, and have even doubted whether you have not out shone your Mother; but now we look on you in another Light, and cannot conceive you are any other than

than *Minerva* ; but whoever you are, lovely Guardian of our Liberties, deny us not the Favour of reposing a little near yonder Fountain. I consent, said the armed Shepherdess, I consent with Pleasure, not that I find myself at all inclined to rest, but because I am excessively desirous of hearing the Detail of your Adventures. Amiable Maid, said *Dorinda* to *Silvania*, may Heaven sometime put it in our Power to make some Amends to you and the Shepherds your Companions, for the Favours we have received. Alas! said *Silvania*, I deserve no Thanks, being feeble and helpless as yourselves ; I could only wish that Success to these Shepherds, their Merit claimed, and return my Thanks to Heaven for being propitious to my Vows and their Endeavours. Bless me, said *Daphne*, these Shepherds to whom we are so much indebted, are *Sireno* and his Rival ! Unhappy Men how gladly would we return the Favour, and restore if we could that Liberty to you which we enjoy our selves through your Assistance. The Shepherds bowed without speaking, and as the Nymphs retired with the Lady who had freed them, so they attended *Silvania* to their Hamlet, in order to partake of a very ordinary Repast.

THE Nymphs when they had brought the unknown Fair home to their Bower near the Fountain, engaged her to enter into a free Conversation with them, which was opened by *Dorinda* thus. Thou Honour of thy Sex, wilt thou not inform us who thou art, when we readily acknowledge to you that myself, *Daphne*, and *Glicera* are Virgins devoted to *Diana*, and live in her Temple, there under the Conduct of the Sage *Felicia*, we pass our Days

Days in Innocence and Love. We had been to Day to visit some of our Relations in *Galicia*, and were amusing ourselves by the Wood Side, 'till the Evening grew a little Cold, when we intended to walk Home. But while we waited, these Ravishers issued from out of the Wood, and seized us. We cannot pretend that we knew them not before, or that they ever spoke to us of Love; but as our Answers were dictated by Modesty, and gave them nothing to hope, so if your Courage had not saved us, we had been the Victim of their Despair.

AH! charming Maidens, said the Shepherdess sighing, while the Tears stole gently down her Cheek, Love seldom listens to Reason, and Reason also is very seldom a Friend to Love. You hapless Men who lye stretched on the Plain, if we were at a loss for Instances, would well enough supply us, but for my Part, I can want none, while I remember the Story of our own Misfortunes, and reflect on the many Woes I have felt from Love. Let me then lovely fair Ones, satisfy your Curiosity, and indulge my own Melancholy by the Recital of my Griefs.





The HISTORY of the Illustrious
ORPHANS.



OLDINA was the Place of my Birth; my Father's Name was *Andronio*, my Mother's *Delia*; they had lived together many Years without having any Children; they made daily Sacrifices to Heaven to obtain the Favour of a Child, and were not a little mortify'd at their sacrificing without Success; at last, however, the divine Powers grew more propitious, and my Mother, though far in Years, became with Child. My Father, who was the most indulgent Husband in the World, would not permit her, during the Time of her Pregnancy, to perplex herself with Household Cares, and she, to avoid absolute Idleness, had recourse to reading.

It happened when she drew near her Time, that having spent a Night without Sleep, and being exceedingly fatigued at the Approach of Morning, she besought her Spouse to divert her with a few Pages of some History. *Andronio* comply'd readily with this

this as with the rest of her Demands, and read to her the Judgment of *Paris*. In my Opinion, said she, when he had done Reading, he ought to have given the Apple to *Minerva*, to whom, for her good Sense and Fortitude, it seemed plainly due. By no Means, said my Father! It was to be given to the most Beautiful; blame not therefore a Judge, who, though he suffered dearly for his Decision, certainly decided right. My Mother would not yield to his Reasons, but continued to dispute the Point, till Sleep overcame them both.

HER Eyes were hardly closed e'er she saw in a Dream the Goddess whom she had attack'd. *Delia*, said *Venus*, inasmuch as I have always favour'd you, How comes it that I am so little in your good Graces? You loved *Andronio*, and I always propitious to disinterested Love, made you happy in your Marriage; if you are so ingrateful as to forget it, I will make you know, that I can punish that Ingratitude. You will be the Mother of a Son and of a Daughter, born under my Displeasure; my Indignation shall pursue them to their Graves, they shall be continually tormented with unhappy Passions, and a constant crossing of their Designs shall crown my Vengeance, which shall commence in your Death.

PALLAS took the Place of *Venus*. Gentle *Delia*, said she to my Mother, you shall bear Twins, illustrious throughout their Lives by my Care, covered with Laurels, heap'd on them by me; Victory shall follow whatever Side they join themselves to. My Mother waked in great Agitation, and in a Month after, lost her own, in giving Life to us. *Andronio* was so sensibly touched at her Loss, that he survived it but a few Days.

THUS compell'd by superior Fate, I sacrifice my Liberty to an ingrateful Man, whose Freedom was once in my Power; often have I said within myself, to what Purpose hath *Pallas* given me such a Firmness of Soul? But the Adventures of two Days, hath convinced me, that my Complaints are ill founded, since that Destiny that appeared to me so unjust, hath proved so wonderfully useful to you.

AN Aunt, far in Years, having taken my Brother and I, brought us up tenderly during our Childhood. When we were Fourteen, she carried us to the Court of *Portugal*; there my Brother learned all the Exercises becoming a Gentleman, and as soon as Years would permit, addicted himself to Arms, in which he was no less successful, than successful in Love. The King having taken a great Fancy to him, would not permit him to leave *Lisbon*; as for myself, reserv'd for still greater Evils. I was sent to live with my Grandmother; I should here stop short in my Story, if there was not something in your beautiful Countenances so expressive of Virtue in a supreme Degree as to engage me to conceal nothing from you.

It was about Seventeen when I became grateful to *Don Felix*, who from the Terras of his own Garden Wall; could easily see me innocently diverting myself in ours, when the Summer Evening invited me to spend the Hours there. He loved me, or at least he made me believe he loved me; it may be he had nothing in View but to deceive the hapless *Philismena*. If for a long Time I seem'd insensible, it was

was only that the smother'd Flames might collect Force enough to break out with greater Violence.

DON *Felix* took Care to give me a thousand Signs of his Affection, of which I took no Notice at all. He begun at last to hope, that by a Letter, he might succeed and inspire me with a Passion, of which I seemed to have so little Conception. One of my Women, whom he had gain'd upon by Presents, undertook to deliver his Epistle. She performed what she had promised, with much Address, but that did not hinder my treating her with a good deal of Severity, for the Indiscretion of which she had been guilty. Unhappy Woman, said I, who was it dared to put you upon such an Act as this? In Pity to your former Services, I forgive you your first Fault; but have a Care how you commit such another. I should be under some Concern, Madam, said she, taking up the Letter, if I had done any Thing which merited your Displeasure; the Letter is without an Author, and it was only a giddy Trick of mine to make you Laugh.

WHEN she had made this Apology, she withdrew, and took the Letter with her, though I had the strongest Desire to read it, yet I was at the same Time asham'd to ask for what I had so rudely rejected. Pride and Regret tormented my Mind all the Day, and when the Evening came, I retired very early to my Repose. *Rosina*, that was my Woman's Name, came to undress me, which I foresaw, and question'd not but she would immediately talk of the Letter, in which, however, she disappointed me in not speaking a Word. I then began to fancy it was for want of some Opportunity;

nity; Pray, said I, was it Don *Fælix* who was so rash as to give you that Letter? If he had, Madam, returned she, Love must have induc'd him, and Love ought to have excused it. An Answer so succinct, heightened my Curiosity instead of satisfying it; however, I was resolved to say no more, and therefore I bid her go and leave me to my Repose. *Rosina* quitted the Room, but it was impossible for me to lay aside my Uneasiness, or to dispose myself to Sleep. In the Morning *Rosina* entered my Chamber pretty early, and as she drew near my Bed-side, dropped the Letter; her Design was, that I should perceive it, and though I penetrated it, yet my Curiosity was so strong, that I was willing to fall into the Snare. What is that, said I, which fell out of your Pocket? Nothing, reply'd *Rosina*, but the Letter which you chid me for Yesterday. Give it me, reply'd I, perhaps I shall find it a Letter of some Lover of your own. She readily took it up, and put it into my Hand, and well I remember that thus it ran.

DON FÆLIX TO PHILISMENA.

AFTER having taken so many different Methods of expressing my Tendernefs, I did not think I should have been under a Necessity of making use of a Letter, in order to inform you of what it is so much my Interest you should know. Silence which is generally thought a Friend to Love, hath proved a Foe to me, and therefore I have ventured to quit it. If you measure the Liberty I have taken by your Rank in the World, what have I not to fear? but if, by it you measure my Love, what may I not hope? Do not blame

as a Crime in me the Presumption of this Letter, while you are ignorant of the Anguish by which it is occasioned; a Mind enthrall'd, is not accountable for its Actions: Pardon therefore mine, and be assured that my Fate depends wholly on the Reception this Letter meets with.

I KNOW not how it was, but the Violence of my Passion at the very beginning got the better of my Reason; far from being displeased with *Don Fælix's* Letter, I was rejoiced at it; nay, I was so imprudent as to thank *Rosina* to beg her Pardon for what I had said to her the Evening before, and to intreat her to become the Confidant of our Amour. Which she readily promised, and thereupon I gave her the following Answer to the Letter I had received.

PHILISMENA TO DON FÆLIX.

BELIEVE not *Don Fælix*, that I am to be won by Flattery, or to be deceived by fair Language. It is not Love that induced you to act thus, but the Opinion you have of me; you fancied it was easy to impose on me, but neither the Passion you pretend, nor your Birth, shall serve you in any stead, if you presume to make any Requests to me inconsistent with my Honour. You ought to know that Success rarely waits on Designs which have not Truth for their Basis. A Man of your Rank ought to be incapable of forming such Designs, and without Doubt you will boast that you are so. You say you love me, to make me credit it, you must give me other Proofs than Words. Do not imagine however that the Politeness of your Letter hath made no Impression on me; to defy your Love, and treat it with Ingratitude at the same Time, would be too much. I need say no more.

DON

DON FELIX received my Letter with the Sentiments of a Man of Quality in Love. We entered from this Time forward into a regular Correspondence by Letter, and I had also the Satisfaction of seeing him every Evening, which Satisfaction I purchased at the Expence of my Sleep. Thus Things went on for some Time in a Way indulgent enough to our Passion, and we thought of nothing else; but on a sudden our Joys were interrupted by his Father's obliging him to set out for the Court. It was said that a Country Life was too idle for a Man of his Quality, and that he therefore ought to lead it no longer; this Accident affected him so strongly, that he was unable to take his Leave of me, and I on the other Hand was in such a Condition as is easier guessed at than described.

AFTER he had been gone some Time, I began to entertain strong Doubts in my Mind, that Absence would estrange him from me; which threw me into a profound Melancholy. Soon after it struck into my Head, that among so many Beauties as of necessity he would see there, I might find a Rival too successful; this drove me from Melancholy to Madness. When one falls in Love, one loses the greatest Part of one's Reason, but when one grows jealous, it flies all away. In few Words then, I took a desperate Resolution of disguising my self in Man's Apparel, and of going my self to Court, that I might be certain whether *Don Felix* behaved like a Man of Honour. Having furnished myself with Cloaths and Horses, I executed this Design as eagerly, as imprudently I had formed it.

I took a Lodging in the least frequented Part of the Town, and as soon as I was in it, I began to form a hundred Projects in my Head in order to see *Don Fælix* without any Danger of his discovering me; but as I could bring none of them to bear, I was in the deepest Perplexity; when the Master of the House I was in, entered my Room, and told me, if I would step to the Window I might hear a Serenade which a young Nobleman was about to give to his Mistress. I opened my Window as he desired me, and before I had well opened it, I heard the Voice of one of *Don Fælix's* Pages, who addressed his Master in these Words. *My Lord it is Time the Lady is upon the Terrace*, *Don Fælix* then began to sing, and as he was immediately under my Window, I fancied my self at Home, and list'ned attentively to his Voice, without remembring that he sung to another. When he had ended his Sonnet, I asked my Host if he knew who it was, he answered in the Negative, and I hurried to Bed as well to hide my Grief, as to give it vent alone.

In the Morning as soon as I was dressed, and it was proper to go abroad, I went directly to the Palace, resolving if I had Occasion to assume any Name, to take that of *Valerio*; when I came thither I found it was a publick Day; the Ladies were all at their Windows, the Men of Quality were walking before them, and it was easy to discern who was the Mistress of every Man's Heart, by their bowing, looking upon, and turning back to gaze at particular Ladies. In my Heart, I wished that the Mistress of *Don Fælix* might be here, and that some Way or other I might distinguish her, I had
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not waited long, before I saw that Nobleman appear, surrounded by a Croud of Domesticks in rich Liveries, and immediately attended by all the Men of Quality who were there with such Testimonies of Respect, as in Spite of all the Uneasiness I was in, gave me a gleam of Satisfaction; but when I reflected again that even this Sense of Pleasure sprung from my Sense of Love for an ungrateful Man, I could not help shedding Tears, and to hinder those who were present from perceiving it, I was forced to put my Hand before my Face. Guess fair Ones, at a Distress which no Words can point, far from my Country and Friends; in a Habit of a Man; but with all the softness of a Woman in my Heart; I stood motionless, and without a Word, like the Statute of a Wretch in Despair, raised by Discretion to fright credulous fair Ones from my Fate.



The HISTORY of PHILISMENA.



AS soon as I had recollected my Spirits a little, I addressed myself to one of his Valets. I think, said I, I have some where saw that young Nobleman before; pray what may his Name be? His Name, answered the Valet, Why how is it possible you should be ignorant of it, since Don *Felix* hath been for a long Time

Time the most illustrious Gallant at Court? I am, said I, but just come to *Madrid*. Why that, returned the Valet, is a sufficient Excuse for your Ignorance; and now, to ask you a Question in my Turn, What is your Country? *Andalusia*, reply'd I. And your Name? Added the Valet. *Valerio*, said I. Very well, continued he; I am your Countryman; my Master wants a Page, you will be very fit for him; as you are provided with no other Place, go Home with me, and thank Providence for having found so good a Service. I did not think, returned I, of going to Service, but I will not refuse your kind Offer, because I persuade myself the Service of Don *Felix* will be very easy. Nay, not so very easy neither, reply'd the Valet, his Amours will find you Errands enough all Day, and he generally sits up a great Part of the Night at Play; however, he is so generous and so good humour'd, that it is impossible to feel any Fatigue in the Execution of his Commands.

BUT pray, said I, how comes Don *Felix* to give for his Livery White trimm'd with Yellow? Because, answered his Valet, they are the Colours of *Celia* his reigning Mistress, who is in my Opinion, less lovely as well as less kind, than the Lady he courted while at Home. I confess this pleased me, and I spent the Time agreeably enough till Evening, when according to his Promise, he introduced me to Don *Felix*. That Nobleman, far from recollecting my Face, suspected nothing contrary to the Appearance I wore, received me very cordially and kindly took me into his Service, employing me for a few Days in Matters of no great Importance; but finding

ing me in these tractable and observant, he made me the Confident of his Passion.

CELIA, said he, begins to love me, but I don't know how, my having lov'd another runs in her Head; when I complain to her of her Coldness and Inconstancy, she continually twits me of mine. It is true enough, that I did like a Lady in my own Country, but Absence has quite worn out my Passion, and I think now of none but *Celia*, so that she does me the highest Injustice. Your Lordship, said I, will forgive me for differing with you in Sentiment; I think she does you no Injustice, unless you could prove that a second Passion has a Privilege of lasting longer than the first; the Person most wrong'd, is the Lady from whom you have withdrawn your Affections; she must be unhappy indeed! My Lord received what I said very kindly, and having just received a Letter from his Mistress, he put it into my Hands, and commanded me to read it. Its Contents were these:

CELIA to Don FÆLIX.

I Find always stronger Reasons to support my Suspensions, than to justify your Assurances. If I do you any Wrong, your own Imprudence is to blame. That your first Passion gives me Umbrage, is not my Fault, but yours. As you have been avow'd false once, why may you be not so again, since it is evident, that a Woman can make you depart from what is due to yourself and to your Honour. I will add no more, except that it is in vain to look for a Cure of those Evils, which admit of none.

WELL.

I die if I obtain ! Yet will I do Juſtice to my Lord,
and ſooth my laſt Moment with that Thought.

WHEN I came to *Celia's* Houſe, one of the Ser-
vant's asked me my Name, and immediately told
his Miſtreſs, that *Valerius*, a Page whom Don *Felix*
had lately taken, deſired to ſpeak with her. How
comes it, ſaid ſhe, that he truſts a Perſon ſo lately
come to him ? However, admit him. When I
came into the Room, and had delivered her the
Letter, ſhe read it, and look'd upon me with ſome
Surprize ; but on recollecting herſelf a little, Don
Felix, ſaid ſhe, is very happy in having you in his
Houſe. Madam, reply'd I, bowing, I am very
much ſo, and in that it has procur'd me the Honour
of being admitted into your Preſence. I pity'd him
before, but now I envy him, ſince I am Witneſs of
that Blaze of Beauty whence he derives the Fire
that conſumes him. May I hope, Madam, an An-
ſwer as favourable as the Reception you have given
me.

BEFORE I was acquainted with the Inconſtancy
of your Maſter, replied the Lady, I was determin'd
to break with him ; yet I can reſuſe nothing to you,
and he certainly ſhewed the greateſt Addreſs, when
he choſe ſo handsome a Youth to be the Bearer of
his Letter. Your Beauty, Madam, returned I, is ſo
far ſuperior to that of the Lady whom my Maſter
has deſerted, as to afford you the leaſt Reaſon to
ſuſpect he ſhould alſo prove ungrateful to you. Do
you know, *Philismena*, added ſhe in a quick Tone.
Yes, Madam, added I, my Father's Houſe was
very near her's ; ſhe, indeed, has Reaſon to complain,
and yet I cannot ſay that my Maſter is unjuſt, ſince
his

his Inconstancy is not the Effect of his own Temper, but of your irresistible Charms. Very well, cry'd the Lady, *Don Felix* hath found a very quick Scholar; you pronounce his Compliments as well as can be. *Don Felix*, Madam, said I, hath taught me only to respect you; the Sight of your Beauty hath taught me to praise it; what I say is not the Effect of Flattery, but proceeds from a Love of Truth.

IF you are really such a Friend to Truth, said she, pray tell me what sort of Lady *Philismena* is. Why really, Madam, returned I, she is not in my Opinion a perfect Beauty, on the contrary, there is one Thing wanting to give a proper Lustre to her Charms, and that is Content. I understand you very well, young Man, said *Celia*, but don't you know that there are some Beauties who become Melancholly, and who acquire an Air of Softness from Sorrow. There may be such, added I, but with me those only shall pass for Beauties, who like you, have in themselves all that is necessary to captivate the Heart. Tell me, said the Fair One, would it be extremely pleasing to you if I write a favourable Answer to your Master? Without Question, Madam, said I, it would be a high Satisfaction to me, that he received so agreeable a Favour from my Hand. To gratify you then, said *Celia*, I will write him such a Billet as you desire; which accordingly she performed. Before she gave it me she read it, and I looking steadily in her Face, could very easily perceive that her Wit rather than her Passion had dictated the Letter she gave me. I received it, however, with all imaginable Respect, and hurried away with it to my Master, who received it with an Ex-
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cess of Joy, which plunged me into an Abyss of Grief, out of which nothing but the continual Sight of the Man I loved, could so far draw me, as to render Life bearable.

FROM this Time forward he visited *Celia* frequently, and was received with a cold Kind of Favour; he sent her also the most tender Letters, but if they were not brought by *Valerius*, they received no Answer; at last, therefore, he sent no body but me, and for the Space of two Months we all of us continued in this perplexed Condition. At the End of that Time *Celia*, who could no longer conceal her Passion for me, suffered it to break out, but one Day when I had earnestly treated an Answer for my Master, she said with an Air of Transport, if the Thoughts of *Valerius* were but as tender as mine, he would quickly receive those Marks of Affection for himself, which he has so much Trouble in soliciting for another. This embarrass'd me still the more; I saw, that if I gave Way to her Weakness, she would love none but me; and I doubted if I did not give Way to it, that she would yield to the Addresses of *Don Felix*. In this Distress I took up a Resolution of pretending Ignorance in what she meant, and in this I persisted, maugre all the Advances she made. When her Patience was in some Measure tried, there came no Answer at all to my Master, and he began to act like a Man distracted. Upon this, I found my self under a Necessity of pressing *Celia* with greater Earnestness. You would not, lovely Madam, said I, surely fully all those Virtues you possess, by suffering so accomplish'd a Nobleman to die for you. To die for me, ungrateful Youth, said she, rising with such Passion

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that

that I was afraid to stop her, with what Face do you presume to sollicite her, who is in a worse Condition than him for whom you speak: I have been weak, 'tis true, in yielding to the Passion I have for you; but that excuses not your Cruelty in abandoning a Woman who loves you so sincerely to the last Resource of a desperate Mind, a violent Death.

As she pronounced these Words, she went into her Closet and shut her Door; in vain I knelt before it! in vain I swore a thousand Times that I ador'd her! and that nothing could have prevented my speaking before, but the Awe that I had for her Quality. She answered me not a Word; so that at last I was forced to depart, and to go Home to my Master with my old Message, that *Celia* was busy, and would not be disturb'd. But guess at his, guess at my Amazement, if possible, when the next Day we were informed that *Celia* was found dead in her Closet, none of her Family being able to give the least Account of her End.

THIS Accident so nearly concerned us, that the whole House was in an Uproar; but my Master and I were especially distracted, though I moderated my Grief more than he, till a new Accident swell'd it beyond all Bounds. *Don Felix* retired that very Day without giving us any Notice, without leaving any Letter to instruct us how we might hear of him; then it was that my Grief made me forget all Rules of Decency and Decorum; then it was that I abandoned my self to excessive Mourning, and confessed the Fate of *Celia* a thousand Times preferable to my own; then it was that to me Death seem'd of all Things the more eligible, till I took up a Resolution

tion of searching for *Don Fælix*, having no other Guide but Love. Hitherto, lovely Maidens, excepting the single Act of rescuing you, Destiny has crossed all my Endeavours; and in every Instance, every Pursuit barr'd my Felicity, by depriving me of all Intelligence of my Love.

THE Nymphs of *Diana* could not help pitying the Affliction of so illustrious a Person. Madam, said the eldest of them, we are no less amaz'd at your Misfortunes in Love, than we were a little while ago surpriz'd at your noble Courage. Such Beauty, and so generous a Temper, ought to have made you the Mistress of the worthiest Heart; but alas! who is free from the Evils wrought by Love? Who can escape his Darts? Or, who that feels them, can endure them without Complaints? Good Sense and solid Virtue, are the only Azyles to which the Prudent fly. Go with us, Fair One, to the Mansion of *Felicia*, you will there find many, who, like yourself, have known the Distraction of Mind which disappointed Passion induces, and who have, notwithstanding, been recovered so far, as to enjoy a tollerable Composure of Spirits, from her wise Counsels and kind Consolation.

ALAS! alas! said the mournful *Philismena*, he only who is the Author of my Sorrow, can be the Author of my Cure; yet that I may not appear obstinate or too opiniative, I am content to accompany you to the Temple of *Diana*, where, though I do not expect to find perfect Relief, yet I will indulge my self with the Hope of meeting some Alleviation of my Sorrow.

I AM extreamly surprized, said one of the Nymphs, my charming *Philismena*, that *Don Felix* could have you so long about his Person and not remember your Face. Alas! replied she, his Mind was so taken up with the Thoughts of my Rival, that he never once reflected on the Charms of her, who had first subdued her Heart.

WHILE they were speaking they over-heard the Voice of *Silvagia*, and the Shepherds who accompanied her. Alas! alas! said *Silvanus*, all others find in Time a Relief of their Sorrows, whereas Time has sensibly encreased mine; this Remedy having fail'd, what Hope, what Expectation can I frame to my self? There was a Time, replied *Silvagia*, when I scarce understood what Sorrow was; but alas! I have been so long buried in Affliction, through the Inconstancy of my Lover, that I have now scarce an Idea what Pleasure is. Ah! cruel *Diana*, cry'd *Sireno*, to whom have you given that Heart, which, without my Fault, you have taken from me? You have given it to a Man of low and sordid Desires, one who has no Idea of the Favour you have conferr'd upon him, and while he is regardless of your Kindness, even that Inconstancy has made you more dear to me.

THE Shepherds and Shepherdesses after these Complaints, threw a Napkin on the Ground, and taking forth from their Scrips the Provisions they had brought from the adjacent Village, set down without murmuring to a slender Repast; when they had finished it, *Daphne* approached them, and after having expressed her Pity and Concern for the Misfortunes they

they had endured, she told them, that Heaven had accorded to *Felicia* a peculiar Turn of Eloquence, whereby she healed the Minds of her Hearers, and dispelled those Clouds of Sorrow, which to the Parties themselves appeared incurable. From hence she inferr'd, that it would be more advisable for them to accompany *Philismena* in becoming the Disciples of the wise *Felicia*; she especially fought to condole the unhappy *Sireno*, telling him, that in Time *Diana* might repent her Folly, and grieve at her Inconstancy.

ALAS! alas! cried the Shepherd, she is but too much punish'd already; taking her Heart from me, she has given it to a Man who has no Taste for Love, no Conception of her Virtues, and no just Sense of her Charms. What Punishment can be more severe, and yet what can I possibly hope from thence? However, that I may exert the last Remains of Reason, in order to shake off the Bands of Passion. I am content to accompany you, and to hear the Lectures of *Felicia*.

SILVANUS and *Silvagia* came into the same Proposition readily; and having confided their Flocks to the Care of some Shepherds of their Acquaintance, they all set out under the Conduct of the three Nymphs.



D I A N A.

A PASTORAL

NOVEL.

BOOK III.



HE Sun was on the Point of declining, and Night began to assert her Right to share the Dominion of the World with him, when the Shepherds, guided by the Nymphs, entered a deep and melancholy Valley, divided by a large and rapid Stream; this Stream had its Source at the upper End of the Valley, flowing from a Lake, in the Middle of which was seated an Isle, wherein they discovered a Cabbin, and a few Sheep feeding round it. ^{each} There was Entrance into this Isle by a kind of Bridge, and all the Company being

being of Opinion, that it was a proper Place to spend the Night in, they instantly took the Road which led thereto. *Daphne* was the first who entered, but she instantly came back, and made a Signal to her Companions to advance without Noise.

WHEN they entered the little Hut, they discovered lying on a Bed of green Twigs, covered with dry'd Leaves, a Shepherdess, lovely above Description, better clad than was usual in the Country, fast asleep, and yet weeping as if she had been awake. They had not contemplated her long before she turned and awaked. Wretched *Beliza*, said she to herself, Death makes no Haste to those who call him, otherwise he had long eas'd thy Pains; then casting her Eyes on the Strangers, who were so amazed that they could not speak, at length recovering herself, saluted them first in these Words.

“ LOVELY Maidens, you do well not to console
“ one, to whom all Comfort comes in vain;
“ Death is the only Remedy from which I hope
“ Relief, and till he shall ease me, I have chosen
“ this melancholy Place wherein to pine away my
“ Days. Ever since I have inhabited this Island,
“ gloomy and uncomfortable Objects have nourish'd
“ my Grievs: This is the first Time I have ever
“ seen what might amuse me so much as a Mo-
“ ment, nor do I desire that this should continue
“ long. If there are among you, Fair Ones, any
“ who have felt the bitter Pains of Love, who
“ have tasted of those Miseries which have wrought
“ my Distress, let her become the Companion of
“ my Cares; as for you who have still preserved
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“ your Liberty, fly from this solitary Place, and
“ before to shun whatever may bring you into a
“ Condition at once deplorable and irretrievable.

BEAUTEOUS Shepherdess, said *Dorinda*, we forbear to trouble you with fruitless Offers of our Assistance, to remove a Grief, the Violence of which proclaims it incurable; but inasmuch as nothing can be more singular than the Distress in which we find you, do not deny us the Favour of hearing from your own Mouth the History of your Disasters; for as the Effects are so extraordinary, we doubt not but that there is something equally strange in the Cause.

BELIZA then left her Cabbin, and accompanied the Nymphs and Shepherds to the Border of the Lake, where, when their Silence shewed their Attention, she spoke in this Manner.

“ It is a common Maxim, my Friends said she,
“ that discoursing of our Misfortunes and communicating our Sorrow, naturally abates their Force,
“ and extenuates the Impressions made by them;
“ but I, by Experience know, that this is only a
“ vulgar Notion, or else that slighter Cares are only thus worn off, for mine never oppress me
“ more, than when I seek, by entering into a Detail of my Misfortunes, to discharge a Part of
“ the melancholy Burden upon those who hear me; yet that I may not seem to oppose a reasonable Request, or to be wanting in Civility to
“ Persons of so much Humanity, I am content to
“ comply with your Demand, and to acquaint you
“ with that gloomy Tale, which comprehends the
“ Story of my Life.

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*The HISTORY of BELIZA.*

HERE is a Village on the Border of yon Meadow, the Inhabitants of which, on Account of the Antiquity of their Families, preserve somewhat of that Spirit, and a faint Image of that Liberty, the Essence of which they have long ago lost. I was born in that Village, and my Name is *Beliza*; in the same Village dwelt *Arsenio*, a Man of considerable Fortune, whose Wife *Florinda* was so beautiful, that none who saw her could avoid adoring her; at length she died, and he, to console his Malady, sought an obscure Retreat, where, with an only Son left him by this beloved Wife, he amused himself with rural Cares, indulging a manly and moderate Grief. Some Years past after this Manner, till his Son growing up, he found it necessary to send him to *Salamanca* for his Education, esteeming it but just, that a Youth, whom Nature had distinguished in the Beauty of his Person, should be as much distinguished in the Beauties of his Mind.

FIFTEEN Years after the Death of *Florinda*, *Arsenio* first paid his Visits to me; Visits, fatal alike to him and his darling Son! His Conduct towards me, will give you a just Idea of his Flame. Wherever my Country Affairs led me, he was sure to follow me; and if by Chance I appeared at any of

our rural Sports, *Arsenio* was there too. Unvers'd in Love, I understood not half he said, and turned the half I did into Jest among my Companions. At last his Importunities made me uneasy, and I began to complain in earnest of an Affiduity, which, instead of pleasing, fatigued me; yet it was all in vain, his Love encreased by Opposition, and neither Raillery, nor plain Refusals could rid me of his Visits.

FOUR Years Perseverance on his Part, had not been able to vanquish any Part of my Indifference, when *Arfileus* his Son, returned to our Village. It was not his Father, or his Friends, who spoke kindly of his Improvements, but all our Country rung of them, and every Body who saw him, confessed their Surprize at beholding in a Man so young, none of that Levity or Want of Discretion, which generally speaking, is inseparable from Youth.

HIS Father, however, made him not the Confident of his Passion, of which, as he conceal'd it, the Youth had not the least Suspicion, imputing that Melancholy and Reserve, which appear'd in his Countenance, to the Remembrance of his Mother's Loss. *Arsenio* knowing the Talents of his Son, had a Mind to have a Billet-doux written by him, but at the same Time contrived to procure it without discovering his Passion. In order to this, he spoke to a Friend of his whose Name was *Argastus*, and desired him to acquaint his Son that he was in Love with a Shepherdess, who had for a long Time remained insensible, but that he doubted not to move her Heart, if he would vouchsafe to write for him a tender Letter. *Argastus* followed the Instructions of his Friend, and procured from the young *Arfileus*

leus a Letter, which his Father copied, and soon after sent to me. It ran thus.

ARSENIO to BELIZA.

MAY thy Flocks be without Number, thy Fortune equal to thy Beauty, so thou remain not insensible towards a Lover, whose Pains are only equall'd by the Pleasure he feels in enduring them for thee. My Complaints have hitherto been as useless to me, as if I had kept a profound Silence; for your Heart seems then to be the furthest from me, when your Person is nearest me: Hence it is that my Desires are quite removed from Reason, and I madly wish for the most idle Things. When I see the Birds skim through the yielding Air, I wish I could change my Condition with theirs, and be as free and senseless as they are. When I behold you singing as sweetly and as carelessly as they, I am amaz'd, and the Happiness of your Condition, by Reflection doubles the Misery of mine. Perhaps you believe your Heart will be ever free! vain Belief! Tremble, Shepherdess, at the Consideration of what is much more likely to be thy Lot! Tremble at the Thoughts of loving One, who may have no more Regard for you, than you for me! my Misery would then be doubled, trebled, or rather encreased a Thousand-fold, should I behold you the Prey of Grievs like mine. My Love is of a more noble Sort, far from triumphing in your Misfortunes; my sincere Wish is, that wherever you love, you may be happy.

THIS Letter, continued Beliza, was the Cause of a Thousand Mischiefs to him who wrote it, and to her who received it. When I considered the

Stile of the Epistle, it easily convinced me that the Wit of the Son had contributed to dress the Passion of the Father in such persuasive Terms. Love, which hitherto I had never understood, entered at once; and that Indifference which I had preserved so long, vanquished in an Instant, and from that Moment I began to have a grateful Esteem for the Father, and a tender Affection for the Son. To the former I was afraid of being longer ungrateful, and to the latter I could not be insensible. *Arsenio* was every Day making me Presents, and whenever I received them, I could not help regretting a Continuance of Obligations which I could never repay. The Answers I gave my Lover were less severe than formerly, but they were given only that I might have a frequent Opportunity of beholding his Son, of whom I grew more and more enamour'd.

ONE Day when *Arsenio* came with some Friends of his to take the fresh Air in a Grove at the Bottom of my Father's Garden, he bid *Arsileus*, who was with him, send for an Instrument, that he might divert me with a kind of Serenade. The Youth readily comply'd with his Father's Command, and I easily apprehended, that the Father sought by the Merit of the Son to attract my Heart. Foolish Man, said I within my self, to suffer Paternal Affection to interfere with Love. Whoever sought to acquire the Favour of a Woman by the Interest of another. That thy Son has such Talents, is true, but he has them for himself; he is indeed capable of inspiring Love, but not for his Father.

WHILE I was thus musing with my self, the lovely *Arsileus* struck the Lute with peculiar Softness,

ness, and at the same Time sung with inexpressible Sweetness these tender Words.

S O N G.

*L*ovely Queen of my fond Heart,
Let the Muse its Tale unfold,
Let her tell thee every Art,
Whence she grew to be so bold.

*Beauteous Habel she sung,
From her Charms entirely free,
Till to some equal Ditty strung,
The Lute might tremble before thee.*

*Silvia's Charms she next confess,
Charms which she had never felt,
That while Love she thus profess,
She might learn th' Art to melt.*

*Now from Practice grown expert,
Accept, sweet Nymph, the Poet's Lay,
Nor think he could thy Charms desert,
His Songs, but not his Heart, might stray.*

*So the sweet Lark, or sweeter Thrush,
The Grove with pleasant Musick fills,
But if his Mate be near the Bush,
His Song with double Sweetness thrills.*

*His Voice more strong, his Pipe more clear,
With Sounds surprizing charms the Ear.*

ALL the Company were extreamly pleased with the Air, and the young Man's Manner of Singing,
but

but I was particularly affected ; my Pleasure was for some Moments so strong as to overcome my Senses ; at length it moderated by the Reflection, that while I could scarce conceal my Passion, I could not read in his Eyes any Sign of his. These Thoughts threw me into so profound a Reverie, that the Company conceiving me either uneasy or indisposed, broke up sooner than they would have done. I spent that Night in a Thousand Projects for discovering to *Arfileus* the Passion I had for him, without doing Violence to Modesty : At length, able to fix on none, I laid all aside ; but Chance the next Day wrought more than either I could expect or hope.

It so fell out, I went with some of my Companions to pass some Hours in an adjacent Wood, there when we had walked till we were tired, we sat down to rest us on a Green Bank. One of the Ladies of the Company pressed me to sing ; I excused my self at first, but finding she would not be denied, I sung what my Heart dictated, *A Complaint of unregarded Love*. *Arfileus*, who had been Hunting in the same Wood, drawn by the Sound of my Voice, listened and heard all I Sung ; when I had done, he came from the Covert where he stood, and approach'd us with that negligently polished Air, which, tho' I shall always remember, I can never describe.

THE Discourse was general for a good while, and my Companions were no less entertain'd than I ; but in the midst of the Conversation, I, with great Satisfaction, discovered that his Eyes were continually fixed on me, and spoke, as I imagin'd, the same

same Language with my own; I was very desirous of knowing in Words, whether I had conjectured right, or if my Passion had impos'd upon me.

FORTUNE seemed to favour the Enquiry I sought to make, for my Companions rose suddenly to go to their Flocks; I pretended that I was taken with a violent Head-ach, desired to be left alone, and intreated them to take Care of my Sheep. *Arfileus* would not comply with the faint Intimation I gave him, that I wished he would withdraw; and so in one Moment I saw myself in Possession of an Opportunity I could scarce have expected, without practising any one of the Schemes I had been forming a few Nights before for that Purpose.

THE young Man had well nigh defeated my Purpose by his Complaisance; he was afraid to disturb me, and therefore kept a profound Silence. I was forced to open the Conversation, by enquiring whether he found the Women in the Country bearable, after the fine Women he had seen in the Cities? I thought this would lead the Way to general Compliments, and that by Degrees the Dialogue might have grown Particular, but the Passion of the Youth would not permit Things to ripen by a gradual Progression; he immediately caught my Question, and returned me this short Answer, That the present Afternoon had afforded him greater Pleasure than he had ever tasted before; and that in me he beheld her, who first subdued, and should ever remain Mistress of his Heart. This broke all my Measures; I was afraid of shewing it pleased me, and not less afraid of shewing any Signs of Displeasure; however, after some Moments Recollection,

lection, I reply'd, that he would do well not to repeat what he had told me, for if he spoke in Railery, I should conceive myself injured; if in Earnest, I should think Concealment the best Testimony of his Passion. He either misunderstood my Command, or perceived a wide Difference between the Mandate which had issued from my Lips, and the Invitation made by my Eyes: He therefore continued to press me, not only at that Time, but frequently after wrote me Letters daily, till in short I confessed a reciprocal Love, and we thought of nothing but indulging as secretly as we could our Passion. In the mean Time was constrained to receive the Father's Presents without being able to give my Heart to any but the Son.

It so happened, that under my Window there grew a tall Mulberry-Tree, from whence *Arfileus* would needs converse with me in an Evening, and I looking upon it as a strong Testimony of his Passion, readily yielded to the Proposal, though there was really no Necessity for it, nothing hindering our conversing freely in the Day. The gratifying this romantic Fancy cost us dear: *Arfileus* came at the Hour appointed, and seeing me at the Window, mounted the fatal Tree: We had scarce began to speak, before *Arsenio* approached unheard and unexpected; his Jealousy did not suffer him to listen long, nor did he hear any Voice but mine: He had unhappily his Bow in his Hand, and his Quiver at his Back; he directed an Arrow at Random into the Tree, which pierced *Arfileus* to the Heart: Adieu! *Beliza*, said the dying Youth, Fate permits me to love you no longer! Oh Heaven! cry'd the Father, is it possible that my Son should be my Rival?

val? Then drawing near the Body, and being too effectually convinced, was it not enough, said he, *Beliza*, to rob me of my Peace, and to deceive me, but you must add to that, the compelling me to be the Murderer of my Son? But since it is so, I will not survive him! Saying this, he pierced his own Heart, and fell on the Corps of *Arfileus*. Thus fell two Lovers! two faithful Lovers! whilst the cruel *Beliza* yet lives, and mingles not her guilty Blood with theirs.

THE horrid Spectacle chain'd me for some Time to the Window, and so stupify'd my Faculties, that I had not a proper Idea of my Misfortunes; but as by Degrees my Senses returned, and I had Leisure to see and to conceive the Evils I had occasioned, I began to hate Life, Myself, my Father's House, and in the full Career of my Distraction I fled, I know not how, to this solitary Place; here the Gloom of Nature sympathizing with my distracted Thoughts, hath engaged me to dwell ever since, to waste myself in a fruitless Melancholy, deploring to no End Mischiefs beyond the Reach of Cure.

THESE, amiable Fair Ones, are the Misfortunes I deplore! these are the Ills I lament, and shall lament till Death frees me from my Sorrows. I have delivered the Story of them in as few Words as possible; and I am persuaded you will allow that my Grievs, how excessive soever, is adequate only to its Cause. The Nymphs of *Diana*, in Terms full of Compassion, expressed the Sense they had of her melancholy Condition; but at the same Time put her in Mind, that to destroy herself with immoderate Grief, could not possibly advantage the Dead, that

that Nature seemed to have designed her for some nobler Purpose, than to be an Emblem of unavailing Sorrow and ineffectual Grief; they exhorted her therefore to follow the Example of those she saw in their Company, and to go with them to the Temple of *Diana*, where they were thoroughly assured they should meet with Relief.

BELIZA expressed herself in such Terms, as shewed that she was an Infidel in this Respect; however, she consented to make the Experiment, because she was extremely pleased with the Politeness of the Ladies, and thought it became her to make Trial of an offer'd Remedy, how confident soever she might be that it would not answer the Character given it.

THUS the disconsolate Shepherds and Shepherdesses had a new Companion, and the Nymphs of *Diana* another Captive of Love in their Train.

THIS Point adjusted, they all withdrew to their Repose in such Places, as to them appeared most convenient. Some Time the Lovers spent in Sighs and Tears; at last invading Sleep sealed up their Eyes, while the Nymphs of *Diana*, whose Hearts were free, and Minds at Ease, tasted in serene Repose, that happy Tranquillity annexed to Innocence.

D I A N A.



DIANA.

A PASTORAL

NOVEL.

BOOK IV.



THE Morning Star by its Appearance declar'd the Approach of Day, when the Shepherds and Shepherdesses arose, and altogether under the Conduct of the Nymphs of *Diana*, began their Journey: As they walked, the Shepherds and Shepherdesses related their Stories to comfort and relieve *Beliza*, till by Degrees they entered into a thick Wood, so gloomy over Head, and the Paths so embarrassed, that, but for their Virgin Conductresses, they must have for ever stray'd therein; they marched at the Head, and at length brought them

them out into a lovely Plain, in the midst of which lay a Demy-Isle, wash'd by two lovely Rivers, in the Centre of it, shaded by lofty Trees disposed in elegant Order, stood the superb Temple of *Diana*, where the Goddess dispensed her Oracles, which were given to, and interpreted by the Priestesses only, none besides her being permitted to enter the Holy Place.

THE Priestesses, followed by a Train of Nymphs, came out to meet the illustrious Company, now approaching the Temple. *Dorinda* advanced before them, and kneeling, kiss'd *Felicia's* Hand, who, without staying to be inform'd of what had happened to them, immediately address'd herself to *Philismena* in these Words. Be assur'd, sweet Nymph, that I shall be eternally grateful for the Favours you have conferr'd on my Disciples; I need not be told what you have done for them; fear not, trust in me, the Time will come when I shall see you happy. Madam, reply'd *Philismena*, your Favour infinitely over-balance my Desert; they shall, however, have this Effect, that though already I do not, yet hereafter I will make it my Endeavour to deserve them. The Benefits I confer, said *Felicia*, will not exceed the just Measure of Payment established among generous Minds. Courage, faithful Shepherds, said she, turning to the Men, lose not Hope, Heaven will indulge to me the Pleasure of putting an End to your Misfortunes.

ALL the Company having returned the Priestesses Thanks, followed her into her Palace; its Entrance was adorned with all the Majesty, and all the Magnificence which the most finish'd Architecture could bestow;

bestow ; on the Front of the Portico was engrav'd an Inscription, prohibiting the Approach of such Lovers as had suffered either the Purity or the Constancy of their Flame to be sullied in the smallest Degree. *Philismena* having read it, turning towards *Silvagia* said, Let us go in, Shepherdess, this Law effects not us. Ah! cry'd *Sireno*, neither excludes it me, it is the ungrateful *Diana* only whom this would hinder from going farther. Forbear, said the Priestess, Shepherd, forbear your Reproaches, the Time will come when you yourself shall wonder at what *Diana* has undergone for you, and you for her. Being conducted into an Apartment, beautiful alike from its Ornaments and Scituation, Supper was serv'd in, and as soon as it was over, three Nymphs enter'd, each having an Instrument in her Hand: To these the Shepherds and Shepherdesses joined themselves, and having formed, as the antient Custom was, two Choirs, they express'd in Dialogue the Effects of Passion, and all the tender Sentiments of Souls inspired with Love.

The N Y M P H S.

WE to Love and Fortune owe
All the Woes we undergo,
From their Malice we sustain
Endless Care, and ceaseless Pain.

S H E P H E R D S.

Yet would cold Indifference,
Less of Happiness dispense,
Hope deceiv'd, more Joys can give,
Than without all Hope to live.

N Y M P H S.

N Y M P H S.

Oh! ye Powers who rule our Fate,
By your Will unfortunate,
Why, since you afflict us so,
Should we at your Altars bow?

S H E P H E R D S.

Still to bear a pleasing Anguish,
Still in Love's soft Flame to languish,
Is the worst of our Love Story,
To o'ercome, how great the Glory?

N Y M P H S.

You, who have these Sorrows known,
Pitying others from your own,
Don't you, Shepherds, all agree,
Blest are those from Passion free?

S H E P H E R D S.

Changeful tho' we see the Fair,
We Inconstancy can bear,
Nor wish to lose the pleasing Pain,
'Till Love to Death resigns his Chain.

N Y M P H S.

Those who feel Love's cruel Power,
Rail at such as don't adore,
Yet let them their Freedom guard,
Since we think our Slavery hard.

S H E P H E R D S.

SHEPHERDS.

Let Love and Fate do what they will,
Obedient we, and constant still,
Repine not at those Ills which be
Not half so bad as being free.

THE Priestess turning to *Philismena*, is it possible fair one, said she, that this little Entertainment did not affect you? Not to be mov'd with it, Madam, returned she, my Heart must be less sensible of Love than it is. Experience, said *Felicia*, hath convinced me, that Delicacy greatly heightens Love: Passion in noble Souls, burns with a Flame peculiarly sublime, and reflects a Brightness on all the Virtues with which they are replete.

SILVANUS, who was a little offended with this Observation, demanded in a pretty quick Tone, in what this Delicacy consisted? In circumscribing Passion, reply'd *Felicia*, by the Laws of Virtue and of Reason. Mighty well, reply'd the Shepherd, I was afraid you would have attach'd Delicacy to an elevated Condition, and have left to Minds of a lower Class, only the Dregs of Love; but since you place it in the Nature of the Passion, not in the Rank of the Person, I am content. All the Nymphs could not help laughing at the Shepherd's quick Repentment, and at its Cause.

THE Priestess then led *Philismena* to an Apartment she had prepared for her, where she again assured her, that all her Misfortunes should quickly be brought to a Conclusion; you must, however, said

said she, go through the Trial of some new and sharp Afflictions; but as they will quickly have an End, so the Hopes I give you will enable you to bear them.

FELICIA then persuaded her to lay aside the Habit she wore, and resume one better suited to her Quality. The Fair One obey'd, and when she was dressed in her new Apparel, it added so much to the Lustre of her Charms, that even those who had been her Companions to the Temple, scarce knew her again.

WHEN they had all amused themselves here for a little Time, the Priestess ordered them to be conducted through her Palace, that the Sight of a thousand Curiosities, and the Pleasure of beholding an infinite variety of beautiful Scenes, might dissipate in some Measure, the Memory of past Ills, or at least so far dull the Shafts of Care, as to make their Wounds less painful. This Civility of her's did, in a great Measure, answer its End: They could not help gazing on grand Apartments, lofty Galleries, and stately Portico's; in short, they were so much struck with the superior Beauties of this stupendous Pile, that wrapt in Silence, they followed their Guides 'till they led them to the Gallery of Heroes.

UNDER a noble Colonnade, on a Basis of Grana-
te, stood a Statue of Brass, most exquisitely
wrought, representing to the Life, if the Expression
may be admitted, the Glorious God of War; round
him stood the Statues of numberless Heroes of *Spain*,
deservedly famous for the Services done their Coun-
try;

try; amongst others the *Cid*, whose Name alone is Elogy sufficient, and that of *Don Bernard de Garpio*, which attracted the Eyes of the whole Company, as well on Account of the Eminence of the Man, as of the singular Beauty of his Statue; in him *Charles* the most powerful of the *French* Kings, met the Destroyer of all his Glory; *Don Bernard* defeated the Royal Army in the *Pyrenæan* Mountains. A Poet desirous of sharing in the Monarch's Fame, wrote these Verses, which were fix'd on its Base.

*The Peers of France, led by a Chieftain bold,
I stopp'd when they did boundless Empire claim,
If who I am, this Statue don't unfold,
At Roncevalles you may hear my Fame.*

THE Beauty of the Gardens, their excellent Disposition, the curious Beds of Flowers, all charmed the Sight, and at the same Time delighted the Mind. At the Bottom of these enchanting Retreats, there was a Grove dark and solemn, where Silence seemed to reign, where was erected to the Memory of the glorious Dead, several elegant and costly Monuments, the Inscriptions on which recorded the Virtues for which they were fam'd when living. Amongst these the sorrowful *Beliza* rambled for a while, sighing to herself, and wishing, that that Life was taken from her, which no longer afforded any Satisfaction, since she was divorced from the Man she lov'd, and that by a sudden and violent Death.

It was now Time to return to the Palace, and they went all back together; the wise Priestess of

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Diana

Diana led them to a *Jessamine Bower*, where she sat down with *Philismena* on one Hand, and *Sireno* on the other; *Silvanus* sat down by *Dorinda*, while the other two Nymphs diverted *Silvagia* at some Distance. Excellent Lady, said the Lover of *Diana* to *Felicia*, permit me to ask you your Opinion on a Difficulty which I have never been able myself to resolve: *If Reason gives Birth to Love, why is it so little able to govern what it creates?* Love, answered the Priestess, knows no Law but its own Caprice; Reason gives it Birth, but it wants Power to govern it; the brisker it is, the sooner it escapes all Bounds; and thus, contrary to all the Laws of Nature, a Lover ceases to regard himself, that he may be wholly dedicated to his Mistress: Love is generally painted blind, and guided by Folly; certainly it must be confessed, that this Representation is not much amiss; he is painted also naked, for how can Love be cover'd? His Wings express the Rapidity of Passion, his Bow the Nature of the throbbing Wounds he inflicts, which, like those of a Stiletto, are so much the more dangerous, by how much they are less apparent. Most People have imagined, that in the Obedience or Disobedience to Reason, consisted the Difference between virtuous and vicious Love, but they are mistaken, the most virtuous Love in the World transgresses the Bounds of Reason; the Difference lies in the Effects produced by these Transgressions; those occasioned by an heroic Passion, are noble, generous, and laudable, tho' they are not reasonable; the others issue in Actions as base and black, as they are wild and extravagant: In short, Reason points out to us an Object worthy of Love, but in the Prosecution of our Passion, it is only Love that dictates,

I AM satisfied, Madam, returned *Sireno*, and I perfectly comprehend now, what was Mystery to me before; can there be any Thing stranger than the Effects of this glorious Cause, or more clear than the Account you have been pleased to give of them.

WHAT think you, fair Nymph, said *Silvanus* to *Dorinda*, of the intollerable Madness of Lovers; we are continually grieving, and yet in the midst of Grief we retain Hope; we shun all such Places as might relieve our Cares, and eagerly embrace Solitude, which we know will encrease them. We are sensible of the Anguish created by the continual Combats between Desire and Fortune, and tho' we always complain and repine, yet cannot all our Miseries tire us into a sincere and hearty Desire, to be freed from them and their Cause together. In a Word, Slaves as we are, and unsensible as we are of our Slavery, we yet want Courage to quit it; and tho' we bear our Fortunes uneasily, yet to cease loving would of all Things give us less Ease. How great soever the Torments of Love may seem to them that feel them, reply'd *Dorinda*, I am apt to think they are not really so poignant as they represent them.

CHARMING Nymph, answered *Silvanus*, have you ever felt this Passion? Experience only ought to guide you; there is no deciding on what another feels, if we have not felt somewhat like it ourselves. I comprehend very well, added *Dorinda*, all that you would say: The Torments of Love are endured thro' the Expectation of the Joys it is to be-

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flow;

flow; those therefore who complain so loudly, ought to consider that their Complaints are founded chiefly in Impatience; they figure to themselves Rewards, and then distract themselves because they are not conferred upon them so soon as they expect. Alas! *Dorinda*, reply'd the Shepherd, you do not conceive that even the Joys and Rewards of Love are mingled with Pain; what say you then to a State wherein Expectation only doth not intail Disquiet, but even Possession. Those who are truly in Love, beauteous Maid, never know, or can know Rest. The Companions of *Dorinda* were all this Time diverting themselves with the Shepherds, and amongst other Things which passed in Conversation, *Glicira* asked the following Question, *How comes it that Time and Absence destroy the warmest Passions?* I know not, said *Beliza*, but I doubt the Fact is far from being true: I have seen *Arseus* snatched from me by Death, I can never hope to see him again, yet my Passion remains altogether unextinguished, and if eternal Absence cannot cure, how should a momentary Separation? Tender Maid, reply'd *Glicira*, he who leaves his Mistress, carries her Picture in his Bosom, on that he is continually looking by the Force of his Memory, and as long as it subsists there, he cannot be said to be absent from her. But Time, dear Nymph, Time wears out the Piece by Degrees, till at length the Picture is no more, and Constancy which waited only on Remembrance, vanishes with it. Believe me, Charmer, you are mistaken if you fancy your Grief quite void of Cure, *Felicia* will convince you of the contrary, and that perhaps very soon.

TIME

TIME, charming *Beliza*, said the Priestess, tho' it might be a sure, would be also too slow a Remedy for your Passion; from me therefore expect a quicker Cure, To-morrow's Sun, shall be the last that views *Silvagia's* Pain; yours shall not subsist long after, and all your Companions shall in Time be restored to Peace. In the mean Time, *Philismena*, let me intreat you to entertain us with some Story of which *Andalusia* was the Scene. In Obedience to you, Madam, returned the fair One, I will, for Tales of others Woes beguile our own.



The History of the Moor ABENDARRAS.



HE Infant *Don Ferdinand* had not yet attained the Kingdom of *Arragon*, when *Don Rodriguez de Narraez* acquired immortal Fame. This brave Captain was not only in a Manner ador'd by his Soldiers, but even those who were born his Enemies, chose to quit their Country and their Friends to serve under his Banners. As he had been principally concerned in taking the Fortresses of *Antequerra* and *Alora*, both those Governments were given him; in the last mentioned Castle he had his Residence, and though he had there no more than fifty Horse, yet by his frequent and successful Exploits, he made himself the Terror of the *Moors*, and kept them effectually under in his Neighbourhood.

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ONE

ONE Night when the Heavens were perfectly clear and serene, this generous *Alcaid* sallied from his Castle at the Head of nine Cavaliers, all Men of approv'd Valour, and who durst undertake any Exploit whatever. When they had rode a little Way, and came to a Place where the grand Road parted in two, they resolved to divide into two small Squadrons; *Don Rodriguez* with four Horsemen taking one Road, and the remaining five Cavaliers the other. At parting it was agreed, that if either Troop needed Assistance they should sound a Hunting Horn, on which Signal the other should immediately advance. The last mentioned Squadron had not rode far before they heard the Sound of a complaining Voice at no great Distance, which induced them to stop and listen.

As they ranged themselves under the Shadow of a Row of lofty Trees, which effectually concealed them from the Sight of any Passenger, they quickly perceived a *Moorish* Cavalier advancing, whose Habit, Air, and Mien, spoke him a Man of Quality; he sung as he rode in the sweetest Voice in the World, Words most passionately tender. The *Castilians* having their Thoughts more on the Ransom he might yield, than the amorous Ditty he was Singing, prepared to charge him all at once. The *Moor*, though his Head was so much taken up with Love, gave them signal Proofs that it did not abate his Courage, for in a few Minutes he killed three of them, and pressed the other two very hard, till his Lance broke in his Hand; being thus disabled for Fight, he turned his Horse, and retired with surprizing Celerity, then on a sudden

den turning Head, he passed like an Arrow between the *Castilian* Cavaliers, and took up a Lance without alighting, returning immediately to the Charge, so that the Troopers were forced to sound their Horns, which brought *Don Rodriguez* and his Men to their Assistance.

As the *Castilian* Chief was for some Moments Witness of the Combat between the *Moor* and his two Men, he could not help earnestly desiring to engage so brave a Man. Valiant *Moor*, said he, whoever conquers, they must acquire such Reputation as can need no Addition; I am desirous of attempting it, though I am sensible of the Danger, which, for the Sake of Glory, I am content to run.

ON a Signal given the *Castilians* retired, and their Chief advanced to fight the *Moor*, having made this Agreement previous to their Combat, that he who was overcome should be at the Disposal of the Conqueror. *Don Rodriguez's* Love of Glory engaged him to make this Condition, and the amorous *Abencerages* demanded it, in hopes of presenting him to his Mistress. The Combat was rude, long, and obstinate; *Don Rodriguez* began almost to despair, and on the other Hand the *Moorish* Cavalier found his Spirits so much exhausted, that he was scarce able to sit his Horse; he summoned however all his Strength to make one last Effort, which, without Doubt had sent *Don Rodriguez* to his Long-Home, if he had not happily eluded it, and at the same Time caught hold of the *Moor*, and pulled him with him to the Ground, where happily falling upon him, the *Castalian* cry'd out, Yield, your Life, is in my Power; I confess it is, reply'd the

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Moor,

Moor, but as I am the Slave of *Almanzina*, I can wear no other Chains.

THE *Castilian* either did not understand what he said, or did not attend to it; he lent him however his Hand, raised him from the Ground, and bound up his Wounds, which, though they were many, were not dangerous, so that he easily mounted his Horse again, and they took together the Road to *Alora*.

As they rode along, the *Alcaid* often cast his Eyes on his Prisoner, and saw with Concern that he was plunged in a deep Melancholy, of which he was very desirous to know the Cause. Brave *Moor*, said he, why do you suffer yourself to depend; to deserve Relief from your Misfortunes, you ought not to discover under them so much Weakness; you ought not to fear the Loss of a Life you have defended with so much Bravery, since your Wounds are not dangerous; but if your Grief hath any secret Source, reveal it *Moor*, I promise you your Confidence shall never cost you Repentance. The *Abencerages* revived with these kind Expressions raised up his Head, which hitherto had hung upon his Bosom, and turning to *Don Pedriguez* said, permit me, Sir, to enquire the Name of so kind a Master. I am, said he, the Governor of *Alora*. Brave *Alcaid*, continued the *Moor*, I have the less Reason to complain of Fortune, since for your Sake I have felt her Unkindness. The Praises which are every where bestowed on you are just; and how dear soever my Slavery may cost me, I shall think it over paid by the Honour I shall obtain in having maintained a Dispute with

with you. You have accused me of Weakness: I will justify myself; my Grief hath another Cause than either my Captivity or my Wounds, if you desire to be acquainted with them, let your People retire a little.

DON RODRIGUEZ having given a Signal to the Cavaliers to withdraw, the *Abencerages* resumed his Story. Brave *Alcaid*, said he, if I were not well acquainted with the Fame of your Virtue and Generosity, I should not have entered on the Story of my Grief; but the Confidence I have in you, urges me to speak freely.

BORN as you are, in a Bosom of a People full of Gallantry, the Pains I endure from Love, cannot transcend your Knowledge. My Name is *Abendarras*, the House of *Abencerages* so famous in *Granada*, is that from which I sprung: the Ills with which it has covered me, it has also given me a Soul to bear.

IN former Times the Nobility of *Granada* form'd their Manners after Models found among those of their own Country; their Prince esteemed them, and a thousand generous Qualities distinguish them from the Gentry of *Granada*, yet without incurring their Hate. While as yet their Age prevented their being call'd to Council, Gallantry was their sole Employment; and amongst our Ladies there was none who believ'd herself handsome, if none of the Nobility acknowledged her for the Object of their Passion.

SUCH was the State of *Granada* when Fortune contrived to blast all her Glory, as she has been ever envious of the most Deserving. Two of the Nobility were disgrac'd; and in a short Time after these two, with ten other Noblemen, and many of their Relations and Friends, were charged with a Conspiracy to alter the Form of the Government.

My Father and my Uncle, as they were the only Persons unconcerned in this Plot of their Name and Family, so they alone escaped Death: If the King did not remove them from *Granada*, he made this the Condition of their Stay, that their Sons should be educated in certain Towns at a Distance from the Capital, which they were never to enter, and even their Daughters were not allowed to intermarry with any Inhabitant of *Granada*.

THE Time of this Revolution, so fatal to our House, was coincident to that of my Birth. In Obedience to the King's Orders, almost as soon as I saw the Light in *Granada*, I was sent to *Carthama*, the *Alcaid* of which was my Father's particular Friend.

THIS Gentleman, with the Goods of the Mind, had also a large Share of those of Fortune, yet his greatest Treasure was his lovely Daughter *Almanci-na*; we grew up together as if we had been the Children of the same Parents, and Love, which was the first Effect of our Reason, grew in Proportion therewith.

It

It happened one Day, that I found her sitting by the Bank of a Rivulet which wander'd through her Father's Garden, Heavens! how beautiful did she then appear! and with what Regret did I believe her my Sister! I drew near, and threw myself at her Feet; Why, said she, did you leave me so long? I sought you, replied I, but no body could tell me where you were, nor had I found you yet, but by the Impulse of my Heart. What Proof, continued I, have you, that we are the Offspring of the same Parent? My Love, returned she, and the Manner in which we have been bred up, and our being suffered to call each other by the Name of Brother and Sister. Should you then, added I, love me less if I were not your Brother? Do you think they would leave us alone together, reply'd she, if you were not? Though I do not desire, said I, that they should separate us, yet I should lose more by being your Brother. How, said she, what would you lose? Doth not our Relation induce the strictest and the most lasting Knot of Friendship? Alas! reply'd I, I should lose you, and even in our present State, in the same Degree that Love heightens my Affection, the Sense of our Relation cools it.

As I knew I had said too much, I withdrew my Eyes from beholding her, and cast them on the Ground; but alas! wherever I cast them, still *Almancina* was present to me; her Impression on my Heart, excluding the Sense of any other Object.

TURNING by Chance to the limpid Stream which run at her Feet, I there again beheld her, and said within myself, If I should end my Days in

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the

the Water which reflects thy Form, ought any Destiny to be regretted less than that of *Narcissus*? How happy should I be, thought I, if her Passion was but equal to mine, and I could be but sensible that I was as agreeable to her, as she to me.

I cut some Jessamine, and having formed it into a Garland, I stuck in it some Sprigs of Myrtle, and placed it on my Head as if I had been a Conqueror, whereas the Victory belonged to *Almancina*; then returning to her, I offered her that which is usually the Mark of Victory; she received it with all the Kindness imaginable, and having placed it on her Brow, asked me how she became it? You look, said I, as if having subdued the World, you wore that Diadem as the Mark of your Empire. Ah! my Brother, reply'd she, smiling, should you at any Time lose that Title, you should not lose much. As she said this she rose, and I followed her out of the Garden: When this Mystery was cleared up, our Amusements were no more the same; my Passion increas'd, and acted without any Restraint; her Modesty induced her, however, to be less free, and to turn away her Eyes whenever I looked upon her earnestly; this struck me with raging Jealousy, and I began to fancy that she had no longer any Regard for me.

ONE Day when I fancied she look'd coolder than ordinary, I took Occasion from her desiring me to sing, to express the Uneasiness and Concern I was under from her Behaviour, and to testify all that Vehemence and Passion with which my Bosom was possessed. I was afraid even while I sung, that she had given me this Occasion with a Design to curb my
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my Love, and to make known her own Displeasure ; but she quickly effaced these Notions. *Abendarras*, said the lovely Maid, I do not blame your Suspicions, entertain, however, a better Opinion of my Love ; know, that it is without Bounds, and that Marriage only can draw closer the Knot of our Affections, which that it may be soon drawn, I wish from a Tenderness for you, as my Virtue for my own Sake exacts it.

It is impossible to express to you, how great a Tranquility I enjoyed from that Moment, but alas ! how soon was it interrupted. The Governor of *Carthama* received Orders to go and take upon him the Command of *Coyu*, and to leave the Care of his Prisoners to his Successor. I was of the Number of these, and if, Noble *Alcaid*, you have ever felt the Pains of Love, you must have an Idea of the Torture I endured at the Thoughts of a Separation. As soon as we received the News, *Almancina* and I retired to a private Place to deplore our Misfortune. You see, said I, lovely Maid, him, who will be ever your Slave. *Abendarras*, replied she, be assured, that if either the Absence or Sickness of my Father should afford an Opportunity of executing our Design, I will give you Notice.

THE next Day being appointed for her Departure, she set out with her Father, and left me at *Carthama* under such an Uneasiness as it is not to be expressed. The bewilder'd Traveller, in a dark Night, encountering a divided Road, and not knowing which Path to take, could not be more embarrassed than I. The Promise which *Almancina* had made me, serv'd in some Measure to keep up my Spirits,

Spirits, and to preserve me from falling into downright Despair; but when a considerable Space of Time had slid along, and I was still without News of that beloved Fair One, I began to figure strange Things to myself, and had need of all my Reason to prevent my falling into some desperate Resolution. At length one of her Women came to inform me, that her Father would be for some Days from Home.

HAVING waited for the Night to cover my Flight from *Carthama*, I set out at its Approach, and guided as I was by Love, thought I had nothing to fear. Thus with temerarious Haste, I rushed on that Slavery which cruel Fortune designed me, and to which, rather than to you Sir, I impute the Condition I am now in: Judge of the Pains I feel, and of the Pleasure I have lost; I went to espouse my Mistress, and am now a Captive. The Night I had destined to my Happiness, hath proved the Source of my greatest Misfortune; blame not then the Tears I have shed, or the Sighs I have heav'd, since you cannot but own they have a sufficient Cause.

DON RODRIGUEZ perceiving that nothing could be so injurious to *Abendarras* as Delay, addressed himself in these Words to his Prisoner.

“ VALIANT *Moor*, your Misfortunes are indeed very great, yet my Generosity shall surmount them; I will endeavour, if the Thing be practicable, to reverse your Destiny, and to make you Happy. At present, nothing could be more contrary to my kind Intentions than keep-
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“ ing you here ; pursue my Friend your amorous
“ Intentions, and return to *Alora* in three Days ;
“ I will take your Parole, you have nothing to do
“ but to make a Promise and be gone. So noble
an Action, replied *Abendarras*, restores me to Life,
and will cover you with Glory. *Don Rodriguez*
then call'd together his Garrison, to whom he spake
thus. Gentlemen, I make myself accountable for
the Ransom of this Prisoner. Then turning him-
self to *Abendarras*. Noble *Abendarras*, said he, if
there be any Thing further in my Power to serve
you, speak freely, it shall be readily supply'd. A
Horse of the Governor's being brought, that on
which the *Moor* had rode being wounded, *Abendar-
ras* immediately mounted, and was in a Moment
out of Sight, the Soldiers as he left the Garrison,
bestowing on him their good Wishes, and giving
the highest Commendations to his Valour.

ABENDARRAS continued his Journey
with incredible Diligence, till he arrived at the Foot
of the Mountains of *Coyu*, there ascending gently
to the Gate of the Fortrefs ; he struck on the false
Port four or five Times with his Launce, imme-
diately the Gate was open'd, and the Draw-Bridge
let down. Your long Stay, said the Gentleman,
who by the Command of *Almancina*, waited there
to receive him, hath given inexpressible Concern to
my Lady ; fly then, Sir, to console her by your
Presence. *Abendarras* needed not this Spur, he
was impatient enough to see the lovely Maid, nor
had he gone many Steps, before she met him. Alas !
my *Abendarras*, said she, what inexpressible Pains
I felt from your Delay ; Madam, replied he, do
not accuse me of Negligence, I am incapable of it
whenever

whenever you are concerned ; but Fortune will not regulate her Course by our Wishes, to her and not to me, you must impute what ever hath occasioned your Grief ; when we love, reply'd the Lady, we are always attentive to our Promises ; for my Part, from the Moment I thought of espousing you, and had given you my Word that I would do so, all my Contrivances were taken up in preparing the Means for the Accomplishment of our Wishes ; let them now be accomplish'd my Husband and my Lord, I have from this Moment no Will but yours ; I sacrifice chearfully for your Sake, the Claim which from my Birth I derive to Title and to Wealth ; the Loss of every Thing which others esteem valuable, appear to me, an inconsiderable Purchase for your Love. These my Lord are my Sentiments, and such they shall ever be.

BEAUTIFUL *Almanzina* ! returned *Abendarras*, how shall I repay the Tenderness you have shewn. You are and ever shall be the only Object of my Wishes ; blush not at the Reception of this Ring, with which I espouse you ; nor doubt the Sincerity with which I swear, that my Love shall ever be as sincere and tender, as that you have expressed for me.

THEIR Passion authoriz'd by their Marriage, the Remainder of the Day was consumed in receiving the Compliments of the few who were entrusted with the Secret of their Espousals. When Night came on, they retired to their Apartment, and the *Moor* was made Happy in the Possession of the most amiable and constant Woman in the World. The Remembrance of his Misfortunes could not however

ever be totally obliterated even in this Scene of Delight, and to them in the midst of all his Joys, he sometimes yielded a Sigh.

ALMANZINA perceived it, and was too sincere to conceal her perception of it. Alas! *Abendarras*, said she, why have you deceived me? If you knew you could not love me, why did you espouse me? Or how is it possible that you should love me, and yet testify such certain Signs of Grief, add not Injuries to Injuries! If I appear not as amiable as I did, let my Tendernefs excuse it; have I a Rival? Name her, she shall be no less dear to me than to you; have you any other Cause of Grief, tell it me? I will either find a Remedy for it, or die in the Search of that Remedy.

My Misfortunes, reply'd her Lover, ought to appear the less hideous, because they concern only my self, and yet I am not able to support them, because they consist in a Separation from you. He then repeated to her all that had happened, concluding his Detail thus. *Almanzina*, said he, I shall ever continue your Slave, but the Alcaid of *Alora*, will nevertheless be my Master. My Obligations to the one, and to the other, are indissoluble, yet the one Bondage bounds all my Wishes, and the other all my Fears. You see best and fairest of your Sex, that my Sighs proceed from too much and not too little Love. Yes! *Abendarras*, said the Lady, I confess it, but I do not think your Case so hard as you represent it; have I not Riches enough? send the Alcaid your Ransom, and it will fulfill your Promise. Beauteous *Almanzina*, said *Abendarras*, Love has dictated an Expedient to you which Honour forbids
me

me to use, my Word is past, I promised to return, and return I will.

WELL then, reply'd *Almanzina*, if it be so, nothing shall divide us, shall I fear Slavery, who fear'd not my Father! Or can I any where be free when Liberty is wanting to you. You go on to cover me with Obligations, said *Abendarras*, however, I consent it shall be as you say. This once settled, before Day every Thing was ready, and they departed forthwith.

It was not long before they reached *Alora*, and were admitted to the Presence of the *Alcaid*. Generous Conqueror, said *Abendarras*, presenting his Wife, you expected one Slave, and I have brought you two, and one of them is capable of making you many more. This Sir, is *Almanzina*, judge if my Grief was without Cause; I confide her to your Care. Madam, said *Don Rodriguez*, I know not whether any of us are free, however I take you alike under my Care, and you may depend alike on my Protection. Brave *Abendarras*, said he, how are your Wounds? A little inflamed, reply'd he, with riding so hard. How, cry'd out *Almanzina*, are you wounded and I knew it not. Alas! are your Misfortunes never to have an End. The Surgeon of the Garrison being call'd for, examined them on the Spot, and having assured the Company that they were no way dangerous, *Almanzina* recovered her Spirits, and her Husband in a short Time was restored to Health.

GENEROUS *Don Rodriguez*, said *Abendarras*, one Day to the *Alcaid*, it is from you, and you alone,

lone, that I expect an End to my Misfortunes. You know that *Almanzina* durst not remain at *Coyn*, for fear of her Father; the King of *Grenada* esteems you, if you apply to him, he will readily pardon those Errors into which we have been led by Love. Since this is your Opinion Noble *Moor*, returned *Don Rodriguez*, I will immediately write, nor shall it be my Fault if the King doth not pardon and reward a Passion so faithful as yours. The *Alcaid* immediately retired to his Closet, and about half an Hour after sending for his Prisoner, shewed him the following Letter.

MOST Potent King of Grenada, Rodriguez de Nervaez, humbly represents, that *Abendarras* having been brought up in *Carthama*, became there in Love with the Daughter of him to whom your Highness committed the Care of that Fortrefs, and who commands at present at *Coyn*. I met with this Lover on the Road to the before-mentioned Place, whether he was going, on Notice given him by *Almanzina*, that her Father was absent. I know to my Cost, that he is a very brave Man, however I made him Prisoner. Touch'd with his Misfortunes, I gave him his Freedom for a few Days, he continued his Journey, and became a Husband almost as soon as a Captive. Faithful to his Promise, he returned to *A-lora* within the Time I prescribed, whither also his Mistress thought fit to follow him. You see Sir, the Misfortunes of these Lovers, judge of them, command the Father of *Almanzina* to receive *Abendarras* for his Son-in-Law, and I will remit him his Ransom. You can never, most potent King, give a greater Testimony of your Generosity, than by granting what I Request.

His

HIS Squire being charged with this Epistle, carried it immediately to *Grenada*, where he was an Eye Witness of the Satisfaction, with which the King received it. As soon as he had read it, he sent for the *Alcaid* of *Coyñ*, and shew'd it him. He appeared not a little troubled at the News. Make yourself easy, said the King, I can refuse nothing to *Don Rodriguez*, my Favour shall be the Reward of your Obedience; forgive your Children and conduct them hither, these are my absolute Commands.

THE *Moor* immediately set out for *Alora*, where he arrived, and saw his Daughter. *Almanzina*, said he, never think of what is past, the King forgives you, I am satisfied with your Choice, and perhaps should not have chosen so well for you. Generous Lovers, said *Don Rodriguez*, after Dinner, it is with the greatest Satisfaction that I see your Happiness the Result of my Care. You are free *Abendarras*, the Honour of having made you a Prisoner, I esteem a sufficient Ransom; the Thanks of *Abendarras*, his Wife, and Father-in-law, were proportioned to the Favours they had receiv'd. They set out the next Day for *Coyñ*, whither they were accompanied by *Don Rodriguez*, whom they entertained with the utmost Magnificence for several Days.

WHEN they had been at Home a little while, the *Alcaide* said to *Abendarras* and *Almanzina*, my Children, you ought to make *Don Rodriguez* some Amends for the Kindness he has shewn. He is extremely generous, but that gives you no Right to deprive him of his Ransom; there is four Thousand Pistoles,

Pistoles, give him them by way of Present. Tho' his Law differs from ours, yet ought we to conserve his Friendship.

To this magnificent Present *Abendarras* added six Horses richly caparisoned, each Horse having a Target hanging on one Side of the Saddle, and a Launce on the other. The lovely *Almanzina* gave a Trunk of Cedar full of Linnen, wrought with her own Hand, and accompanied with a Letter full of Gratitude. *Don Rodriguez*, said I, accept these Presents. The Chest he kept for himself, the Horses he distributed among the *Cavaliers* who attended him, as for the Money, he presented it to *Almanzina* to defray the Expences of their Marriage, assuring *Abendarras* that he would esteem his Friendship a sufficient Ransom.

A CONDUCT so noble, was rewarded with general Applause. The Descendants of this illustrious *Alcaide* are still settled at *Antequerra*, and by an Hereditary Succession of Virtues, keep up the Honour of their Ancestor. *Philismena* thus ended her Recital, and all who heard her, returned their humble Thanks; then taking their Leaves of *Felicia*, they all retired to their Repose.



D I A N A,



D I A N A.

A PASTORAL

N O V E L.

B O O K V.



HE Priestess rising early in the Morning, went to *Philismena's* Apartment, whom she found not quite dress'd, and whose Impatience to see herself freed from her Misfortunes, had bedewed her Cheeks with Tears. *Felicia* comforted her, and having conducted her into a Gallery which was hard by, your Desires, said she, will e'er long be fulfill'd; it is certain, that there cannot be in Love a greater Curse, than to have

have what we earnestly Wish for, put off to a distant Time: It is this, that how short soever Life may seem to be, makes it seem long. Depart, fair Nymph, in the Habit you wore when my Attendants received your Assistance, if at any Time my Aid shall be necessary to you, you shall without doubt Experience it, even though you do not implore it.

MADAM, said *Philismena*, How can my Thanks pay so many Benefits, may indulgent Heaven afford me some other Opportunity of testifying my Gratitude. I go, Madam, fully satisfied that I shall, in due Time, feel the good Effects of your Instructions; with all my Heart, said *Felicia*, I wish it; but added she, embracing her, at present let us go to the Shepherds who stay for us, and who are not a little impatient at the Evils they have so long endur'd.

THEY went together into a great Hall, where the rest of the Company were assembled. Lovely *Philismena*, said the Priestess, let me intreat you to entertain my good Friends a little, till I step into my Closet. After a short stay, she came out again with a Vase in each Hand. Shepherd, said she to *Sireno*, I should not have offered you this Remedy, if it had been possible to have had Recourse to any other, *Diana* cannot be yours till after the Death of a Shepherd, cease therefore 'till that comes to pass, to hope for what cannot be obtained. Hapless *Silvanus*, and you charming *Silvagia*, expect from this little Vessel, the Cure of the Evils you have endured, and also a Happiness which you never hoped.

THEY

THEY all three obeyed, and all three immediately seemed to fall asleep. Shepherdess, said the Priestess to *Beliza*, cease not to hope, you shall still be Happy, but you must wait till Time shall have softened the Repentment of the fatal Sisters. Madam, said *Philismena* smiling, if Happiness depends on Repose, the profound Snooring of these Shepherds, speaks them the happiest People in the World. Stay my dear *Philismena*, said the Priestess, till they awake, you will then be better able to judge of their Condition.

FELICIA approaching *Sireno*, shook him a little, who thereupon awaked. Shepherd, said she, if you should behold *Diana* and her Husband laughing at the Pains you feel for her Sake, would it not augment your Chagrin? No, sage Priestess, replied he, I should be altogether insensible, nay, in all Probability I should join with them in laughing at the Follies I have been guilty of heretofore. If she should become a Widow, *Silvanus* ought to be the Object of her Choice, and if I had any Interest in her, I should readily employ it in his Service. How, said the Priestess, after so many Sighs and Tears, are you become so indifferent? My Love, answered the Shepherd, was the Source of those Sighs and Tears, and I now love no more: What say you? Cry'd *Felicia*, do you love *Diana* no longer? I do not hate her, said the Shepherd, but the Flame which disturbed me is extinct. Amiable Shepherdess! Said *Felicia* to *Philismena*, your Fate shall one Day be the same with his, if the Pleasure of Indifference be not in your Opinion, inferior to that which hath been bestowed on this Pair.

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THE Priestess then turned to *Silvanus*, and having awaked him, lovely Shepherdess, cried out he, looking upon *Silvagia*, How is it possible, after beholding Thee, that I should any longer be the Slave of another? Why, cried out *Felicia*, Doth the Beauty of *Diana* yield to that of *Silvagia*? When we are embarked, returned *Silvanus*, we naturally desire to reach the Port, that we may be there in Peace; till I loved *Silvagia*, I never had any Prospect of Rest, and now all my Hopes are centered in her, from her I expect that quiet which hitherto I have never experienced. The Shepherd would then have awaked his Mistress, but his Endeavours were vain. Cease, said *Felicia*, to disturb her, when she awakes, her Sentiments will give you no Pain, withdraw in the mean Time into my Cabinet, and wait there 'till I call you.

GENTLE Shepherdess, said the Priestess to *Silvagia*, who now opened her Eyes, How came you to fall asleep? Without minding the Question, *Silvagia*, after staring about her, cried out, was not *Silvanus* here just now, did he not Sleep by me, what is become of him? *Alanio*, said the Priestess, has been here some Time, he has undergone a thousand Difficulties, and travell'd with inexpressible Diligence to find you out, and to inform you, that at length your Father has consented that he should Espouse you. Well, replied *Silvagia*, and what signifies my Father's Consent, since he shall never procure mine? But tell me what is become of *Silvanus*? The Uneasiness she expressed, diverted all who were present, and *Silvanus* himself who overheard it, rushed from the Closet to throw himself at her Feet, which

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made the Scene still more entertaining. Lovely Fair, said *Felicia*, your Flocks will need your Attendance, we will therefore detain you no longer; as for you *Philismena*, you shall depart to-morrow.

THE Nymphs of *Diana* came to congratulate *Silvanus* and *Silvagia*, all of them testifying the highest Satisfaction in beholding them free from those Pains which they had so often heard them deplore. As for the Shepherd and Shepherdess, their Loves were as sincere, and as tender, tho' of so late a standing, as if they had been the first Passions of their Lives; a thousand Blessings they bestowed on *Felicia*, a thousand Thanks on the Nymphs who had brought them thither, and having the next Day taken their Leaves of the Priests and her Train, they set out on their Return, and reached pretty near their Village that Evening.

PHILISMENA, was as yet in the Dress of a Shepherdess, and when the Hour of her Departure approached, her Eyes began to flow, and with a thousand Heart-aches, as well as a thousand Thanks, she took her Leave of the Priests, from whom she had before received Instructions how she should behave, and what Road she should take. She then set out alone, and with her Mind so full of her Misfortunes, that she scarcely knew which way she went. It was high Noon when she beheld at a Distance some thatched Houses, the excessive Heat made her desirous of reaching them as soon as she could, she therefore mended her Pace, and quickly drew near the Village. As she approached, she heard a young Shepherd who was sitting at the Feet of a Shepherdess, address himself to her in these Words.

Words. Why Shepherdess do you command me to sing, knowing as you do, the Weight of my Misfortunes; Musick as it heightens Pleasure, so it also heightens Distress, the Ills I endure admit of no Remedy, and therefore ought not to be increased; your Heart, fair One, is free from Love, your Voice is better than mine, do you therefore Sing.

TENDER *Arfileus*, reply'd the Nymph, be not so covetous of those Talents which Nature with so generous a Hand hath bestowed upon you, my beseeching you to sing is the Effect of my Complaisance for you; oblige me therefore with the Repitition of those Verses which *Argastus*, privately instructed by your Father, engaged you to make in Praise of *Beliza*. *Amaryllis*, replied *Arfileus*, it is strange that you will always exact from me Things that wound me to the Heart. You know that Fortune hath placed my Misfortunes without the Reach of Cure. Will you never form a just Idea of my Cares. I have lost *Beliza*, I have no Hopes of finding her again, and yet you would have me sing. Well, that I may not seem a Brute, I will obey you, he then took his Pipe, and accompanied it with his Voice. *Philismena* in the mean Time knew not what to think, since she knew *Beliza*, believed both these Shepherds dead, whose Passion had made her and themselves unhappy.

WHEN *Arfileus* had done singing, well, *Amaryllis*, said he, are you satisfied now, or have you any more of these Sort of Demands to make; one other, said she, you have already acquainted me with the Beginning of your Passion, tell me now how you lost *Beliza*. *Arfileus* willing also to gratify her in

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this,

this, entered on his Story, which *Philismena* overheard, and which carried in it all the Characters of Truth, she therefore resolved to gratify her Curiosity farther, and to endeavour to learn the History of the Shepherdess, to whom *Arfileus* made this Relation.

PHILISMENA approaching the Cottage, addressed herself to the Shepherdess, and desired her Leave to shelter herself there, from the raging Heat of the Sun. This House, answered *Amaryllis*, is unworthy of such a Guest, and therefore I did not presume to invite you, but if your own Goodness will dispense with those Marks of Poverty, which deform our Habitation, we will exert the utmost of our Power to make it as agreeable to you as we may. The Shepherd on his Part added Abundance of Compliments, and *Philismena* readily entering the Place, returned them thus. Generous *Arfileus*, I am sensible of your Politeness, and should be Happy if Heaven had enabled me to answer it as it deserves. After she was seated, and they likewise by her; amiable Shepherdess, said *Arfileus*, permit me to ask you how you came to know my Name? Though your Habit, returned she, differs much from that you wore at *Salamanca*, yet am I better acquainted with you, than you are aware. Let me tell you Shepherd, that what ever Others may say, you ought always to speak with the greatest Respect of the Constancy of Women, since there is nothing wanting to compleat the Happiness of *Beliza*, the most constant of her Sex; but to know that you are alive.

IT is impossible to exprefs what Joy *Arsileus* felt, when he understood that *Beliza* was living, was faithful to him, and that he ſhould ſee her again. How ſhall I exprefs my Gratitude, ſaid he, to *Philismena*, how ſhall I diſcharge the ſmalleſt Part of the mighty Debt I owe you? may propitious Heaven make you as Happy as you have made me! Dear *Beliza*, ſhall I ſee thee again, how can I believe it? yet ſo it is! How ſweet after this long Anguiſh, is this gleam of Hope! *Amaryllis* then began to ſpeak. Lovely Shepherdſs, ſaid ſhe to *Philismena*, you have cured a Shepherd who very little deſerved it, he has been here theſe fix Months, and neither I nor any of my Companions have been able to afford him the leaſt Conſolation. Becauſe, ſaid *Arsileus*, my Love made me incapable of thinking of any but the Object which cauſed it. *Philismena* having informed him of the Road which led to the Temple of *Diana*, as ſoon as the Sun declined, he ſet out and left the Shepherdſſes in the Cottage engaged in Converſation.

SILVANUS and *Silvagia* returned to their Flocks, and began to taſte that high Satisfaction which attends happy and mutual Love. *Sireno*, who was with them, if he was not as happy, was yet at eaſe. When I remember your loſs of *Diana*, ſaid *Silvanus*, I ſincerely pity you, but when I conſider how chearful and at eaſe you are, I feel a ſingular Pleaſure therein. I can't ſee why you ſhould pity me, ſaid *Sireno*, I aſſure you I am perfectly pleaſed with my Condition, which I hope Fortune will never alter, your happineſs is greater, but then itſ liable to change. No, no, cryed *Silvagia*, we are

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now

now out of the Reach of Fortune. When I was beloved, said *Sireno*, I thought so too, I defy'd Fortune as you do, but be warned by my Examples, all Things are subject to that fickle Goddess how much do I owe to *Felicia*, for having the Power to talk with so much calmness of my late Misfortunes? How much more, said *Silvagia*, am I indebted to her? from her sprung the Passion which makes me Happy. You have been both less obliged to her than I, cried *Silvanus*, me, she has rendered for ever happy, and for ever grateful; in such Conversation as these, they wasted the Time, and walked a good Way from their Village.

As they returned, they heard a Voice by a Fountain side which they all knew, upon which as it was natural, they stopp'd and looked about them. It is *Diana's* Voice, said *Sireno*, I think so too, said *Silvagia*, let us stop that we may hear the better what she says, they did so, and presently saw her advance. Surely, said the lovely Shepherdes, I was born under some unhappy Star. At my Father's Command, I consented to forget *Sireno*, how happy if at the same Time, I had forgot to breath. My Husband is everlastingly jealous, tho' I never give him the slightest Occasion, nor ever did; I know not what Pleasure is, what Curse greater can there be, than a Marriage hapless as mine?

THE Times were strangely changed, *Sireno*, was now so free, that he beheld *Diana* with indifference, and beheld without uneasiness her Chagrin, *Silvanus* who had so tenderly loved her, was now alike cool, in short, only *Silvagia* was moved with her Misfortunes, from an Apprehension that this might one Day
be

be her own Case. Nature, said she to *Sireno*, hath bestowed all her Graces on *Diana*, a more happy Fate only was wanting to render her Superior to all her Sex. If Fortune had been propitious, she would have had a Husband worthy of her. Why, said *Sireno*, should you accuse Fortune of Injustice, she who made Others miserable, ought she to be happy? Shepherd, said *Silvagia*, you ought not to complain, do you not hear from her own Mouth, that her Marriage was not the Effect of her Choice, but her Fathers? True, said *Silvanus*, It is I only, who have a Right to complain of her Ingratitude. And what Shepherdess, said *Silvagia*, could refuse to glory in so noble a Conquest as that of your Heart?

DIANA hearing a Noise, came forward, and they continued moving on; that lovely Person asked them whither they were going; they answered her, but she easily conceived from their Looks, how much their Sentiments were altered, and that which piqued her most was, the Tenderness expressed by *Silvanus*, for *Silvagia*. Amiable *Sireno*, said she, you have been a long Time absent; yes lovely Shepherdess, returned he, you have been the Source of all my Misfortunes; but I now speak with Pleasure of Evils which I feel no more; and have you none to fear, said *Diana*; I believe not, said he, since I can talk so coolly to you. During the Time your Passion lasted for me, said *Diana*, I think I have never seen you so much at Ease; yet fair One, returned he, for your Sake I would sacrifice this Ease; would to Heaven I could bestow it on you, though my Passion be extinguished, I still retain so high an Esteem for you, that your Happiness is the utmost Bounds of my Wishes.

DIANA felt herself extremely uneasy, nor was she able to conceal it, though she strove to do it with all her might. The Evening began now to waste, when in the Village they separated to their respective Homes.

ARSILEUS having traversed the Forest of *Diana*, sat himself down by the Bank of a Rivulet, which ran by the Walls of the Temple of that Goddess. As *Beliza* believed him dead, he was afraid his Presence might surprize her, and therefore stopp'd, in order to find some proper Messenger to acquaint her with his Arrival. He had not remained there long, before he beheld a Nymph returning from the Chace. This happened to be *Polidera*, with whom *Beliza* had an intimate Friendship. Shepherd, said she approaching him, from whence do you come, and what brought you hither? Amiable Nymph, answered he, I shall make no secret of my Affairs to you, since I conceive you live with the sage *Felicia*, with whom remains at present the Object of my Wishes; her Name is *Beliza*. I am, reply'd the Nymph, her intimate Friend, and for her Sake will be Yours; I will give you a proof of it, by advising you to forget her, if you would not be as miserable as she is, who Sighs for one who is no more. Charming Maid, interrupted he, is it not *Arsileus*, of whom you speak? Yes! Yes! replied she, the Shepherd whom *Beliza* loves more than herself, was so called, you therefore must be most unhappy who love her, who can never love you, for though I have never felt any Passion myself, yet am I convinced that hopeless love must be an intollerable Pain. I understand, added he, that
the

the Passion of *Beliza* is not extinguish'd by her loss of *Arfileus*, therein consists my good Fortune. Your Love, cry'd *Polidora*, is very singular then. Hear me, said he, and you will not find it so extraordinary.

HE then recounted to her his Adventures, and when once *Polidora* knew that he was *Arfileus*, whose supposed Death her Friend so tenderly and with so much Constancy lamented, she felt in her Breast a Satisfaction Words would faintly express. Happy, happy Shepherd, said she, it is impossible for me to tell you how much the good Fortune of your Mistress rejoices my Soul. Your Constancy renders you worthy of her. Constancy impregnable even when she was perswaded you were dead, gives her a just Title to your Heart; but why do we defer her Happiness? Suffer me to go and deceive her while you remain here. Fair One, said he, I shall think myself Happy in obeying your Commands, and shall amuse myself with the agreeable Prospects that are round me till your Return.

WHILE the Nymph was gone, *Arfileus* thus entertained himself. O Love! The Pleasures thou bestowest, are no less inexpressible than the Torments which from thy Arrows Mortals sometimes feel; long hast thou tormented *Beliza* and myself, yet now are all our Torments overpaid, since it appears, that amidst such a Scene of unaccountable Events, I have been preserv'd for her, and she for me.

BELIZA happened to be at this Time walking in the Forest with *Glacyra* and *Derinda*, *Polidora* advanc'd towards them with so quick a Pace, that

M 5



they were not a little troubled, till on her nearer Approach, the Joy which appeared in her Countenance, dispell'd their Apprehensions of Danger. If you knew, said *Polidora* to *Beliza*, from whom I come to salute you at present, you would be very well pleased. How came you to think so, said she; before I resolve your Question, said *Polidora*, give me Leave to ask you what Proofs you have, that your Lovers whom you so much regret are dead? Alas! I was myself a Witness, returned *Beliza*; How then can I doubt it? Well then, cried the Nymph! But if any body should affirm that it is not so, what would you say then? I should say, added *Beliza*, that such a Person intended to renew my Grievs. Could you suspect such a Thing from me, said *Polidora*, who have been so long the Partner of your Cares? Hear and believe me.

WHEN *Polidora* had ended her Story. Fair Nymph, said *Beliza*, who could inform you that my Lover and his Father are not dead? Your Lover himself, replied she. Is it possible, said the tender Maid? Can *Arfileus* be yet alive? Is it possible that he spoke to you? Follow me, said the Nymph, and you shall see. What do I hear, cried *Beliza*? Is he here, convince me of your Friendship, by becoming our Guide. Thus spake the Shepherdess, while her Bosom heaved, and her Heart struggled with various Passions, Hope, Fear, Joy, Doubt and Love, all mingled in their utmost Excess.

THE Nymphs followed *Beliza* to the Place where *Polidora* had left *Arfileus*. The gentle Gales of *Zephyr* brought his Voice to her Ear before she saw him, she perfectly remembred it, and having now

no further Doubt, cried out, 'tis he himself, 'tis he! 'Tis my Lover *Arfileus*! The Shepherd hearing her speak, ran to meet her, and their Transports were so great at the first Sight, that they stood for some Time silent; at length *Arfileus* recollecting himself a little, said, amiable *Beliza*, how much am I indebted to Fortune, who has so kindly and so amply rewarded all my Pains, by restoring you to my Arms. Ah! My Nymph, what have I more to require from Heaven, what can I wish while I have you. Lovely Maidens, to you also I stand indebted for the Conservation of my Treasure, how vast the Pleasure you have bestowed, which yet you would not think too great, if you had ever been sensible of Love. But say, fair One, why have you been so long Silent? Is it Surprise or Pleasure? Is it Grief or Joy, that makes you remain Dumb. My Delight, said *Beliza*, would be much less than it is, if it were capable of being express'd; judge of my Joy by the Sufferings I have gone through.

THE Tenderness of their Passion very sensibly touched the Nymphs. They returned together to the Palace, and as they walk'd, *Beliza* ask'd *Arfileus* what was become of *Arsenio*; her Lover answered, that on her retiring from the World, he had also retired to spend the Remainder of his Days in Peace, and lived in his Solitude with all the Innocence and with all the Tranquility of a Hermit. Arriving at the Temple, *Felicia* received them with all imaginable Kindness, and the Lovers thanked her on their Knees for that Happiness which they solely derived from her.



DIANA.

A PASTORAL

NOVEL.

BOOK VI.



THE Shepherdesses whom *Arfileus* left behind him, began to question each other as to their Adventures; *Philismena* had just finished the Recital of hers, when a Shepherd entered their Cottage. Sorrow was painted in his Visage, and yet there was something in it so amiable, that Sorrow itself could not make it appear disagreeable. *Amarylis* rose at the Sight of him, and would have fled, but *Philismena* restrained her.

her. Why, said he, Shepherdess, would you fly me, beauteous as you are, why must you be ungrateful, my flowing Eyes offer you a thousand Reasons why you should be no longer angry with a Wretch who adores you. Stay fair *Amarylis*, said *Philismena*, the Shepherd seems to love you, what Risque can you run in hearing him? To what Purpose should I hear him, replied the Shepherdess; he will not yield me half the Credit that he does to his own Jealousy: He is of the Number of such Lovers as make those unhappy whom they pretend to Love. Lovely *Philismena*, said *Philemon*, that was the Name of the Shepherd, condescend to be judge in our Cause. I will be content to lose my Life if you pronounce me worthy of her Anger, if *Amarylis* will stand to your Arbitration. Agreed, said she, with all my Heart; *Philismena* shall judge whether you or I are in the wrong.

AMIABLE Shepherdess, said *Philemon*, if you have ever been in Love, you will easily comprehend the Injustice that *Philismena* does me. Fate had destin'd my Heart to this Fair One from my Infancy. About six Months ago, *Arfileus* came hither in search of his Mistress, who had fled out of her native Country, *Amarylis* whether out of Pity, or from some softer Cause, became the constant Companion of his Complaints. She was never weary of hearing his Grievs, she was never at leisure to hear mine. In this Distress I began to complain, and she resolved to see me no more; this threw me into those Suspicions with which she reproaches me, decide Fair One between Us, had I Reason or had I not?

LOVELY

LOVELY Shepherdes, reply'd *Amarylis*, that you may judge the better of this Affair, I shall readily agree that *Philemon* loves me, or at least that I am so perswaded; on the other Hand, I likewise had a Tendernefs for him, I preferr'd him to many Shepherds who fed their Flocks near us, and who, for all I know, love me as well as he; shall he then pretend to say, that there was the least Danger of my forgetting him, for whom I had shewn so great a Difference; or shall he pretend to affirm, that by this Measure I barr'd my self all Conversation but him? The Lover of *Beliza* never said any tender Thing to me; all I said to him, tended only to assuage his Grievs: *Philemon* had a Share in our Discourses as often as he pleased, yet my most earnest Entreaties could not hinder this passionate Lover from leaving me.

By this Step he sought to shorten my Days, yet, in Effect, it served only to make his own unhappy. Was it not enough that his Complaints had injured my Reputation, but he must take this Method by leaving me, to wound it yet more. He left me; while he was gone, you brought the Youth he thought his Rival, News of Joy; and you are witness, that they were not more so to him than to me. How well grounded then were the Suspicions of *Philemon*, or why should I be thought unreasonable in laying hold of this Opportunity to rid my self of a Passion, which he has taken Pains to convince me will afford me continual Uneasiness?

I acknowledge, said *Philemon*, that being as I was, perfectly satisfied as to your Virtue, I seem'd
to

to be the more guilty; but is it in my Power to change the Laws of Love? Alas! they will be still the same, how beauteous, how virtuous soever you may be, the smallest Doubt will ever occasion Jealousy, the slightest Suspicion will serve to encrease it; blame me not then for being jealous, when I saw you daily giving new Marks of Amity to *Arfileus*. I was afraid he loved you; if I said so, where was the Crime? Your Prudence did indeed suggest to me Hopes, but then if your Friendship gathered ever so little Force, how could I be secure at last that it would not mount up to Love? The Motive to which you impute my going away, had no Share at all therein: I withdrew that I might not be troublesome to you; if my Absence was an Offence, it included its Punishment in its self; you see how little Effect it has had on my Passion, and how much on your own; judge then, my fair One, how far they differ; if you love not *Arfileus*, I have so much the more Reason to complain, since you have given up all Regard to me for the Sake, not of a new Passion, but of absolute Indifference; a thousand other Reasons I could alledge in Justification of my Conduct, but I forbear to alledge them; if my Love pleads in vain, what Hopes can I have in Reason? My Passion and my Constancy ought to recommend me to your Favour; if these procure not your Forgiveness, I must for ever rest unhappy. Saying this he took his Reed, and accompanied his Musick with the following Song.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

I.

*J*ealousy's the Shade of Love,
At once we both of them receive,
This to delight and that to grieve,
By Turns we prove.

II.

To Passion, tho' a Voi'ry I,
It yields me not unmingled Bliss,
Suspicion oft shews Things amiss,
Ah! then I die.

III.

Who on you with distracted Eyes,
And flutt'ring Heart doth ever gaze,
More Homage to your Beauty pays,
Than if more wise.

IV.

At Ease who'er surveys your Charms,
May, led by Reason, them admire,
A Stranger still to am'rous Fire,
Which gives Alarms.

V.

Then spare a Lover of that kind,
Which only Cupid deigns to own,
With too much Ardour jealous grown,
As he is blind.

HIS Musick and his Tears were not in vain, *Amarylis* readily submitted to the Sentence which *Philismena* pronounced in Favour of *Philemon*; his Joy for their Reconcilement, paid the Lover in one Moment, all the Hours he had languished absent from the Fair: The Day seem'd to fly too fast when wing'd with Love, though every Minute of it they carefully improv'd. The next Day *Philismena* departed, promising the Lovers that she would acquaint them with the Issue of her Adventures.

SILVANUS and *Silvagia* seem'd to grow fonder of each other every Day; at Even they used to lead their Flocks on the pleasant Banks of the *Esca*, while they repos'd themselves under the shady Trees which grew thereby. One Day, coming a little earlier than usual, they set them down by a Fountain Side, and began to divert themselves with the Repetition of some of their Adventures. They had not been long there, before *Diana* came with her Flocks, and being invited with great Civility, sat down with them on the Grass; as she seem'd excessively pensive, *Silvanus* and *Silvagia* did all they could to divert her, but to no Purpose, she sigh'd and would not speak. At length *Silvanus* address'd himself to her in these Words: Lovely *Diana*, you, who were formerly the Glory of the Plains, whence comes it that you languish, droop, and refuse to speak? Alas! said she, Shepherd, how easily might you have divin'd the Cause? I am no longer the Glory of the Plains; the Shepherds, who were formerly uneasy if they were not near me, inquire not after me; and if by Chance they meet me, they treat me with Civility indeed, but I plainly perceive, that
Time

Time has weakened the Vigour of my Charms, and that it would be well if I were out of the World.

HEAVEN forbid, cried *Silvagia*, it hath still somewhat in Reserve for you, for it is impossible that Nature should have formed so lovely a Personage, meerly to make her unhappy; think not then of retiring from the World, and of withdrawing from it such a Blaze of Beauty. Believe me, *Silvagia*, replied *Diana*, my Vanity is not so great as utterly to cloud my Senses; I know, that if I die, or if I retire, leaving you behind me, the World will receive an inconsiderable Loss; we have the strongest Proof of it before us: This faithful Shepherd, after having sworn a Thousand Oaths of Fidelity to me, on the first Sight of your Charms, declared them cancelled.

It is impossible, said *Silvanus* to *Diana*, that I should ever forget you; and if this Shepherdess now possesses my Heart, it is because it had been despised by you. Your Tendernefs, reply'd *Diana*, is now well placed, and I am deservedly blamed for having treated you ill while you were my Lover; but let us talk no more of this, if you would still oblige me, engage that lovely Shepherdess to join her Voice with yours, in order to execute one of the Productions of your Genius, and I will accompany the Sonnet with my Pipe.

SILVAGIA readily consented to this Proposition. It was impossible for her to behold her Lover talking so long with his old Mistress, without feeling some Disquiet, and even some Motions of Jealousy; she therefore instantly prepar'd to sing, and
after

after meditating a few Moments, address'd herself to *Silvanus* in these Words.

S I L V A G I A.

*Shepherd, why so full of Play?
Whence so high a Flood of Joy?
Scarce, I fear, — you'd be so gay,
Did constant Love your Heart employ.*

S I L V A N U S.

*I love, and am belov'd again,
What Cause have I to sigh or grieve?*

S I L V A G I A.

*I also might be free from Pain,
Could I always this believe.*

S I L V A N U S.

*Let such Thoughts no more perplex,
I am fond as you are fair.*

S I L V A G I A.

*That they ne'er your Heart shall vex,
What e'er I feel, — shall be my Care.*

WHILE they were singing, *Sireno* happened to take a Walk that Way; and as he approach'd the Place where they were, met the Flocks of *Diana* under the Care only of her Dogs. At his first Approach those watchful Animals began to bark, but when

when he drew nearer they ran to him, and began to fawn upon him; the Sheep too, whom he had so often conducted to the freshest Pastures, gathered about him, and if *Felicia's* Magick had not steel'd his Heart with Indifference, this Sight would certainly have re-kindled his former Flames; as it was, he could not help crying out, Be gone, innocent Seducers! leave me to enjoy that Tranquility which I so long sigh'd for in vain! cease to bring back to my Remembrance, the Time in which I was miserable and a Slave.

SILVANUS hearing his Voice, immediately cry'd out, This Way! this Way, Shepherd! if your Affairs will permit you, you cannot pass the Time more agreeably than with us, especially as *Diana* is of the Company. *Sireno* comply'd readily with his Request, and drawing near the Fountain, sat down with *Silvanus*.

DIANA, as soon as she saw *Sireno*, fell into a profound Reverie, in which she continued for some Time; at length, desirous to shake off her Melancholy, she thus interrupted the Shepherds, who were conversing together of their Country Affairs.

WHY, *Silvanus*? said she, do you talk of any other Subject before *Silvagia*, than of herself? Her Beauty ought to be the Subject of your Conversation; and instead of troubling yourself with a fruitless Attention to Things altogether in the Power of Fortune, 'tis your Duty to think always of that Happiness which she has condescended to think due to your Passion. Lovely *Diana*, answered he, I have a thousand Obligations to you, it is to you I owe

owe the Sense I have of the Cares of Love, and you also are so kind to teach me how high a Value I ought to set on the Rewards it bestows.

I confess the Truth of what you say, and admit, that before *Silvagia* I ought to talk of nothing but the Pleasure I enjoy in beholding her. But tell me, Shepherdes, added he, what can be the Cause that *Sireno* turns down his Eyes, as if your Discourse displeased him? I believe, returned she, that the only Cause he can have, is his mistaking his own Interest. Is it thus, fair One, said *Sireno*, that you justify yourself? I do not know any Cause I have to justify myself, said she, I have obey'd the Orders of my Father, and my Duty obliged me so to do. Love, added he, should have hindered you from hearing those Commands.

Excuse me, said *Diana*, when Duty speaks, Love ought to be silent. I can't tell, said *Sireno*, what you may think, for my Part I think nothing should have extinguished your Tenderness; you might have paid all possible Duty to your Father, and yet have remembered me; but you forgot me, and now I think that a Happiness, for a Lover is most unhappy, when he knows his Rival is fortunate, and yet dares not complain. You no longer love me, said *Diana*, and yet you complain that you are no longer loved. It is true, reply'd *Sireno*, and I wish all the World would do as I do. They would follow a very wonderful Fashion, said *Diana*, less surprising by far than your Inconstancy, after so many thousand Promises, bound by no fewer Oaths. But you said just now that we ought not to talk of Things past, for my Part I like that Restriction of
yours

yours well, therefore, *Silvanus*, let us divert ourselves with singing some of those Verses, we made to assuage our mutual Uneasinesses, when the one suffered from the Disdain, the other from the Inconstancy of this fantastick Fair.

DIANA could not hear these Shepherds thus entertain themselves, but with Eyes full of Tears; and the Sorrows of her Heart were so strongly painted on her Face, that she judg'd it impossible to cover her Sentiments by any Artifice in Language; she rose therefore without speaking a Word, and went to rejoin her Flock. The Shepherds who saw her Concern, would not in all Probability have remained unmov'd, if Reflection had not got the better of their Pity, and the Sight of *Diana's* Sorrows, put them in Mind of their own, of which she was the sole Occasion.

SUCH were the Revolutions which happened in the Empire of Love, the Annals of which we write, and in them the Reader will see no Cause to complain of Poetical Injustice.

*Tho' Love may for a while with Hatred strive,
It cannot everlasting Wrongs forgive;
For Man by Nature unto Freedom born, (Scorn.
Breaks all his Chains at last,—and Scorn returns for*

D I A N A.



D I A N A.

A PASTORAL

NOVEL.

BOOK VII.



AFTER *Amaryllis* and *Philemon* had promised each other to think of nothing which had not a direct Tendency to their mutual Satisfaction, *Philismena* left them, and continued to travel for a considerable Time, without meeting with the least Effect of *Felicia's* fair Promises; she continued however to hope, and omitted not to console herself with the Prospect of those Pleasures, which seem'd to be due to her from Providence, for enduring with so much Patience and Constancy, so many and so afflicting Misfortunes.

AT

AT length, after passing thro' a thick Wood, *Philismena* found herself in a wide extended Plain, which seem'd to have no other Bounds than the Horizon; in the midst of it was a considerable Town, the Sight of which, as she was a Lover of Solitude, gave her little Pleasure, and inasmuch as it put her in Mind of her native *Soldina*, it drew Tears from her Eyes; the natural Effect of calling to Memory Blessings, which we no more possess.

LEAVING the Town on her Right Hand, she followed the Course of the River, till at the Foot of a Tree she discovered two Shepherdesses, who might justly be stil'd pretty, tho' they were no Beauties; their Complexions were very brown, and tho' their Features were somewhat irregular, yet they were altogether very agreeable. By their Habits *Philismena* knew them to be Strangers, and when she drew near them, she perceived they were *Portuguese*. *Eglea*, said one of them to the other, it is unjust for you to treat in this Manner him, who loves you; and you are in the Wrong, to deny your Pity to him who stands so much in need of it. Why should you despise a Heart devoted only to your Charms? *Zelinda*, answered *Eglea* coldly, I fear the Inconstancy of *Anteus*; I have already been unfortunate from that Cause, should I be so again, I can blame none but my self. Speak no more to me of his Passion, or of the Reasons he makes Use of to revive mine. Things are now much chang'd; he promised me Marriage, he married another; she is dead, 'tis true, but I can't think of taking her Place; if he loves me as much as he pretends, my Coldness will be a proper Punishment for his Infidelity.

CHARMING

CHARMING *Eglea*, return'd *Zelinda*, whatever you say, seems to fall from the *Graces*, and if I could be tempted to wish a Change in my Sex, it would be, that I might offer you my Heart. But why are you so obstinate in decreeing the perpetual unhappiness of *Anteus*? What you complain of, he alledges in his Favour; some Days before he married *Galatea*, you were together in the Grove. My Father said, he commands me to marry, give me your Advice; I am not of Years, replied you to *Anteus*, to give Advice; is my Consent necessary? Or can you hesitate whether you ought to obey your Father? You discover'd in this Answer, and in your subsequent Discourse, such visible Marks of Coldness, that he from thence concluded you never lov'd him.

Is it thus, replied *Eglea*, that *Anteus* defends himself? and can you think that he has justified himself? If I were not thoroughly acquainted with your good Sense, I should scarce listen to what you say on this Subject; a Lover of this Cast, scarce deserved a better Answer; if he had loved me, he would easily have discovered that it was but a Feint.

Two Days after, as we were walking on the Banks of this River, *Eglea*, said he to me, is the Consent of your Parents at all necessary to our Happiness? Let us marry without more ado. Shepherd, replied I, I am always yours, as I depend on your Word, be satisfied with mine. Some Days afterwards he married *Galatea*, without giving me the least Notice; can you think then this Coldness of
N mine

mine ill founded? or, that I have not Reason to value that Tranquility which I have recovered with so much Pain.

AMONGST Lovers, said *Zelinda*, Discourses ought not to be so exactly understood; we should be less strict in weighing Expressions from them, than with the rest of the World. I understand you, returned *Eglea*, in Love we ought rather to regard Actions than Words. I admit it, see what it will produce. *Anteus* married, I am sorry he did no longer enjoy the lovely *Galatea*; but I am shock'd at beholding him so little concerned for a Woman of her Beauty and Merit. She has scarce been dead a Month, when *Anteus* thinks of marrying again; what say you to this? Providence, added *Zelinda*, seems to have designed you for each other, and in Consequence thereof, hath removed all Obstruction. Mighty well, said *Eglea*, but, if after making a Choice, we are no longer at Liberty to recede from it, I will be single, I will think no more of *Anteus*: This is my definitive Resolution, speak of him no more.

THE Shepherdess by this Time perceived *Philismena*, struck with her Beauty, they immediately accosted her, desiring to be informed of what Country she was. My Language, reply'd *Philismena*, will inform you that I am of *Andalusia*; I have been driven from thence by Misfortunes, inform me in what Country I am in.

THE two *Portuguese* were extreamly moved; Generosity is the Characteristick of that Nation.
Lovely

Lovely Shepherdess, said *Eglea*, you are in *Portugal*, the Town you see is *Coimbra*; the Nobility who inhabit it, the Sciences which have chosen it for their Retreat, the Commerce derived to it by this River *Mondego*, all contribute to render it Famous. The Plain owes it Name to the River, and yon lofty Castle, which seems to overlook the neighbouring Country, is called *Montemayor*; Nature has afforded it a very favourable Situation, which those to whom it belongs have improved, so as to render it impregnable. This, Madam, is a sufficient Answer to your Question.

THE Curiosity of *Philismena* being satisfied, the Shepherdesses pressed her to eat with them; she consented, yet could not help shedding some Tears while at the Repast. The Shepherdesses were on the Point of beseeching her to communicate to them the Causes of her Grief, when they were interrupted by a Voice with which they were well acquainted; it was that of the Shepherd, for whom *Zelinda* had so strongly solicited *Eglea*, and who drew near them singing.

I DID not think, said *Eglea*, that we should have had a Concert to so poor an Entertainment. I am, said *Philismena*, less attentive, either to the Repast or to the Musick, than to the Honour I have of partaking them with you. I did not expect, returned *Eglea*, such a Compliment, I would have asked your Friendship, if I had not feared that I was unworthy of it. *Zelinda* interrupted them. *Eglea*, said she, you would appear infinitely more amiable, if you were less cruel: I perceive well your Design,

sign, you intend to introduce a Conversation of Wit, that your Lover may not have so much as an Audience of you.

PHILIS MENA apprehending by this Time who the Shepherd was, besought the Fair One to hear him: What they had understood of the Verses he was singing, contained in Substance, That his Misfortunes had not only driven him to complain, but to hate Life; and that all he wish'd, was an Opportunity of seeing the dear Auth'refs of his Woes, before Death clos'd his Eyes in eternal Sleep.

Do you believe, fair One, said *Eglea*, that a Lover who has offended as he has done, can have any Pleasure in my Company? I beseech you, interrupted *Zelinda*, to lay aside these Notions, and to permit a Man whom you have made unhappy, at least to acquaint you with his Griefs. By this Time *Anteus* drew near them: Lovely *Zelinda*, said he, procure for me the only Favour I ask, that of endeavouring to be useful to *Eglea*: While she rests under the cool Shade, let me have the Care of her Flocks; I am content to lead them to Pasture, and to take Care of them in the Heat of the Sun: To serve that amiable Shepherdess, let it be attended with what Difficulties it will, shall ever appear to me in the welcome Light of Repose; it is indeed the only kind of Repose, which my disordered Soul can taste, and therefore it is I seek it.

SHEPHERD, reply'd *Eglea*, I had once conceived for you as warm a Degree of Affection, as you could possibly desire; and I believe I may affirm,

I

I never gave you any Cause in those Days to complain: When you were absent, nothing was agreeable; when you were present, I thought of nothing but you; our Flocks fed together, ourselves were almost inseparable, your Flame seem'd equal to mine, on a sudden you became indifferent, presently after you married *Galatea*; I then besought the Gods to revenge me on her and you. You know as well as I, what hath fallen out since; you love me more than ever, *Galatea* is no more, and I am become absolutely free. With what Colour of Reason can you possibly ask me to endeavour to relapse again into the melancholly Circumstances you was in at the Time you deserted.

PHILISMENA was about to have reply'd, when of a sudden the Shepherd and Shepherdesses heard a Clangor of Arms behind them; they not only turned their Heads on the Side from whence the Noise came, but also advanced a little towards it, whereby they quickly perceived that the Sound proceeded from a Combat, still maintained by a single Knight against two, who at first appeared to have fought against three, one lying dead on the Ground. This Gentleman appeared to be quite tired out with the Combat, and on the very Point of being destroyed; *Philismena* had immediately Recourse to her Bow and Arrows, with which she presently killed one, and soon after a second of the Assassins. The delivered Knight ran instantly to pay her his Thanks, which he did in Terms at once the most grateful and the most tender. Judge, Reader, of the Surprize of *Philismena*, when she saw the Knight whom she had deliver'd to be *Don Fælix*.

FOR some Time *Philismena* remained immovable, at length recollecting herself, *Don Fælix* said she, there was this still remaining in the Power of Fortune, that having done me so much Wrong, and having received from me so much Good, the saving your Life was still reserved for me: Love made me quit my Country, your Inconstancy deprived me of my Quiet: It was I, *Don Fælix*, it was I, who, in the Person of *Valerio*, spared so little my own Pains, that I might console yours: Do not be surprized, do not believe my Love bounded by what is past; if my Death be still necessary to make you happy, I shall die with great Satisfaction. At Home, and in my own Character, I loved you with Tenderness; under the Habit of a Page, I served you zealously and faithfully; in the Guise of a Shepherd I have saved your Life; what remains, but that I offer up my own to your Peace? Strike, cruel Man, strike this destin'd Breast! If all, my Tenderness cannot revive yours; Death next to that, must be the Haven of my Wishes.

DON FÆLIX could not hear so extraordinary a Mystery unfolded, without feeling the most sensible Concern: The Sense he had of her Virtue, and his own Weakness, made him lose the Use of all his Faculties, and caused him to fall void of Sense upon the Ground; *Philismena* sat down by him to weep over him; the *Portuguese* Shepherdesses join'd their Tears with hers; all deplored an Accident so unwelcome and unexpected, when of a sudden *Philismena* lifting up her Eyes, beheld *Dorinda* advancing towards her: Chaste Nymph, cry'd out she, it is from you, from you alone, that in this Exigence I can hope Relief.

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THE Sublimity of your Genius, returned *Dorinda*, the Firmness of your Constancy and Courage, were bestowed on you to resist such Strokes of Fortune as these: Comfort then yourself upon this Occasion, and be assured, that notwithstanding all Appearances, the Promises made you by *Felicia*, will hereafter be made good, and a Thousand Joys take Place, instead of all the Troubles, Fears, and Cares which hitherto you have endured.

WHEN she had made an End of Speaking, *Dorinda* presented to *Philismena* a Phial, filled with a Liquor, which *Felicia*, foreseeing her Distress, had sent her to make Use of upon this Occasion. *Philismena* thankfully received it, and having for some Time bath'd the Temples of *Don Felix* therewith, he first opened his Eyes, and then by Degrees resumed his Senses, with which the Love he had formerly born this amiable Shepherdes revived.

LOVELY *Philismena*, cried he, throwing himself at her Feet, my Life can scarce repay what I already owe you; my Fault is inexcusable, neither know I to what I can attribute it. If I, while I was so young, was capable of loving you, my Youth could never be the Cause of my Inconstancy. That *Celia* was more beautiful than you, your self, spight of your Modesty, must confess, would want Truth, if I should alledge it as the Cause of my Infidelity: Shall I then place it to the Score of my long Absence? No, this ought to have made me more desirous of seeing you. Having nothing then to which with Justice I can refer so flagrant a Treachery, let

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me confess it void of all Extenuation, and on a Confession so simple, rest all Hopes of Pardon. Your demanding it, reply'd *Philismena*, is sufficient to procure it, I love you too much to deny it you, if I had not, I should never for your Sake have abandon'd *Soldina*.

DORINDA approaching them when this short Expostulation had induced a Reconcilement, besought them to accompany her to the Temple of *Diana*, whereto they readily yielded, immediately began their Journey, and under the Conduct of so experienced a Guide, after a few Days reached the Temple, where they found *Silvanus* and *Silvagia*, whom *Felicia* had also summoned, accompanied by *Sireno*.

DIANA abandoning herself to her Sorrow, consumed with tormenting Grief the more cruel, because through Shame she was constrained to conceal it. One Day when she thought herself alone, she breathed out her Complaints in the following Terms. How hapless said she, must the amorous Youth have been, whose Breast endured the Woes of which I complain; the Evils I feel give me to apprehend what he must have suffered from his Passion. Ingratitude was the Reward of his Affection, this is now my own Case, I find it impossible not to love him, and he now free from the Effects of my Charms, enjoys all the Pleasure of Revenge. *Diana* had scarce pronounced these Words, before a Stranger approached her. I would not, said the Shepherdess, interrupt the Expression of your Grief, if I did not hope to console it. Alas! returned the
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amicable *Diana*, you speak of a Thing impossible: It is thus, said the Stranger, that Love torments his Votaries; I was my self long his Slave, a thousand Perils I ran through! a thousand Mischiefs I endured! believing as you do, that my Disease admitted not of Remedy; but in as much as I was mistaken, why not you? I am charmed with your Conversation, returned *Diana*, may I not have the Favour of knowing how you came hither? Ny Name, replied the Stranger, is *Alcinda*, I will answer your Question when I have remarked to you, that between Love and Hate, which are violent and affective Passions, there is a certain middle Point called Indifference, which constitutes Happiness. Alas! Alas! cried *Diana*, how much are you deceived, there is no Azylum against the God of Love. Why, returned *Alcinda*, those that yield not to his Power, feel not his Tyranny. They are Rebels, replied *Diana*, and refuse to satisfy the Order of Nature, while they exempt themselves from Love; besides, far from being happy, they are more miserable than Lovers. They are unacquainted with the Pleasures derived even from falacious Hopes, which wonderfully transcend that sleepy Calmness which is the Result of Insensibility.

LOVELY Shepherdes, said *Alcinda*, suffer your self to consider Things in a better Light; learn to speak the Language of Reason, and lay aside Expressions which are either the Effects of Distraction, or which want it to excuse them. Love is not blind, but its Votaries are always so; he is no Infant, but the Lover is properly a Child; he fears, he hopes, he laughs, he cries, all in a Breath, his Bows, his

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Arrows,

Arrows, they are all Fables, all Fancies, created by the fruitful Imaginations of Men; fear not therefore the Wrath of a Deity, which subsists not but in Idea. The Moment you determine not to obey him, you will be free from his Power.

WHILE the two Shepherdesses were discoursing *Egon*, led by his Jealousy, drew near them. *Diana* in speaking to him, calling him her Spouse, the Stranger turned to him, and addressed him in these Words. Certainly Shepherd, never was any one more obliged to Chance than I, since it has not only brought me to the Speech of this lovely Woman, but hath also given me an Opportunity of seeing him, whom Providence hath thought worthy of being her Husband. Permit me to say, that you injure that Fortune in quitting but for a Moment so amiable a Companion. The Care of his Flocks, replied *Diana*, and a thousand other Things he has to do, oblige him sometime to be absent, and besides, what is there in me that should merit so extraordinary Attachment?

ALL who behold you, replied *Alcinda*, readily confess you have Beauty, Wit, and a thousand other Accomplishments, in Complaisance therefore to their Sentiments, you ought to think well of yourself; besides a Woman does not suffer by her knowing that she possesses great Accomplishments, provided she makes not an ill Use of that Knowledge, but endeavours to adorn the Beauties of her Person, by the Graces of her Mind. Surely Shepherd, continued she, speaking to *Egon*, you must with a Woman so exquisitely beautiful, be the most happy Man in the World.

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SHE had scarce finished these Words, when a Shepherd drew near, a settled Melancholy appeared in his Countenance, he sigh'd, and cast his Eyes on the Ground, and in a low faint Voice, uttered these Words. Ah! cruel Love, why dost thou with such mighty Force, press an hapless Wretch so weak and so unable to sustain your Wrath. *Alinda* no longer loves, and while this is her Condition, I can no longer avoid doating upon her. Tell him not, said the Shepherdess to *Diana*, that I was with you; saying this, she fled with a swiftness not to be conceived. *Egon*, who for the first Time had felt the Power of Love, followed her. *Diana* troubled to see herself thus slighted by her Husband, could not help shedding a few Tears, and had scarce wiped her Eyes when the Shepherd approached her.

HE had been a Witness of the Slight put on her by *Egon*. Lovely Shepherdess, said he, you weep on too slight an Occasion, he is not gone so far as to alarm you by his Absence. Shepherd, answered *Diana*, nothing is more ordinary than for those who have committed Injustice in Love to feel it in their Turns; it is impossible for me not to see with some Disquiet, the Preference given to yon Shepherdess by my Husband. If that Shepherdess, returned the Stranger, be the same for whom I burn, your Spouse may sooner deprive himself of being than her Cruelty. Let them, said *Diana*, entertain themselves as they will; let me entreat you to mollify your Sorrows by the Recital of your Misfortunes. Alas! returned the Shepherd, they are of such a Nature, as admit not of Relief by Repetition; of this I will
N 6 make

make you a Judge. This Habit suits not with my Rank, my Name is *Marcellus*, *Soldina*, the Place of my Birth, I left it however when I was fourteen Years old, and having spent some Years in the King of *Portugal's* Service, he sent me to command in *Africk*. The Governor of *Ceuta* had three Children, a Son and two Daughters. *Cephisa* the youngest of them, diverted herself with Archery, the Elder, whose Name is *Alcinda*, became the Cause of my Misfortunes; as she is still the Object of my Love, though my Sighs and Tears prevail no further than to make me the Object of her Disdain. For two Years she approved my Passion, at the End of that Space, I addressed my self to her Father, and having procured his Consent, concluded that I was near the Haven of my Wishes. It was agreed that our Marriage should not take Place till we could pass over to *Lisbon*, that it might be honoured with the Presence of the King. Accordingly we embarked to return to *Portugal*, but were surprized in a Voyage with such a Storm, as made the boldest Seaman tremble. The Skill of our Pilot served only to encrease his Apprehensions, Fear stood imprinted on every Face, and a more dreadful Scene, Imagination cannot Picture. Thus passed the Night, the most dreadful, and at the same Time the most alarming that ever Wretches endured.

DAY Light appeared, by which we discovered the Land, a Sight bestowing Joy; but alas! a Joy of very short Continuance! The Vessel ran ashore, which as soon as I perceived, I caught up *Alcinda* in my Arms, and jumped with her into the Chalop; her Sister, a Pilot and Mariner, presently followed us,

us, we were scarce in the Boat, before a Gust of Wind drove us from the Vessel, not having an Opportunity of taking in either the Father or the Brother of my Mistress; in vain we endeavoured to make again to the Ship, the Wind growing stronger and stronger, forced us to change our Course, and to think if it was possible of gaining the Shore. In this Project we were more successful, with some Difficulty we made an uninhabited Part of the Isle of *Formenterra*. Without Victuals, frightened, fatigued, and almost wholly dispirited, we had scarce Words or Inclination to encourage each other. In this Distress, our Pilot, whom I perceived to be violently enamour'd of *Cephisa*, informed us, that the Place where we were being uninhabited, there was no Hopes if we continued there; but said he, yonder Isle is full of Game, if *Cephisa* would suffer us to transport her thither, her Arrows would quickly furnish us with Food. The Passage was narrow, *Cephisa* readily consented, yet on Condition that I went with her, for she was afraid to trust the Seamen alone. I with an unwilling Heart consented, and hoping to be quickly back, left *Alcinda* asleep on the Breach. Scarce were we at Sea, when the Pilot and Mariner flew upon me and bound me, crying out, that I was a miscreant Traitor, had endeavoured to run away with *Cephisa*, and deserted the hapless *Alcinda*, while she was asleep. In vain I upbraided them with their Cruelty! in vain I protested my Innocence! they clapped me on Shore under a Rock in the Island of *Yvica*, and there left me, standing away immediately to Sea with their Prize.

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My Cries were overheard by some Fishermen, who touched at my Distress, carried me in their Felucca over to *Formenterra*, where I endeavoured by all the Means possible to find out *Alcinda*, but in vain. At length I passed over to *Carthagena*, where still hearing nothing of my Mistress, I in Despair took the Road to *Valencia*. There I was inform'd on my giving the best Description I could of her, that in the Habit of a Shepherdess she had been seen in the Neighbourhood of that Place. Upon this, I assumed a Shepherd's Weed, and resolved to seek her throughout all *Spain*. With this View I have already passed through the greatest Part of it, with no better Success, and hence arises that excessive Misery of which I so justly complain, though without Hopes of Cure.

SHEPHERD, said *Diana*, you need not be much troubled to find *Alcinda*, since she is here amongst us; for her my Husband abandoned me, let us, to assuage our Pains, demand the Help of the Sage *Felicia*; believe me, she is a Person from whom wretched as we seem to be, we yet may hope for Ease. It is too late to think of beginning our Journey to Night, To-Morrow let us set out early. Till then be content to lodge in the Village with some of my Relations, who will esteem your Company an Honour.

DIANA complained to her Family of the Outrage her Husband had done to her, in quitting her for a Person he was scarce acquainted with; they approved and encouraged her Design of visiting *Felicia*.

Felicia, while she pleasing herself with the Hopes of seeing *Sireno*, spent the short Night in feeding her Fancy with agreeable Prospects of what might happen from their Interview.

AU R O R A began to streak the Skies with Crimson, when the amiable *Diana* went to meet the Lover of *Alcinda*. Charming Shepherdes, said *Marcellus*, as soon as he beheld her, may this Day be fortunate to you as you can wish; may it prove as propitious to you, returned she, you have deserved Felicity, and Fortune will I hope no longer oppose it.

THEY had scarce entered the sacred Grove, when they heard the Eccho of a soft complaining Voice. It was that of a lovely Maid, who was walking with a Cavalier, and whom as they approached, they heard pronounce these Words. Unfortunate *Marcellus*, hapless *Alcinda*, what since our Separation hath been your Fate! *Marcellus* was exceedingly surprized at hearing the fair One mention his Name, but drawing nearer. Oh! Happiness unhop'd, cried out he, can I believe my Eyes, *Cephisfa*, is it you? My dear *Alcidon*, do I behold you again? The Lady was some Moments without knowing him. At last, my dear Brother, said she, I thought with you to have found *Alcinda*! Do not you live with her? What could engage you to put on this Dress?

HAVING given them a short Account of what had happened to himself, tell me, said he, what is become of the Father of her I love, and how you came

came you to be seperate from him? A blast of Wind, replied *Alcidon*, having carried your Boat from the Ship, left us almost void of Hopes; yet it so pleased Providence, that our Vessel being forced by the Waves and Wind off the Sand on which we had struck, after five Days tossing at Sea in a deplorable Condition, we at length made the Shore; happy *Valencia*! cried out a Sailor, how fortunate are those, who after the Fatigues of the Sea, are received into the Bosom of so magnificent a City. We had much ado to bear up towards the Shore, and some Fishermen having taken us into their Skiffs, brought us safe to Land. We were no sooner safe, than we began to testify our Thankfulness for this Deliverance; the Inconstancy of the Sea, said one of the Fishermen, put it in our Power this Morning to render the same Service to another Person, which we have done to you. As we were fishing on the Banks, we saw a Boat ready to perish, we put out to Sea, and found in it a Woman and two Seamen. Alas! cried she, honest Fishermen, my Hopes are in you, deliver me from these Men, whom I fear more than the Sea itself, though it threatens every Moment to swallow us up. We took them all on Board, as for the Lady's Story, it is too long for us to relate it, she is in our Cottage, and you may have it from her own Mouth, for the Seamen they have by this Time undergone the Punishment to their atrocious Crime.

THE Fisherman who told us this, conducted us to his Cabbin, where to our Surprise, we found *Cephisa*. It is impossible to describe to you the variety of Passions with which we were agitated in that Moment. Overjoyed at beholding *Cephisa*, grieved

grieved at the Apprehension of our Misfortunes, we expressed ourselves in such moving Terms, that the poor People in whose House we were, sympathiz'd in our Concern; they comforted us however with the News, that the Temple of *Diana* was at Hand, where we might probably meet a Remedy for all our Sorrows. We have been here some Days expecting the Issue of those Promises, which we have received from the Sage *Felicia*, the Guardian of the Distressed, and the sole Benefactress to the Wretched.

WHEN *Alcidon* and *Cephisa* were talking with *Marcellus*, *Felicia* was sitting at the End of the Walk under a Jessamine Arbour, attended by the Nymphs of *Diana*. A Stranger suddenly advancing towards them, threw herself at her Feet. Sage Priestess, said she, Love hath not conducted me hither, my sole Concern is for my Father, from whom separated by an unlucky Accident, I am continually disquieted by the Fears of what might befall him; acquaint me what is his Destiny, give me Life and Hope, or strike me dead with Despair. Amiable *Alcinda*, said *Felicia*, the Father you seek is here. Accordingly one of the Nymphs having called him, he appeared; receive, said *Felicia* to him, a Daughter, whose Heart is full of filial Affection, and be you *Alcinda*, satisfied with having a Parent restored, who merits all the Devoirs which you can pay.

ALCIDON, *Cephisa*, *Marcellus* and *Diana*, were now just at the Temple Gate, *Arethusa* ran to inform *Felicia*, and to know her Commands.
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Let *Alcidon*, said the Priestess in a low Voice, come hither with his Sister, and do you take Care to amuse *Marcellus* and *Diana*, so that they may not remain impatient.

ALCINDA, said her Father, Providence hath at last brought us together, after all our Misfortunes, your Brother and Sister are at Hand, see yonder they are coming, do you run and meet them, and make their Joy and yours compleat. *Alcinda*, who believed *Cephisa* was her Rival, saluted her faintly, and spoke to her with a visible Coldness. Lovely *Alcinda*, said the Priestess, do not believe that you are betrayed, but banish instantly from your Bosom, an Error which hath been so fatal to your Repose. *Marcellus* remains faithful to you, and hath endured Pains equal to your own; *Cephisa* can instruct you as to the whole. She accordingly acquainted *Alcinda* with the base Attempt of the Pirate, and immediately the Passion smothered in the Breast of *Alcinda* broke out, with a Violence proportioned to the Time it had lay hid. Sage Priestess, said she, if *Marcellus* be Innocent, why is he kept from me? She had scarce pronounced these Words, before she saw her Lover advancing towards her, whom *Felicia*, ordered to be called. The Tears of *Marcellus*, his tender Vows, his pathetic Protestations, quickly convinced his Mistress of his Innocence; and she in her Turn assured him of her thorough Satisfaction. How full of Felicity is the Re-union of Hearts? their succeeding Sentiments are more warm and passionate than the preceeding, when all was calm on both Sides.

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D O N Felix and *Philismena*, were walking in the Wood behind the Temple; but by the Order of *Felicia* were recall'd to join this Company. Who is that Lady, said *Marcellus* to *Dorinda*? her Name, answered she, is *Philismena*? Can you tell, cried he, if she be of *Andalusia*? she is, answered *Dorinda*, *Soldina* was her Birth Place. *Marcellus* having thanked her, drew near to *Philismena*. Fair One, said he, permit me to enquire, whether you have not a Brother living, who was born at the same Time with yourself? Yes Sir, replied she, I had a Brother, who was brought up in *Lisbon*, till he was Fourteen; it is now many Years since I have heard any News of him, at least, with Certainty; Report indeed acquainted me, that he had the Command of some Fortrefs or other in *Africk*. My dear Sister, returned he, shedding Tears of Joy, permit me to embrace you, I am that Brother you have so long lost, I was in *Africk*, Love brought me from thence, and after compelling me to feel those Pains which are inseparable from being under his Dominion; I am in one Day restored to my Mistress and to you.

THE Shepherds were wonderfully pleased at the soft and tender Interview between *Marcellus* and his Sister, especially *Sireno*, who complimented *Philismena* thereupon. I confess, said she, that I take Pleasure in your Felicitation; but let me tell you, that my Mind misgives me, I shall see the cool, the indifferent *Sireno's* Heart inflamed with a warmer Passion, than his Friendship for me; I believe not, replied he, smiling, the Treatment I received from
Diana,

Diana, will scarce permit me to be again the Bubble of Passion. How so, said *Alcinda*, certain I am that *Diana* never loved any but you, and that she loves you still. Strange indeed, cried *Sireno*, she has been ever constant to me, yet she has a Spouse. You are mistaken again, said *Alcinda*, that Spouse is no more, I am afraid I was the innocent Cause of his Death, of which I will give you a short Account.

Two Days ago, I by Chance met with *Diana*, who in a lonely Solitude, was lamenting the Loss of you. *Egon* stung with Jealousy, stole upon us, and by an unaccountable Fatality, fell in Love with me. As we were talking, I saw *Marcellus*, with whom having quarrelled, I fled to the Wood as fast as I was able. *Egon* pursued me, and continued seeking me, while I wandered in the Wood. The next Day he overtook me, just as I had taken Shelter in the Cottage of *Alpinda*. When he drew near, his Look appeared wild and disordered, his Language shewed him to be absolutely frantick, which we conjectured was the Effect of fatiguing himself in the Heat of the Day; his Fever encreasing, *Alpinda* got him to Bed, and her Family attended him, till in the Evening he expired. Frighted at so fatal an Accident, I abandoned *Alpinda's* Cottage instantly, and not knowing whether I went, came by Chance hither.

SIRENO felt immediately the strongest Emotions in his Soul, the Pains he had undergone while a Lover, frightened him from Love, the Tranquillity he had tasted while free, inclined him to remain so still.

still. Thus agitated, thus tormented, he knew not what to resolve on. Then casting his Eyes on *Diana*, the Sight of her Charms, beauteous even in Melancholly, and lovely in Spight of Sorrow forced him to say within himself, is it possible to behold these Charms without admiring, but is not *Diana* now free? to admire her is not enough, to do Justice to her Charms, I ought to Love her.

Come hither *Diana*, said the Priestess, be happy at length, and owe your Happiness to me; Destiny will be no longer unjust, the Bands which her Caprice seem'd to knit, are now dissolved; *Egon* is no more. Some Tears are due to the Memory of your Spouse, this Tribute paid, unite your self to *Sireno*, his Constancy is worthy of you, and it is a Mark of your Virtue to think so. Sacred *Hymen* crown the Joys of these happy Couples, united by honourable and Heroic Loves! Such only our Goddess fees with Pleasure triumph over Chastity, that they may perpetuate a Race of Heroes, and transmit their own amiable Qualities in their Posterity to latest Times.

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